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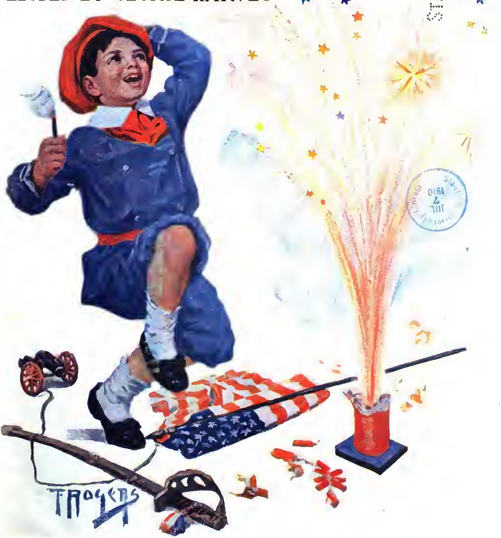
HARPER'S WEEKLY

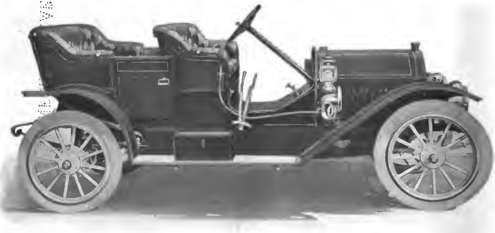
EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



JUL 7 1910

July 2 1910 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

An Elmore Improvement rrotected by Basic Patents Which Outclasses in Power Any Six-Cylinder Car



MODEL 25 TOURING CAR

MODEL 25—Touring Car. 30 H. P., 4-cylinder High Duty Motor, 108-in. wheel-base; 32 x 3½-in. tires **$1250**

[illegible] Car for five. 50 H.P., 4-cylinder [illegible] wheel-base; 34 x 4-in. tires **$1750**

MODEL 46-B—Touring Car for seven. 70 H.P., 4-cylinder High Duty Motor; 124-in. wheel-base; 36 x 4-in. tires **$2500**

A ne[illegible] $1250, which outclasses, in point of power, any six-cylinder car [illegible]—

a vital improvement in the Elmore engine, protected by patent, which raises the two-cycle principle to absolute perfection—

a factor of immense importance introduced into the automobile industry which furnishes a new kind of efficiency and a new element of economy.

154207

Elmore

Valveless Two Cycle

Eminent engineers have long prophesied the advent of a new two-cycle engine which would be the most powerful gas motor in the world.

In this prophecy they have given an accurate and a detailed description of the Elmore engine for 1911, because they have predicted:

(1) That this ideal engine would be of two-cycle type, without cams, valves, springs or other complications;

(2) That it would do away with crank-case compression;

(3) That it would insure a volume of gas which would completely fill the combustion-chamber;

(4) That it would admit the gas early or late;

(5) That it would be absolutely regular in its impulses under all conditions, full load or no load.

It was this prophecy which has spurred us on for years and which has resulted in the perfection of the new Elmore High Duty Motor.

In every single detail the new Elmore cars, about to be shown in all parts of America, fulfil this description of the most powerful engine of its size and weight in the world.

Ten years of progression and improvement have been crowned by the refinement of the Elmore principle of gas distribution.

This principle enables even the "little" Elmore Touring Car, at $1250, or the Elmore Roadster, at $1200, to outclass in power (size and weight considered) the costliest six-cylinder car on the market.

We consider the Elmore motor with its patented improvement the most valuable asset in the automobile industry to-day.

The Elmore Manufacturing Company
3004 Amanda Street
Clyde, Ohio

Send description of the Elmore High Duty Motor and 1911 Elmore cars.

Name ....

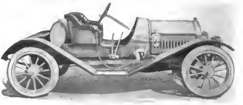
Address ....

We believe that the quota of 3000 cars, which we shall begin to deliver coincident with the appearance of this announcement, will be utterly inadequate to meet the demand.

We believe that when the public discovers the inefficiency of the average four-cycle motor, alongside of this new High Duty engine, there will be a demand for the 1911 Elmore which has never been paralleled by any other car in America.

Immense new factory buildings, inspired by the success of this engineering triumph, are in course of construction, but we cannot supply more than 3000 of the new Elmore cars for the present season.

If you are interested in a car which opens up new possibilities in motoring, lose no time in visiting the local Elmore garage.



MODEL 25 ROADSTER

MODEL 25—Roadster. 30 H.P., 4-Cylinder High Duty Motor; 108-in. wheel-base; 32 x 3½-in. tires **$1200**

THE ELMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
3004 Amanda Street - - - - - - - Clyde, Ohio
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL LIV New York, July 2, 1910 No 2793

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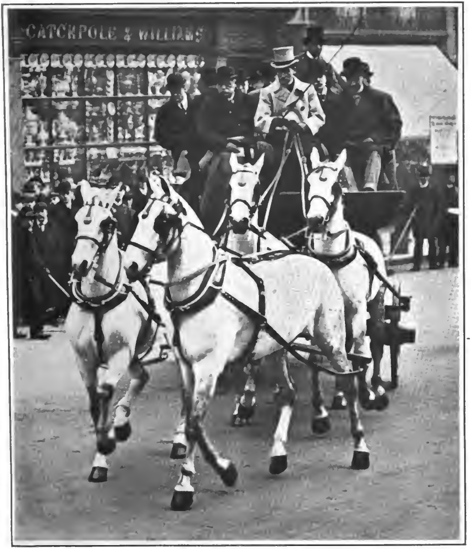

AN AMERICAN WHIP ON ENGLISH HIGHWAYS

MR. ALFRED VANDERBILT TOOLING HIS COACH ON ONE OF ITS REGULAR TRIPS BETWEEN LON AND BRIGHTON

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Comment

The Taft Recovery

The closing weeks of the first regular session of the Sixty-first Congress have brought back to the administration much of the prestige it had lost. That fact is too plain for denial. It is almost as plain as was the previous loss of prestige. The loss came in part from disapproval by public opinion of what the administration had done and had proposed; but it came also in great part from the apparent inability of the administration to carry through its proposals. That second reproach is now removed. People may continue to criticise President Taft for what he has done and what he has asked Congress to do, but it can no longer be said that he has proved a failure in the matter of getting Congress to do what he wanted. On the contrary, it must be conceded that in this respect, as compared with most of his predecessors, he has made a good showing. Congress, indifferent or lukewarm or hostile to his main proposals as it long appeared to be, has nevertheless finally attended to them, and they have taken shape as laws—the Railroad Act, the Postal Depositories Act, the Act granting Statehood to Arizona and New Mexico, the Conservation Act. It is quite true that these measures have not kept in their passage the shape they had originally. Specific provisions recommended or desired by the President have been stricken out and other provisions not recommended and probably not desired have been put in. There have been both concessions and compromises. But here is a very substantial body of entirely new legislation, started by the Executive initiative, driven through mainly by the Executive influence, and still in its final form largely in keeping with the President's ideas. When we have added the campaign-expenses publicity bill, which at this writing seems fairly certain of passing, and the securing of the appropriation for the Tariff Commission, one of the principal and most damaging charges against the administration—that of mere weakness and ineffectiveness—would seem to be pretty well disposed of.

And What It Means

Unquestionably this eleventh-hour recovery of the administration will have its effect on the political situation. It brightens the outlook for the party in power, lessens the opposition's hope and opportunity. Republican campaign orators will not be wholly debarred from boasting of their party's ability to get together and do things. There will be bothersome things to explain, like the failure to keep the specific platform pledges concerning rate-fixing agreements among the railroads and the regulation of stock and bond issues. If one conservation bill has been passed, there are a number of others still awaiting action. Nothing whatever has been done about Federal injunctions—the matter over which there was such a great to-do in the national convention, and the plank on which was so very carefully worded. The bill the President proposed on that subject was put to sleep early in the session, and has never been disturbed. But the old Republican claim of effectiveness of competence, can and will be made again, and many thousands of voters will honor it.

In this, however, there may turn out to be a certain benefit to the opposition; for it makes the tariff so distinctly, so unmistakably, their best point of attack that it is well-nigh inconceivable that they can neglect it. They are driven upon their salvation. Not merely is the Payne law the most conspicuously vulnerable thing in the Republican record since the Taft administration came into power, but it marks the line of cleavage among Republicans. By keeping it continually under discussion the opposition will make the most of that division. Clearly to divide and conquer should be their tactics. What has been done in Washington by way of getting conservatives and insurgents together on other questions does not mean that the like can be done throughout the country and on that issue also. On that issue the insurgent leaders have burned their bridges. The two factions of the party will not bury that particular difference until they have fought it out in some fashion at the polls.

Don't Tell Him

Tell Roosevelt.—*Collier's Weekly.*

The papers reported that there were five thousand letters waiting for him at Oyster Bay.

Heavens! Don't tell him another thing! Write the letter if you must, but don't mail it. He is not a junk-shop nor a paper-mill, nor yet a government. Sit tight and give the man a chance to catch his breath.

Colonel Roosevelt's Pledge

In fervent response to the extraordinary greeting extended to him by hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, many of whom had travelled great distances to do him honor, Colonel Roosevelt used some words which have been generally and rightly taken as highly significant. This is what he said:

> I am ready and eager to do my part, so far as I am able, in helping solve problems which must be solved if we of this, the greatest democratic republic upon which the sun ever shone, are to see its destinies rise to the level of our hopes and its opportunities. This is the duty of every citizen, but it is peculiarly my duty.

The words are significant and important because they come from a man whose power over public opinion in this country no sane observer can question, a man whose head multitudes stand ready to follow, and because they constitute, quite distinctly, a pledge to the American people. Their sincerity we, for one, refuse to question. We are of those who, in dealing with Colonel Roosevelt, have pretty steadily had the temerity to use their own judgment about the value of his services, the correctness of his opinions, the wisdom of his policies, the right and wrong—and the dignity and propriety—of his actions and his words. We have ventured also to preserve a sense of proportion. We have even ventured to assert our right to a sense of humor; for we have regarded that as a part of our inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But it would be quite beyond us to go to the lengths of believing that this so often and so highly honored American, to whom so many other Americans look for leadership, for guidance, for help, with a trust that is positively pathetic, could, in the moment of such a home-coming, face his countrymen with insincere words on his lips or insincerity in his heart. We are of the opinion that Colonel Roosevelt meant what he said; that he meant to pledge and consecrate himself to such service as he may be able to render by giving his best thought and endeavors to helping solve the problems whose solution shall seem most essential to the Republic's welfare and glory; and we are not in the least disposed to treat as of less than the first importance whatever attitude on any such problem he may eventually take. He can undoubtedly make himself a powerful factor in determining the course the country will take with any one of them.

One of the Problems

According to the common understanding, the political problem and question that at present most insistently demands the attention and the best judgment of Americans is the by no means new problem of tariff taxation. It is one of the issues that may be not improperly called standing issues in our politics, but for nearly a year and a half now it has also been an acute and a pressing issue. It affects seriously very great money interests. It affects directly every household, every individual citizen, in this country. It arrays our people into two schools of economic thought. It involves a moral question, a question of right and wrong. It is plainly one of the problems which must be solved rightly if the republic is to rise to the level of its opportunities and our hopes. It is therefore one of the problems which Colonel Roosevelt pledges himself to help solve. We trust, accordingly, that when he is ready to begin again the discussion of public questions one of his first utterances will make it plain where he stands on this issue. For it is the simple truth that, long as Colonel Roosevelt has been before the public, and voluminous as are his writings and speeches, the public does not know where he stands on the tariff issue. Whatever his views are, he has not given them public expression. Some years ago, when several men who had called on him at the White House gave out a report of a conversation with him on the subject, he violently repudiated the language they attributed to him. It is understood that in his early manhood he enrolled himself among the tariff-reformers of that day; but at present there is not another prominent public man in the country whose position on this great question is so obscure. The time has surely come when he should speak out candidly. While he was President, it was not uncommon for his friends to explain that, as the question was not then being actively pressed, it would be unwise for him to endanger other enterprises he had in mind by attempting to do anything with the tariff. But to the present political situation that reasoning, whatever force it may once have had, simply does not apply. The tariff issue is now distinctly uppermost. The autumn elections will turn on it. Colonel Roosevelt's own party is divided over it; and not his party only, but the whole country wishes to know whether he holds with Aldrich and Cannon and the extreme protectionists, or sympathizes with the progressives, or takes a compromise view—or does not really believe in protection at all. If Colonel Roosevelt has not himself overstated the obligation under which he lives, the country has a right to know.

And Another One

His attitude on most of the other questions under active discussion is less doubtful—on some of them not doubtful at all. There is, however, one other issue, also of the first importance, on which he has not expressed definite views or committed himself to a definite policy, yet in dealing with which such an influence as his, if vigorously exerted on the right lines, might work a very great service. That is the issue of monetary reform and a better control of our financial system. Since Senator Aldrich has been occupied with getting the Taft measures through the Senate, that issue has fallen somewhat into abeyance. It is generally felt that, whatever the merits of the scheme of reorganization to be proposed by the Monetary Commission, it will be heavily handicapped by the wide-spread opinion that whatever Aldrich favors is for the interest of the money power and the great combinations rather than the masses. Yet the need of reform, of bringing our monetary and credit systems up to the standard of other enlightened nations, is generally acknowledged. This, again, is one of the respects in which the republic has not been brought up to the level of its opportunities. Public finance, like the tariff, has hitherto failed to attract Colonel Roosevelt; yet we trust that, in the spirit of his home-coming speech, he will set himself to work to help solve this problem also—a kind of problem on which all but a very small minority of our people stand peculiarly in need of guidance, since it is, in its details certainly, a problem for students and experts. Colonel Roosevelt's own experience as President during a panic must have taught him both how far we are from having solved it with our present arrangements and how extremely desirable it is to solve it aright.

It is with public finance as with the tariff. Both may be unattractive. Both may be fraught with more dangers to a popularity already attained than chances to win more popularity. But both challenge Colonel Roosevelt unmistakably to a putting in practice of his own preachment—not to shrink, not shirk, but to hit the line hard.

Be Calm

Let us make a careful distinction between the Colonel and the extraordinary expectations that have grown up in some minds as to what he can do and how he can save the country.

The country does not need saving just now. It is pounding along pretty well on the present tack, notwithstanding some difficulties of navigation.

The Colonel has given no intimation that he is going to save it, or that he thinks it needs saving. He bought a new straw hat the day after he got ashore, but there is no reason to believe it was not the same-sized hat he has been used to wear. He is bland, fervent, and busy, but gives no signs of undue excitement. In public he wears a shirt and keeps it on. Will you neighbors all please keep on your shirts, too? Laugh more! Perspire freely if the weather continues hot, but avoid excitement.

The Bailey Question in Texas

The suggestion that Pennsylvania may do something or other Democratic this autumn has not provoked the conjecture that Texas may do something Republican; but Texas is nevertheless going to have her full share of politics during the campaign, and a full share for Texas is considerable. Four Democratic candidates for Governor are already making the welkin ring, and Texas has a good deal of welkin. Brother Cone Johnson is one of them, and prohibition is a main issue. Either that issue alone or that candidate alone would be enough to insure something vigorous in the way of a campaign; but none of the other three candidates seems to be a mollycoddle or weak-lunged, and one of them has insisted on bringing in another issue which in Texas beats even prohibition for stirring things up. For that other issue is Bailey, and in Texas Bailey probably divides more families and alienates more friends than the Civil War did in any border State. It is reported that over a hundred public speakers have offered to take the stump, at their own expense, in support of Davidson, the avowedly anti-Bailey candidate. If they do, the Bailey following, and Bailey himself, will doubtless get into the oratory. The Bailey question is the question of Bailey's integrity—the question whether or not he sold to a trust the power and influence that had come to him through the admiration and confidence which Texas had given him so abundantly. Other States, unhappily, have not avoided the same sort of question about their public men, but none of them seems to have taken it quite so seriously, so passionately, as Texas has taken her division of opinion concerning her handsome and undeniably able Senator. The great State will not be at ease until Bailey either finds proof of his innocence or goes down before the onslaughts of those who believe him guilty. Bailey is a national figure also, and the whole country has an interest in the outcome.

The Southern Ports Gaining

From time to time we have been glad to make note of the efforts being made by the Southern railroads and manufacturers and associations of business men to secure for the various Southern ports, particularly the Gulf ports, the trade which they naturally ought to have. The Annual Review of the Foreign Commerce of the United States, issued not long ago, would seem to indicate that those efforts are already proving themselves worth while. They show an increase of one hundred and ten per cent. in the exports of the Gulf ports in ten years, as against only twelve per cent. for those of the Atlantic coast. The actual gain may not be quite so great as the percentage gain would indicate, since the Southern coast cities had not, to begin with, anything like such a foreign trade as those of the East. But the figures are none the less striking. Still more striking and encouraging are those for imports, which show a gain for the Gulf ports of no less than 210 per cent. A principal difficulty in developing those cities has always been that their imports were but a fraction of their exports, so that a regular steamship service, operating both ways, did not pay. Apparently things are now changing in that regard. One chief factor in that change has doubtless been the establishment of railway lines running southeast and northwest—a Harriman idea, quickly adopted by other leading railroad men. But another and potent factor has been the awakening of Southern business men themselves on the subject of their foreign-trade opportunities.

The River and Harbor Bill

This year's River and Harbor bill, now passed and signed, ought not to go without a further word of comment. That the appropriation for the Waterways Commission was cut off was highly significant of the kind of statesmanship that has prevailed in these matters this year.

As Senator Burton pointed out, there are two ways to make a river and harbor bill. One is to consider every project on its merits, from the point of view of the general welfare, aided by expert advice, appropriate only for such projects as are both worthy and feasible, and begin no improvement which the government cannot see its way to finance to completion. The other way is simply to distribute the "pork" so judiciously among the various States and districts as to make sure of a two-thirds majority in both Houses. One of the regular features of this method is spending money on enterprises which nobody really expects ever to be finished. Nevertheless, as the Senator confesses, this method "will win every time"—as it did this time. How completely and overwhelmingly it won this time Senator Bailey candidly explained. He said:

> Representatives have swarmed into the Senate, and here on the floor of this Chamber have warned Senators that if this report (the conference report) is rejected, the fate of the bill is uncertain, and Senators who have what they want have been appealing to other Senators who are likewise satisfied that the bill which gives them all they ask ought not to be jeopardized in an effort to do justice to other States and other Senators. This is one of the bills that there is but one way to defeat, and that is to take it when the day and hour for an adjournment have been fixed and then speak it to death.

Senator Bailey had no confidence in the veto as a means of defeating such a measure. He had seen it tried several times without success. He may have been right. But we are of the opinion, notwithstanding, that a prompt veto, accompanied by the sort of message Cleveland used to write, would have been entirely worth while.

Honored by Yale

Yale College, at Commencement last week, made James J. Hill a Doctor of Laws, and Jane Addams, of Chicago, a Master of Arts. They were well-earned honors. It would have been more accurate to have made Learned Doctor Hill a Master of Railroads and Farming, and Mistress Addams a Doctor of Souls and all Human Distresses, but in giving out degrees the colleges have to be governed by what they have in stock.

Two grand people are Doctor Hill and Mistress Addams, and both of them in very different lines have been great and useful servants of the people.

A Growing Group of Democrats

The renomination of Governor Harmon in Ohio is a step toward perfecting the qualification of an admirable man and Democrat to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. If Governor Harmon can carry Ohio again, his friends will be abundantly warranted in trying to send him to the White House. Whether he carries Ohio again or not, he is a man the Democrats must consider.

We should like to see a group of such candidates under consideration by the Democrats two years from now. Whom will New York offer? A first-class man from this State, who can carry the State, would be a man to whom the delegates would pay most careful attention. A Democratic Governor of New York of the dimensions and character of Mr. Osborne or Mr. Shepard would belong in the group that will include Governor Harmon. We would like to see in the same group Dr. Woodrow Wilson representing New Jersey and perhaps with a demonstrated capacity to carry that State. The group ought to be fairly large, and it will be. Democrats of real quality are undoubtedly coming to the front. Mr. Dix, the new Democratic State chairman in this State, looks promising. Mayor Gaynor shows a wise disposition to cleave to his present job and see what he can do at that before considering anything else. There are others: we have spoken mainly of the neighbors hereabouts, but all over the country the Democrats are taking politics seriously again, and heads are rising above the crowd.

Off for Africa

When Mr. Thomas F. Ryan took ship last week for foreign parts, he said he was in excellent health and spirits, and has thrown off the tyranny of detail in business, and was not letting anything worry him. His chief interest had come to be, he said, "the industrial, social, and moral development of the Congo region." He expected to visit that country before he came home again, and he had there, meantime, an exploring party bigger than Stanley led in search of Livingstone, and working under the best experts our country can produce, to search out every part of the Congo region. Mr. Ryan was very hopeful about the prospects of some gold-mines which he is interested in, just north of those known as King Solomon's Mines. His mind is working, too, on the negro problem of the Congo, and he expressed the firm purpose of those interested with him to correct any abuses that may have existed in the Congo region.

This is a very interesting treasure-hunt that Mr. Ryan and others (including Senator Aldrich) are concerned in. It is well-known that their investment in the Congo is very large, and backed by abundant working capital. We suppose few people doubt that their coming to the Congo will be a godsend to that country and greatly expedite its progress toward civilization. As American capitalists the adventurers will probably rejoice to be in a country where there are as yet no legislatures. Their work, if it is successful, will tend to bring legislatures in its train, but they will doubtless be a long time coming, and meantime they won't be missed.

An observer of current tendencies and events was saying the other night, "If government regulation makes big profits in railroads impossible and ties up trusts so that they don't look inviting, our ablest men and greatest developers of industry will get out of those things and look for freer fields." The reply was: "They will have to work at something. If they are driven out of one field they'll find another, and no matter what they work at, their work won't be wasted."

Reno

How will the moralists feel about having the big fight go to Reno, that haven of the distressed and law-evading? Will the partners awaiting divorce object and say that Reno ought to draw the line somewhere? Consider that, Renoites. Suppose for the sake of a fleeting avalanche of profit you should knock the pins out from under a steady industry? Your town is small. How will it stand up against the volume of disfavor that will roll down on a prize-fight city?

But there is no protest as yet from the persons awaiting divorce, and Reno has offered hospitalities to a fight once before, and Governor Dickerson says he isn't going to interfere.

It will be something to have the fight over. With this great heavy-weight question settled, and the Colonel safe home at Oyster Bay, and Congress adjourned, there will be nothing definite hanging over us except the decisions of the Supreme Court on the trust cases, and they are still a good ways off.

It is interesting to see the working of what may be called commercialism in such sports as prize-fighting. Prize-fighting is not out of date as an entertainment in the sense that it cannot draw a crowd. It can draw enormously, and the more rare the big fights become, the more profitable it is to have one. They are out of date ethically. Yet a quiet fight before a little gathering could doubtless be managed easily enough. But there is no money in quiet fights, and nobody will take much trouble about them. To get a profit there must be enormous publicity and advertisement, and a huge cultivation of public interest. That is the process that stirs up all the moralists of the country. The late row that has been going on over the Jeffries-Johnson set-to is really, as we see it, not so much against prize-fighting as against the advertisement of prize-fighting. As quick as there is money to be made, advertisement begins. But what is advertised must bear public scrutiny. On the whole the big prize-fights can't bear it. There is much to be said for them, but more against them. Public taste, or public morals, or public squeamishness has reached a level that they cannot live on. The great money-making sports must be able to stand scrutiny. Baseball can stand it so far. Football, as it has been played, is under censure, and must do better or quit. Racing has suffered because it made too much money, needed too big crowds, and had to have open gambling to draw the crowds that made it profitable. It has been tried in the court of public opinion and to a great extent condemned because, in the current state of morals, what is advertised could not bear close scrutiny.

A Point on Criticism

When you hit a public man on the head, be sure you bang him on the right bumps. Don't hit him on Cruelty, when he needs a punch in Language, nor hammer him on Acquisitiveness, when he's ailing from overdevelopment of Imagination. If you tap him on bumps that don't need tapping, folks will say your judgment is not good, and they will think just the same of him and less of you. The critic of character and deportment who is valuable is the one who has a sound ideal, and can distinguish divergences from that ideal in others, and point out wherein, and why, they are wrong. But in so far as the critic's ideal is defective his censure will be fruitless. The object of his censure may be blameworthy, but if his censure is to bite it must reach the points wherein he is blameworthy, and none others.

Youth and Age

Life is a long lesson-book and so long as we breathe we go on turning the pages, though often we do it with as abstracted a mind as we applied once to the irregular Greek verbs. Still it cannot but be conceded that as age advances we are more and more interested in the text of reality. The taste for mental analysis grows with that it feeds on.

To middle-age, when we have attained to being what the darkies call "settled people," no lessons are more delightful than those derived from youth. And after any slight foreign experiences, how ready youth is to teach; how sure of acquirements, judgment, and taste! At this season of the year the young return from their educational institutions to spend the holidays instructing their parents, and they return full of faith in their mission. How wonderfully decorative they are, too! It is one of nature's nicest adjustments that youth should be beautiful enough to make good all its deficiencies in sense and reason, while age makes good the withered textures and faded colors by a philosophic temper and a sense of humor. Yes, youth treads the earth proudly as one who masters environment, and instinctively we, who have lived and toiled much, fall into the background conscious of being tarnished by overwork. We listen awe-struck while they explain world tendencies to us. They look upon us with a certain tender pity, and wonder what interests life can possibly have to offer one who has reached the decrepit limit of forty-five. Despite this seeming absorption in themselves, these young folk have hardly imagination enough to understand that they themselves supply a reason for being. They can hardly understand that we are as deeply interested in what they do and leave undone as once we were in our own activities. A young girl who was solicitous as to her mother's power of enduring existence with gray hair and faded charms was much taken aback by this view of the matter; and when her mother assured her that she took more vital interest in her daughter's career than she had ever done in her own because of the ampler experience years had given, the child was quite overawed; but for her own part she hoped to die at thirty because by that time everything interesting would have happened.

It is a fine lesson in weighing values, in reconstructing the past and bridging gaps of consciousness—this intercourse with the growing generation. Vaguely we can recall that at seventeen we too believed that the end of all romance and interest must reach us at about thirty years; little realizing then how puny is the romance of the individual as compared with the extensive romance of reality. Youth builds its little world of fancy and revels in it, age wanders awestruck in the universe already built. Youth is creative; age observes and reflects. Youth either shuns a fact or bedrapes and bedecks it till it is hidden; age never tires of admiring the grandeur of naked reality. Youth feels itself the pivot of life's wheel, and life itself as an external rim spinning about and sending down spokes to increase its satisfaction; age knows itself no more than an imperceptible atom in the great gyrating mass of life-stuff. But life is interesting; not life as good or bad, not life as conforming to or differing from our preferences and prejudices, but life as expression of something larger, something greater than we have yet conceived. And to the growth of this knowledge of Something, beyond all human powers of conception, every little fact, every glimpse of reality adds something.

Age is content with small but ever-increasing knowledge; it is satisfied with softer shades of color and lower tones, it likes low relief and faint distinctions, because in the keener sight of age the little tells as much as the great. It understands such a stanza as:

> "How happy is he born and taught
>   Who serveth not another's will,
> Whose armor is his honest thought,
>   And simple truth his utmost skill."

And finds it as fervent as:

> "How like an angel came I down,
>   How bright are all things here:
>   When first among his works I did appear
> O how their glory did me crown!
> The world resembled his eternity
>   In which my soul did walk;
> And every thing that I did see
>   Did with me talk.
>
> "The streets were paved with golden stones,
>   The boys and girls were mine;
>   O how did all their lovely faces shine!
> The sons of men were holy ones,
> In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
>   And every thing which here I found
> While like an angel I did see
>   Adorned the ground."

It is a fallacy to imagine that age is content with less because it is less alive. Its demands are less because it is so much more alive. It is free of the binding interest in a single individual and has heard the Call of the Whole. It is the call to fling ourselves soul and body, effort and activity, knowledge and acquirements, into the great sum of experience which we call reality. It is the call to forget distinctions between mind and matter, subject and object, good and bad, social and individual. It is not a unit or a section, or a class or a distinction that is life, but the slow rolling-up of reality and its activities under the revolving years.

And out of the sum of reality the best gift falls last. It is that very touch of universality which kills the individual and annuls the separate interest which concentrates our attention upon our activity—not its results: which shows us friends and brothers in the most remote of heathendom, the dimmest of past ages. It is age which reveals our kinship to the animal, to the very plants and grasses, to sky and air and stars and space. One's own destiny is well linked to the Whole, where there is no failure, for despite of all it struggles on. Something there is, forever, which remains, and this is the reality which is more than any romance, the solid fact which outweighs every fiction in interest.

Correspondence

INCREASE OF PENSIONS

Avalon, Cal., June 10, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The bill now before Congress increasing the pensions of survivors and widows of the Civil War is being opposed on the score of cost. What that will be no one knows, those who were first in antagonizing the measure putting it at about $15,000,000, an amount that may not have impressed those who joined the opposition later as much of an argument, if the bill was to be defeated, for it has been raised from that time on, the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Republican* making it $40,000,000, and now Harper's Weekly puts it at $50,000,000. These estimates, if they are not guesses, must be based on the assumption that all who would be entitled to benefit under the new law would file their applications, an assumption that is not borne out by the records, the commissioner of pensions reporting some few years ago—1905 I think it was—that there were then over 200,000 entitled to pensions who refused to apply for them. This to a great extent should be the case if the friends of the present bill succeed in having it passed, for it must be clear even to those whose impatience at the waste and extravagance in government and nation may incline them to prejudice when government funds are being legislated out of the treasury, that there will always be a large number who for one reason or another will decline what is theirs for the asking. We will, then, come nearer to what the proposed increase in pensions will cost us if we base our estimate on the present pension rolls rather than on the total number of survivors and widows of the Civil War, and I do not believe I will be found to be much out of the way in putting it at $20,000,000. For the purpose to which it is to be put that is a very large amount of money, and our anti-militarists in their commendable zeal for a wiser and better civilization should not confound our aged pensioners, who may be in actual need of their small share of that gross sum to meet the present cost of living, with the building of battleships. When apportioned few among them will receive in a year what one discharge of a six-inch gun costs, and that of a twelve-inch will more than pay for the same period the third of his salary to a major-general of the volunteer service, if there are any of that rank still among the living, and if the giving of it to them is left to the people themselves I believe they would show a more generous appreciation of the services of those who forsook all and staked all that this Republic might live than is shown by the critics of a question that they do not seem to understand.

To prevent an appropriation by the government is, in the opinion of those opposing this pension bill, so much saved to the people. That is not the way of governments. A government is a device for the collecting and spending of a people's money, and it is the history of them all, past and present, that their expenditures are ever and always on an ascending scale; never have they been known except under the stress of circumstances to decrease the aggregate of their collections. The genius of government is not, as is too generally believed, the organizing and putting of armies in the field or the launching of Dreadnoughts, but in the discovering of new sources of revenue to pay for them. Where is the nation to-day that this is not true of? The decline of England would now be an accepted fact had not the unearned increment of her large land owners been made subject to the tax-gatherer. In desperate need, she would have rapidly fallen out of the forefront among her rivals had she not been able to exploit new sources of wealth to make good the inadequacy of others.

Whatever, therefore, may be saved out of the pension bill as now framed will not be that much less of a burden on the people; it will be diverted to other purposes; and were the amount involved much greater than it is, in the hands of these bent and gray reminders of heroic days it would go to buy bread and meat, and I am sceptic of the judgment of those who would call that extravagance or an incitement to the shedding of the blood of our fellow-creatures.

I am, sir,
W. G.

Washington, D. C., June 11, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—It seems to me that if some of these papers (they are limited) were permitted to go on unnoticed in its slurs of these men of the nation it might think that indeed we were criminals sneaking under cover and had nothing to say. I don't appeal to your shame, for papers that will do these things, slur these aged men of the nation, have no shame. Possibly it may be your opinion that to insult a mass is not to insult the individual of it.

And were you not doing quite well with your publications and living in comfort and ease when these men immersed of the smoke of the battlefield stood a wall between you and your lucrative business and national dissolution? Congress passed $50,000,000 appropriation to improve the face of the country, and you would not give these aged men, battle-scarred, fairly the authors of this country that Congress would improve (also their constituents) a paltry little one dollar a day for the balance of their short lives? Is it a wonder that minds so mean—and yet willing to live in a country so much beholden to these men—are in the publishing business?

"An—other—bat—tle!" did you ever hear that "Ex-tra!" and did the columns and depicting of these scenes drip with blood—or gold as a profit to these scenes? Now I would wonder if the names of the wounded or even the dead might be worth how much apiece, ten cents to you by the column down?

I am, sir,
Lewis Hatfield Toole.

NOT SCARED, BUT OBSERVANT

Wakefield, R. I., June 11, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The letter of M. B. as printed in your issue of June 4th is certainly fervent, but while I am by no means "scared by the Roman Catholic Church," I am inclined to think there may be more in what he has to say than meets the casual eye. His letter recalls to my mind the fact that within a month or two a speaker in this State, running over what he considered proper qualifications of candidates for State offices, demanded that they be not of this nationality nor of that; not even of this party nor of that, but that they should be Roman Catholics. No one can deny that the Roman Catholic Church dearly loves power. After hearing speeches like that it is hard to believe the Church is not reaching out after more power.

If, in our country, no one is barred from office on account of his religion, no one should be especially qualified for it on that account. I am, sir,
Joseph Kerr.

HUMOR IMPUTED TO A CORRESPONDENT

New York, June 4, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—It is not often that a layman has the opening or the opportunity to criticise a paper or method of running a paper of the type of Harper's Weekly, but if Harper's Weekly neglects the opportunity of immediately engaging person signing himself M. B. under the heading, Scared by the Roman Catholic Church, as editor of the joke sheet, with liberty to sign himself under the fool's cap and bells, then Harper's Weekly lay themselves open to criticism.

That article in question most assuredly has more real humor in it than the combined comic supplements of all the country, including that dear Chicago, which is going to the devil and the dogs because of the Roman Catholics that are wearing Masonic emblems; fake ones, to be sure, but still Masonic emblems, and what is more, Masonic emblems of enormous size.

I had somehow come to believe that outside of institutions for the insane and foolish that the world was getting broader and more tolerant, and that any one expressing such beliefs as M. B. expresses would be instantly incarcerated in some such institution, and I will from now on try to keep track of M. B. to see if my belief is justifiable. But, I admit, it is very hard to keep track of a man who only has initials. But probably M. B. really has a name, but if the name were published wouldn't it be awful if the Jesuits got him and hypnotized him!

As a point of information, I would like to know if the information that M. B. withholds but could publish if he wished but refrains to publish because it would make the world shudder really makes him shudder. I imagine M. B. must be in a constant shudder, a sort of St. Vitus dance shudder of the brain.

I am, sir,
Edward G. Goett.

M. B.'s letter was moderate and restrained compared with others on the same subject that come in from time to time.—Editor.

OBDURATE

Washington, Pa., May 4, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In reply to the within letter, I beg to say I have been a subscriber for Harper's Weekly for several years and it is with regret I give it up. The principal reason causing me to give it up is the position the paper takes on the liquor question. I cannot stand for the biased articles you have been publishing like your articles on Maine and others.

Published and paid for, no doubt, by the liquor interests, but you lacked the courage to so state at the time they were published. You undoubtedly have the right to take whatever view you please on this subject as on all others, and I can take the paper or not as I see fit. I suppose there is no danger of you suspending publication merely because I fail to renew my subscription, but I dislike to pay for a magazine that is afraid of losing profitable liquor advertisements by taking a stand against what you will admit is a great evil. I hope you may soon voice a better sentiment on this subject and follow in the wake of the great army of magazines that refuse to publish any liquor or patent-medicine advertisements.

I am, sir,
P. Honelay.

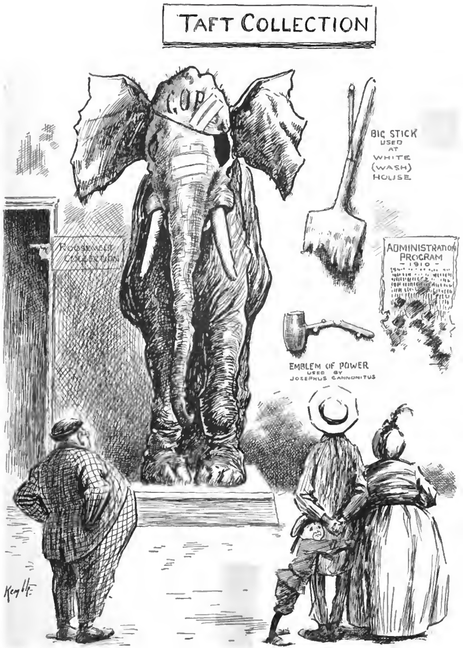
AN OLD TRADITION DISPUTED

Boston, Mass., May 21, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—You use an old simile about "ostriches hiding in the sand" when only their heads are under cover!

These birds never intend to "hide themselves in the sand." It is another case of nature fake. They place their noses and necessarily their heads, under the undisturbed sand of the desert to protect themselves from suffocation with the finer sand from the "sand storm." In company with the Arab and camel they are wise to the situation. Is it not so? I am, sir,
Selah.


TAFT COLLECTION
G.O.P.
BIG STICK USED AT WHITE (WASH) HOUSE
ROOSEVELT COLLECTION
ADMINISTRATION PROGRAM - 1910 -
EMBLEM OF POWER USED BY JOSEPHUS CANNONITUS
Kemble

LATER ON, THE SMITHSONIAN MAY CONTAIN OTHER COLLECTIONS THAN THE ROOSEVELT GROUP

DRAWN BY E W KEMBLE

American States in Conference

WHAT IS TO BE DONE AT THE APPROACHING IMPORTANT MEETING OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GOVERNMENTS OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA

By an American Diplomat

Washington, D. C.

THE Fourth International Conference of American States will open at Buenos Aires the 9th of July, and its deliberations are expected to last until the beginning of August. The United States transport Sumner, which by Act of Congress was placed at the disposition of the Department of State for the purpose, sailed from New York on June 18th, carrying the delegation which will represent this country. The chairman of the delegation is Henry White, who began his diplomatic career as Secretary of Legation at Vienna in 1883, and has remained in the service almost continuously since that time, having been Secretary of Embassy at London and Ambassador at Rome and at Paris, and also representative of the United States at the international conference at London for the abolition of sugar bounties, and at the Algeciras Conference in 1906.

Of the other seven delegates, John Bassett Moore, the best known American authority on international law and the author of several well-known works on diplomacy. In 1898 he held the post of Assistant Secretary of State, having previously spent some five years in the department. He was counsel to the Peace Commission at Paris and agent of the United States in the Canadian Arbitration Tribunal of 1904, and is now professor of international law at Columbia University. Colonel Crowder is first assistant in the office of the Judge-Advocate General of the Army. He served in the Philippine Islands for three years, was a military observer during the Russian-Japanese War, and did much valuable work of reorganization during the Cuban intervention, at which time he gained a knowledge of Spanish law and institutions.

Lewis Nixon is a boat manufacturer. Lamar C. Quintero, of Louisiana, is a lawyer and journalist and a Spanish scholar. Bernard Moses is professor of history and political science at the University of California. He was a member of the Philippine Commission from 1900 to 1902, and was a delegate to the Pan-American Scientific Congress at Santiago, Chile, last year. Professor Paul S. Reinsch, of the University of Wisconsin, was a delegate to the third Pan American Conference at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, and is an author of repute. David Kinley is director of the School of Commerce in the University of Illinois, and an authority upon economics.

As principal secretary the delegation has Professor Shepherd of Columbia University. George Cabot Ward, formerly auditor of Porto Rico, and W. T. S. Doyle, of the Department of State, are also secretaries. Owing to the commercial importance and the extreme technicality of the subjects of trade-marks, patents, and copyrights, which are to be discussed at the conference and as to which the framing of satisfactory conventions is hoped for, the Secretary of State has also appointed, as Technical Delegate, Edward B. Moore, Commissioner of Patents.

It is noteworthy that this delegation is the most representative the United States has thus far sent to one of these conferences, and that, although the proportion of professors is rather large, the delegates whose active work is educational are also publicists who have devoted themselves to the broad field of economics which enters so largely into modern international relations, while several of them have also had previous government service. Professional diplomacy is represented by two officials of the Department of State, an ex-Ambassador, and an ex-Assistant Secretary of State, while Mr. Nixon and Mr. Quintero bring experience in business affairs and journalism. A gratifying number of the members of the delegation are familiar with the Spanish language.

The programme to be discussed at the conference contains the following subjects:

Submission and consideration of the reports of each delegation as to the action of their respective governments upon the resolutions and conventions of the third conference held at Rio de Janeiro in July, 1906, including a report upon the results accomplished by the Pan-American committees and the consideration of the extension of their functions.

Submission and consideration of the report of the Director of the International Bureau of the American Republics, together with consideration of the present organization and of recommendations for the possible extension and improvement of its efficiency.

Report on the progress which has been made on the Pan American railway since the Rio conference, and consideration of the possibility of co-operative action among the American republics to secure the completion of the system.

Consideration of the conditions under which the establishment of more rapid mail, passenger, and express steamship service between the American republics can be secured.

Consideration of measures which will lead to uniformity among the American republics in consular documents and the technical requirements of customs regulations, and also in census and commercial statistics.

Consideration of the recommendations of the Pan-American sanitary congresses in regard to sanitary police and quarantine and of such additional recommendations as may tend to the elimination of preventable diseases.

Consideration of a practicable arrangement between the American republics covering patents, trade-marks, and copyrights.

Consideration of the continuance of the treaties on pecuniary claims after their expiration.

Consideration of a plan to promote the interchange of professors and students among the universities and academies of the American republics.

Resolution in appreciation of the Pan American Scientific Congress, held in Santiago, Chile, December, 1908.

Resolution instructing the governing board of the International Bureau of the American Republics to consider and recommend the manner in which the American republics may see fit to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal.

It will be observed that this programme is free from contentious matters or diplomatic questions of a political nature, from which it may be inferred that this government's general views continue as expressed in the instructions to our delegates to the last conference, which stated: "The true function of such a conference is to deal with matters of common interest which are not really subjects of controversy, but upon which comparison of views and friendly discussion may smooth away differences of detail, develop substantial agreement, and lead to co-operation along common lines for the attainment of objects which all really desire."

Among the practical subjects the discussion of which it is hoped will result in some tangible good, are the need of Pan American action to protect literary, artistic, and industrial property, the giving of an impetus to the Pan American railway idea, and a fresh emphasis of the need of rapid, direct, mail, and passenger steamship service between the American republics; also the efforts to make more uniform the requirements in consular and customs documents and in commercial statistics. However, the importance and benefits of these conferences are not to be measured by their tangible achievements, but by their opportunity for the republics of the hemisphere to know one another, and, by the mutual knowledge, respect, and confidence so gained, to vitalize their feeling of economic and social interdependence in working out their respective problems, which have had and still have so much in common, due to the similarity of their tasks of material and governmental evolution.

Our relations with Latin America have become markedly more active of recent years, and there are not wanting signs of the intense interest which the present administration takes in that phase of American diplomacy. This interest is evident in these words of Secretary Knox: "The spirit of good neighborhood and of mutual helpfulness, consideration, and confidence has always made possible to our diplomacy the settlement with a minimum of friction of the great variety of questions which geographical proximity has from time to time raised between us and our Canadian kinsmen. In the same spirit we are soon to negotiate with them for a tariff arrangement of greater mutuality and more consistent with our common interests of neighborhood. With the republics to the south of us, commerce, which makes so powerfully for friendship, is flourishing under conditions very favorable to their great export products, and which, it is hoped, may in time be adjusted in some cases upon a more reciprocal basis. The investment of our surplus capital and the exportation of our products not absorbed by the home market, like the foreign enterprises of our citizens, which increase with the awakening of the domestic demand for their activities, should vitalize our commerce with the other American republics.

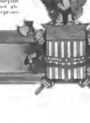
"The completion of the Panama Canal will be seen within a few years as the culmination of four centuries of aspiration. That the government of the United States, when private enterprise had failed, itself undertook the burden and responsibility of this great work is a good indication of the importance this government attaches to the advancement of Pan American relations. The United States has always taken a sympathetic and practical interest in the advancement of the Pan American railroad. It would be most desirable to see as much as possible of the great highway, which it is necessary to build to connect the Americas, built by the co-operation of the enterprise of the countries through which it passes and, by convention, dedicated solely to the uses of commerce upon reasonable and equal terms. The cause of American peace would be greatly advanced if it were forbidden for military purposes in the event of internal war in any country, or in the event of war between countries through which it passes.

"Through the historic demonstration of the candor and singleness of purpose of this government's diplomacy, and through its quiet application to the task of doing and of seeking equity and justice, these relations, I believe, stand to-day upon a foundation firmer as they become more intimate; and the fact that the spirit of neighborly helpfulness is common to governments of other American republics and to our own is shown increasingly year by year.

"To mention only one or two of many examples to illustrate this fact, one may recall the settlement of the acute boundary trouble between Peru and Bolivia, the reference of the current Panama-Costa Rican boundary dispute to arbitration through the good offices of the United States, and quite recently, the tripartite offer of mediation by which the Argentine Republic, the United States of Brazil, and the United States of America, acting in the most harmonious accord, cast the influence of three great American republics on the side of peace in an effort to avert impending war between Peru and Ecuador, an action by which the three governments have given to this hemisphere the honor of first invoking the most far reaching provisions of the Hague Convention for the pacific settlement of international disputes."

This conference has an especial interest because it falls in the year with the centennial celebrations, not only of Argentina, but of a number of other American republics. Contemporaneously there will be held at Buenos Aires international expositions of fine arts and industries. How important it is that we should have these opportunities to know Buenos Aires will be realized if one reflects that the city has a population of far more than one million, that it is not only the largest city of Latin America, but is exceeded in population in this country only by New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. It has an unexcelled police system and an average of crime lower in proportion than that of any city of this country, besides being a city of great architectural beauty, of immense commerce, and of brilliant progressive life. The import trade of the Argentine Republic is about fifty dollars per capita, one of the highest in the world. Of a total of some three hundred million dollars of goods imported, this country sends only about fourteen per cent.

In the Argentine Republic the population has been re-enforced by a flood of immigration of excellent type. The trace of African and Indian blood is nearly negligible and far below the proportion found in the United States. Nor have things aesthetic and artistic fallen behind things material. Among literary achievements it may be mentioned that an Argentinian wrote the completest compendium of international law that exists. The *Review of Letters, History, and Laws*, edited by Dr. Zeballos, is one of the finest magazines in the world; and *La Prensa* and *La Nacion* are modern newspapers unsurpassed in equipment and progressiveness. As illustrating the cosmopolitan character of this metropolis, it may be said that in Buenos Aires there are published one hundred and eighty-nine newspapers—one hundred and fifty-four in Spanish, fourteen in Italian, eight in German, six in English, and others in Scandinavian, French, Basque, and Russian.



England's Fifth George

A CHARACTER-SKETCH OF THE NEW SOVEREIGN, WHOSE PERSONALITY IS UNKNOWN TO HIS SUBJECTS, WITH A PROGNOSTICATION OF SURPRISES IN STORE FOR THEM

By an Englishman

BARELY a month has gone by, as I sit down to write this article, since King George the Fifth ascended the British throne. One cannot, of course, attempt to form any estimate of what sort of sovereign he will prove after so brief an experience. Nevertheless, one or two incidents have occurred which are not unilluminating; and, for the rest, there is the whole of King George's earlier life and the impressions and expectations of those who know him really well, on which to frame some kind of a forecast. All England is trying to formulate its ideas of the new sovereign—I should say of the new sovereigns, because the accession of Queen Mary may easily be found to be an event of not less importance than the accession of King George. And all England is finding the task extraordinarily difficult. The country has discovered with something like a shock of surprise how little it knows of the personality or opinions of its new rulers.

George V., "an outspoken, rather obstinate man, with strong views, and delightfully indiscreet"

Queen Mary, a woman of strong character, who is said to exercise much influence over the King

King Edward had been in the full glare of the limelight for forty years before he came to the throne. he indulged in a variety of diversions that made it impossible for any of his future subjects to be ignorant of him; he had the social instinct strongly developed and liked to meet people, and since the death of the Prince Consort and the semi-retirement of Queen Victoria most of the social duties of the court had fallen on his shoulders. All this made him a familiar figure, not in London only, but throughout the British Isles, long before his accession. It is true he surprised his subjects and, indeed, surprised all Europe by his success as a sovereign. I remember at the time of Queen Victoria's death stating that, while King Edward was a welcome and favorite visitor in all the continental capitals, he yet did not possess a tithe of his mother's influence on or knowledge of European and international affairs. The statement was a true one at the moment, but in less than three years it had ceased to be true. King Edward developed an unsuspected taste for the business of unofficial diplomacy. He initiated no foreign policy of his own; I doubt whether he altered a single decision of his Ministers on any point of external affairs; what he did was to place his personality, his popularity, his wonderful gift of cosmopolitan bonhomie, at the service of the government in carrying out projects and policies that had already been agreed upon. In the peculiar circumstances of the past decade nothing he could have done could have been more useful. Yet few, probably, of those who had known him merely as a Prince of Wales could have foretold that in less than five years he would be one of the two foremost figures and forces on the stage of European politics; and on the general public his assumption of a quasi-diplomatic rôle, and the success he achieved in it, had all the effect of a revelation. He was known as well as any prince could be known, but he was not known sufficiently well for that. Every king has some surprises in store for his subjects, and the less they know of him the greater the surprise is apt to prove. In the case of King George they know next to nothing. There is, therefore, all the more reason to think that, as time goes on, he will considerably astonish them.

Since his accession the new sovereign has, on the whole, borne himself through a very trying period with dignity and good sense. The addresses he has had to issue to the nation, to the army and navy, to the British Empire at large, to the Houses of Parliament, and to the princes and peoples of India, have been couched in excellent language. I do not suppose that King George was their sole author, but I am assured he had a far larger hand in preparing them and in laying down their general lines than most sovereigns have. The King has a real gift of energetic expression. He used to be a poor speaker; he is now perhaps the most eloquent sovereign who has ever sat on a British throne. Like most sailors, he is free and voluble of speech, a hearty and persistent talker, a man of naive, elementary nature. If he used to seem constrained and out of place on a public platform it was not because he lacked ideas or the words to clothe them, but because he is essentially a shy and rather nervous man, and because his life at sea had never given him that invaluable early training in facing audiences and holding the centre of the stage on ceremonial occasions. But experience and practice have overcome his diffidence, and King George, though his rhetoric will never rival the Kaiser's, already rises considerably above the level of ordinary British oratory. The composition of the various addresses expected from a new sovereign has, however, been the least of King George's troubles. The innumerable problems of etiquette and arrangement connected with the funeral of King Edward, with the entertainment and treatment of the foreign guests, and with the social and financial catastrophe brought about by the death of the King just when the London season was on the verge of opening, made far heavier drafts on his tact, patience, and good sense.

As at the time of King Edward's coronation, so at his funeral, the West End clubs echoed with gossip as to the doings and sayings of Queen Alexandra, and the officials had the greatest difficulty in keeping pace with her many changes of mind and in accommodating the arrangements to suit her wishes as chief mourner. The poor lady, overwhelmed with grief, hard of hearing, difficult to convince, and leaning heavily upon the advice of her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, who is not by any means the greatest peace-maker in the world, proved a sore trial to the Earl Marshal and his colleagues, upon whom devolved the responsibility for devising and carrying out the funeral programme. The Queen Mother felt that the funeral was not King Edward's alone, that it was practically her own leave-taking of the people whom she has charmed and endeared herself to for nearly fifty years, that it was, at any rate, the last public occasion on which she could claim as a right the final arbitration of all the features and arrangements. King George yielded to her inclinations with extraordinary complaisance and shewed a more than filial anxiety to obey her every whim. In doing so he had to some extent to sacrifice his wife. The Queen Mother, being bent on maintaining to the last all the privileges of her old position, it became necessary for Queen Mary to retire somewhat into the background. Gossip has a good deal to say as to the relations between the two Queens, which no doubt are not as cordial as they might be. But, however that may be, Queen Mary readily consented to play a wholly subordinate part in the funeral ceremonies. She carefully abstained from putting herself forward or seeming in any way to compete with Queen Alexandra. As the pageant passed through the streets of London she sat immobile in her coach while the Queen Mother, with pathetic, frozen face, acknowledged repeatedly the respectful and silent salutations of the crowd. And during the service at Windsor Queen Mary was virtually invisible. She sat in the organ-loft, leaving the Queen Mother in free possession of the place of honor. I have heard it whispered that that was carrying self-abnegation to an extreme, that a Queen of England had no business in an organ-loft, and that King George should have insisted on his wife taking a position of greater prominence. The point is rather a delicate one; and the safest thing to say is that in solving it as he did the new King showed a modesty and a spirit of deference to his mother's wishes that may have been excessive, but that was at any rate genuine and in keeping with his whole character.

King Edward's death, as I have said, coming at the opening of the London season, killed almost every form of amusement and entertainment on the spot and inflicted enormous losses on all the trades that flourish on the vanities and diversions of society. The theatres were naturally the first to feel the shock. The managers called a meeting and decided to close their houses. In England, as in most monarchies, every theatrical contract contains a clause ending it in the event of the death of the reigning sovereign. The managers, therefore, stood to lose nothing by shutting down. They were doing normal but not particularly good business up to the moment of the King's death, and by closing their houses they saved all the expenses of salaries and maintenance. Whether the King was aware of this, or whether he was thinking of the scene-shifters and other employees to whom a three weeks' vacation meant a serious loss, I do not know. At any rate, he publicly expressed a desire that the theatres should remain open. The managers, who had based their reason for closing them upon respect for the memory of the late King, had, of course, no option but to comply with his son's request. The consequence is that for the past four or five weeks the theatres have remained open, that hardly any one has patronized them, and that the managers, instead of saving money, have lost heavily. I think in that instance the King's action, though thoroughly well-meaning, was a little premature.

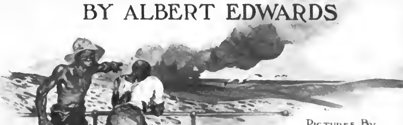
On the other hand, His Majesty has shewn good sense and judgment in dealing with the question of public mourning. All England went into black the moment the King's death was announced, and no one who knows anything of the sentiments of the people can doubt that the feeling of grief was real and deep. At the same time, it was obvious that if the period of public mourning originally prescribed by order from the Earl-Marshal's office were to be adhered to—six weeks of full mourning and six of half—the London season would be irreparably ruined, and the severe losses already sustained by the clothing and catering trades would be irrecoverable. The King wisely and judiciously shortened the period of half mourning by a month.

The visit of Mr. Roosevelt reminds me of the one serious blunder that has thus far been committed in King George's name. Of all the royalties and statesmen and great officials who came over to England to attend the funeral, Mr. Roosevelt was easily the one in whom the ordinary Londoner was most interested. But, instead of riding on horseback, he was put to ride in a closed coach; and instead of the coach being near the head of the procession it brought up the rear. Its occupants were Mr. Roosevelt, M. Pichon, a Persian, and a Chinaman; and while Mr. Roosevelt is the last man in the world to create trouble on an occasion of this kind, he must have felt, as every Englishman felt, that a blunder had been made that would have been particularly offensive to King Edward.

George V. is one of the very few monarchs who have ever ascended a throne without a penny of debt. He will have, therefore, no need, and he certainly has no inclination, to surround himself with the German-Jewish capitalist set with whom King Edward rather too openly mingled. The old English aristocracy will come into its own again at the new King's court; and the atmosphere of the royal household will be everything that is humdrum. But while George V. is British through and through, he is not by any means as negative a personality as many people think. The English papers write of him as though he were a dummy. He is, as a matter of fact, an outspoken, energetic, rather obstinate man, with strong views of his own on public questions—and Tory views at that; not at all afraid of responsibility, a close student of politics, and delightfully indiscreet in airing his opinions about men and affairs—the very opposite, in short, of the type of sovereign who is content to be a mere figurehead. England does not yet know him, but it will before very long.

WITH A CARGO OF BLACK IVORY

BY ALBERT EDWARDS



PICTURES BY
O E CESARE

BARBADOS, BRITISH WEST INDIES, 7th April.

THE quarantine has wrecked my plans. I expected to leave here the 10th on the Royal Mail Packet for Colon. Within an hour after I landed two cases of yellow fever were reported. No boat which touches here during the quarantine will be allowed to enter any other Caribbean port.

If I were a Mohammedan or something Eastern, I suppose I would sit down, say, "Kismet Allah il-Allah" and enjoy myself. For it is a delectable island. But being a child of the Western Hurry Land, and having small faith in Allah, I cannot find patience. I am due on the Canal Zone on the 20th, and this stupid delay may last for months. The officials of the Health Office have no idea when the quarantine will be lifted. As a Russian editor said, when going to jail, "Even God does not know how long I must stay."

8th April.—Hurrah! I have found a way out of my difficulties. This morning when I went down on the veranda of the hotel I found two gentlemen at a near by table. One was very excited, telling how it was absolutely necessary for him to be in Martinique within a few days. The other, a fine-looking G. A. R. type of American, was sympathizing with him.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I can't help you get to Martinique, but if you only wanted to go to Colon I could fix it."

I told him my troubles without further introduction.

He is Colonel Karner, and is employed by the Isthmian Canal Commission to recruit laborers. It is an interesting job—experimenting in racial types. From first to last they have tried more than eighty nationalities—Hindoo and Chinese coolies, Spaniards, Italians, negroes from Jamaica, from Africa, from the States, the French islands, at last to settle down on these negroes from Barbados. They have proved the most efficient. A consignment of several hundred are to sail the 15th on the *Solent*, an especially chartered steamer. They will avoid the quarantine complications by spending six days afloat—it requires six days for yellow fever to mature—and then they will be allowed to land, if their bill of health is clear. Karner says he can put me on board, but he does not think I will enjoy the trip, as I will be the only white passenger. But of course I jumped at the offer. If I miss this chance I may be held up for months. So I sail on the 15th.

13th April.—It is all arranged. My passage on the *Solent* has been engaged and all the formalities with the Health Department safely passed. Despite Colonel Karner's pessimism, I think I will be fairly comfortable. I went aboard this morning to look it over. I will have the first cabin all to myself and the freedom of the little chart-house deck under the bridge. A pipe and books will help me pass the time, and the officers are said to be a jolly crowd.

After leaving the boat I met Karner at his office and we went to his recruiting station. On our way we walked through the little park which is grandiloquently called Trafalgar Square.

There must have been two or three thousand negroes crowded along one side of it—applicants for work on the Canal Zone and their friends. The commission pays negro laborers ten cents an hour, and ten hours a day. Their quarters are free, and meals cost thirty cents a day. It is a bonanza for them. Barbados is vastly over-populated, work is scant, and wages unbelievably low. Last year the Barbadian negroes on the isthmus sent home money-orders to their relatives for over $200,000, so there is no end of applicants.

Several policemen kept the crowd in order and sent them up into the recruiting station in batches of one hundred at a time. The examination took place in a large, bare loft. When Karner and I arrived we found two or three of his assistants hard at work. As the men came up, they were formed in line around the wall. First, all those who looked too old, or too young, or too weakly, were picked out and sent away. Then they were told that no man who had previously worked on the canal would be taken again. I do not know why this rule has been made, but they enforced it with considerable care. One or two men admitted having been there before and went away. Then the doctor told them all to roll up their left sleeves, and began a mysterious examination of their forearms. Presently he grabbed a man and jerked him out of the line, cursing him furiously:

"You thought you could fool me, did you? It won't do you any good to lie, you've been there before. Get out!"

I asked how he told, and he showed me three little scars like this, .·., just below the man's elbow.

"That's my vaccination mark," he said. "Every negro who has passed the examination before has been vaccinated like that, and I can always spot them."

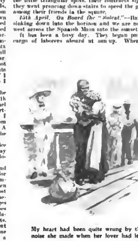
He caught two or three other men in the same way and sent them out on a run. They protested vehemently, one arguing that a dog had bitten him there. But the telltale white marks stood out clearly against their black skins; there was no gainsaying them.

Then he went over the whole line again for tracoma, rolling back their eyelids and looking for inflammation. Seven or eight fell at this test. Then he made them strip and went over them round after round for tuberculosis, heart trouble, and rupture. A few fell out at each test. I don't think more than twenty were left at the end out of the hundred, and they certainly were a fine and fit lot of men.

All during the examination I had never seen a more serious-looking crowd of negroes, but when at last the doctor told them that they had passed, the change was immediate. All their teeth showed at once and they started to shout and caper about wildly. A flood of light came in through the window at the end, and many streaks shot down through the broken shingles on their naked bodies. It was a weird sight—something like a war-dance—as they expressed their relief in guffaws of laughter and strange antics. It meant semi-starvation for themselves and their families if they were rejected, and untold wealth—a dollar a day—if they passed. They were all vaccinated with the little triangular spots, their contracts signed, and they went prancing down-stairs to spread the good news among their friends in the square.

15th April. On Board the "Solent."—Barbados is sinking down into the horizon and we are nosing due west across the Spanish Main into the sunset.

It has been a busy day. They began putting the cargo of laborers aboard at sun up. When I went down about nine to the dock, it seemed that the whole population of darkest Africa was there. I never saw so many negro women in my life. All of them in their gayest Sunday clothes, and all wailing at the top of their voices. Every one of the departing negroes had a mother and two or three sisters and at least one wife—all weeping lustily. There was one strapping negro lass with a brilliant yellow bandana on her head who was something like the cheer leader at a college football game; she led the wailing.



My heart had been quite wrung by the noise she made when her lover had left

A number would be called, the negro whose contract corresponded would step out of the crowd. A new wail would go up. Again there was a medical examination—especially a search for the recent vaccination marks. For often a husky, healthy negro will pass the first examination and sell his contract. Then by boat loads the men were rowed aboard.

Later in the day I encountered the yellow-bandanned negress, who had been leading the noise at the dock, sitting contentedly in Trafalgar Square surrounded by three very jovial young bucks. The negroes certainly have a wonderful ability for changing their moods. My heart had been quite wrung by the noise she made when her lover had left in the morning.

About four o'clock I rowed out to the *Solent* and went aboard. Such a mess you never saw—what the Germans would call "*ein Schweinerei.*" There were more than seven hundred negroes aboard, each with his bag and baggage. The *Solent* is not a large boat, and every square inch of deck space was utilized. Some had trunks, but most only bags like that which Dick Whittington carried into London. There was a fair sprinkling of guitars and accordeons. But the things which threw the most complication into the turmoil were the steamer chairs. Some people ashore had driven a thriving trade in deck chairs—flimsy affairs, a yard-wide length of canvas hung on uncertain supports of a soft, brittle wood. The chairs took up an immense amount of room, and the majority of "have nots" were jealous of the few who had them. It was almost impossible to walk along the deck without getting mixed up in a steamer chair.

There were more formalities for the laborers to go through. The business reminded me of the way postal clerks handle registered mail. Every negro had a number corresponding to his contract, and the utmost precaution was taken to see that none had been lost and that no one who had not passed the medical examination had smuggled himself on board.

We pulled up anchor about six. All the ship's officers have moved into the saloon; it is the only clean place aboard—a sort of white oasis in the black Sahara. For fresh air the only available place is the chart-house deck. There was so much to do in getting things shipshape that none of the officers appeared at dinner. So I ate in solitary grandeur. The cabin was intolerably stuffy, for at each of the twenty-four portholes the round face of a grinning negro cut off what little breeze there was. There was great competition among the negroes for the portholes and the chance to see me eat. As nearly as I could judge the entire seven hundred had their innings. I faced out the first three courses with a certain amount of nonchalance, but with the roast the twenty-four pair of shining eyes—constantly changing—got on my nerves. I did scant justice to the salad and dessert, absolutely neglected the coffee, and, grabbing my writing pad, sought refuge up here on deck. The steward, I suppose, thinks I am seasick.

The negroes are very rapidly accommodating themselves to their new surroundings. The strangeness of it has in some mysterious way stirred up their religious instincts; they are all singing. A very sharp line of cleavage has sprung up. The port side of the ship is Church of England, the starboard, Nonconformist. The sectarians seem to be in majority, but are broken up into the Free Baptists, Methodists, etc. Just now the Sons of God are going forth to war on the port side, and something which sounds like a cross between "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and Salvation Army rag time is in full blast to starboard.

There is only one song, a secular one, on which they unite. The tune is something like "Tammany," and as near as I can catch the words the chorus goes:

"Fever and ague all day long
At Panama, at Panama,
Wish you were dead before very long
At Panama, at Panama."

Not exactly a cheerful song, but they sing it with great fervor.

17th April.—Yesterday I had the opportunity of getting acquainted with the ship's company. The captain is a Liverpool man, short and built on the lines of an English bull. He spent his childhood in France and is absolutely bilingual. He has read much more than his hearty British tar's look suggests. I sit at his right. Opposite me is the purser. He is a light-weight—a peach-and-cream complexion and very dudish. He combs his hair carefully and grooms his finger nails—"a gay dog, doncherao." At my right is the first officer, a fine type of the straight-limbed, straightforward Englishman. Under thirty now, he will be a philosopher after forty. He has not read as much as the captain, but he has thought a lot more about each book. I like him best of the crowd. Opposite him is the doctor. He is an old salt, a Barbadian by birth. He is fat, has an immense waist-line, but his legs taper down at a sharp angle to ridiculously small feet. His face is broad, his beard comes to a point at the same angle with his feet, his hair flares out from his head in an amazing manner, so that he looks like a turnip. Next to the first officer sits the chief engineer. He is also an oldish man from Barbados. He and the doctor hate each other cordially and always take the opposite sides of every question, except in regard to the glories of Barbados. Any slur cast on their native isle brings them shoulder to shoulder. The second officer is a youngster with a squint eye. He never says anything but, "I say, will you pass the pepper sauce?"

After the coffee, while various yarns were being swapped, the doctor woke up suddenly out of his coma—the state, according to English novels, into which all elderly, fat Englishmen sink after a full dinner. He looked round vacantly for a moment, and then without waiting for any break in the conversation, began, ponderously:

"One time on a P. and O. boat—down in the Red Sea—'twas so hot—we had to stop—to let the engines cool. . . ."

But he got no further; the chief engineer groaned and threw a biscuit at him; the purser jumped up and tied a napkin over his face. Every one howled derisively. The captain leading, they recited in unison: "One time on a P. and O. boat—down in the Red Sea—it was so hot—we had to stop—to let the engines cool. . . ." By this time the doctor had pulled the napkin from his mouth and, cursing them all roundly, relapsed into sullen silence.

"What's the story?" I asked.

"Oh, you'll hear it often enough before you reach Colon," the chief engineer said.

"When he starts it, 'One time on a P. and O. boat,' you'd better yell for assistance," the purser put in. "It's awful."

Then came another interruption. Suddenly all these diverse Englishmen, who did not appear to be very friendly, were brought together with a snap. There was a sharp commotion on the deck above us, the growl of many angry voices, some high-pitched curses, and the rush of many feet. Then in the flash of an eye these Englishmen showed me why their race owns half the earth.

"Come on, boys," the captain said, as he jumped up.

A queer idea shot into my mind that the order which sent the Light Brigade charging down the hill of Balaklava must have sounded like that. But there was no time to develop the idea, for we were all running up the companionway at top speed.

The soft southern moonlight was shining down on something very much like an inferno—a tangle of long sinewy black arms ending in clenched fists, distorted black faces, the whites of eyes, and gleaming teeth—and the low-pitched angry growl of a fighting mob.

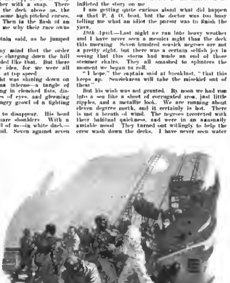
The captain's neck seemed to disappear. His head sank right down on his square shoulders. With a yell he led the charge, and all of us—in white duck—plunged into the black turmoil. Seven against seven hundred. Englishmen certainly know how to use their fists. Every time they struck some-body went down. We ploughed our way along the deck to the storm centre. The captain gripped a man and shook him like a rag. We all followed his example, up to the limit of our strength. Personally, I felt like the tail of the dog, for the man whom the Fates thrust into my clutches was three times my strength.

One of the blowers, waving a guitar in his hand like a banner, jumped on a box and yelled to the crowd to rush us.

"Shut up," the captain snapped, "or I'll put a bullet into you!"

It seemed as though every one at once saw the glint of his revolver. A sort of unearthly moan went up from the negroes. They were utterly cowed. Most of them fell on their knees and tried to crawl away.

"Here, you constables," the captain called, putting up his revolver, "who started this muss?"



With a yell he led the charge, and all of us—in white duck—plunged into the black turmoil

Ten of the bushiest negroes, it seemed, had been made special constables. They had been discreetly absent during the disturbance, but now turned up trying hard to look heroic. They singled out two of the seven men we held—I am sure it was an absolutely haphazard selection. Without further ado, with no pretence of a trial, these two men were put in irons and thrown into the brig.

Then we went back to finish our coffee and cigars. I asked the captain if he thought we had caught the real trouble-makers.

"Probably not," he said, "but what does it matter. We gave them a good scare. It's pretty hot down in the brig. We'll keep these two there a couple of hours and when they come out they'll be sure to exaggerate the horrors of the place. It will put the fear of God into all of them. Besides, it will give a good deal of prestige to the constables. If we had questioned their word, their authority wouldn't have amounted to anything. You can't temporize with natives, you've got to act quick—even if you aren't right. It isn't exactly justice, but it works."

It is this quick, fearless action and cynical disregard of abstract justice by which England holds the lid on her colonies. I could not help the feeling that such action is not right, but as the captain said, "it works." It had saved what was a very critical situation. If the negroes had made that rush, they would have swept us overboard in a minute. Sooner or later many of them would have been hanged for it. As it was, we cracked a score of their heads and imprisoned two who were probably innocent. And order was restored.

The captain did not seem entirely at ease himself, but as I soon found, his scruples were the opposite from mine.

"Perhaps I ought to have shot that beggar," he said. "It don't do to bluff with a crowd like that."

And he told about a rumpus he had once been in on the China seas. There had been a couple of hundred coolies as deck passengers, and then, for some reason, a riot and mutiny started.

"The captain tried to bluff them," he continued, "and it didn't work. Before we got through there were three of us dead, and about twenty chinks, and some of the rest, I guess, are still in jail. A quick shot might have saved it all." And then, turning to his subordinates, he continued: "Keep your guns in your pockets until you have to shoot, and then don't hesitate. But I guess this lesson will keep them quiet."

And the incident was closed.

I began to feel an ache in my leg, and, looking down, I saw blood on my white trousers. During the excitement I had barked my shin on one of those infernal steamer chairs. The doctor took me to his cabin to disinfect and bandage the wound.

"One time on a P. and O. boat," he began, "down in the Red Sea—"

But the purser stuck his head in the door and threatened to throw the doctor to the sharks if he inflicted the story on me.

I am getting quite curious about what did happen on that P. & O. boat, but the doctor was too busy telling me what an idiot the purser was to finish the yarn.

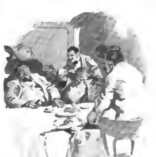
19th April.—Last night we ran into heavy weather and I have never seen a messier sight than the deck this morning. Seven hundred seasick negroes are not a pretty sight, but there was a certain selfish joy in seeing that this storm had made an end of those steamer chairs. They all smashed to splinters the moment we began to roll.

"I hope," the captain said at breakfast, "that this keeps up. Seasickness will take the mischief out of them."

But his wish was not granted. By noon we had run into a sea like a sheet of corrugated iron, just little ripples, and a metallic look. We are running about eleven degrees north, and it certainly is hot. There is not a breath of wind. The negroes recovered with their habitual quickness, and were in an unusually amiable mood. They turned out willingly to help the crew wash down the decks. I have never seen water evaporate so quickly. One minute the decks were glistening with water, the next they were already dry, within five minutes they were too hot to walk on barefooted.

Of course these negroes are not very comfortable. But they are free! There are many men still living who can remember when slave-ships sailed these very waters. It is hard to imagine what life on a slave-ship must have been. The effort to reconstruct the horrors of those days—not so very long past—makes the inconveniences which this cargo of black ivory suffers seem small indeed. Above all, there is no one among them who is not here of his own free will. There is not one of them whose heart is not full of hope—this voyage to them all means opportunity. Think what it must have meant to their forefathers! Nothing which happened to them after they were landed and sold could have approached the agony of the long voyage in irons, thrown pellmell into the hold of a sailing-ship. Not knowing their captors' language, they could not know the fate in store for them. The world does move!

When, in the far future, history is written, I think that our fathers' generation will be especially remembered because they abolished the negro-slave trade. They invented steam-engines and all manner of machines; they cut down trees and opened up a new continent and did many other notable things. But above all this, they made an end to chattel slavery.



"One time on a P. and O. boat—'twas so hot—we had to stop—to let the engines cool"

Until these negroes are handed over to the United States authorities at Colon they are under the paternal care of Great Britain. The conditions under which they have been recruited, the terms of their contracts, have been carefully supervised by English officials. Above all, their health is guarded. Their daily menus—and they are quite sumptuous—have been ordered by His Majesty's government in London.

The sunset this evening was glorious. Right over our bow was a pyramid of soft white clouds; the sun sinking behind them brought to light a glory of rich harmonic colors. The whole mass shone and glistened like the great thirteenth-century window in the chancel of Chartres. There was gold, bright and flaming on the edges, and the heart of the cloud was hot orange. The sky above, clear across to the east, was red, a thousand, thousand shades of red. And the glory of the sky fell and was reflected in the metallic sleekness of the sea. There was an Oriental gorgeousness about it. If one were to wave a brilliantly colored gold-embroidered Chinese shawl above an age-old lacquer tray, it would give some faint idea of the gorgeousness of this tropical sunset.

Several of the ship's officers were on the deck watching it, and when at last the color faded the first officer spoke up.

"It's strange," he said, "in these Western waters you get the best sunsets; the dawn is flat and not at all impressive. It is just the opposite in the East. The sunrises count out there."

It was a new idea to me, and I asked the others if they had found it so. They all backed this statement, recalling gorgeous sunrises in the Orient, but no one could offer any plausible explanation of the fact, they all affirmed.

In a moment's pause the doctor started up. "I remember one time on the Red Sea—on the P. & O. boat—it was so hot—" That was as far as he got. The younger men pulled his beard, ruffled his stray hairs, and poked his ribs till he went away breathing out death and destruction on all of them. I must get him off by himself and hear that story sometime.

20th April, Colon Harbor.—We are swinging at anchor off Colon to-night. It is altogether too hot to sleep. It has been a wearing and in spots exciting day. It could not have been any hotter that time on the Red Sea the doctor tries to tell about when they had to stop the engines.

I crawled out before five this morning, hoping to get some air on deck. My stateroom was suffocating. Not one of the seven hundred negroes was asleep; they were fidgeting about from one unbearably hot position to another. A couple of the officers were up on the bridge talking in monosyllables, and I gathered that they were planning against the possibilities which the evident unrest among the negroes foretold. You read sometimes of sailors feeling in the air the approach of a tornado. It was just the same here; no one could help seeing that trouble was brewing. The men were like tinder. For five days they had been crowded on board with no chance for exercise, and now, the sun barely up, the deck was almost hot enough to fry eggs.

The fire-hose was run out and the decks flooded to cool them, and the hose was left in place to cool the men if need be.

There were a few scuffles during the morning, and four men, one after another, were ironed and chucked into the brig. It was a hard time for the crowd of negroes, but it was certainly little—if any—easier for the ten white men.

Trouble came with a rush over lunch. These negroes probably have never had such excellent meals before

But the fates arranged that just this last day, when every one was wearied and cross, things should go wrong in the kitchen. Perhaps the heat had affected the cook—or perhaps some direct rays of the sun had fallen on the rice—anyhow, it was scorched beyond eating.

I suppose the first fifty negroes who were served chucked their rice overboard when they tasted it, no one is hungry in such weather. But at last it came to a trouble-maker. He swore loudly that it was not fit for a pig, that he would not stand such an outrage, that the steward was making a fortune out of them, etc. Part of what he said was unheeded, but a word here and there was taken up and passed along, growing, of course, from mouth to mouth. Inside of five minutes every negro on board felt that life without a good portion of unscorched rice was not worth living. A growl rolled back and forth from bow to stern, growing deeper every trip. It was what we had been dreading all day.

Half our little company pushed through the angry crowd to the door of the kitchen, for there was some talk of rushing that. The first officer in the bow, the second officer in the stern, each with a negro quartermaster and two or three able-bodied seamen, manned the fire-hose. The rest of us formed a sort of reserve on the bridge. This display of force cooled their ardor for a minute. No one of them wanted to be a leader; they just groaned and growled and bawled. Almost all of them had crowded up forward in the bow. The captain stepped out on the bridge and asked what was wrong. A hundred began yelling out their grievances at once. The captain—he has a voice like a fog-horn—ordered them to be still.

"I can't understand when you all speak at once. Send me a delegation, three men."

Then the negroes began to palaver. As far as I could see six men volunteered. They were all rejected. It was ten minutes before they chose their committee, and one of them lost his nerve just at the foot of the ladder to the bridge. They had to go back and get another man. Somehow it had a ludicrous, comic-opera effect.

But the captain listened gravely to the committee and tasted the rice. He threw it overboard with a grunt of disgust—it must have been pretty bad. He talked for a moment with the pale-faced steward and then stepped out where all the angry crowd could see him. I think with a good joke he might have saved the situation—but the joke failed him.

"I am sorry about the rice," he said. "I have tried my best to give you good food, and this is our last day. To-morrow we will be in harbor and have fresh food. This afternoon at three the steward will give you iced tea, and I will see that you have an especially good supper to-night."

"But we want rice!" some one yelled.

However, the captain's little speech had appealed to the common sense of most of the crowd, and only a few took up this cry. But things suddenly took another turn. There were on board some deck passengers who were not contract laborers—several families of negroes. And one girl—she did not look above eighteen—I had already noted as a source of trouble. During the captain's speech the three delegates had climbed down to the deck unobserved and were lost in the crowd. Suddenly, just when things were seeming to smooth out, this girl jumped on a trunk and began to scream:

"Where's our committee? They've put them into the black hole!"

She yelled a lot more, but no one could hear her because of the cry which went up from the mob. Her words were like a whip. In an instant the crowd would be moving. The captain put his hands to his mouth as a megaphone and bellowed to the chief officer.

"Stand by with the hose!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" the response came back.

"Now, gentlemen," he said to us, "we must shut up that girl."

I saw his hand go to his hip pocket, and suddenly I remembered the story he had told about the coolies in the China Sea, and it did not seem like comic opera any more.

He took a step forward to jump down into the maddened crowd on deck. Then help came from an unexpected source. The captain's shouted order and the reply which rang back had quieted the crowd for an instant. It had not pacified them, but they had stopped their shouting to gather breath for fight. And just in this lull a new voice rose—or rather fell, it was from the lookout in the crow's nest.

"Land ho!" he sang out. "Land on the port bow on!"

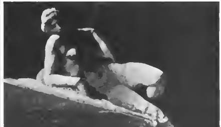
It saved the day. Two or three on the outskirts of the mob ran to the rail for a look. "Land!" they shouted. Of course they could not see it; it was not yet visible from the bridge, barely in sight from the crow's nest, but equally of course they thought they could. The crowd melted away instantly, every one wanted to see land. Each cloud on the southern horizon, one after another, was picked out as South America. When a baby bumps his nose and you stop his crying by barking like a dog, it is the same thing. The excitement of "Land ho!" had made them forget the scorched rice.

"Anglo-Saxon luck," the captain said to me.

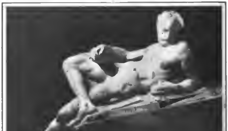
By three o'clock, when the iced tea came out, the mountain tops of Colombia were in plain sight and everybody was happy. They were further distracted from mischief about five o'clock when the wheel was thrown hard over and we turned south. We were close inland now, and the ground swell was choppy; most of them were seasick again. We dropped anchor a little after sunset and now they are all singing.

There will be some more formalities with the health officers in the morning. Everybody will have his temperature taken, be re-examined for trachoma and vaccination marks, and then these seven hundred negroes will be scattered over the isthmus to help us dig the ditch.

They are not interested in anything except their dollar a day. But I warrant that their children's children will boast that their grandfathers worked on this job. And I wonder what their children's children will be. These men are free, their grandfathers were slaves. That is immense progress for a race to make in two generations. If their children and grandchildren keep up the pace, there is infinite hope for the negroes.



"Aurora"



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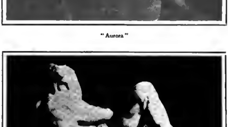
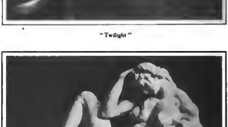


"Day"



"Night"

THE MODELS OF MICHELANGELO

PLASTER MODELS, BELIEVED BY AUTHORITIES TO BE THOSE USED BY MICHELANGELO FOR THE FAMOUS MONUMENTS IN THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE, HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED BY WALTER BOMBE, OF THE BERLIN ACADEMY, IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS AT PERUGIA. THEY REPRESENT "DAY" AND "NIGHT" ON THE TOMB OF GIULIANO, AND "AURORA" AND "TWILIGHT" ON THE TOMB OF LORENZO

Honoring an American Poet

By Frank Marshall White

IN process of deliverance from the primal swamp is a little park on a peninsula watered by the Bronx and East rivers, in the borough of New York City that takes its name from the former stream. It is destined to become a point of interest to every student of American letters and every lover of poetry, for here is erected the marble shaft over the grave of Joseph Rodman Drake on which are inscribed the last two lines of one of the most exquisite odes in the language; that ending:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise."*

This shaft commemorates the literary partnership and romantic friendship existing between the poet whose remains are interred beneath it and Fitz-Greene Halleck, who wrote the epitaph upon the day the other died. For the greater part of the ninety years during which the dust of the author of *The American Flag* and *The Culprit Fay* has lain in the little graveyard on Hunt's Point the plot has been neglected, and it was only last Memorial Day that its rehabilitation, due—under the ægis of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society—to the President and the Park Commissioner of the Borough of the Bronx, was celebrated by literary men and women, public officials, and children of the schools.

Drake's monument, which is surrounded by a low iron picket fence, stands about seven feet high with its pedestal, and it has been subjected to as preposterous defacement as any of which self-sufficiency and vandalism are capable. The original inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Joseph R. Drake, M.D., who died September 21st, 1820, aged 25 years," with Halleck's lines, has been recut in the stone, and, deeply chiselled in big letters, twice across the base of the narrow shaft, are the words: "Renovated by the Brownson Literary Union, July 25, 1891," investing that institution with the sort of fame achieved by the youth who fired the Ephesian dome.

Joseph Rodman Drake, who died at the same age as Keats—and, incidentally, of the same malady—has never had a biographer. Halleck was asked to write his friend's life, but inquired of the publisher who made the proposition to him: "What could I say about a young poet whose uneventful career was closed at twenty-five?" Some idea of the hold the youth had had upon his public may be gathered from the circumstance that Edgar Allan Poe, reviewing *The Culprit Fay* ten years after the death of its author, declared: "Perhaps at this particular moment there are no American poems held in so high estimation by our countrymen as those of Drake and Halleck." The most complete sketch of Drake is that written by James Grant Wilson from materials obtained from relatives and from Halleck, and published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE in 1874. It also appears in the work entitled *Bryant and His Friends*, by the same author, which was brought out in 1886.

Drake was born in New York when the city lay below Chambers Street, but the exact location of the house is not known. He was a lineal descendant of John Drake, of Devonshire, who was a relative of Sir Francis Drake, it is interesting to know, and came to America in 1630. The poet's father was Jonathan Drake, a colonel in the Revolutionary army, who afterward married Miss Hannah Lawrence, of Flushing, of an old Long Island family.

Drake and three sisters were left orphans while still children, and it is probable that they knew the pinch of poverty. Joseph became a clerk at the age of fourteen, but at eighteen was able to study medicine, among his fellow students being James E. DeKay (whose nephew, George C. DeKay, some years afterward married Janet Halleck Drake, the poet's daughter, born the year before his death). DeKay had previously studied in Guilford, Connecticut, and on going to New York in the summer of 1812 had been given a letter of introduction by Miss Maria Halleck, the village belle, to her brother, Fitz-Greene Halleck, who was a clerk in the office of Jacob Barker, the Quaker banker in Wall Street. This marked the beginning of a friendship as enduring as the friendship between Lamb and Coleridge, or the more equal friendship between Hunt and Keats.

Drake's marriage, at the age of twenty-three, must have been a blow to Halleck, who remained single all his life, but it is to be hoped that it was wounded vanity merely that led him to attribute a sordid motive to his friend. Drake's wife was a daughter of Henry Eckford, a wealthy shipbuilder, and, writing to his sister about the marriage, Halleck asserted: "Drake was poor, as poets, of course, always are, and offered himself a sacrifice to Hymen to shun the 'penalties and pains' of poverty. I officiated as groomsman, though much against my will. His wife is good-natured and loves him to distraction. He was the handsomest man in New York—a face like an angel, a form like Apollo, and, as I well know that his person was the true index of his mind, I felt during the ceremony as if I were committing a crime in aiding and abetting such a sacrifice."

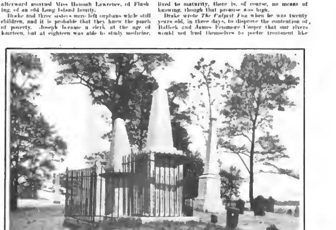
It was in the year before Drake's death that, as "The Croakers," he and Halleck in a series of poetical satires stirred the town through the columns of the *Evening Post*. The population of New York was then about one hundred thousand, a little larger than that of Albany to-day, about the size of Athens when Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail to give the populace a topic for conversation and divert their attention from politics. The identity of "'The Croakers' was a subject of conversation in drawing rooms, bookstores, coffee-houses, on Broadway and throughout the city; they were, in short, a town topic," according to the *Memorial History of the City of New York*. "Hundreds of imitations of the 'Croakers' were daily received by the different editors of New York, to all of which they gave publicly one general assurance, that they lacked the genius, spirit, and beauty of the originals. Coleman showed one of the poets fifteen that he had received in a single morning, all of which, with a single exception, were consigned to the waste-basket. The friends continued for several months to keep the city in a blaze of astonishment, and it was observed that 'so great was the wincing and shrinking at the "Croakers" that every person was on tenterhooks; neither knavery nor folly has slept quietly since our first commencement.'"

Drake had long been threatened with consumption, and in June of the year following the success of "The Croakers" he went on horseback to New Orleans, by advice of physicians, and visited a married sister there. On his return he was compelled to take to his bed, and he died in September. Whether he would have fulfilled the promise of his youth had he lived to maturity, there is, of course, no means of knowing, though that promise was high.

Drake wrote *The Culprit Fay* when he was twenty years old, in three days, to disprove the contention of Halleck and James Fenimore Cooper that our rivers would not lend themselves to poetic treatment like those of, for instance, Scotland. He wrote *The American Flag* the year before his death, the last verse being a sudden inspiration of Halleck's which the younger poet substituted for his own termination.

Halleck survived Drake nearly half a century, dying in the place of his birth, Guilford, in 1867. His principal literary work had nearly all been done, however, between 1817 and 1827, although, under financial stimulus from Robert Bonner, of *The Family Ledger*, he wrote in his later years the poem, *Young America*, which appeared in that publication in 1864. Halleck's earlier work, *Alnwick Castle* and *Fanny*, placed him, in the estimation of Poe, second only to Bryant among American poets.

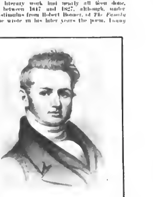
Rodman Drake Park seems rather an awkward name, the more particularly as the poet is inscribed on the tomb simply as Joseph R. Drake, while to his friends when he was alive he was plain "Joe." However, in the grandeur of youth he sometimes signed himself "J. Rodman Drake," which affords an excuse for the present nomenclature, and, while "Joseph Rodman Drake Park" would be rather long, "Drake Park" might convey a wrong impression to the unlettered.


From Bryant and His Friends

The monument to Joseph Rodman Drake in the little burying-ground at Hunt's Point, New York City

From Bryant and His Friends

Fitz-Greene Halleck, best known by his ode commemorative of his friend Joseph Rodman Drake


From Bryant and His Friends

Joseph Rodman Drake, author of "The American Flag," in whose honor a park has been named

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* After the inscription had been placed on the monument, Halleck changed the last lines and in his collected works they read:
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise

Direct Primaries and the Special Session at Albany

By Charles Johnston

TO understand the present position of the Direct Primaries question, to solve which Governor Hughes called a Special Session of the Legislature of New York State, we must briefly recapitulate the previous fate of this much-debated measure. In a study of Governor Hughes's magnificent work at Albany, we described the Governor's attitude to the whole question, the fundamental principles of right and just government which had led him to take the position which he holds, and the practical measures which he recommended. These practical measures were, in the first instance, embodied in the Hinman-Green Bill. But, as we know, that measure, though it admittedly contained excellent elements, proved a centre of contention, and stirred up a violent contest within the Republican party, a contest immediately reflected in the Legislature at Albany.

Those who were most opposed to the Hinman-Green bill declared that it was a measure so radical, so full of extremist principles, that it would throw the party into entire confusion, bringing a complete dissolution of all organized party life. And they alleged that, far from taking all power away from the "bosses" on either side, it would in some ways rivet the power of the "bosses" upon the voters and give them a freer hand to dominate the elections. Whether these points were well taken or not, it was manifest that there was not only strong opposition to the Hinman-Green bill, but a quite honest difference of opinion concerning it in the minds of some of the best Republicans in the State. The measure appeared to many extremely radical and full of too rigid divisions on most points.

In this uncertainty the forces of reconstruction, whose work in rebuilding New York Republicanism on a sound and honorable basis, has already borne so much good fruit, found what appears to have been a very happy solution. They proposed a measure which would endorse the direct-primaries principle, and which, at the same time, might form a basis of reconciliation between the extreme advocates of the Hinman-Green bill and its extreme opponents within the Republican party. This conciliation proposal took form in the now famous petition to the Legislature at Albany which was reported on April 23d. This petition was signed by men of light and leading like Mr. Seth Low; Mr. Joseph Choate; President Nicholas Murray Butler; President Schurman of Cornell, one of Governor Hughes's warmest friends; Mr. Henry W. Taft; and others of equal standing—about a score in all. The signatories of this petition, in criticising the Hinman-Green bill, did not lay stress on the suggestion that this measure would play into the hands of the "bosses," the very men whom it was designed to defeat. They rather rested their objection on the double ground that the bill was, in fact, a revolution, a plunge into the dark; and that it contained certain clauses of an extremist and doctrinary nature, which would often defeat the forces of light and leading in practical political action. They pointed out, for example, that the Hinman-Green bill tended to make all fusion movements impossible, or at least extremely difficult, by decreeing that such movements must be accomplished some eleven weeks before the election, namely, in the second half of August. But, as a matter of fact, successful movements of fusion have always taken place on the very eve of elections, as in the cases of the very beneficent fusion movements which brought about the election of Mayor Strong and Mayor Low. The fusion of last fall, which has given the city an excellent governing body, also took place at the last moment. In the words of the enlightened and responsible petitioners, fusion of parties, as of metals, takes place at high temperatures only; and the eleven weeks' rule would make fusion either practically impossible or at least needlessly difficult.

Another of the somewhat doctrinary provisions of the Hinman-Green bill to which the petitioners objected is that which requires that all members of party committees, whether State or county or district, shall be residents in the districts which they represent on the committee. Let us see, by a single practical example, just how this would work out. Two men who have been most prominent in Republican reconstruction in New York, namely, Mr. Root and Mr. Lloyd Griscom, happen to live within a hundred yards of each other. Under the Hinman-Green bill, therefore, they could not both sit in the New York County Committee, unless after a process of "gerrymandering" the districts. This is the kind of thing which the petitioners concerning the Hinman-Green bill might describe as too extremist and doctrinary, too rigid for the real demands of political life. And it is without doubt greatly to be desired that the very best men in the party should form the committees, even though half a dozen of them happen, as may well be the case, to reside within a single block. This is practically the principle operative in England, the home of all constitutional development, where members of Parliament are by no means obliged to be residents of the districts they represent; and where many of the greatest and most beneficent political leaders had not, in fact, been so resident.

The proposal of the petitioners, which was the product of the elements of reconstruction within the Republican party, was practically this: Instead of casting the whole of our political machinery and life into the melting-pot, as is done by the very radical Hinman-Green bill, let us proceed on the method of careful experiment. Accepting the general principle of direct primaries as without question genuinely representing the present view of the American people as a whole, let us make trial of it gradually, not at first applying it to each and every office in the State and the whole political organization of all parties, as does the Hinman-Green bill, but applying it at first to a single conspicuous case: the election of the State Legislature, Senate and Assembly alike. In this way we shall gain a practical insight into the direct working of this almost untried method, at the same time, we shall conserve the continuity of party life and party organization so that should the experiment not prove entirely successful we shall be in a position to recover ourselves, and to make such modifications as may be needed while still preserving party continuity. Further—and this is an extremely valuable point—should the purpose of this petition become operative, and should the State Legislature be elected on direct primary principles and methods, then the voters have the whole matter in their own hands. They have only to nominate and elect to the State Senate and Assembly men who are pledged to the principle of direct primaries, directing them to apply these principles further to just such a degree as may seem wise to the voters themselves. A direct primary Legislature is the very body to take up and develop the direct primary principle; and it would do so on the basis of the very vital experience furnished by its own election.

This measure of conciliation, proceeding from the centre of reconstruction of New York Republicanism, was embodied in the bill for which Senator Cobb stood sponsor. It at once began to receive support from those who believed in the principle of direct primaries, but who, at the same time, thought the Hinman-Green bill exceptionable on the grounds we have detailed. The result of the contest in the regular session of the Legislature we already know. The Hinman-Green bill was defeated in both Houses of the Legislature. The Cobb bill, with its principles of moderation and reconciliation, passed the Senate, but was defeated in the Assembly.

We may continue the story in the words of Governor Hughes's very remarkable speech at Batavia, on June 11th.

"The Cobb bill," said Governor Hughes, "passed the Senate. In my judgment it merited the support of all the sincere friends of direct nominations. It would have carried us not so far as we wish, but a long distance in advance of our present methods.

"The bill, however, was defeated in the Assembly. But it is fair to add that the conditions which necessarily existed at the close of the session did not favor an understanding and appreciation of the content and importance of the measure."

Governor Hughes then turned to the consideration of the future of the direct-primaries question.

"Shall we then conclude," he continued, "that the cause of primary reform has failed? I think not. The man in the street, the average citizen who is trying to protect his family and honestly to make his way, knows what the conditions are. He knows that as a party member he counts but little unless he can give his life to politics. He understands how the cards are stacked against him. Throughout the State there has been gathering the force of an irresistible sentiment. It does not seek the impossible; it is not visionary. It will increase and not lose its strength. Those whose business it is to pay attention to such matters should read the signs of the times. The great body of our people are not interested in political intrigue and are not looking for something at the expense of the State. They want their government faithfully administered; they desire representatives who are responsive to their constituencies; they want men in office emancipated from selfish control and placing their reliance upon the intelligent opinion of the community. They know that their force is largely wasted in the choice of delegates and that the present system is a contrivance for control by a few—not absolute, to be sure, and very largely mitigated in exceptional cases by public opinion, but exerted to the utmost so far as those who have the power dare to exert it. Our people are essentially conservative. Bad methods and patent abuses, with their constant irritation of the public mind, are more dangerous than the free course of its opinion.

"The movement to secure party methods which will permit true representation and safeguard the wishes of the party voters, is as certain to progress and to succeed as democracy was certain to supplant despotism. It is for those who recognize the strength of this movement to aid in giving it wise direction. There is now an opportunity to deal with this question in this State, and in my judgment it is wise and necessary to deal with it fairly and reasonably now and not to postpone action upon it.

"If action is postponed the issue will remain. You cannot get rid of it, try as you may. It is not my issue. It is the issue of the people of the State of New York against those who have abused party government for their own purposes.

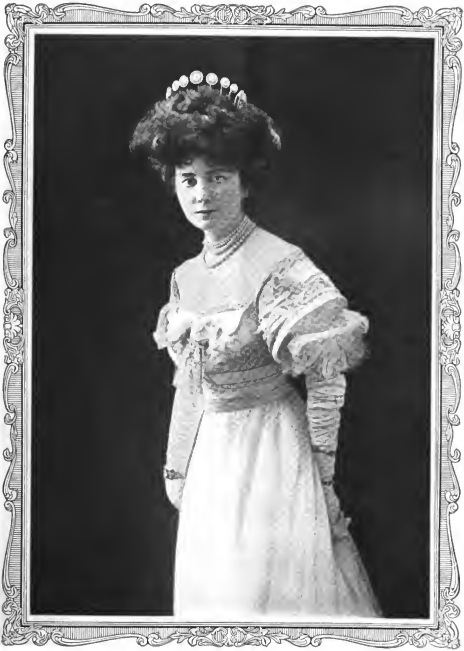
"I sincerely trust, and expect, that this matter will soon be decided, that instead of disagreement between the two Houses of the Legislature there will be accord, and such accord as will give to the people of this State a genuine measure of relief from conditions which I believe every thoughtful and patriotic citizen has deplored. And it has been, and is, my desire to make such contribution as I am able to make to the freedom of the political life of the State and to the security of the fundamental bases of faithful administration upon which all the governmental activities of this great Commonwealth must rest."

Thus the matter stands between the Governor and the Legislature, so far as the principles and methods of direct primaries are concerned. If we consider the matter from a more speculative and philosophical point of view we shall probably come to some such general conclusion as this.

Our political life is, and must always be, in the hands of three classes of men—bosses, demagogues, and genuine leaders. And, while it is certain that the day of bosses is passing, it is not equally certain that their places will always be taken by genuine leaders, rather than by demagogues. In any meeting of men, the meeting as a whole cannot possibly take the initiative, and every one speak at once. Some individual must take the lead, be it only to declare the meeting open, or to nominate a temporary chairman. So, throughout the conduct of the meeting, every act, every resolution, must proceed from some individual, even when it really represents the will of the whole body, and is in fact endorsed and voted for by the whole body. All political action must, therefore, originate in individuals, no matter how democratic our political system may be. And the emergence of these individuals is determined rather by natural selection than by popular vote, which cannot, indeed, be exercised until after they have emerged. It will remain to be seen whether these originating individuals are to be bosses, demagogues, or real leaders, men of wisdom and goodwill. The bosses are those who, by bribes of various sorts, more or less corrupt as the case may be, have already got hold of the voters, and can "swing them into line," as the phrase runs. But it is becoming evident, and daily more evident, that the American people are waking up to the evil of this system of corrupt consideration, whether on a small or a large scale, and are determined to get rid of it, root and branch.

This leaves the field open to the leaders and the demagogues. The demagogues trade on promises, as the bosses trade on bribes. And all political experience has shown, first, that there is no promise so wild or so extravagant that some demagogue is not ready to make it—as witness the proclamations of the Socialist parties, whether in this country or in England; and, second, that no promise is so wild that a great many people cannot be found to believe it. Modern publicity, whether by speech or through the press, makes this kind of demagogy easy; and there is always the danger in a democratic form of government that masses will be led away after wild and extravagant promises, which cannot be fulfilled. Movements of revolutionary anarchy generally begin in just this way.

Finally, there are the genuine leaders, men who have for the direction of affairs of state the same kind of faculty which, let us say, makes a supreme general, or explorer, or poet, or mathematician. One could never be sure of choosing any of these either by popular vote or by the bigness of their promises; though they might be endorsed by popular vote, after they had shown their power. In the same way, there are born in each generation a few men with a real aptitude for affairs of state, for the constructive work of government; and it is of the utmost importance that they should be recognized, and entrusted with the practical power their faculty entitles them to exert. In the English system, this selection is made in the field of Parliamentary life. The members of Parliament are chosen by popular vote. They then proceed to choose their own leaders, guided by actual record of achievement and proved faculty; and these leaders then choose the actual governing body, guided by their superior insight, knowledge of character, and experience of the practical work of government extending over a long series of years. Under the American system, in times past, the leading men of each party have held their parties together, and exercised the same kind of selection, outside instead of inside the great parliamentary body. But, for the most part, a real selection has been exercised, and has alone made the practical work of government possible. The possible danger of the direct-primary principle, if carried to extremes, seems to be, that it does not allow sufficient room for this finer selection by the best and wisest men; and that it may tend to take power out of the hands of the bosses only to throw it into the hands of the demagogues, whose mouths are full of large promises and windy words.



A PEARL OF THE PEERAGE

The Countess of Rosslyn, formerly Miss Vera Bayly, who became the third wife of the fifth Earl in 1908. Her husband has had an adventurous career as soldier, journalist, actor, and commercial traveller. He also formed a company to break the bank at Monte Carlo, but the venture was unsuccessful

Perils of the Country Road

THE DANGERS BEHIND THE COPPICE AND AROUND THE BEND THAT LIE IN WAIT FOR CARELESS DRIVERS

By Charles B. Hayward

THOUSANDS of motorists are now striking back every year from the beaten ways to the rural byways of the country districts, and the one-track roads of the *hinterland* are no longer the deserted threads of sand and dust that the first motoring discoverers found them.

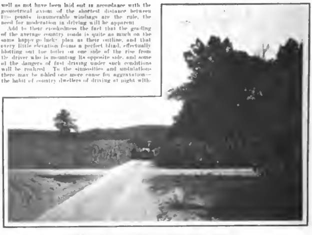
Such roads afford barely sufficient room for the passage of two vehicles without the exercise of considerable care to avoid locking hubs, so the need for care in driving upon them is manifest. Experience has shown that it is possible to handle a tremendous volume of traffic on a single-track railroad without interference or accident, provided there is due consideration of the rights and privileges of everything moving upon the rails. Under similar conditions, the average country road is capable of accommodating several times as much traffic as now utilizes it.

Legally, there is a speed limit of twenty miles an hour in the country districts; but actually there is no limit with the motor-car, once the driver gets away from the cross-roads so dear to the heart of the country constable, ever on the alert for his emolument. In the open country there are no restrictions upon speed except those that the automobilist places upon himself. The average driver has very little realization of the many risks involved in travelling over unknown roads at a speed that would be frowned upon in more settled districts, although perfectly safe where the road ahead is visible for a considerable distance. Nothing is quite so disconcerting to the driver of a horse vehicle on a narrow byway as to have an automobile loom up suddenly around a corner at a speed that makes disaster seem inevitable. If there be any habit of the motorist that tends to keep alive the prejudice and hate of the rural dweller against his kind it is this.

The only corrective for the driver who looks upon might as right and considers his position supreme, regarding the superior power and speed of his vehicle as ample license to drive as the whim seizes him, is the inevitable accident that sooner or later overtakes him. The considerate driver, who would not intentionally infringe upon the rights of the humblest user of the road with his sorry "hay motor," needs only to have his attention called to the conditions of back-road travel to avoid even the appearance of recklessness. But the man who is neither reckless nor considerate of others has many things to learn about the dangers to be encountered when venturing off the main thoroughfares.

Ordinarily, the average country road gives the impression of being deserted. One may drive over it for miles, perhaps, without meeting a single vehicle or person, but the assumption often made by an automobilist that such a state of affairs can be relied upon is sure to lead to unfortunate results if persisted in. It has been well said that the average one-track rural highway must have been located by meandering bovine surveyors. Its extreme tortuousness seems to justify this conclusion. Furthermore, the road is almost invariably lined closely on either side with trees or brush, so that the bends and curves shut off the view ahead. Where the brush stops just short of encroaching upon the beaten tracks, as is so often the case, an angle of as little as five degrees—a mere kink that would scarcely be considered a deviation from a straight line on a broad road—suffices completely to obscure the view ahead and becomes a menace. When it is realized that even on highways that might as well as not have been laid out in accordance with the geometrical axiom of the shortest distance between two points innumerable windings are the rule, the need for moderation in driving will be apparent.

Add to their crookedness the fact that the grading of the average country roads is quite as much on the same happy-go-lucky plan as their outline, and that every little elevation forms a perfect blind, effectually blotting out the traffic on one side of the rise from the driver who is mounting its opposite side, and some of the dangers of fast driving under such conditions will be realized. To the sinuosities and undulations there may be added one more cause for aggravation—the habit of country dwellers of driving at night without a light of any kind, even though the road be as black as the lowest levels of a coal mine.



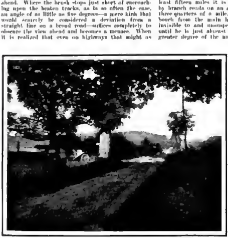
Where an important feeder crosses the Jericho turnpike

It is not necessary to isolate one's self in a thinly inhabited region to find roads of the character referred to here. The accompanying photographs were all made on Long Island roads within twenty miles of the New York City line. There are hundreds of miles of just such roads on the island, and those depicted are so truly representative of the majority of the highways of the type in question that they may well be regarded as applying generally to the north shore away from the paved main roads. Note the qualification; there are some main roads that are not paved or macadamized, and, except for the churning up of the surface by the motor-cars that use them, the description of the side roads applies also to them in large measure.

Take as an example the Jericho Turnpike, famed in Vanderbilt Cup Race annals. Its broad, macadamized surface ends a few miles east of Jericho, only twenty miles from the New York City line, but the pike itself continues for many miles further. For at least fifteen miles it is entered from right and left by branch roads on an average of every half-mile or three-quarters of a mile. Many of these feeders debouch from the main highway at points absolutely invisible to and unsuspected by the driver of a car until he is just abreast of them. This is true in a greater degree of the numerous roads that cross the turnpike at right angles, which are, in consequence, even more dangerous.

A typical example of this is shown in the photograph of one of the many crossings of this kind, the cross-road being one that leads from Jericho Turnpike to Huntington on the north shore and to Babylon and Amityville on the south. One hundred or more motor-cars pass this intersection on pleasant Sundays in summer. Probably less than ten per cent. of their drivers take the trouble to sound any warning as they approach it, and as it lies at the bottom of a hill their speed is usually a little greater than it would be otherwise. Watchfulness on the part of horse drivers and the occasional honk-honk of the careful motorist have sufficed to avert anything worse than a "close call" thus far; but Fate has her victims marked for that corner, and they will be there when the time comes.

A country road that is sufficiently straight for the way ahead to be visible for more then quarter of a mile is a rarity. Long Island has many, many miles that will not average more than two hundred yards without a kink that suffices to cut off the view of the traveller, and Long Island roads are by no means peculiar in this respect. They are found in all the remoter hilly or mountainous regions where automobilists most delight to tour. Behind every one of the curves and bends and beyond every little crest in



The oak completely hides the approaching buggy

A typical "island junction," blind three ways the road lies a *terra incognita* where danger may lurk unseen and unheard. It may take the form of a slowly ambling horse and buggy driven by a love-making youth and maiden oblivious of all else—blissfully unconscious of all things mundane. On a week-day it may be a lumbering market wagon returning from the city with its weary driver lying asleep on his seat. Stray cows and horses are every-day possibilities, while bevies of small children bound to or from school or Sunday-school are frequently passed. It is awkward to come upon any of these unawares at twenty-five miles an hour on a narrow country road flanked by ditches, small trees, or banks impossible to drive over. One does not care to blow a horn or sound a patent peace-destroyer continuously, especially upon the Sabbath, so the safest course is to be discreet with the throttle.

Upon an average every third or fourth bend or curve, crossing, or what you will is a positive trap, and at such places a rate of speed that makes quick stopping possible, with an advance note on the horn, will be rewarded frequently by the avoidance of complications that might prove interesting for the coroner.

How may such spots be recognized? Some are very difficult to detect, but the majority bear indications of their presence that will warn the observant driver that he is approaching a point where more than ordinary caution is necessary. It is safe to assume that where the open road bends and dips abruptly into thick woods a long blast on the horn and a slow pace would be conducive to safety. At least this would seem to be a logical conclusion, yet the average driver proceeds upon the hypothesis that, inasmuch as he has not been surprised by coming upon unseen dangers around any of the numerous blind corners he has already negotiated safely, there is not likely to be anything back of the impenetrable screen that hides the one he is approaching.

Moving objects that may chance to occupy the bit of road shut off from view by the leafy screen just ahead do not constitute the sole danger by any means. Perils of other kinds are even more likely. Few motorists go over the same stretches of byways often enough to become familiar with them, and more than likely the narrow road bends sharply and skirts the bank of a stream unknown to or forgotten by the driver.

There can be no way of knowing when a road that has been characterized by easy bends permitting of good speed will develop one of those right-angled turns that lead it around an arc unknown to the surveyor's compass. With the same disregard for the consequences that marks the "laying out" of these curves the trees are usually allowed to stand to the very edge of the way. When a road meets another at right angles it usually splits, and an "island junction" is frequently the result. These "islands" often harbor trees of no mean size, such as the two-and-a-half foot oak shown in the picture that illustrates also a danger commonly to be met around any blind bend—the slow moving buggy.

To negotiate successfully such a curve at more than twelve miles an hour calls for quick judgment and a good hand at the steering wheel—so much so that the use of the emergency brakes is out of the question. As an additional peril, the radius of the curve is usually so short that few tires can withstand the terrific lateral stress to which the attempt to get around it at high speed subjects them, and the outer rear tire will usually "let go." Its defection is sometimes seized upon as an excuse for the consequences, which any one who has seen one of these accidents would attribute to plain foolhardiness on the part of the automobile driver.

The "island junction" shown in the photograph has been the scene of two accidents of this kind of which the writer was an eye-witness. Why both did not result in casualties is an unfathomable mystery. Leading up to this junction is a quarter-mile stretch of road that would be straight if it were anything but a country road. As it is, a rail fence on one side, with its fringe of saplings and brush, and the edge of the thick woods on the other side are parallel. The road zigzags between them, however, and at only one place is more than one hundred yards of its length visible ahead. Needless to add, this is not at the last end as the road approaches the junction.

The prevailing habit of running "wide open" makes a car's approach audible for some distance, and when the loud exhaust continues unbroken until close to the bend those near at hand scent trouble. The way some drivers come down that stretch is reminiscent of the best that a Vanderbilt Race could offer. A seven-passenger, sixty horse-power car, "loaded to the guns," was one of the first to come to grief at this particular place. When the driver finally realized the nature of the turn and did what should have been done a hundred yards farther back, no braking power ever devised would have availed to get the car around the bend. The steering wheel monopolized attention to such an extent that only the pedal brake could be used, and, of course, the rear tire went off with a bang. A car of such size would have had to be hinged in the middle to get around such a bend at the speed it was going, and a two-foot bank at the outer side of the intersecting road, serving the same purpose as the banked turn of a race track, was all that kept the machine from trying conclusions with the trees in the woods. Centrifugal force took a hand, however, and hurtled all the passengers out of the car into the brush. Had there been any large trees near by, the result would have been more painful if not even fatal.

Probably a dozen or more automobiles and as many horse vehicles pass that point in the course of a day; in other words, an average of two or three an hour. If, besides being thus unceremoniously introduced to the curve, complications in the shape of a buggy or another car had happened to be there as well, the result may be imagined.

Until all country roads and lanes lose their attractiveness and principal charms by being rebuilt into broad, straight, level highways, the motorist will find a prudent pace and a consistent use of the horn well rewarded.

The Harvest of "The Fourth"

By Walter Peet, M.D.

THE DEADLY LOCKJAW GERM HIDES IN THE BLANK CARTRIDGE AND THRIVES IN WOUNDS THAT ARE HEALING. THIS ARTICLE EXPLAINS THE ONLY REMEDIES THAT CAN SAVE LIFE WHEN THE GERM HAS ENTERED THE HUMAN SYSTEM

NOTWITHSTANDING past agitation for "a safe and sane Fourth," and notwithstanding the passage of laws against the use of explosive devices, the horrible roll of deaths and accidents continues, and tetanus, or lockjaw, reaps its annual summer harvest. For a time there was a lowering of the death-rate from tetanus, but last year it jumped almost to double that of the year before. It is true that the agitation has been somewhat lukewarm, and the laws passed have been few and much lacking in stringency; but with increasing realization of the dangers of the fire-cracker we shall, undoubtedly, arrive at a decision to take concerted action. But the Fourth is upon us, and the object of what is written here is to show how to lessen the chances of infection from the deadly lockjaw germ, which is sure to be implanted in thousands of human organisms within the next few days.

Tetanus has been well known for centuries and was even recognized by Hippocrates and Galen. Robbed of some of the technical terms, the definition by W. T. Richie, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., an eminent authority, is:

"Tetanus is an acute, specific, infective disease, characterized by muscular spasms, spreading over the entire body, and with suddenly increased paroxysms occurring from time to time. The specific micro-organism, the tetanus bacillus, having gained entrance to the body, produces a toxine of great potency, which acting on the motor cells of the spinal cord and other parts of the nervous system, increases their irritability and thereby induces spasms."

The bacillus was first discovered by Nicolaier in pus taken from tetanus wounds, but Kitasato was the pioneer in obtaining a pure culture of the germ. As he so cleverly demonstrated, the tetanus bacillus is anaerobic—meaning that it cannot thrive when in contact with the air. Herein lies one of the chief principles in the treatment of suspected tetanus wounds.

The normal habitat of this germ is the soil, notably gardens richly manured; and the dust about stables, cellars, and streets. It is carried into the body by objects which have been soiled with earth and dust, or discharges from infected wounds.

The most common cause of tetanus following upon the Fourth of July accident is the blank cartridge. This is responsible for about seventy-five per cent of all cases, and the site of infection is the hand. There are two reasons for this. In the first place, the average person considers blank cartridges harmless, and therefore there is much carelessness in the handling of the pistols and revolvers. (As a matter of fact, more deaths occur from wads than from bullets.) In the second place, the wad over the powder is sent out with much force at close quarters, and is an excellent vehicle for carrying, and deeply embedding in the tissues, the deadly germs.

Having this in mind, Dr. Taylor, of Philadelphia, the attending surgeon of a hospital which treats many of these cases, sent to a number of the different manufacturers of blank cartridges for samples, and made laboratory examinations of the wads, but, strange to say, the results were negative. In only one case were tetanus germs found. We have not yet arrived at a definite conclusion as to why the blank cartridge is so much to blame. Probably the wads become soiled after leaving the factory, while in the hands of the Fourth-of-July celebrants. Also, there is a chance that some of the ingredients in the powder, part of which is often unburned, contain tetanus bacilli. While the giant fire-cracker is the greatest cause of wounds, and losses of eyes, hands, and fingers, it produces very little lockjaw. The reason of this is that the wounds made by this cracker are so open that the air comes into contact with the germ, killing it.

The six cardinal points in the treatment of every blank-cartridge wad, injury, or puncture wound are as follows:

1. Freely incise every wound.
2. Carefully and thoroughly remove from the wound every particle of foreign matter.
3. Cauterize the wound with a twenty-five-per-cent. solution of carbolic acid.
4. Apply a loose, wet, boric acid pack.
5. Inject subcutaneously fifteen hundred units of anti-tetanic serum.
6. In no case should the wound be closed. It should be allowed to heal by granulation from the bottom up. The dressing and packing should be removed every day.

Now, in a family having a member possessing ordinary common sense and proper coolness, all except No. 5 of these directions can easily and safely be carried out without the aid of a physician. On their fatal Fourth the doctors are apt to be busy, and it is hard to get one quickly. It is the early immediate treatment that is essential. Every second is precious.

In regard to point No. 1, it is very easy for a calm person to take a knife, even a penknife, dip the blade in pure carbolic acid, which should be kept in every house, and cut gently on either side of the wound until it can be spread wide open. The danger from loss of blood in wounds of the hand is not great.

As to No. 2. With the wound kept wide open, it should be held under a swiftly running stream of water, to wash away the foreign particles. Then, with clean hands, such particles as the water has not washed away should be wiped out with a fresh piece of lint or cotton. What is most important, the wad should be pulled out with tweezers (previously dipped in pure carbolic acid) or pried out with a needle or similar device.

For No. 3, take any small bottle and fill it one-quarter full of carbolic acid. Then fill it almost to the top with water and shake well. Pour this into the wound.

Boric acid comes in the form of a dry powder. Shake it up with water; the more that can be put into solution the better. Pour some of this into the wound and lay gauze, wet with it, over the opening, and hold it in place with the lightest material possible.

The object of this light dressing is to let into the wound the precious air, which is the lockjaw germ's greatest enemy. For like reason is direction No. 6 given.

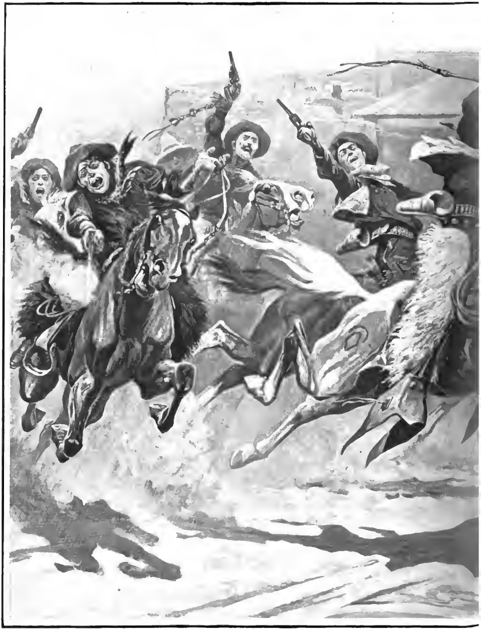
The desire of most people is to heal any wound quickly, and when the edges can be brought together and kept there the patient is happy; but in these tetanus cases this excludes the air from the imprisoned germ. Therefore, at the dressing each day, when the boric acid solution is applied, if there is any tendency for the outside parts of the wounds to close it should be gently pulled apart.

Of course the physician will be called at the earliest possible moment and he will apply the serum treatment. As Frazier says in his excellent treatise in *Keen's Surgery*, "The protective power of tetanus antitoxin, both for animals and man, has been settled beyond a doubt."

Unquestionably the two most horrible deaths known, and known to the victims themselves most keenly, almost to the very end, are those occurring from tetanus and rabies. Both, to our shame may it be said, are easily avoidable and preventable. The death rate from tetanus due to Fourth-of-July injuries (after the disease has been developed) amounts to between seventy-two per cent. and eighty-four per cent. The symptoms of this dread disease start from five to fifteen days from the time of the wound; the longer the symptoms are deferred the greater are the chances for recovery. The first indication of trouble is a stiffness of the muscles of the back of the neck, sometimes preceded by a chill; then the muscles of the jaw become stiff and finally "locked." This process extends to practically all the muscles of the body, and death comes as the final relief, except in those cases in which the antitoxin has done its good work. Year by year we shall see greater good from this serum as we learn to apply it better.

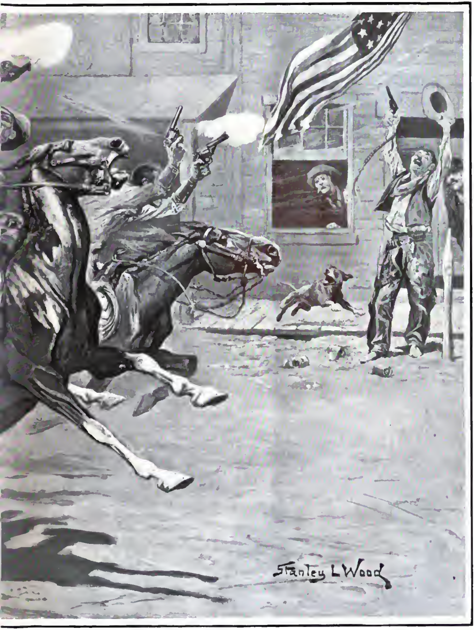
The point that I wish most to emphasize is that there is no real need to fear the onslaught of tetanus if we keep our wits about us. Every household in which there are children between the ages of two years and twenty had better be prepared for Fourth-of-July accidents, burns, wounds, etc. No matter how carefully parents may order the management of their own homes, it is practically impossible to keep children out of reach of harm on the Fourth unless by locking them within doors, which is, of course, impossible. Parents, then, should expect the Fourth of July accident, even to the extent of being agreeably disappointed if it does not occur. The children need not know this. Such simple remedies as a keen, clean, penknife, the bottle one-quarter full of carbolic acid mixed with three-quarters of pure water, the packets of aseptic cotton and gauze, and the boric-acid powder, should be kept at hand in a place where they can be easily and quickly reached. Let it be clearly understood that if these are used instantly after the accident there will be practically no danger from tetanus.

In dealing with the burns and wounds from fire-crackers there will be very little trouble, for they are flat on the surface and easily got at. It is in dealing with the punctured wounds from blank cartridges that we need to summon up all our courage and treat the little patient with Spartan firmness. Better for a child to cry and whimper a little while over the severe pain of opening up a punctured wound than to die in the agonies of lockjaw. It is easy for the doctor to advise the layman to keep cool. It will be easy, too, for the layman to keep cool if he will remember that a little more pain at the moment will prevent the possibility of agony and death. In treating a punctured wound it is imperative to cut clear to the bottom of it. Be thorough, and your child will be safe.



COWBOY

DRAWN BY ST


Stanley L Wood

IREWORKS

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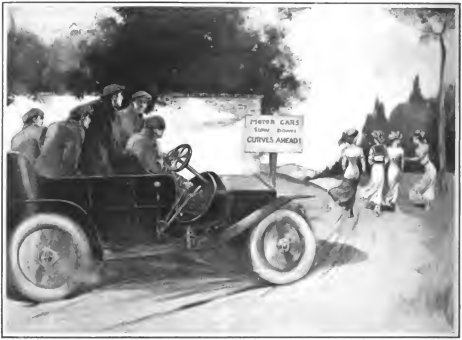


ONE OF THE DANGERS OF THE ROAD

HOW IT WAS

THE train was approaching the little Southern town where Blithers was to lecture that night, when it suddenly flashed across his mind that he had not made any inquiry as to the hotel accommodations of the place. A reference to the hotel-book on the train brought no light to bear upon the subject, Mifflebury not even being mentioned in its pages, and what was worse, none of the train officials seemed to know anything about their quality, except the porter, and he was decidedly non-committal at first.

"Yassir," he said, "I been to Miffleboyg, suh. One o' muh wives was bohn at Miffleboyg, suh."

"Well, is there a hotel there?" asked Blithers.

"Yassir, dey's a hotel dar, suh," the porter answered. "Dey suttinly is dat," he added, with an ominous chuckle.

"Well, John," said Blithers, "I don't want to go to the worst hotel, of course."

"Naw, suh, I don't reckon you does, suh," rejoined the porter, his smile endangering the back of his neck. "Dat's de Brackenbrush House, suh."

"What is?" demanded Blithers.

"De woyst hotel in Miffleboyg, suh," returned the porter. "Golly! I sometimes t'ink de Brackenbrush is de woyst hotel in de woyld."

"Well," smiled Blithers, "there's so much gained. It is something to know what to avoid. And now that you've told me which is the worst, here's a quarter for telling me which is the best."

"De bestest?" repeated the darky, pocketing the quarter.

"The very bestest," said Blithers.

John scratched his head for a moment as though puzzled for the answer, and then he spoke slowly.

"Well, suh," he said, "I reckon dat's—dat's de Brackenbrush too, suh."

"What's that?" cried Blithers, sharply. It really looked as if this son of Ham were trifling with him.

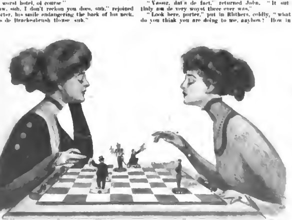
"De Brackenbrush, suh—I says de Brackenbrush is de best hotel in Miffleboyg, suh," said the darky.

"But, you idiot," retorted Blithers, his face getting red with wrath, "you just said the Brackenbrush was the worst."

"Yassir, dat's de fact," returned John. "It suttinly am de very woyst there ever was."

"Look here, porter," put in Blithers, coldly, "what do you think you are doing to me, anyhow? How in thunder can the Brackenbrush be the worst hotel and the best hotel at the same time?"

"Why, hit's becuz, boss, you see de Brackenbrush is de only hotel in de place, suh."



A SERIOUS GAME

INDEPENDENCE

THE Fourth of July is a coming along
And that is the why I am singing my song
'Tis sweet to be free
As a bird in a tree
And suffer no shackle, restriction, or wrong—
Of course I am taxed for my bread and my milk,
My trousers, my waistcoat, my cotton and silk
My shoes and my socks,
My collars and clocks,
My hat and my neckties, and things of that ilk—
But still I am free
As a bird in a tree
As long as I buy second hand, don't you see.

No shackle of law, no statute of steel,
Comes up to impair the delight that I feel,
For freedom is mine—
I live 'neath the vine
Where Liberty all of her joys doth reveal
Of course when I land from a venture in France
The customs inspectors all eye me askance,
And open my trunks
And fine me in chunks
For bric-a-brac, pictures, and foreign-made pants.
But still I am free
As a bird in a tree—
I don't have to travel abroad, don't you see.

No monarch or tyrant on great gilded throne
Can force me to acts by sheer will of his own,
With iron-clad hand
And wilful command
And mandates unyielding as adamant stone.
Of course there's a cop on the corner hard by
Who frowns every time that he catches my eye,
And gives me a rub
With the end of his club
And bids me move on in a manner most spry—
But still I am free
As a bird in a tree
And skip round the corner when coppers I see.

O glorious land of the free and the brave!
O glorious spot where there's never a slave!
Where nothing comes up
To embitter one's cup
Or force him to long for the peace of the grave!
Of course there is Fashion who chooses my hat,
Of course there's expenses that lay me out flat,
And parties that take
Every cent that I make
By laws that are fashioned by Bosses, all fat—
But still I am free
As a bird in a tree—
The Boss lets me vote for him often, you see.

Horace Dodd Gastit

ALMANAC FOR JULY

THE easiest way to raise early potatoes in July is to place two packages of giant-crackers under each hill, and ignite the fuse. The potatoes will immediately be raised far beyond your highest expectations, and when recovered will be found already mashed and browned.

All attempts to raise July shad from roe eggs in an ordinary incubator have failed. Farmers who take in boarders are therefore advised not to try this plan, but to prepare individual shad according to the immediate demand by the very simple process of laying flaked sardines over hemlock twigs, cooking them thoroughly, and serving with a thick sauce. The hemlock spills impart that tangy flavor without which no shad is complete.

Your dandelion crop should now be ready for the harvest, and should be got in before the delicate plants are stifled by the lawn grass growing all about them. A comparatively easy method of gathering the crop is to bet your sporty son who is home from college, and looking for a safe bet, that he cannot fill the laundry hamper with dandelions three times in two weeks. Two dollars expended in this way will harvest the crop and show whether your son is a quitter or a dead-game sport.

To keep your garden free from weeds at this season place two layers of vitrified brick over all exposed surfaces, and on top of these run from three to four coatings of concrete or asphalt. Very few weeds even of the hardiest sort will penetrate beyond this surface, and if they do it will not be difficult to snip their heads off with a pair of nail-scissors.

Wood-ashes are very desirable for the garden at this time. These may be had from your fireplace if you burn wood, or if you do not a few Roman-candles set off on the inside of your neighbor's barn, or even in your own wooden garage will shortly provide you with an ample supply.

To keep your cherries from spoiling, leave the key in the pantry door while the children are around, or if you do not like this method take each cherry singly and alone and place it in a small slender-stemmed glass, and pour over it three or four tablespoonfuls of Martini water mixed with vermouth, which has previously been shaken thoroughly with cracked ice, and drain immediately.

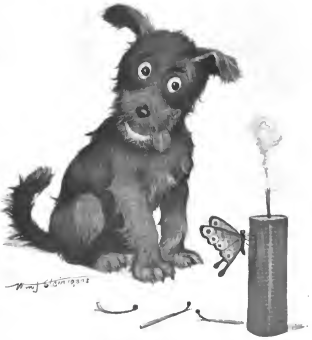
Be careful to remove suckers from your fruit trees as soon as they appear, especially the little ones. If they are out of your reach get a step-ladder and climb up to where they are, when, if you seize them immediately by the ear and tap them three or four times with a hickory switch they will eradicate themselves. Larger suckers will have to be treated with greater caution, and can best be removed with the aid of a shotgun and a bulldog.

To keep your chrysanthemums and dahlias from growing straggly pinch them thoroughly. If they do not thrive after this sufficiently to provide your table with the desired decoration, go out on some dark night when the moon is low and pinch what you need from your neighbor's garden.

LITERAL FREAK

"Effie," said Margie, who was laboriously spelling words from a First Reader, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b'?"

"Why," replied Effie, wisely, "the 'd' has its tummy on its back."



HOW SOON WILL HE CATCH IT?

MODIFIED ANGUISH

Two women, evidently of rural origin, recently entered a millinery establishment in Chicago, and the elder of the two gave this novel order to the saleswoman:

"I want a mourning hat, as I am in mourning. But my daughter here," waving her hand in the direction of her companion, "is a widder of two years' standing, and she is in light distress. You might show her a hat with some red feathers on it."

A HARDY FAMILY

As every Southerner knows, elderly colored people rarely know how old they are, and almost invariably assume an age much greater than belongs to them. In an Atlanta family there is employed an old chap named Joshua Bolton, who has been with that family and the previous generation for more years than they can remember. In view, therefore, of his advanced age, it was with surprise that his employer received one day an application for a few days off, in order that the old fellow might, as he put it, "go up to de ole State of Virginny" to see his aunt.

"Your aunt must be pretty old," was the employer's comment.

"Yassir," said Joshua. "She's pretty ole now. I reckon she's 'bout a hundred an' ten years ole."

"One hundred and ten! But what on earth is she doing up in Virginia?"

"I don't jest know," explained Joshua, "but I understand she's up dere livin' wid her grandmother."

SUMMER: A RHAPSODY

Howdy, Mr. Summer Time?
  Glad to see you here;
Life becomes a pretty rhyme
  When your glows appear.
All the world seems full of love
  When your roses bloom,
And your azure skies above
  Drive away all gloom.

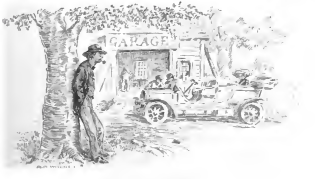
Like to feel the touch so soft
  In your balmy air,
And the breezes from aloft
  Tousling my hair.
Love the rustling of the trees
  Like some fairy's sigh,
And to listen to the bee's
  Droning lullaby.

Love the scent of heliotrope,
  Pink, and mignonette;
Love to watch the pansies ope,
  And the violet.
Love to hear the cattle call
  O'er the clovered mere,
And to watch the waters fall
  O'er the silvery weir.

Love to sit and watch the moon
  Smiling down on me,
While the wavelets softly croon
  By the summer sea.
Love to listen to the song
  Of the birds at morn,
When the sunbeams come along
  With the day new-born.

Love to hear the katydids
  Out there in the night,
Like a lot of noisy kids
  In an endless fight.
Love to hear the mercury
  Clicking with the heat—
When it comes to little me
  Summer can't be beat!

CARLYLE SMITH.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE
  THE VILLAGE SMITHY STANDS;
THE SMITH A LONELY MAN IS HE,
  FOR HIS SHOP IS IN OTHER HANDS.
AND BEFORE THE DOOR A PUFFING STEED
  NOW OIL AND GAS DEMANDS.

THE GALLOWS-BIRD

By Victor Rousseau

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

PERSONS who passed outside the high walls of the prison at the little Welsh country town of Pribbypull, heard a beautiful tenor voice that sang hymns fervently from dawn to sunset. Belated wagoners heard it long after dark. Two shepherds heard it as they returned with their ewes before daylight. They looked at each other, and one said: "That's Polman, the murderer. He will be hangit Monday."

Polman had not begun to sing, however, until the middle of the last of the three weeks that the law allows convicted murderers before their execution. Perhaps this was because time had slipped by so swiftly that he had been unaware how rapidly it went. Then there was the glare of the gaslight, which always burned, distressing him. The constant watch they kept also embarrassed him. It was while he was seated upon his baggage, waiting for the summons to start on his journey, that Polman had first become aware of it.

He had packed everything: his wooden spoon and his tin bowl, the soft soap and some scraps of food in case he needed them. He kept them rolled in his flannel nightgown; and as often as he had occasion to use anything he repacked it afterward. He had been aware for a long time of some unknown oppression, and it was when he raised his head suddenly, to follow a fugitive thought, that he perceived the Eye for the first time, staring through a round hole in the flap of the door. It was unwinking, hard, and of an indeterminate gray.

He soon discovered that every movement he made was under its surveillance. By night and day it followed him with its unwinking stare, wearless as the gaslight that burned overhead in its opaque globe covered with wire. Three times each day, when the flap of the door was lowered and converted into a dining-table, the Eye became a portion of a face that filled the aperture. When the flap closed only the Eye was visible.

Polman glanced up furtively. The Eye was watching him.

"I've visited him three times, Evans," said the prison chaplain to the head jailer. "The man seems in a stupor. He didn't appear conscious of my presence at all. I could not rouse him or bring him to any realization of his situation."

"Ah, sir, you're new to the business," the head jailer answered. "They're mostly that way at the beginning. He'll be wanting you in a few days' time. It's curious, sir," he continued confidentially, "but they seems, most of 'em, to go through regular stages. Next week we'll be giving him double quantities of victuals."

The chaplain went back again and sat on the condemned man's cot and pleaded with him. At such times Polman was only conscious that the intolerable glare of the gaslight had become supplemented with a horror of sound. The tones of the human voice half deafened him, and he would crouch in a corner, shaking his head slowly from side to side, like a captive bear, and fumbling with his luggage. He was aware at this time only of the approach of some portentous and culminating event, in which he had been cast for the most important rôle.

Polman had never thought of the dead woman whose life he had let out through bloody knife-rents. He had thought of the red tape upon his lawyer's briefs, of the judge's red hair under his wig, of the red-faced juryman whom he had hated but had not been allowed to challenge. But never, not even in the middle of the white night, when his thoughts whirled like a lawn-mower, had he thought about her. All that they accused him of had been entirely unbelievable from the beginning: it was not he who had committed that impossible action. In fact, Polman had not remembered anything of that indiscretion at all. One moment he had been Polman, the small, respectable, unmarried tradesman in the little Welsh town, the fervid singer and exhorter in the chapel of his obscure sect, his Gaelic mind vividly alive to the realization of an imminent hell for such as yielded to fleshly lusts, yet carrying on his secret intrigue with no prickings of conscience, the next he was a blood-spattered maniac, stupidly staring at a broken carving knife in his hand and looking down in astonishment at the feebly writhing body of the woman whom he had loved, beside whose body a female pug, fat, and with glazed eyes, howled dismally. The sight had turned him sick, so that he crept out into the street, between lines of shouting and gesticulating people. Afterward somebody took him by the arm and led him away.

The next thing that Polman remembered was standing up in the dock in the court of the assize town and looking across at the jury. Polman had himself once served on a jury which had convicted a prisoner of burglary. The evidence had been entirely circumstantial, and largely incomprehensible to him and his fellows, the judge's charge entirely so; but they had brought in a verdict of guilty because the prisoner had been a tramp and crimes against property must be put down. Remembering this, Polman slicked down his hair and nodded and smiled, to show the jurors what a respectable fellow he was. His counsel would not let him challenge the red-faced juryman, though he could read the hostility in his eyes; and instead of pleading an alibi, as he had been instructed, and as he had agreed to do, he argued that Polman had been insane. Polman's sister, who had gone into service in London when a girl and married well there, had come up with her cockney husband and had told queer stories about his youth. The trial lasted about three hours; then the jury filed out of the box and almost immediately came back, and the red-faced juror stood forward and looked at the judge.

"Are you agreed upon your verdict, gentlemen?" asked the clerk of the court. The judge, without waiting for the answer, smoothed his wig over his red hair and produced from some place a piece of dark velvet, crooking his hand over it to hide it.

"Yes, we find him guilty of wilful murder, melord," answered the red-faced juryman, gulping, and wiping his face with a red-bordered handkerchief, which he looked at immediately afterward. Instantly, as it seemed, ten thousand eyes were turned upon Polman. The red-faced juryman sat down with a bump, but a little man at his side nudged him, and he sprang up again. "We recommend the prisoner to mercy, melord," he continued. "On what ground?" the judge inquired, leaning forward and toying with the velvet cloth. "Previous good impulse and sudden character," the red-faced juryman answered. "I will forward your recommendation to the proper quarter," the judge replied. He pulled the velvet into the shape of a cap and put it on, and suddenly a clergyman bobbed up at his side, his loose sleeves flapping like a crow's wings. "Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?" the judge inquired. "I didn't do it. I'm innocent," said Polman. "And I'm an Adventist," he continued, looking with resentment upon the representative of the Established Church. The judge talked to him for a while, the clergyman stretched out his hands, and presently Polman was taken away. He felt extremely proud of the notice he was attracting and strutted out of the dock.

He looked up hastily. The Eye was watching him. He hated it.

During the first of his three weeks Polman, in fact, exhibited precisely those qualities which his jailers had anticipated. He had gone into his cell docilely and proved an excellent prisoner. It was during the second week that he awoke suddenly in the middle of the night, hearing the pounding of his heart. Something was bursting inside his head; a sickening terror tortured him, and his throat and tongue felt as though they had been lined with emery-paper. And all at once somebody seemed to say: "You're going to be hanged! You're going to be hanged!"

He sprang from his bed, tossed off his blanket, and ran to the faucet in a corner of his cell, from which flowed a continuous trickle of water. He placed his mouth under it. Instantly, with a click, the trap of his cell went down. Polman looked round. The Eye shone out from the centre of a human face. For the first time the prisoner realized that this was part of a man.

He went back and lay down under the gaslight. He pondered through all the creeping hours of the night. He must anticipate the fulfilment of his sentence. Somewhere, assuredly, he could obtain a piece of glass, a metal edge, a little flexible cord. But his concrete cell contained neither splinters nor nails. In one corner water trickled incessantly from the faucet into a plugless basin; in another was a cement shelf with a Bible; opposite the door, on iron trestles, were riveted two planks of perfectly smooth planed wood, with a straw-stuffed mattress, a pillow of the same kind, and two blankets of some fibrous substance. His food came to him in a vessel of soft tin. His spoon was of wood. And outside, fixed on him, was always the Eye.

Suicide was impossible. When the watchers saw that he had ceased picking at the threads in the blankets they knew that this stage of his captivity was past. With the disappearance of this hope terror became regnant. Although he was not conscious of the lapse of time, several days had been spent by him in this manner.

When the cloud lifted from his brain Polman began to perceive a pair of shoes, from time to time, under the steel door outside. He now connected them with the face above; in other words, they were part of the personality of his jailer. Sometimes, however, they were wider and larger than at others: there must be two pairs—two jailers. Polman began to talk to them.

Especially at night, when his terror awakened him and his heart pounded in the cage of his ribs, when the sweat streamed down his face and limbs and the nightmare of sleep had changed into a wakeful delirium, Polman began to feel the yearning of a sick man toward those who attend on him. When the dawn stole into his cell, dimming but not obscuring the gaslight, when the town noises began and birds sang somewhere without, Polman began to plead with them. But neither answered him. He tried to break down their impassivity with sudden questions. One day, while seated upon the floor, he heard a name called and saw the square boots shifted. The next morning, when the flap of the door was down, he called suddenly to the face outside.

"Donaldson!"

The jailer started involuntarily. The prisoner had caught him; he afterward caught Evans, the head jailer, in the same fashion.

He pursued his advantage when the flap was down for his breakfast.

"Fine day, Mr. Donaldson," he began. "I want to tell you I'm ready to meet my end. You needn't mind talking to me about it." Donaldson's stare was perfectly impassive. Polman changed his attack. "Say, old man, who won the Rugby cup?" he continued.

Donaldson did not relax an eyelid.

"Everybody's got to meet his Maker some day," said Polman. "I know it's the law. I don't hold you responsible, Mr. Donaldson. I haven't any ill-feeling against you. You're only doing your duty. But you know I'm innocent, old man. As God's my maker, I swear I'm innocent. My lawyer was a rogue. I want to send an explanation to the Home Secretary. I want some paper and ink and a pen—a fine-pointed steel pen," he continued, with a cunning afterthought. "I can't write with a stub. Won't you get it for me, Mr. Donaldson? There's no reason why we shouldn't be good friends, is there?"

The jailer stared at Polman stolidly, his expression inscrutable. The Welshman leaped forward with a snarl.

"My God, won't you say a word to me?" he shrieked. "I haven't said anything to hurt your feelings, have I? I didn't do it, I tell you. Will you listen if I explain? If you can't talk, raise your right hand for 'yes.'" Donaldson neither spoke nor moved. Polman broke into blasphemy. He cursed God and his keepers—especially Donaldson. The keeper sat outside, not moving, watching him. Polman could not endure that steady gaze. He took his mug to the faucet to fill it with water. While the fluid trickled into it he looked back over his shoulder, snarling, with bared fangs. The Eye was gone!

Polman tiptoed hurriedly toward the door and squatted down. The boots were gone, and in their place were the rounds of Donaldson's knees. The jailer knelt upon the flags; he was praying for Polman. Polman seized his cup and, with a mighty exercise of strength, crumpled it in his hand. As the jailer's face reappeared, a moment later, Polman shot out his fist and struck him upon the bridge of the nose with the bent pewter. Donaldson staggered back. A moment later his face reappeared against the orifice. Blood was trickling from one corner of his eye.

At Evans's urging the chaplain returned, carrying a devotional work. For two nights Polman had howled and cursed, disturbing all the inmates of the prison. The chaplain was a young man who had just assumed Holy Orders, and this was his first murderer. He wanted to save his soul and send him pardoned to the Mercy Seat. He approached him timidly, touched him upon the arm, and asked,

"Do you know what will happen to you to-morrow week, my dear man?"

Polman started and began to tremble.

"I didn't murder her," he cried, thickly. "I swear

I am innocent. I want to write to the Home Secretary."

A wild hope leaped into the young chaplain's mind. Could it be possible, after all, that a miscarriage of justice had occurred? "Yes, yes," he said, glad of this fortunate interlude. "I will write whatever you wish me to." He took a pad and stylographic pen out of his pocket. "What do you wish to say?"

"I'm innocent," muttered the prisoner, covering his face with his hands.

"Yes, yes," said the chaplain, eagerly.

"I don't want to be hung," gasped Polman, as though he were strangling, but to all further interrogation he only reiterated this phrase. The chaplain had an inspiration. Taking the prisoner by the arm, he swung him round and, looking into his face, he cried in a loud voice,

"You are guilty; you know you are."

The murderer could not reply. Suddenly, for the first time since the trial, the chain of his memory was completed, and he recollected everything, which came back to him in a series of mental images. He saw it all quite clearly: the knife, suddenly snatched up, the arm upraised to guard the breast, the snarling pug—the furious thrusts. Admission came from his lips in jerky whispers.

"Yes, I—I'm guilty," he groaned, shuddering.

"Then down, down upon your knees," said the chaplain, sternly, "and ask forgiveness of our Heavenly Father, in the name of Him who washed our sins away in His precious blood."

"No, no, I dare not pray," whimpered the prisoner, looking at the young chaplain out of the corners of his eyes. "There's no forgiveness for me, desperate sinner that I am. I'm a worm of iniquity; I'm going straight to hell."

"No, no; do try. He will forgive you, I'm sure," the chaplain urged. They knelt down side by side, and the chaplain offered a prayer. He waited for the responses, but none came, and, imagining that his companion was too contrite for utterance, he continued to pray. When at last he raised his head he saw that Polman had edged away from him and was kneeling in a peculiar manner, with his head down, near the door of the cell. Bending his own head lower, the chaplain perceived the jailer's boots outside, toward which the prisoner was raking with a small, rod-like object. It was his stylographic pen, with which Polman was endeavoring to touch the jailer's shoes. The chaplain ceased his prayers in despair, took up the pen, and left the cell.

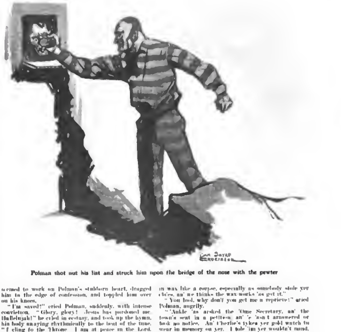
Nevertheless, he came back on the following day and renewed his efforts. Polman seemed contrite. They stood together in the centre of the cell, the chaplain praying with uplifted eyes. Glancing at his companion, he saw that Polman's eyes were following the direction of his own inquisitively, as though some object lay hidden in the steel roof of the compartment.

"Have you no response to make?" the chaplain asked, despairingly.

"Oh, amen," muttered the prisoner.

The chaplain prayed with him a little longer and then went out more hopefully. Some words of his fervent utterance seemed to have touched the heart of the man.

While seated in his study that night he had an inspiration. Many roads led to the Mercy Seat; perhaps, with the shyness of a young minister, newly ordained, he had not injected into his prayers enough of that emotional element which would appeal naturally to the Welsh imagination. Religion was a matter of the heart as well as of the head. On the next day he visited his charge again and, taking his hands in his, besought him, from the depths of his heart, to turn to the Living God. Then, with desperate abandon, he broke into a hymn, singing with a clear baritone. It seemed to work on Polman's stubborn heart, dragged him to the edge of confession, and toppled him over on his knees.



Polman shot out his fist and struck him upon the bridge of the nose with the pewter

"I'm saved!" cried Polman, suddenly, with intense conviction. "Glory, glory! Jesus has pardoned me. Hallelujah!" he cried in ecstasy, and took up the hymn, his body swaying rhythmically to the beat of the tune. "I cling to the Throne. I am at peace in the Lord. Tell them I die repentant," he continued, touching the chaplain's arm. "Tell them I'm saved and I forgive them all. Put it in all the newspapers."

"I believe he's penitent," he said to Donaldson afterward. "He has been moved to ask for pardon; he seems sincere."

"He's a regular bad one, sir," Donaldson answered, dubiously. "Them kind is generally the worst when they goes wrong—that praying kind. I wish he wasn't under sentence of death," he continued, musingly, squinting up at his scar. "I'd like to have ten minutes with him alone."

The half-healed cut ran transversely across his nose, and his eye was discolored.

There came a click and the door of the cell flew open, disclosing the prison governor in rusty black.

"Polman," he whispered, in a husky, unemotional voice, "step forward. Your sister, Mrs. Hankle, has come to bid you farewell."

Polman had been singing a hymn, bawling out the words noisily. Now he stepped forward sullenly, his lips still moving, to find himself confronted with a steel grille, behind which stood a short, stout woman in black, who pressed a black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes and nostrils. The jailer motioned to her to keep back from the bars. Polman shuffled his feet reluctantly, and brother and sister stared at each other awkwardly.

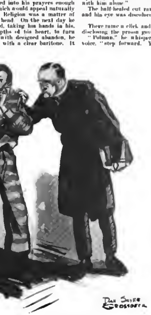
"Well, you 'ave bin an' done for yerself, William," his sister whimpered, presently.

"What's the papers say about me?" asked Polman.

"Ow, they was full of yer," his sister whined. "An' they got yer pickcher in as true as life. Sech a disgryce it was to bring upon respectable, 'ard-working people. 'Ankle 'ad to move. Well, it carn't be 'elped, an' I ain't sying nothink to yer abart it now."

"Did they put me in the wax-works?" asked Polman.

"'Ankle tole them 'e'll sue them if they does," cried his sister, violently. "'Ankle tole them thet stryght w'en they come fer yer pickcher. 'E went there larst week to see if they done it, but 'e 'adn't the strength to go in. 'E said it 'd make 'im feel quite sick to see yer standin' up in wax like a corpse, especially as somebody stole yer clo'es, an' we thinks the wax-works 'as got it."



"Yes, I—I'm guilty," he groaned, shuddering

"You fool, why don't you get me a reprieve?" cried Polman, angrily.

"'Ankle 'as arsked the 'Ome Secretary, an' the town's sent in a petition, an' 'e 'asn't answered or took no notice. An' Charlie's tyken yer gold watch to wear in memory on yer. I tole 'im yer wouldn't mind. Yer know yer always was fond of Charlie. Now, William, 'ave yer confessed? Don't yer do it. Thet's w'at 'Ankle sent me 'ere fer to sy. We wants to 'old our 'eads up in the world accordin' to our stytion. Don't yer sy nothink, 'Ankle says, an' people 'll think maybe some mistyke was myde, an' seein' the trouble an' disgryce yer've brought on us all—"

"I didn't do it, I tell you."

"Yer did, an' yer've disgryced us all, an' it cost 'Ankle a pretty penny moving to Wandsworth."

"I tell you I didn't."

"Yer did, William, yer know yer did."

"I didn't."

"Yer did."

"All right, I did, then," cried Polman, in exasperation. He felt infuriated to see his sister standing there in freedom. He had never realized how much he hated this fat woman before. His hate was something that seemed to go down into the foundations of his being, and, now that the bonds of convention were broken, it leaped to its expression. His sister typified that plague of human relationships to escape which, with their conventional integrity, abhorrent to his Celtic mind, he had plunged into his intrigue with the outcast woman whom he had destroyed. Now he need keep up appearances no longer. The awe and respectability of the black bombazine vanished, and in this fat female creature he saw only the fat pug that sniffed and howled at the side of the corpse.

"Yes, I did it, Margaret," he reiterated, craning forward with a malignant smile. "And they're going to hang me for it. They 'll bind me and blind me and lead me to the gallows, and they 'll put a greasy rope round my neck and spring the trap, and my neck 'll stretch, and my feet 'll dangle, and my face 'll turn black, and my tongue 'll hang out—"

He heard the jailer utter a cry. He saw the hitherto unrealized terror of death—his fear—growing in the fat creature's eyes. A savage joy possessed him.

"Then when my neck's cricked and I've turned cold and stiffened out they 'll cut me down and put me in a bag and sprinkle lime—"

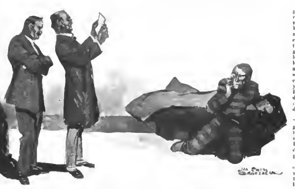
His fear was gone. He had transferred it to her. His sister's eyes glazed like the pug's. She tumbled forward with a shriek upon the flags. The jailers sprang forward and hustled the prisoner back into the cell. From within he could hear his sister screaming as they revived her.

When they had got her outside Evans turned to Donaldson and said.

"If ever a human soul was booked for hell, he's going there."

But Polman, in his cell, heard nothing of this. He was singing a hymn.

On the next morning the prisoner awakened at five o'clock, conscious of a new and yet well-known sensation that he could not at first define. When he got out of bed his knees shook under him and a deathly faintness came over him. He steadied himself against a wall of his cell, trying to analyse this overpowering need. All at once he realized that he was hungry. He tottered to the hole and bawled tremulously to the jailer. Ten minutes later he was wolfing an entire loaf of bread and a great hunk of cheese, which had, in fact, been left on hand by the prison cook in expectation of just such a demand. So began the last phase of Polman's imprisonment.



Polman withdrew into a corner and crouched, glaring at them with insane, bloodshot eyes

Polman devoured six meals that day. A kindly government, which denies no solace in reason to condemned prisoners, permitted him to stupefy the cravings of the tortured nerves with the anaesthetic of food. When he was not eating, Polman sang almost continuously. He did not appear to sleep at all the following night.

Until the last days the latent hope of a reprieve had buoyed him up, and also, in some measure, maintained his relationship with the external world. But now that hope was gone, cut off from humanity even before the final scene, secluded in silence, he fell back upon his inward assurances of salvation. He ran the ladder of his hopes into the skies. His mind became his world, and, all else being unreal and remote, he dived into it and brought up treasures. He sought for fear and could not find it. Had pardon come, he would with difficulty have readjusted his mind to mundane affairs. In this imaginary world, his jailers became his servants. Unable to inflict discipline, they submitted to his usurpations perforce.

"You're swindling me, you swine!" he shouted, as Evans thrust his plate, heaped high with food, into his cell. A large, round steak lay high and dry upon a mound of mashed potatoes. He snatched it up and dashed it into the jailer's face.

"I wants a larger bit," he shouted. "And I wants it rare."

Upon the afternoon of the Saturday preceding the execution a crowd, attracted by Polman's singing, had gathered outside the prison wall. Polman's voice had changed into a husky roar, and, shouting like a madman, he paced his cell in the delirium of ecstasy. So long as he sang it seemed to him, salvation could never be denied him, the words of the hymn had become, as it were, the talisman of his safe conduct across the borderland. Suddenly the lock clicked and the governor entered, holding a paper in his hand. He halted at the entrance and regarded the prisoner, who brushed past him twice, bawling his song. Donaldson, at the governor's side, caught Polman by the arm and spun him round. The Welshman shook him off with ease and resumed his pacing. The governor and the jailer advanced together into the cell and both waited for the conclusion of the hymn. Then Polman withdrew into a corner and crouched, glaring at them with insane, bloodshot eyes. The governor read from the document which he was holding.

"By order of the Home Secretary," he pronounced, "I have to inform you that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to commute your sentence of death to one of imprisonment during the period of your natural life. You will be removed to-morrow to Pentonville, where you will be placed under the jurisdiction of the prison governor, who will make such disposition of you as shall seem fit."

Polman remained crouched in his corner, his mouth open, staring. The governor repeated his announcement in paraphrase. And then some few words pierced through the mists of ecstasy and entered the prisoner's brain. He tried to sing and ceased, the words bubbling upon his lips in imbecile fashion. The ladder of his dreams was tottering, the fantasy of his hopes crumbling. In place of the martyr's crown he saw the cold walls of a convict prison. His ecstasy was gone, and all the passions and terrors and dreams of the past week had gone; all his laborious conquest over fear was valueless, his hatred, anger, and repentance worthless. He might as well never have gone through that Gethsemane of anguish into peace. He tumbled down and sat propped up against a wall, his feet sprawling like a paralytic's, his eyes fixed upon the governor in the extremity of despair.

The governor turned to Donaldson helplessly.

"Donaldson, I'll leave it to you to explain," he said. "The poor fellow appears stunned by the good news."

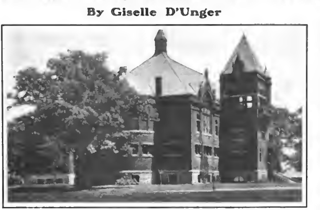
"Yes, sir, I'll break it to him, sir," said Donaldson, licking his lips hungrily and squinting up at his scar. "Leave him to me, sir. I think that I can make him understand."

A Museum of Christian Archaeology

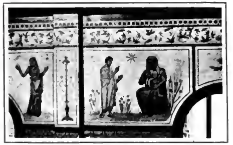
By Giselle D'Unger

THE only museum of Christian archaeology in the United States is in Chicago, in a building erected as a memorial to the late Dr. Charles Wesley Bennett, who was a professor at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston. Dr. Alfred Emerson, formerly professor of classical archaeology at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, is the acting director of this museum.

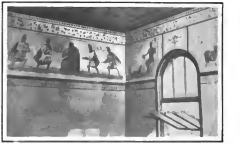
Permits were granted by the Italian government to the Garrett Biblical Institute to have a number of the more noteworthy Christian inscriptions and sculptures of the third, fifth, and sixth centuries moulded and cast, and many of these have arrived and have been installed. The decorations have been executed with most pleasing results as to color and composition. Walls and ceiling of the well lighted apartment, which extends 70 by 40 feet, have been covered with mural paintings which are partly faithful copies and partly free adaptations of antique originals in several different Roman catacombs. The art of the early Church was free from gloom. No allusion to hell or the crucifixion is shown. If portraits occur they are of the sainted dead. The quaint interpretation of the parables, miracles, and events of the Scriptures by these early decent fresco painters has been successfully reproduced under the supervision of Dr. Emerson. Another of the interesting features is the quadriga, a replica of the lost bronze that once crowned the Arch of Constantine. Ivories, church furniture, metals, etc., are among the other exhibits.



The Memorial Hall at Garrett Biblical Institute, erected in honor of the late Dr. Charles Wesley Bennett. The museum is in the second story behind the tree at the left



The ceiling and south wall of the museum, showing a praying convert, candelabrum, and Isaiah and the Virgin, after a mural painting of the second century in the catacomb of Priscilla at Rome



A frieze in the Bennett Museum of Christian Archaeology at Evanston, showing the Adoration of the Magi and the Good Shepherd. The decoration showing birds in a vine repesents the souls of the elect in heaven

Shadows of the Stage

By William Winter

CONCERNING STANDARDS*

"Said in proverb or in song,
In short metre, or in long,
There's a right and there's a wrong;
Also there are persons who
Wantonly the wrong pursue,
And so each should have their due."
—OLD BALLAD.

RIGHT AND WRONG

THE publication in HARPER'S WEEKLY of a series of plain-spoken articles about theatrical matters in New York (a series which will be intermitted till September), seems to have caused much distress in the sensitive bosoms of certain theatrical managers and sympathetic writers for the press,—their anguish having shown itself in numerous specious misrepresentations, acrimonious jibes, and slanderous personal innuendoes, the customary weapons of impotent malice. It is fully understood that opposition, whether to tyrannical dominance or to the presentation of Decadent Drama, is, in certain interested quarters, regarded as "pernicious activity," and it is also understood, and appreciated, that HARPER'S WEEKLY has incurred disfavor by providing a medium for such full and independent discussion of theatrical subjects and such expression of critical judgment as certain of our Theatrical Overlords resent and fondly hope eventually to render impossible. Journals and persons alike are known by the enemies, as well as by the friends, they make, and there is a certain pleasure in remembering bluff old Sir Oliver Surface's remark, that enmity of a certain kind is gained by possessing the merit to deserve it. One daily newspaper, in particular,—a paper notorious for several reasons, but especially notorious for having resorted to forgery and slander, in the exudation of its spleen (specifically, the forgery of remarks derogatory to Americans and American writers by Henry Irving not one word of which was ever written or ever uttered by him), has manifested characteristic duplicity, in an endeavor to reply to strictures published in this place, relative to unclean plays and to the pernicious influence often exerted by them upon the public mind. The newspaper itself is contemptible, but it has cleverly revived an old and very deceptive form of argument, and, by means of adroit falsification and of ability misapplied, has made it plausible. For that cause, and also because the same form of crafty, knavish reasoning on this subject has been, and is, from time to time, strangely enough, employed in journals of accepted repute, it is noticed here.

The text upon which this tricky champion of theatrical punk preaches his little discourse is a garbled form of the following passage, from an article in HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 7, 1910:

"*Rank plays have long existed. Degeneracy in the drama is not a modern movement.* It is notable, however, that from the time when Pinero's play of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was launched upon the stage the dramatic current has been running steadily, and with *renewed* force, toward a literal, brazen, shameless portrayal of depraved persons, iniquitous conduct, and vile social conditions."

Not quoting, but completely ignoring, the first two sentences of that passage, and changing the context in quoting the rest, this crooked defender of a bad cause languidly exclaims: "We are too weary to discuss any part of this flaming sentence except the first few words of it," and then he proceeds to launch the stupid falsehood that all impurities of the contemporary stage have been attributed, in this place, to the example and influence of Pinero's play of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, that grossness in the works of old dramatists, but particularly in those of Shakespeare, has been unmentioned and disregarded, and that vileness, whether of theme or treatment, which has been challenged and condemned in the modern "problem play," exists in Shakespeare—as if that were unknown!—and in *his* works has been *approved*. In other words, the baseless, fraudulent, senseless imputation is set forth that this writer has declared that "literal, brazen, shameless portrayal of depraved persons, iniquitous conduct, and vile social conditions" was never made, prior to the presentment of Pinero's offensive play. It seems indeed piteous that a journalist should be thus constrained to pursue his laborious vocation when so "weary" that he becomes either an imbecile or a deliberate falsifier. This is what he says:

"We pass over Angelo, in *Measure for Measure*, although his amiable uprightness, lofty sense of civic duty, and freedom from the blot of moral sin are as a refreshing draught, after the horrors of *Ghosts* and the original wickedness of *Iris*. Some wry-brained commentators may say something about 'the vile social conditions' prevalent in Vienna at the time of this Angelo and Mistress Overdone . . . Your real classicist finds the exquisite dialect [*sic*] and refined imagery of the Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet* preferable to the sardonic dialogue and supreme literary ability of *The Wild Duck*. . . ." *Macbeth*, we learn, is "at least free from the crime and horror that soil *Mrs. Tanqueray* and *Rosmersholm*, namely, their dealings with such an unheard-of thing as the relations of the sexes. . . ." *King Henry IV., Part II.*, it appears, "was written by a poet of such exemplary life and high principle," that "to judge by the agreeable, moral, and chaste-lived persons he has introduced into that masterpiece, he would have shivered at *Mrs. Warren*, and died of blushes at *Mam, Wo Wohnst Du?*" . . . "and 'the literal, brazen, and shameless' conversation of certain 'depraved persons' in *Pericles* is, naturally, sanctified."

Many times, in many places, writing on this subject, the writer of these articles has put himself on record,—the paragraph which follows being an example:

The plays of Shakespeare, as Shakespeare wrote them, contain vulgar words and vulgar colloquies, several obscenities, several coarse and barbarous incidents, and a considerable quantity of unnecessary language,—that unnecessary language having been used by the author in order to supply the place of scenic illustration. Any *person* who desires to become acquainted with the works of Shakespeare, as they were written, can readily satisfy that desire by reading them. The presentment of any one of his plays, precisely as it stands on the printed page, must, necessarily, be always tedious and sometimes offensive. Two of those plays,—namely, *Measure for Measure*, with its hideous portrayal of loathsome lust, and *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, with its 'instructive' picture of life in a brothel,—*are not suitable for public representation at all*. As to *Titus Andronicus*, and some other sweet scented things in which the Bard, apparently, was more or less (less, let us hope!) concerned, comment is needless.

No Shakespeare scholar, no person worthy of that name, admires or approves everything that Shakespeare wrote. The remark, on that point, made by his contemporary, Ben Jonson, commends itself as wise and well founded: "I remember the Players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line: my answer hath been '*Would he had blotted a thousand*.'" In even some of Shakespeare's best plays there are passages which ought to be omitted, and which customarily are omitted, whenever those plays are acted. According to the prevalent standard of taste in his time, Shakespeare was an exceptionally pure writer, but the standard of taste in his time was not severe, the writings of some of his contemporaries are repulsive because of vulgarity, and some of his own pages are soiled with impurity. The standard of taste to-day, at least among decent people, is very much higher than it was in the age of Queen Elizabeth and James I., in England, and it might be well to remember that the American republic is an enlightened nation, living in the twentieth century, not the sixteenth.

There is no reason why the plays of Shakespeare should be relegated to desuetude because of occasional blemishes and vulgarities in them, and, on the other hand, there is no reason why their occasional vulgarities should ever be obtruded on the public stage. No person, unless it be some silly stickler for "original text," or some tedious, paltry showman of "Elizabethan methods," ever thinks of retaining, in a public representation, such monstrosities as are contained in scene seventh of act third of *King Lear*, or the bawdy speeches of the Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*, or the Tearsheet indecency in *Henry IV.*, or the dirty [illegible] of scene fifth of act third of *The Merchant of Venice*. It was remarked by Sheridan, who certainly was acquainted with human nature and with the province of dramatic art, that everything which shows human nature depraved ought to be excluded from public attention, for the reason that the design, however well executed, will disgust.

This doctrine has been propounded by this writer, over and over again. Objection to the tainted drama is not made because of fastidious, squeamish aversion to the observance of "serious phases of human conduct," when the presentment of those "serious phases" is decent. Plays exist, treating of passion, sin, and sorrow, that are inoffensive, and therefore welcome,—for example, *The Fatal Marriage*, *The Stranger*, *Becket*, and *Francesca da Rimini*. The expert stage version of *Faust*, by W. G. Wills,—which is the best, for theatrical use, ever derived from Goethe's great poem,—relates, in action, and without either offence to taste or any pragmatic "moral lesson," the most pathetic love story ever told. No objection is made to plays of the order thus indicated. The objection is made against filth and fustian, specious nastiness and miscellaneous rot. Beauty, purity, refinement, gentleness, grace,—these are the concomitants of right living, and those should be the prevalent characteristics of the stage.

The necessity of teaching the alphabet is perpetual. The mere existence of a play provides no reason why it should be acted. Foul themes do not become fair ones because Shakespeare, or because any other writer, has chosen to portray them. Literary compositions, dramatic and otherwise, can rightly exist in the Library, which would be utterly out of place on the Stage or in the hands of the miscellaneous public. There is nothing sacrosanct in Literature, and, furthermore, some works exist in it with which the world could advantageously dispense. The substance of the plays of Rochester is superfluous. Much of the writings of the "comic" dramatists of the period of the Restoration is utterly abominable and worse than useless. No reader is better from perusal of Rabelais. Pope may have been able to "laugh and shake in Rabelais's easy-chair," but it is not everybody who can be so easily pleased. Most of the plays of Shakespeare, when properly cut and judiciously arranged, are admirable, in the highest degree, and the presentation of them, by competent actors,—so that it be not overdone,—is eminently beneficial; but the fact that Shakespeare sometimes touched unclean subjects does not justify modern dramatists in following his example in that respect, and it is not for their faults, but for their beauties, that his works are admired, cherished, and extolled.

If the defensive advocacy of vile plays must go on, at least it should be conducted with logical consideration of the subject. If it be true that such plays are needful to the community and that they ought to be presented, that truth, surely, is susceptible of demonstration, and demonstration would be more efficacious than empty blather, specious falsehood, and crafty misrepresentation.

"STOPPING 'PLAYS'"

In preventing the renewal of a license to the New York Theatre (managed by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger) and thus suppressing an indecent "play" that Mr. Al. H. Woods was presenting there, the Mayor of New York, while fulfilling an official duty, conferred a benefit on the community and provided an auspicious precedent. The action of the Mayor has been earnestly and widely approved, but a flutter of anxiety is perceptible lest His Honor should go farther in the good work of preventing an immoral use of the Theatre. Thus that esteemed paper *Collier's Weekly*, while commending Mr. Gaynor's action in this specific case, appears disposed to congratulate itself and the public on a conjectured probability that His Honor will not be likely to intervene in other cases "not so clear." The exact amount of clarity that would be considered by *Collier's* sufficient to justify official interference is not specified, but—most persons are more than willing to close the windows of their habitations upon the earliest atmospheric evidence of the contiguity of *Mephitis Americana*, and there is no ground upon which the Mayor could properly be censured for any official act that he might lawfully perform in the interest of public morality. "The police of New York City," says *Collier's*, "rendered themselves ridiculous when they forced Bernard Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* off the stage." That statement is not conformable to fact. The action of the New York police, in stopping,—unfortunately for only a short time,—the performance of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, was just and highly commendable, although the method of the stoppage was not the most judicious that might have been adopted. The suppression of such "plays" as *The Girl With The Whooping-Cough* is, of course, highly desirable in the interest of the Theatre as well as in that of the Public; but such open, brazen, glaring indecencies as that piece of vulgar rubbish undoubtedly is are much less obnoxious and are less injurious to society than are many "serious moral lessons" of the *Mrs. Warren's Profession* order—compounds, that is, of mephitic sophistry and paltry preachment that advocates of the "emancipated drama," as they call it, have foisted upon the stage.

With regard to his play of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, the author, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, publicly declared:

"*The play is simply a study in prostitution*, and its aim is to show that prostitution is not the prostitute's fault, but the fault of a society which pays for a poor and pretty woman's prostitution in solid gold, and pays for her honesty with starvation, drudgery, and pious twaddle. . . . There are people [*sic*—meaning persons] with whom you can discuss such objects, and people to whom you cannot mention them. The patrons of the prostitutes form the main body of the latter, and the women who are engaged in rescuing women are the backbone of the former. *Get the rescuers into the theatre, and keep the patrons out* . . ."

Those statements are, at least, explicit and they show that the theme and character of Mr. Shaw's exceedingly offensive play have not been altogether misapprehended. Assuming, for the sake of argument (a very violent and unwarranted assumption) that the dramatist, in writing and allowing the production of that play, was actuated by a *humanitarian* motive, objection to it still remains valid, because the Theatre is not, never was, and never can be the proper place for the presentment of such "studies." When Mr. Shaw's statement first appeared comment on it was made, by the pen now writing, in these words, which are respectfully commended to the consideration of such powerful journals as *Collier's*:

That is, *exclude* the persons to whom "the moral lesson" of his play (if it had one, which it has not) should be addressed, (meaning the class that teachers of theatrical "lessons" might, perhaps, improve—if anybody could be improved by exhibition of the "frightful example," and "get into the theatre" the reformers engaged in the charitable work of trying to reclaim degraded women,—the reformers who, by personal observation and professional experience, are familiar with shocking details of the subject, and know at least as much about it as Mr. Shaw does, and do not require information, either from him or from anybody else; and then, having got them in, affront them by a flippant, insincere, untrue "study" of the terrible condition which they are seeking to correct,—having charged them $2, or more, for the affront, and thus helped to obtain handsome royalties for a crack-brained "socialist"!

It is well to recall that *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was produced by the same manager who brought forth *The Girl in the Taxi*, *The Narrow Path* (driven from the New York stage, after one performance, by universal denunciation), *The Girl With the Whooping-Cough*, and *Get Busy With Emily*,—for that fact furnishes a significant denotement of the actual motive, which underlay its production, namely the desire to gain money easily by the presentment of a dirty play appealing to the vicious section of the public.

(*Continued on page 30*)

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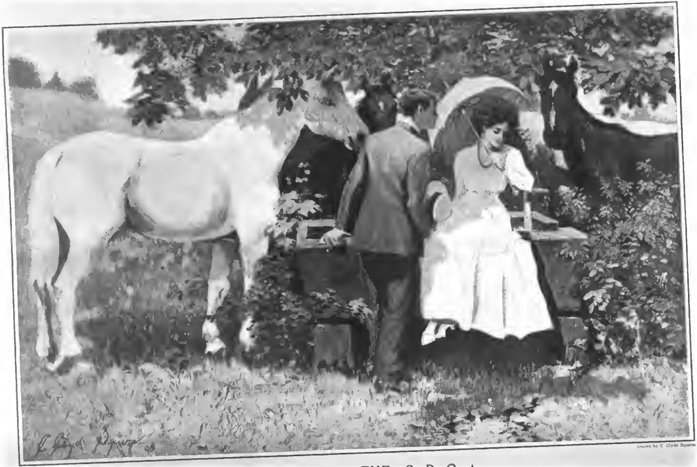
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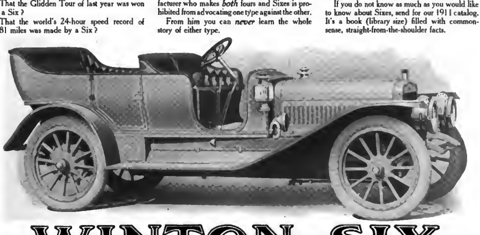
And so we keep on advertising Sixes in general, because the more you know about Sixes, the more certain you are to buy a Winton Six.

If you do not know as much as you would like to know about Sixes, send for our 1911 catalog. It's a book (library size) filled with common-sense, straight-from-the-shoulder facts.



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The Wheelbarrow Roads of China

NEXT to house building, food, and dress, transportation is the most important industry of civilization. China has no roads, and is only now adopting railways. Modern China may be said to date from the Boxer uprising of ten years ago. At that time railway development was just beginning. The Boxers tore up the tracks and struck a tremendous blow against railroad construction. However, to-day one may travel from Hankow to Pekin, half across the Empire, in a Pullman car, in one-fifth the time it took to make the trip ten years ago.

China has no roads for wheeled vehicles, except the cart tracks in the north, which are no better than the worst of American roads. Yet it may be said that China has a greater system of roads than ever was developed on this continent. These roads, however, are only twelve inches wide. They consist of thousands and thousands of miles of square paving stones laid in single tracks, in the middle of which is worn a single rut. Along the side of the narrow strip of paving meanders a foot trail. The rut serves for wheelbarrows, and the trail for donkeys, palanquins, and men. The fact that China never has developed the four-wheeled wagon for transport is not a proof of want of inventiveness or inability to manufacture it. There are other reasons. The two-wheeled carts of the north are clumsy affairs, but the wheel of the wheelbarrow proves that the Chinese can build good wheels. The main objection to wagons is the impossibility of maintaining draught animals for want of grazing. Throughout the length and breadth of China, except on the remote Mongolian steppes, one never sees a grass field, and only along the ditches and along the grave-mound hills is there sparse grazing for sheep, donkeys, and buffaloes. All available tillable land is required for the feeding of a dense two-legged population. This state of affairs might not have existed in the beginning, still, the principle of economy which underlies all Chinese inventions would have told against the horse or mule drawn wagon—hence the wheelbarrow.

The Chinese wheelbarrow, which has been at work, it is presumed, during thousands of years, represents the highest development attainable by a one-wheel vehicle, with the single exception of ball bearings and grease-cups. The use of axle grease must certainly be known to the Chinese, but, strange to say, it is ignored. The screech of the wheel, like the pagoda bells, is heard far over the Celestial landscape. On this wheelbarrow, with its high, razor-rimmed wheel-case, like a boat cabin split by the centreboard, loads of 200 pounds are carried for hundreds of miles at a speed of three miles an hour. In the central flat lands this is the general form of passenger transport for the poor, the hire of a barrow being about ten cents a day. When a family moves to a new district the women and old folk are wheeled, one or two to a barrow, while the men walk, carrying their dunnage slung from two ends of a shoulder pole. But riding on a wheelbarrow must be an excruciating experience for any one but a nerveless and cotton-wool-padded Chinese woman. The paving blocks have spread or dipped, and between each—that is to say, at every revolution—plunk goes the iron wheel in a hole, while there are no shock-absorbing springs or rubber tires to take up the jar. No white man could wheel freight in this manner for a mile. The secret seems to be in the shoulder strap, which is attached to the handles of the barrow and passes over the back of the neck of the pusher. It would almost seem as though centuries of use have developed in the race a special muscular resistance at that particular part of the make-up of a Chinaman.

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Some Really Old Families

IN Great Britain and on the Continent those families pride themselves that count their ancestry through ten generations, but their claims to really ancient lineage seem insignificant when compared with those of certain houses in the Orient.

We read that the oldest family in Great Britain, the Mar family in Scotland, may trace its pedigree to 1093. Then, too, we have the Campbells, of Argyll, whose date is put down at 1190. The Grosvenor family, that of the Duke of Westminster, refers its origin to the same year that the Conqueror "came over"—i. e., 1066. The Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back farther than that, its date being 952, while the Bourbons proudly mention 864 as the date of their origin.

But none of them is to be mentioned in the same breath with the Emperor of Japan, whose office has been filled by members of his family for a period of over twenty-five hundred years, the present ruler being the one hundred and twenty-second in the line. The first Emperor of Japan sat on the throne about the time when Nebuchadnezzar was flourishing—that is, in 660 B.C.

Another Oriental branch, the descendants of Mohammed, present claims not to be dismissed. The prophet was born in 570, and a list of his descendants has been carefully retained, being duly set forth in a volume kept in Mecca. Little or no doubt exists of the authenticity of the long list of names of Mohammed's descendants as registered in this sacred book.

Putting Frost to Work

AN interesting application of the freezing system in shaft-sinking was recently exhibited at a colliery in England. When the shaft had been sunk a short distance it was found that a layer of quicksand eighty feet in depth had to be penetrated. To prevent the wet sand from flowing into the shaft it was frozen solid. A circular row of holes, forming a ring over twenty feet in diameter, was made round the shaft, and by means of metal pipes a freezing mixture of brine, or chloride of sodium, was caused to circulate in them. This had the effect of freezing the sand in a circular wall round the shaft as hard as rock. On the removal of the soft sand in the centre the frozen wall remained intact, protecting the workmen from the quicksand behind it.

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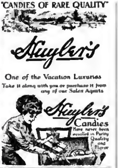
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Mark Twain

(A Nocturne of the Mississippi)

Who speaks of care, of toil, of time?
  The night wind cools the heated deck.
The minstrel river sings in rhyme,
  And gathers largesse in our wake.
And like a refrain, solemn, slow,
The rouster's chant floats from below:
  "Ma-a-r-r-k twa-a-ain"
    "Ma-ark twa-ain, 'tis!"

How long the sound trails through the air
  And winds among the spectral banks,
Till lost in mystic shadows there
  Where close the willows draw their ranks;
And still the echoes, solemn, slow,
Come back in whispers as we go:
  "Ma-ark twa-ain,
    Mark twa-ain, 'tis!"

A firefly shows a moment's gleam,
  Or is't a lantern's flickering light?
A boy's laugh, faint as fading dream,
  Blends with the voices of the night.
Hark! where the banks retreat in shade,
Is that Huck Finn's low signal made?
  Mark Twain,
    Mark Twain, 'tis!

His spell is mingled with the night:
  The phantoms roll in changing line—
A cabin on Sierra's height,
  A castle on the storied Rhine,
The outworn East, the newborn West—
Like wind-reefs on the river's breast.
  Mark Twain,
    Mark Twain, 'tis!

His book lies open on my knee,
  Read till the tender page grew dark,
Enwrought with gentle fantasy,
  The story of Joan of Arc—
The fairy tree, the battle chance,
The Heaven-led peasant maid of France.
  Mark Twain,
    Mark Twain, 'tis!

Faith-fraught and high, each noble word
  Retouches still the patriot deed,
And still a man's strong pity heard
  For a suffering girl in her martyr need.
The mystery there, the wonder-thrill,
And yet the woman, helpless, real,
  Mark Twain,
    Mark Twain, 'tis!

I may not say the thing I feel,
  My pipe is but an humble reed;
The master's hand has waked the thrill
  Of high pride in a God-like deed.
The spirit vision, making seem
Yon star, the star of Bethlehem.
  Mark Twain,
    Mark Twain, 'tis!

CAROLINE STERN.

An Ingenious Monkey-trap

THE curiosity of monkeys makes them the ready dupes of a shrewder intelligence, a circumstance that has been taken into account by those who entrap the simians in South America.

One of the simplest methods consists in cutting a number of holes in a gourd, making each barely large enough to admit a monkey's hand. The gourd, thus prepared, is filled with corn and secured to the trunk of a tree. Then it is shaken visibly, so as to attract the attention of the monkeys. A few grains of corn are scattered in the neighborhood of the trap.

No sooner do the monkeys hear the well-known sound than they descend from their trees, and each in turn, seizing the gourd, grasps for a handful of corn through one of the holes. Then they struggle in vain to withdraw their hands without relinquishing the prize. At this critical moment the concealed author of their mishap suddenly makes his appearance and, tying them, carries them off to his cabin in the woods.

The Utilization of Volcanic Steam

CERTAIN Italian engineers have conceived the idea of utilizing the steam jets from the natural vents called *soffioni* for driving motors. *Soffioni* abound in various parts of Tuscany and in other ancient seats of volcanic energy. Jets of water vapor at a high temperature are discharged from them with great regularity.

Some of the *soffioni* in Tuscany, we are assured, have remained invariable in their discharges during a period of almost twenty years that they have been under observation. It is thought that a considerable amount of mechanical energy can be derived from these sources.

One of the principal difficulties in the utilization of this natural steam arises from the corroding acids that abound in it,

The Gentler View

MASCULINE LOGIC, ETC.

By Florida Pier

Men have harped for so long on the excessive amount of logic with which they are blessed that women are doubly struck by the flightiness of their conversation. They have such a dragon-fly way of darting to distant points, lighting on them for an instant, gathering what they for some reason want from what seems a wholly detached fact, and then off again, hovering and skimming over the entire history of man, in a manner that makes a woman, on principle, forego following them until they have to a certain degree made up their minds where they are going. She is willing to be instructed. Among the first things taught her was to bathe with grateful attentive muteness in the flow of masculine learning, but she does feel, as it is the man who is enjoying himself and she who is accommodatingly listening, that he might restrain the wanderings of his mind somewhat and exhibit a little of that wonderful sequence of thought of which she has heard so much.

In order to prove the simplest thing, which a woman would state and restate with such authority and decision that its truth would immediately be felt, perhaps indulging in a striking simile or two, but not going farther afield, a man goes back at least two thousand years to a time every one feels very uncertain about, states something as a certainty that authorities differ on, and then picks out an individual characteristic of a Roman Emperor, which he uses as the key-note of the times, in order to prop up more strongly his perfectly simple platitude that does not in the least require so much foraging and learned burrowing. From this he skips to an Egyptian dynasty, wantonly picking up some small object from a tomb as a souvenir of his mental cavortings, dallies with the dates of the Thirty Years' War; and finally, when his entirely obvious idea is weighted down with untold gleanings, the thing is presented to the woman with the apparent expectation that she and the idea will sink together. Of course she does. Such a load of condensed civilizations, silhouetted personalities, and culled statistics is sufficient to rout any one, but to sink a ship does not prove your own superior speed, it just proves the clumsy irrelevancy of your weapons.

It is all so unfair. A man rises, pounds down his fist, lifts his voice to thunder, and, by sudden drops on the things that prove his statement, manages to carry them off so swiftly that no one has a chance to see whether they rightly belonged where he found them or whether he had placed them there himself. There are just as many wars and emperors and famines and molecules and things that disprove his statement as there are that prove it, but he never touches on these, and his listeners are too exhausted by the distances he is covering and the skittishness of his gait to rise up and tell him to keep to the point. Any one can prove anything if he goes plodding off to the Dark Ages to do it. No one is going to follow him on such a journey, and he is at perfect liberty to tell any tale he likes of what he found there.

A man's therefores are enough to drive one to apoplexy. He rambles on at the greatest length on some side issue that has a very unlikely flavor about it; then all at once, without any warning, he says "therefore" with great gusto, and his conclusion is so ill at ease and out of place and frankly self-conscious that you feel it is as much surprised as you are at the speaker having yanked it from its proper oblivion into the limelight of his volubility.

Men may be logical, but if they are—and it is much to be doubted—theirs is such long-distance logic that they are always obliged to stop long before they come anywhere near the subject under discussion. Their passion for first causes—it really amounts to a passion—so hampers their efforts that nothing but prolonged applause melts and warms the chilled and aching auditors. They are forced to rouse themselves from the lethargy into which the speaker's thoroughness has sunk them by cordial noise, and its cause is frequently misinterpreted. If an army on the march went back to the starting point every morning it would never get to fighting. A woman realizes this, and not only sticks to the point, but sits on it and defends it against all comers. She has no need of gradually arriving at it by circuitous routes; she is there from the opening word, and acts as an anchor to hold the lagging, drifting man who is possessed of becoming embedded in the mud at the source of the stream.

Country rain has so many advantages over city rain. In fact, the number of advantages the country in general has over the city is only equalled by those of the city over the country. City rain is an inconvenience, an expense, a survival of simpler times. Country rain is a delight, a day's employment, and if it comes at night it quite justifies staying awake to listen to it. If there are eaves in the town they have never learned the art of dripping with the damp luxuriancy of country eaves. Dripping has been carried to such an advanced stage in some places that one is lost in admiration, first of the individual dripping, and then of the wholly successful orchestration of the countless leaves, branches, eaves, and twigs, with a really stunning solo on the part of the waterspout. The night sounds so intensely wet, so—the word forces itself in by right of its expressiveness—so squidgy. The earth is surely put to it to absorb so much rain, and probably has to hurry and puff a bit and keep some rain waiting for many minutes before a place can be found for it. A night rain has a thoroughness about it, a hearty saturation that betokens willingness on the part of every one. Even the birds, though deeply interested, are not in the least put out, but pipe with rare amiability, "This is a night! A little more of the blanket if you please, my dear."

And the next morning! Everything is so fresh, and so pleased with itself. The trees smirk in their shining wetness, it being so evident how they spent the night that there is no use in their attempting concealment. Everything is too utterly soaked to permit one to stir out, which is nothing short of providential, as in no other way could one be made to stay indoors long enough to write necessary letters. A wood fire is kindled by way of compensation, and the dogs come dripping in, full of the excessive wetness they found on their hasty excursion around the place. The roses outside the window are a little ashamed of the lengths to which they went during the night, and hang their heavy heads, too abashed to explain that they never would have taken so much if the rain-water had not been so exquisitely fresh. One understands without their explaining and delicately withdraws until they have somewhat recovered. For the rest of the day one is busily employed feeling dry. Everything requires contrast, and it is impossible to enjoy dryness to the utmost unless it is the last word in wetness outside.

LORD DESBOROUGH UNVEILING A MEMORIAL AT DOVER, ENGLAND, IN HONOR OF CAPTAIN WEBB, THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER SWAM ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. HIS FEAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN AUGUST, 1875

Cultivating the Sparrow's Voice

Experiments have been made in England with a view to determine what are the conditions under which birds learn and cling to their traditional notes. For this purpose one experimenter employed very young birds of non-musical species, keeping them entirely with songsters in order to ascertain whether they would thus acquire the power of song.

In the month of July, several years ago, he placed four fledgling English sparrows in the nest of a pair of singing canaries. Three of them died, but the fourth survived. This one had already acquired a sparrow chirp, and, hearing henceforth only the notes of the canary, he went no farther with the chirp that was his birthright. Instead, he came gradually, when among the canaries, to give notes different from those of the sparrow. Even when he was silent, if the canaries were singing, he could be seen to move his throat just as if he were trying to form the sounds, much in the manner that a person often inaudibly follows a song that another is singing. At last these sounds began to be audible and increasingly so. He began to give notes in rapid succession three or four tones up the scale, repeating the top note five or six times.

Then the sparrow, becoming bolder with practice and pleased with the sound of his own voice, soon indulged three or four runs in succession with eight to twelve notes in each; and in the last days of September, when three months old, he went up and down and up the scale all in one run.

During this time his voice had been changing. At first it was harsh, as is natural with English sparrows; but gradually, with the effort or with the subconscious influence of the sweeter sounds about him, it became softer and acquired something of the canary quality.

The sparrow's first efforts were sung on a low scale, and he tried the top notes vainly; but as his voice became milder, he went higher more easily. He was about three months old when he tried his first trill. It was short, but musical, and he evidently thought pretty well of it, for he repeated it and continued steadily to practise it. A year later he had grown to be quite an adept in canary song and would trill and sing continually.

Then, to determine the effect of association upon him, the experimenter removed him for a time in his first year from the canaries and put him where he heard only sparrow chatter. Gradually he ceased to sing and began to return to his neglected sparrow tongue; but when he was again put with the canaries, he regained all he had lost in less than a month.

Aids to the Study of Flight

The earnestness with which the study of mechanical flight is being pursued is attested by the elaborate equipment in the laboratory of aerodynamics at a French educational institution. Among the apparatus is a wooden tunnel fifty feet long with a cross-section of six square feet, in which a wind of any desired speed can be generated by means of a suction-fan placed at one end of the tunnel. In the wind-current thus developed are placed objects of a great variety of kinds and shapes, whose resistance, lift, drift, surface friction, etc., are determined. A pressure-gauge that can be read to less than one ten-millionth of an atmosphere is used to determine the pressure at all points in the stream of air. The object is to furnish trustworthy data for calculations in aeronautics.

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Regatta Betting as a Fine Art

By George Jean Nathan

IMMEDIATELY after the last Presidential campaign a newspaper in the Middle West offered two prizes of ten dollars each to the two readers who would send in the stories of the oddest election bets that had come to their attention. About five hundred stories were received and, from this large number, the judges selected the two wagers that, to their minds, were the most peculiar. The first of these had as its basis the proportionate vote that the two leading political parties would poll. Believing that the Democrats would make a particularly strong showing, one hopeful individual had bet another, who was equally hopeful in the antithetical direction, the sum of twenty-five dollars on the result. The agreement was also made that the loser would have to spend three hours during the busiest time of a day to be agreed upon in putting salt on the tails of the sparrows in the public square of the city. The second bet was instrumental in causing an ardent supporter of the Democratic Presidential nominee to sing hymns in several of the cheap saloons in the tough sections of the community. The results of this newspaper contest were chronicled widely throughout the country and considerable comment was indulged in as to the alleged extreme peculiarity of the bets in point.

Of all the diverse species of wagers, election bets are held, by tradition, to be the oddest. There is, however, another kind of wager, rarely, if ever, chronicled, that, for peculiarity, relegates the election bet to the second place. This is the kind made every year by college students on the outcome of the several intercollegiate regattas at Poughkeepsie, New London, Philadelphia, and elsewhere. These wagers frequently take on a semblance of lunacy, as, for example, in a case two years ago at New London, when a Yale undergraduate, betting with a Harvard student on the result of the 'Varsity Eights' contest, agreed that the loser should allow himself to be placarded with a sign reading, "I am a bone," and carried down the main thoroughfare of the town by several students, being deposited in turn in every ash-can and refuse-barrel that could be found. Another agreement, made between a Columbia and a Cornell undergraduate at Poughkeepsie several years ago, provided that the man whose crew finished behind that from the other's *alma mater* should permit himself to be stripped to the waist and painted a bright crimson, after which he would engage himself in battle with and demolish every cigar-store Indian he could locate—until he was arrested.

A University of Pennsylvania student and one from Georgetown, just before the annual 'Varsity event at Poughkeepsie, engaged in a heated altercation as to the merits of their respective crews, which had as its result a promise that the loser should act as the winner's "slave" for the rest of the day, fanning the winner to relieve him from the heat, cutting his food for him at the table, bowing him in and out of rooms, holding the drinking-glass to his lips, and, in short, waiting on him for all the world like a slave to an Oriental potentate. Last year, at New London, a Harvard freshman bet a Yale freshman that if his crew didn't win the annual race he would climb the highest tree he could discover and sing "Nearer My God to Thee" for half an hour, while the Yale freshman agreed that if his crew lost he would dash madly into the crowded hotel dining-room and shout out at the top of his voice that he was crazy. While on the subject of freshman bets, mention must not be omitted of the wager made three years ago between a Syracuse and a Columbia freshman upon the outcome of the race between the first year crews of their respective colleges. The agreement was to the effect that the loser should go up to the biggest man the two freshmen met subsequently on the street, touch him on the chest, and tell him he was no gentleman. What happened to that freshman made the fate of the election bettor who had to sing hymns in the saloons seem merciful by comparison.

During the so-called American Henley regatta races at Philadelphia this year, a Harvard undergraduate had the satisfaction of seeing his unsuccessful rival bettor walk down crowded Chestnut Street proclaiming to the people that he was Dr. Cook's son. In the middle of each block the loser had to stop, strike an attitude, raise aloft an American flag that he carried, and "take possession of all the surrounding territory in the name of the United States of America." This done, the unfortunate wager-maker had to shout out in a loud voice that he "did not like Philadelphia, anyway."

At Poughkeepsie five years ago a remarkable "pool" wager was made by two undergraduates each from Cornell, Syracuse, Pennsylvania, and Columbia as to the outcome of the 'Varsity fours' race. The winners were to have the privilege of what was called a "beggar corps," to be composed of the six losers. In other words—and as was subsequently done—the six students whose crews had lost had to buy much food and drink for the winners for the rest of the day from moneys that they had begged from people in the streets. The losers were compelled by the terms of the wager to accost passers-by and to whine pleas of "starvation," "no place to sleep," etc., for the purpose of extracting nickels and dimes. At the New London races three years ago a wager was made by a Yale junior with a Harvard sophomore on the result of the 'Varsity race. These two college men agreed that the loser of the bet should fill a small bottle with water, label it "carbolic acid," and then proceed to "commit suicide" in front of the leading hotel in the town. The further stipulation was that, upon "committing suicide," the loser was to simulate the most excruciating pain and was not to betray the hoax until after doctors, ambulances, hysterical women, and similar things had arrived on the scene. When the excitement had reached its height, the loser was to jump to his feet, look about him in a mysterious way, beckon for silence, and announce that he was the spirit of Cæsar's wife. It but remains to chronicle the fact that the affair was carried out as planned.

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ANDERSON CARRIAGE CO., Dept. HM, DETROIT, MICH.

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

THE estimation in which American-made electric vehicles are held throughout the world may be judged by two foreign orders recently received by the Waverley Company, of Indianapolis. The first of these came from the distant island of Java, in the Dutch East Indies, from a Mr. J. E. Court, of the town of Cheribon.

The order was for a Waverley four-passenger brougham, the most expensive car built by the company, and was accompanied by London exchange for the full value of the car and extras.

The customer mentioned the fact that he had seen a Waverley advertisement in a copy of HARPER'S WEEKLY that came to him, and placed his order on the strength of this advertisement.

Local conditions dictated the use of solid tires, and the order was accompanied by a request for duplicates of all breakable parts, such as battery jars, since these could not be replaced near home.

The second order referred to was for a Waverley two-passenger coupé for the firm of Wm. Barbour & Sons, Ltd., the well-known linen-thread manufacturers of Lisburn, Ireland. With the car goes an additional leather top, to be used in summer in place of the coupé top; this interchangeable feature being one of the special advantages of the Waverley coupés and broughams.

While the upholstery of the Java car is to be in durable leather, that of the coupé for Ireland will be in the richest broadcloth.

(From the Edison Monthly).

A Wise Old Toad

THERE was a wise old toad that lived for more than thirty-six years in a hole beneath the doorstep of a French farmhouse.

How old it was when first noticed no one could say, but it had probably lived a long time before familiarity with the sight of man emboldened it to rest tranquilly on the doorstep over which persons were constantly passing.

The step became the batrachian's hunting-ground, where with little trouble it might capture the ants which persisted in crossing and recrossing it. The toad, hunting for its supper, came to be regarded as one of the sights of the neighborhood and certainly the skillful manner in which it used its wonderfully formed tongue entitled it to be ranked as an expert.

For one thing, it showed wonderful skill in judging distances; the tongue was never darted out until the insect came within a certain range. The accuracy of the creature's aim was another matter for surprise. The insects were generally in motion when the tongue was darted out against them, but the arrow never failed to hit.

The rapidity with which the tongue was shot forth excited much wonder. The operation is a complex one. The tongue is doubled or folded up, when in the mouth; therefore a twofold action is required—an unveiling of the weapon, and then the darting of it forth.

The withdrawing of the tongue, with the captured insect on the tip, was not less remarkable. Notwithstanding the rapid motion, the fineness of the tongue-tip, and the struggles of the prey, the victim was never dropped.

The toad was so tame that it might justly be called domesticated. It would remain quietly in one hand, and take its food from the other, provided a leaf was placed on the hand which held it. Without this precaution, the warmth of the human skin was evidently annoying.

Few things seemed to please it more than to be placed on a table in the evening when the lamp was lighted. It would look around with the greatest confidence in its gleaming eyes, and when insects were placed on the table it snapped them up with even greater rapidity than in its day huntings.

In this way the toad lived for thirty-six years, the pet of the neighborhood. It might have lived many years more had not a lame but spiteful raven pecked out one of its eyes.

Asia's Great Sink-holes

WHILE Asia has the loftiest mountains in the world, it also possesses the deepest and most extensive land depressions, several of them sinking below sea-level, so that if the ocean could flow into them they would form extensive lakes. In the deepest parts of most of them water now stands, forming small seas. Others are destitute of water. Among these is the Lukchun depression in Central Asia which in places sinks as much as four hundred feet below sea level. This sink-hole in the middle of the largest of the continents is also remarkable for its meteorological features, the yearly amplitudes of the barometer being greater than are recorded anywhere else on earth. In summer the temperature rises to Saharan heat, a record of 118 degrees Fahrenheit having been obtained in July, while the air is of desert dryness.

Hawaii's New Homestead Law

By R. B. Kidd

THE Hawaiian Islands are undergoing another revolution. This revolution is entirely peaceful in character, however, for the aid of Congress was sought to make it possible. Through the amendment of several sections of the Organic Act of Hawaii the system of homesteading has been safeguarded and the dominance of the Japanese prevented.

Probably the most surprising feature of this movement is the attitude of the native Hawaiians. It shows how completely they are reconciled to annexation. Time has worked no more marvellous political change than with these people, who, seventeen years ago, boasted of a national existence, while to-day, although blotted out of the council of nations by American influence, the Hawaiians have asked in their legislature, almost unanimously, to have their land laws changed so as to "make possible a more rapid development of the Territory along American lines."

With the development of the sugar industry the American sugar-planter gradually came to be an overlord in Hawaii. But in justice to him it must be written that he did not go into the country to exploit it and then expatriate himself to a foreign country to enjoy his Hawaiian-earned riches. In a large proportion of instances he had been born in the islands, and where he adopted the land as his place of residence he came to be as loyal as the native Hawaiian. But the point of difference was that the planter, Hawaiian-born or newcomer, proposed to develop his chosen industry under the most favorable conditions, and he proceeded on the theory that these most favorable conditions would be best obtained with himself, and not the native, dominating the government.

Concerned with the development of their industry, the planters did not give very studious consideration to industrial or political conditions beyond their own horizon. Everything else in that land was made subservient to sugar production, which has been brought, by the most scientific and constant investigation, to its present stage of development, in which it yields an annual revenue of about forty million dollars from two hundred and thirteen thousand acres of cane cultivation. As the elementary essential, the planter had to obtain as much arable land as possible. The natives held the bulk of the land, other than that classed as public domain, for in 1848 a grand distribution of holdings had been made, and, from occupying land by the grace of a native overlord, the Hawaiians had been given full title to about eleven thousand tracts, while since then five thousand additional awards are of record. Without perspective of the future, lacking in agricultural initiative, and, moreover, not qualified by temperament to hold out against the rapacity of the white settlers, the Hawaiian parted, by degrees, with quantities of his holdings, much of the land being eventually absorbed by the sugar industry. This gradual centralization of wealth and power did not, however, occasion any marked concern, for there was a general attitude of mind which argued that, as the commercial life of the islands depended upon the sugar industry, it was fitting that no stone of criticism should be thrown in the way of the planters. But in the mean while the Hawaiian, forced to the wall industrially and his political power undermined, had to be looked after. Land laws, modelled after the New Zealand statutes, were enacted in 1895, containing special provisions for homestead leases which, the framers felt, would provide the natives with homes. By residing four years on a tract of land, varying from one to sixty acres in extent, a citizen could obtain a nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-year lease; but the moment the holder or his heirs ceased to live on the homestead, it reverted to the government. The speculators and the big corporations were not held down by such limitations, for, under other provisions of the laws, one thousand acres of the poorer land could be sold outright at public auction.

Such conditions prevailed when the islands were annexed. With the coming of the American flag, the fact began to dawn upon the natives that conditions were not altogether right for them. The sentiment rapidly took root that, were the public domain thrown open to settlement more generously, the Hawaiian might find a medium of prosperity as a tiller of the soil. While there were merits to the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-year leasehold idea, in that it checked improvident natives from parting with their homes, the lack of downright title was felt to be antagonistic to the spirit of American homestead settlement. But not until the present administration of W. F. Frear, as governor of Hawaii, can anything approaching a popular land policy be said to have been inaugurated.

Nor were the planters slow in deciding that conditions were not altogether right for them, either; for, while annexation guaranteed solidity to their market, it handicapped them in a most vital detail of their industry. Under the exclusion law the planters were deprived of their Chinese, the best class of help for the cane-fields, so they had to turn to Japan for the bulk of their labor. But within a short time the fact developed that the Japanese had other ideas than working merely as a field laborer. He would go to Hawaii from Japan, work for a few months on the plantations, then take steamer for the Pacific coast where higher wages awaited him; and, if he did not seek the mainland, he invaded various lines of skilled labor, especially in Honolulu. When he remained on the plantations he had an ever-ready ear for the labor agitator, so that costly strikes about the critical time of cane-harvesting were not infrequent.

In 1899, just before the United States assumed complete control over Hawaii, the percentage of Asiatics employed on the sugar plantations amounted to 88. This proportion increased, following the influx of Japanese after the period of governmental transition which ended in June, 1900, but by 1908 it had decreased to 81 per cent., and on one plantation to less than 60 per cent. The last obtainable figures, to December 31, 1908, show that 44,348 persons were employed in the sugar industry, of whom 31,297 were Japanese, 2,942 Chinese, 1,743 Korean, 570 American, 3,020 Portuguese, 683 Spanish, 1,917 Porto-Ricans, 118 Filipinos, and 466 of other nationalities. A rough estimate of the population of the Hawaiian Islands places it at about 175,000, divided somewhat as follows: Japanese 75,000, Chinese 18,000, Koreans 7,000, Portuguese 23,000, Spanish 2,000, Porto Ricans 2,000, Hawaiian or part Hawaiian 35,000, Americans, British, Germans, and Norwegians 14,000, others 1,000. The Japanese form nearly 43 per cent. of the total population.

A child born on American soil is entitled to American citizenship, a law that makes possible in Hawaii a condition which careful observers regard with grave apprehension. In 1900 the Japanese pupils in the public schools numbered 1,352, and in 1909 they had increased to 6,115. Most of them are Hawaiian-born. The annual records show the Japanese birth rate to be over half the total in the islands, and this proportion has been steadily increasing. It is, and may well be, feared that if such conditions continue the Japanese will outnumber the voting population, just as they do the general population, and the public lands will also be absorbed by the Nippon men, unless given speedy settlement otherwise.

In order to overcome this menace, political and industrial, the planters have given bountifully to introduce other classes of laborers, as the statistics of the cosmopolitan population of the islands show. The introduction of citizens from the mainland of the United States who could develop the islands along traditional American homestead-holding lines became finally accepted as the most effective solution of the problem.

Experience demonstrated that there were, unfortunately, too many loopholes in the old laws, whereby corporations and aliens might obtain title to the lands, while the citizen still failed to cling to his acres as homesteading implies. Governor Frear and the native prince delegate to Congress, J. K. Kalanianaole, conferred over a bill designed to remove these limits. This bill, after being approved by the native legislature, was introduced into Congress by Kalanianaole. It shut off the speculator and corporations by providing that when a homestead patent is issued the land shall not be sold to any one who would own more than eighty acres with that particular homestead property. But its strongest provision is a direct blow at the Japanese, for only citizens, or those eligible to become so, can take up homesteads, and the latter class must complete their citizenship before the patent is issued. The sale of public land to a corporation or alien is prohibited. The general details of the land laws are not changed, the idea being to offer the prospective settler, under a special homestead agreement, a certain area of good arable land, the size being left to the discretion of the Commissioner of Public Lands. The area will, it is thought, vary from twenty-five to forty acres of the best land, but considerable latitude in this regard will prevail. As a general thing, a long residence is to be required. No one can take up more than eighty acres under any circumstances.

Congress promptly gave to Hawaii the authority to bring about this "revolution" which will shut out the alien, check the centralization of landholding, and give back to the people their acres. But in the creation of an element to cope with the Japanese lay the strongest argument with Congress for granting the people of Hawaii the aid that they sought.

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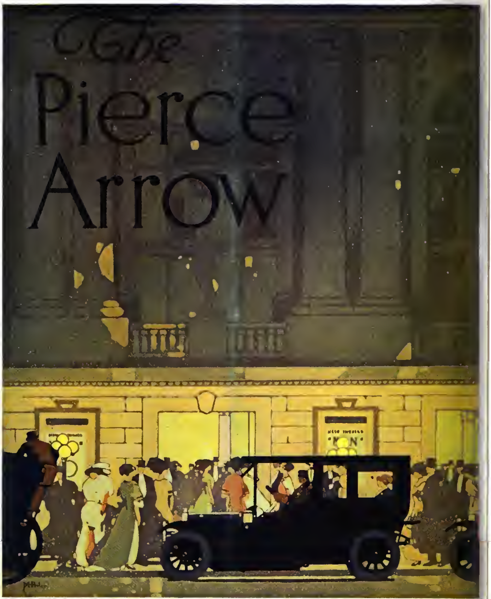

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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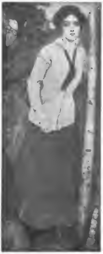
The Wild Olive



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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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Allow me to add my word of appreciation to others that you are able to publish as fine a novel as "The Wild Olive." I must confess that I subscribed to the Magazine because I wished to get the story, having read "The Inner Shrine." Now, however, I find that I enjoy the other parts of the Magazine nearly as much. I am a very busy man, but Harper's does not remain long unread.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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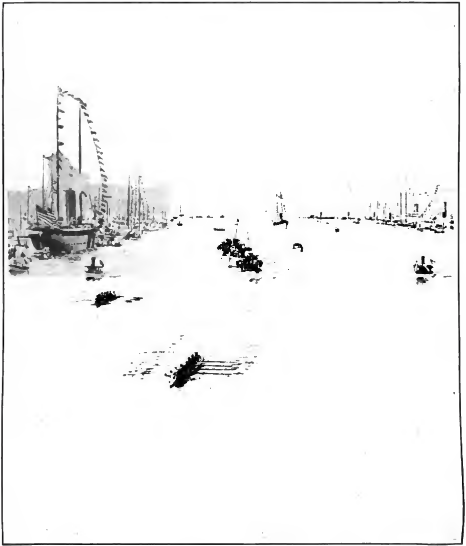

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HARVARD MAKES A CLEAN SWEEP

The Crimson 'varsity eight leading the Yale crew across the finish line at New London by six lengths in 20 minutes 46 1-2 seconds. Harvard won also the Freshman and four-oared events

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Comment

A Good Healthy Jolt for the Colonel

"Wadsworth openly defies Roosevelt," cried the *Evening Journal's* headline on June 30th, signifying that Speaker Wadsworth was continuing his opposition to the Cobb compromise direct-primary bill, notwithstanding that Colonel Roosevelt, on the invitation of Governor Hughes, had declared himself in favor of it.

Of course the Speaker "defied" the Colonel. Having opposed direct-primaries right along, how could he face about at Mr. Roosevelt's first suggestion and be for them! Wadsworth was bound to go on, and he went on to some purpose, for the bill was beaten 80 to 63.

Nevertheless, if the Colonel takes up the cause of direct primaries, he may be expected to be helpful to it in the long run. The bill has done him a good turn. By being beaten after he had commended it, it has helped to demonstrate that if the Colonel is coming back into active politics, he will come in on very much the same level as other folks. That is, we presume, the level on which he would prefer to work. As a political dictator fulminating from a high seat, he could not last. As an influential citizen whose opinions interest a lot of people but carry no particular authority, he can live and operate pretty comfortably. In so far as the defeat of the Cobb bill lets him down from an uncomfortable and anomalous political elevation it does him a good turn, and he ought to be (and possibly is) grateful to Speaker Wadsworth for bringing it about. The significant thing about his eleventh-hour intervention is that it shows which Republican group in New York State he prefers to line up with.

Mr. Osborne for Governor

> Where will the Democrats of New York find a better candidate for Governor than Thomas Mott Osborne, of Auburn?
>
> Where will they find a candidate who is a more faithful representative of independent Democratic thought and independent Democratic courage? Where will they find a candidate who would devote himself more completely to the work of giving New York a clean, vigorous, intelligent administration of public affairs?—*The World.*

We should like to see Mr. Osborne Governor of New York. He has been the leading factor in getting the Democratic party in this State into condition to do something. Thanks more to him than to any other one person, the party begins to look attractive to independent voters who wish to see the government of the State continue in clean, strong, and responsible hands.

Our neighbor, the *World*, says that Mr. Osborne is the type of man that is worthy to succeed Mr. Hughes. He resembles Mr. Hughes in being a great deal more of an individual than he is of a type. Both men are very individual. Mr. Osborne is able, upright, devoted; a man made of such unusual materials and impelled by such unusual motives, that his development in high public office would be exceedingly interesting to watch.

Let the States Do It

With Secretary Knox joining Secretary Nagel and Senator Root in the contention that the States were meant to do something in our plan of government, and that everything ought not to be left to the Federal machine, the amount of Republican commitment to that view is growing impressive. It is in order for Democrats also to contribute by some practical insistence on State duties, as well as State rights. The principle that there are no rights without corresponding duties is sound morality and sound politics as well. We are glad to see one Southern paper, the Savannah *News*, raising the question why those Southern States which have within their limits great areas of valuable swamp lands should wait for Congress to set about draining them instead of taking the matter in hand themselves. Florida, in undertaking to get her immense Everglades drained, has set an excellent example. That, we believe, was the policy with which Mr. Broward first commended himself to the State and won the Governorship. His recent victory in the Senatorial primaries would seem to indicate that his people continue to approve him and his ideas. It should be remembered that when such lands are worth claiming the State does not really have to pay for the work. It merely has to lend its credit to the enterprise, as the national government does in the redeeming of waste lands in the West by irrigation. This, moreover, is but one of the ways in which the States may provide remedies for the recognized evil of too much Washington. We do not believe the so-called "House of Governors" is going to develop into a permanent second Congress—or that such a consummation is desirable; but that movement also is significant of a desirable reaction against Federal bureaucracy and a wrong kind of centralization.

That River and Harbor Bill

Some of us may still think that the best thing President Taft could have done with the River and Harbor bill was to veto it, but we are bound to concede that if he didn't do the best thing he did do the next best. Current slang proffers a characterization of his course which we will not decline. He resorted to a "near-veto." At one time, he frankly declares, he had made up his mind to apply the real veto; but there were appropriations in the bill which he finally considered so correct and needful that he thought it unwise to kill them in order to kill others that were thoroughly bad. His message, however, makes it wholesomely plain that he means Congress to understand that it must not do this sort of thing again. It shows, too, such a thorough understanding of the way the thing was put together, and such a vigorous disgust with the "piecemeal" plan of appropriating the people's money—the plan, namely, of spending a little here and a little there, to satisfy a majority of the Senators and Representatives, instead of providing fully for improvements it is really intended to complete—that there can be no doubt as to where the President stands or as to his competence to deal with this kind of log-rolling.

His power to serve and protect the public interest in the matter would, however, be greatly increased if a reform that has often been proposed could be carried through. The President ought to have the right to veto specific items in an appropriation bill, instead of being forced either to accept the objectionable with the unobjectionable or else reject both with a good prospect that his veto will be overridden. It is interesting to recall that the framers of the Confederate Constitution, most of them men who had served in the government at Washington and studied it closely, gave the Confederate President that privilege. Several of the States also have in this matter shown a wisdom which the nation has failed to exercise.

Calm After Storm in England

The political situation in England is anomalous. A contest of almost unprecedented fierceness has been followed by a quite unprecedented kind of truce. The scheme of a conference between chosen groups of leaders of the two sides is extraordinary: but so is the controversy it was devised to end. According to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the entertaining correspondent of the *Times*, it was not long before the Laborites and more radical Liberals began to find the truce more disquieting than the fight; and it is not to be wondered at. The two sides have been for the moment like two armies facing each other in battle array, but resting on their arms and in anxious suspense while something or other is going on between the lines. That sort of thing always gets on the nerves of fighting men, whether soldiers or politicians. The radicals have been uneasy lest Mr. Balfour, always agile and dexterous, should get the better of Mr. Asquith about the Lords and keep for the aristocratic and perpetually Tory chamber the substance of its power, making only delusive concessions. The Irish party has held aloof lest something should be done that would hurt the cause of home rule or lead to an understanding that would involve a budget with a heavy tax on whiskey. Among the Conservatives, on the other hand, ardent followers of Joseph Chamberlain have not been without fears that Mr. Balfour, whom they suspect, not without reason, of lukewarmness toward protection, should sacrifice that cause to save the Lords.

Reasons for the Truce

It would be hard to find a precedent for the new King's so far interfering in party politics as to ask Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour to arrange the conference. We should probably have to go back to George the Third, of unhappy memory, for anything quite comparable to it. King Edward, it is true, made himself felt very distinctly in the foreign relations of the empire, and so, in one memorable instance—an instance we Americans have particularly good reasons not to forget—did Queen Victoria. But in domestic politics interventions by the sovereign have been, since George the Third, either extremely rare and unimportant, or else extremely well concealed. Nevertheless, the new King's action has provoked little or no criticism; and for good reasons. It can hardly be said to have brought the crown into the controversy; the crown had already, before King Edward's death, been brought into the controversy. The Irish and the radicals had demanded of Mr. Asquith that, in case the Lords should continue stubborn and unyielding, he should demand "guarantees" of the King that the crown would interpose by creating new peers, and to this pressure the Premier had so far yielded as to create a general impression that he would in the last resort do what was asked of him. Moreover, it has been felt that the issue is so far unlike ordinary political struggles that some disregard of precedents is justified. A fundamental change in the Constitution is proposed. The Liberals claim that by the act of the Lords in rejecting a money bill a fundamental change in the Constitution, a breach of the Constitution, has already, in fact, been perpetrated. The British Constitution, unlike ours, makes no special provision for amendments; no special process or machinery of change is sanctioned; and the political genius and temper of the people is opposed to sudden changes. That has been the strength of their system, and has enabled it to stand unshaken so many times when well-nigh the whole Continent has been swept by revolutions. In the change now proposed the crown is unquestionably concerned; that it should have a voice in the matter is reasonable. It is reasonable also, and entirely wise, that the resources of compromise should be exhausted before the resort to radical methods and measures.

A Representative of the Solid South

Senator McEnery of Louisiana who died last week, was often pointed out as one of the odd figures of the national capital. He was old and bowed and deaf, and of peculiar manner and appearance. But people who knew the whole of his career would generally add that it would be a mistake to set him down as not a man of ability. He had been Governor of his State and had sat on its Supreme Bench before it sent him to Washington. Still earlier, he had been a resolute leader in the long and dangerous struggle that finally delivered Louisiana from the worst carpet-bag misgovernment that afflicted any of the Southern States except South Carolina. The interesting thing about the Washington part of his life was that as Senator he was on many questions, and particularly on the tariff question, an excellent Republican, and not merely a Republican, but an Aldrich Republican. One of the stories oftenest told about him was to the effect that one day, failing to hear the earlier votes in a division, he bent over to his nearest neighbor, his hand at his ear, and inquired in a whisper audible throughout the chamber, "How did Aldrich vote?" Yet we do not recall that his right to participate in Democratic caucuses was ever questioned; nor is there, on the other hand, any reason to question the sincerity of the convictions expressed by the votes which he contributed to Republican majorities. The anomaly of his sitting on one side of the chamber and voting with the other side, of his supporting Republican views and policies while holding Democratic credentials, is sufficiently explained by the fact that he belonged to the

Solid South. He was originally put forward by his people because on the race issue, with which the tariff and most other national issues have no connection whatever, he stood conspicuously for white supremacy. He was thus sent to Washington to represent a State which asked protection for one of its chief products. He remained a Democrat on the local issue and acted as a Republican on most national issues. But to explain the anomaly is not to justify it. In continuing to send such men to Washington as Democrats the South is not merely subordinating national issues to a local issue. It is also subordinating the present to the past. It is deferring to the conditions of decades ago, and acting as if it were still exposed to a danger which in fact has passed away.

An Assailant of the Solid South

There would seem to be but two ways to make an end of this practice, which is now generally conceded to be not merely anomalous, but hurtful to the South itself, which it deprives of influence at Washington, and also demoralizing to both the national parties. One way is for the South to adopt the same criterion of Democracy that is elsewhere prevalent, and send to Washington as Democrats only men who would be recognized as Democrats in quarters where there is no negro question. The other is for those States and communities in the South that prefer Republican representatives at Washington to send them there as Republicans, wearing the regular label. On this point one of the set speeches which crowd the *Congressional Record* of the last day of the session—and most of which were probably never actually spoken—is of decided interest and pertinency. It is a speech by Mr. MOREHEAD of North Carolina, Republican, the cotton-manufacturer who two years ago won a surprising victory by overcoming a big Democratic majority in the Greensboro-Durham district, which has many cotton-mills. Clearly intended for campaign use, it is in the main a recital of the old high-protection arguments, with which we do not agree, but in part a very candid criticism of the Solid South, with which we do agree. It is candid because Mr. MOREHEAD does not hesitate to hold his own party largely responsible for the state of things he is attacking. Two things, he said, are responsible for the Solid South. One is the old bogey of "nigger and Reconstruction"; the other is the Republican "pie-counter machines," headed by the so-called "referees." The first appeals to the ignorant and timid and the bitterly prejudiced; the second deters the intelligent and self-respecting from asserting their independence. He believes, however, that the Southern people are daily growing more and more restive concerning both, and that the end of both is not far off. We sincerely trust he is right; for while, of course, we have no desire to see high protection gain strength in the South or anywhere else, we hold it desirable, from all points of view, that such protection sentiment as there is in the South should be represented by avowed Republicans like Mr. MOREHEAD rather than by Democrats like Senator McENERY. As for the Republican pie-counter machines and the Democratic forced revivals of race prejudice as a partisan political device, the only question is as to which is the more inexcusable, the more detestable, the more inimical to the South's own welfare and progress.

Senator Daniel

A fine old Virginia Senator of the old school was JOHN W. DANIEL. Not a very aged man—sixty-eight—he had lived long, for he enlisted in the Confederate army at nineteen and was Senator for twenty-three consecutive years. Of the other sixteen years of his life he spent four in the Civil War, two more in studying law, eight in practising law and serving in the Virginia Legislature, and two in the House of Representatives, so nearly all of his adult life was spent in the public service. He was a Presidential elector in the TILDEN campaign, and was, naturally, a Democrat of the stripe that could never see a satisfactory candidate in Brother BRYAN. His old-fashioned eloquence he kept under rather severe restraint, but it was excellent of its kind. In the Senate, where he served so long, he was beloved and honored by his colleagues without distinction of party.

A Senator We Continue to Like

If the new States of Arizona and New Mexico should each begin business at Washington with a Senator of the quality of Senator GORE of Oklahoma, our doubts about the wisdom of admitting them would promptly diminish. Our renewal of the approval of the Oklahoma Senator which began when we read his speeches during the tariff debate is not prompted particularly by his recent denunciation of the McMURRAY Indian claims, although his vigorous protest was evidently sincere and will doubtless defeat whatever fraud has been attempted. There were already so many investigations ordered that something like a fourth of the membership of Congress will be busy this summer conducting them, but Senator GORE'S word is sufficient evidence that McMURRAY is entitled to his. It is, however, the Oklahoman's entire career in Washington up to the present that commends him to our good wishes. If we should single out anything in particular for favorable comment, it would be the independence and good sense of his vote for the tariff commission—the only one from his side of the Chamber. We advise the Democratic managers to send him into the doubtful districts this autumn.

Alarums and Excursions

The alarums issue from the war correspondents, now centred about Oyster Bay. The excursions are made by statesmen of all parties, but all headed toward the same magnetic point. A good many of the latest have been ventured by statesmen of the insurgent persuasion, including the defiant Mr. PINCHOT and the warlike LA FOLLETTE, and they have supplied material for many of the alarums. But of these several that were loud and startling were sounded either from or to the State House at Albany. He was against the primaries bill! Think of it! Of course it was doomed. Then he was not against it. Joy, joy! Then he was for it—and that was true. Then he was going to Beverly. Then he was not. Then he went. Then he was going to tell Governor HUGHES to run again. Then—but really it's too hot, and one must have a care of one's nerves. We will read no more, lest we also never sleep again.

New Plans for Central Park

Park Commissioner STOVER has got some extraordinary-sounding plans for spending a hundred thousand dollars to make Central Park more useful and refreshing for the people—especially the small people—of this town. They include a swimming-pool, a wading-pool, a running-track, a nursery with baths for small children, some more tunnels and bridges, and other things. These plans sound rather fearsome and ought, of course, to be searched with close scrutiny by expert and considerate persons before they are adopted. President MITCHELL of the Board of Aldermen and Borough President McANENY are their most influential backers. They have alarmed the vigilant guardians of the Park a good deal.

Nevertheless, we presume that a good deal might be done with money and brains to make the Park minister more to health and happiness than it does, and might be done with slight damage, if any, to the Park's present beauties if enough skill and judgment went to the doing of it.

The Park, as it is, has been considerably changed within five years, without cutting down a tree or spading up a yard of sod. The thing that has changed it is the automobile. It is not, and will not be again, what it was before the automobile invaded it. That being so, perhaps we should adjust our minds to some careful and considerate adjustment of the invaded Park to the needs of an automobiling generation. To the motorless the Park is not so pleasant as it was before the motors came; to the motorers it is less important than it was to the carriage people. Some pretty uses of the Park have passed. It is doubtful if it will ever see another four-in-hand parade; the autos have spoiled that. It is to make the utmost now of what the whirring, smelly mechanisms have left of it, and perhaps these new plans will further that purpose.

Some day Blackwells Island will be added to our park system. Some of these new plans sound fitter for that than for Central Park, but let us see.

Bird-men and Dreadnoughts

The experiments by GLENN CURTISS at Lake Keuka in dropping dummy projectiles on a dummy battleship are very much to the point. CURTISS made fifteen hits in twenty-two attempts, one, it seems, from a height of nine hundred feet. That is significant even though it is not war. It makes it look as though the microbe had been developed which should rid us of the Dreadnoughts, for, imperfect as the aeroplanes still are, they might even now be a greater worry to battleships than the torpedo-boats are.

Dreadnoughts at twelve or fifteen million dollars apiece are a universal nuisance. All the world wants to be rid of them. If the bird-men can put them out of fashion, the next Nobel prize should go to one of them, and the weary taxpaying world will clap its hands.

The Bible and Obsolete Words

The tercentenary edition of the English authorized edition of the Bible, over which there was a conference of learned men in Princeton last week, is to have some changes. Where the meaning of words has changed, the text is to be changed so as not to be misleading; where the old version is obscure it will be changed in the interest of clearness; where it is infelicitous in choice of words that will be set right; and for words that have become obsolete others will be substituted. Damage could be done on all of these lines, but happily the work is in the hands of men of taste and judgment, who will make no change for the mere sake of change.

As to obsolete words, it may be said that no word that is in the Bible can become obsolete. The Bible words live, and undoubtedly the English Bible has done a service to the English language in keeping some good words in use that might otherwise have passed out of it. "Let" in the sense of hinder is said to be condemned of the revisers, and perhaps rightly, but it was a good old word in that use of it.

Presidential Private Secretaries

There have been twenty-six different Presidents of the United States and all of them have had private secretaries but the list of men to whom the office has proved a "stepping stone" is a short one. Here it is: JOHN HAY, HORACE PORTER, DANIEL LAMONT, GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, and WILLIAM LOEB, JR. What became of the others? They fell back into the ruck, or never emerged from it, and their subsequent careers are lost in obscurity.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Not always. One of the ablest of the private secretaries served FRANKLIN PIERCE throughout his administration. The private secretary of President PIERCE became eminent in the profession of the law, a distinguished authority on constitutional questions, a writer and leader of opinion with a range of influence perhaps not generally understood because of his indifference to public fame, and a counsellor in the largest affairs, highly regarded for the honesty and soundness of his judgment. He died a few days ago at Newport. Although no man of great ability ever cared less for the advertisement of his qualities, SIDNEY WEBSTER'S career can hardly be said to have been lost in obscurity during the fifty three years of his life after he left the private secretary's desk in the White House.—*The Sun.*

It might be put differently. The Presidential private secretaryship is a much more important office than it used to be. Between BUCHANAN and TAFT there were ten Presidents, and, by the list above, five private secretaries came to distinction.

The Adviser

*(Mr. Roosevelt will assume the role of an advisory publicist.—*CURRENT TIDINGS.*)*

Teddy will tell us the things we should do,
The things we should drink and the things we should
chew:
He'll tell us the way
We should preach and should pray
And the reason our hens are refusing to lay
And the time to cut corn and the time to make hay.
And just who has the shuffle
And who has the deal,
The place for a ruffle
And how to roast veal.
And how to build bridges, and how to make bread,
And how to remember the things we have read,
And how to write headings,
And what kind of pants
Are worn at noon weddings,
And how to kill ants,
And how to peel onions and what's good for bunions,
And how to can berries and care for canaries,
And how to make fences,
And how to set hens,
And what are the tenses,
And how to fix dens,
And how to raise babies,
And how to make kites,
And how to cure rabies,
And how to run fights,
And how to run trolleys and cook hot tamales and
what to feed collies,
And how to stuff pillows and when to trim willows and
what causes billows.
And how to keep cool,
Cure balks in a mule,
Store eggs so they'll keep,
House cattle and sheep,
Heal burns on the hand,
Make chests to expand,
Embroider a monogram, repaint a chair,
Retrim an old bonnet, and what will grow hair—
O Teddy will tell us the things we should know
Just as he's been telling since long, long ago!

JEFFERSON TOMLINS.

The Other Side of It

IT is one of the difficulties of our human limitations that we can never wholly enter into another's scale of values. Even with those we most admire or love, the best we can do is to appreciate or pardon; we can never completely understand. If this is true of those so seemingly like ourselves, how the gulf widens when class and circumstance and interest help to separate! The king's heart is unsearchable, so is every man's.

It is a Machiavellian saying that a man may always be known by his vanities; it is a truer truth that men are best known by their aspirations. Vanities are on the surface of a man's life, but aspirations, shy and hard to come at, yet give the measure of the secret life. And it is well to remember that no life is lived without some aspiration. Crude, or queer, or stunted and wrong-headed the aspiration may be, but still it is there, and is, in its essence, the life itself.

There are certain classes of aspiration that literature hardly touches at all, or comes at merely to exaggerate or caricature. BAGEHOT says, "Nothing is so rare in fiction as a good delineation of the poor." The small, compressed lives of the thousands in the large cities—not the desperately miserable, but the very limited; the mass who daily face the sobering and depressing problem of making the two ends of necessity and satisfaction meet; the folk who buy on the instalment plan; careful, thrifty, orderly, law-abiding; treading the slow, dull round of repeated tasks, the dreary way from factory, workshop, foundry to home; going, the men, with steady, low pressure, beaver-like energy, and the women at higher pressure and with more spasmodic outbursts—these are the people who have not yet had their adequate historian or biographer. DICKENS laughed at and with them; GISSING broke his heart over their miseries; many writers have dealt with them in groups, as a class or an industrial force, but has any one delved to the root of their individual aspirations or uncovered the secret of their enduring hope and faith and charity? Despite the great variety of characterization that Realistic Fiction offers, it knows these people from without rather than from within; and it has never quite done justice to their literary leanings. Their preferences, too, are significant. The persistence of the literary type they admire strikes us, when by chance we fall foul of it, as something quite wonderful. It is a persistence that points directly to some inherent craving, some definite need.

If there is one assertion that can be made without qualification, it is that the People, en masse, do not care for tales about the People. They have enough of hardship, disappointment, limitation. They are not yet mentally ambitious or clear-seeing enough to see realism as a means to understanding, as a possible remedy. When they turn to literature it is for recreation and diversion, and so, to them, marble steps are better than wooden ones, and a three-story house grander than a one-story. They do not think of themselves as men and women; our common humanity has no charm for them—they are "ladies" and "gentlemen"—literature must offer them a multimillionaire, an earl, a wealthy banker, or at any rate an adventurous and successful engineer. They know all too much of the life of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. They want beauty, which is still all-conquering; they want luxury to open their eyes and make their mouths water; villainy must be all villainy and thoroughgoing, and invariably overcome in the end; virtue and heroism must be awarded the purple and fine linen of life, and the story must never end badly. Thus, honors are easy, and since the time of the emendation of Job this preference has prevailed. Life itself supplies all the tragic endings necessary. Did not a corrected *King Lear*, with Lear and Cordelia healthy and victorious, hold the stage for years? To hold the mirror up—not to life, but to a kindly fancy; to offer a *divertissement* from too much hard living, this is what these crushed and crowded souls desire. Of unalleviated nature they have drunk too deep a draught; it is glittering romance that offers them a rest from reality.

There is a "widow lady" at the corner who keeps a thread and needle store; she has over and above her wares a wonderful green and gold parrot, and a small circulating library which is a side-industry and by-product of her genius for keeping soul and body together. The books are sedately and uniformly garbed in dark brown, glazed, dressmaker's cambric, and for the sum of two cents a week the neighborhood has access to her shelves. A certain literary zealot, aflame with missionary fervor, in good faith and innocence of heart undertook to make some gratuitous additions to the widow's stock. He offered a volume by one of our most respected and admired realists—one whose apotheosis of the common and the commonplace is, perhaps, just a thought extreme—and then the missionary drew back to watch and see how this barnyard fowl of realism would affiliate with the wondrous creations of romance.

"It don't seem to go!" said the widow sweetly and apologetically. "It's been out so seldom, I ain't felt a call to cover it. See, how nice and clean it is! But Ouida and The Duchess, my! they go like hot cakes." The literary zealot, disheartened, has not returned to see, but he believes the uncovered book is still clean from little handling while the neighborhood still revels in rampant love stories, supernatural detective cunning; in the Earl's daughter with her purple robe and floating hair who paces the terrace in the moonlight; in the heroine of beleaguered but invulnerable virtue; in the coal-black villain and the victorious millionaire.

Would it not be a genuine study in realism to fathom these literary leanings? To know why certain plots never lose their charm and what stage of human development finds enduring delight in clandestine marriages, children stolen in infancy, gypsies of melodramatic type, wealth exceeding the legend of CROESUS, and surroundings so strangely mixed as to defy description.

The English of these books is deliberately elegant. Though far removed from that in use in any class or country, it is usually good, substantial "dictionary" English, in perfect keeping with the "company" manners, Sunday clothes, and closed, ornate little parlors of its readers. The hero, heroine, villain, banker, earl, working girl, and engineer all talk alike and all are equally elegant. No one drives a horse; they "hold the ribbons over the mettlesome steed." They do not see things; but things "flash upon their bewildered vision." Children are not stolen, but "spirited away." People never go backward, they "recede"; they do not simply want, they "yearn"; they are not dressed, but "attired," and frequently in remarkable fashion. "She was a picture of exquisite woe, attired in pale-blue satin dripping with point-lace," is one bona fide example. To the factory girl who goes to work in calico at dawn, so decorated a woe as that may well seem bearable. Again, "he receded toward the door, supporting her insensible form in his arms," is an incredibly frequent occurrence in these pages, and the time-honored device of a scar or a birthmark to identify the lost hero or heroine never wears thin or loses its novelty. A preference prevails for villainy wearing dark hair and eyes, and virtue blue-eyed and blond; "haughty smiles curl the lips" of every one, and he is a contemptible hero who is not six feet tall or, better, six feet two, with broad shoulders and a square jaw. He is also muscular and "handsome as an Apollo," a recurrent phrase which would seem to suggest that the god had been twins at least.

The deep hold these romances have upon the mind may be seen in the Christian names that are given. A certain stevedore who reads the *Arabian Nights*—fascinating, debatable ground, half doubted and half believed—has a daughter MORGIANA, called Momie for short; the younger sister is MARY CAMELIA. But these are moderate. The near neighborhood boasts ARDELLA MARCELLE, GLADIOLA, EOLIA, CORINNA, CORLISTA—possibly a variant of Callista—though why any should name a daughter for ROWE's fair penitent, it would be hard to say. Azalea and Myrtle are great favorites. The names of boys are oftener homespun than those of girls, still that certain square boasts a PERCIVAL, a THEODORE RAYMOND SMITH and a dear, dirty, snub-nosed little REGINON, a happy combination of his mother's imperfect recollections of Reginald and Algernon. One may "stand" with good grace to proper Christian dignity for little, bald-headed EUGENIA LENORE, but ANDREW BENJAMIN HARRISON JACKSON staggered the officiating clergyman. "It seems good measure, don't it?" said the happy father, pleased at the sensation; "but we're born JACKSONS; he's got to be that, so I thought I'd start him late in both parties and he could take his pick later." "So's there'd be no hard feelin's either way," interpolated the mother, eager to back her husband's judgment.

Yes; these names are like the scarlet geraniums in the tin can on the window-sill and the pink newspaper print on the wall. They may be outcome of but a rudimentary sense of beauty, but they are full of a wistful reaching forth toward loveliness, toward life on the ascending scale. The stories which quieted the yearning and fed the impoverished life are after all serving where and as they may. Learning to read by no means implies learning to think. As Mr. Dooley says, "You can lead a man to the university, but you ca-ant make him think." These printed tales, at least, offer to their readers a something "apart from the sphere of our sorrow." They give them momentary release from the cares of to-morrow, the dull fatigue of yesterday.

Let realism delight its hundreds. For a century or so yet, the cheap romance will delight its tens of thousands.

Correspondence

HONEST, AND NOT UNINTELLIGENT, AND YET

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *June 16, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I'm a subscriber to your WEEKLY and by no means an unintelligent man. I would like to know the meaning of the paragraph headed "Ridiculous" on page 5 (June 11th). It seems to me an attempt to be witty that sinks to the depths of senility. I'm honest. I really want to know its meaning.

I am, sir, J. F. M.

OUR SIXTH-PAGE EDITORIALS

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I think you wrote that beautiful editorial "Dependence" especially for me. I don't know if it is gratifying to an editor to know that the things he writes are helpful and rescues one from despair. At any rate I feel like telling you, as I sit day after day "trapped" and chained to a wheel-chair, that many things you have written have meant so much to me. One of the most beautiful things you have ever written was the editorial, "The Will and the Way," and on the same page was "A Last Will," by Williston Fish, December 12, 1908.

I have sent that page to many a "Shut In." If it is ever published in booklet form I would like to know it, as I should love to send it to many a one who has a heavy burden to carry. I am, sir,

H. L. M.

Look in *The Human Way*, by Louise Collier Willcox (Harpers), for some of these pieces.—EDITOR.

BRYAN UNSOUND ON ECONOMICS

KEOKUK, IOWA, *June 20, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—John Audrey Jones in your issue of June 18th answers your comment of June 12th, in which you inadvertently (I believe) used the phrase "The principles of Cleveland or of Bryan." It is regrettable, this phrase, in that you gave John Audrey Jones a false premise on which to base an argument.

Has William Jennings any political principles? In following his career I have never discovered anything that he has said or done that would lead me to believe he would know a political principle on sight. He is always fresh and verdant with paramount issues, and with his gift of speech or, I may say truthfully, oratory, is preaching them from shore to shore to a rapidly diminishing audience. Mr. Bryan is not a bad man, I believe, but he is that much more mischievous for that reason. He is as unsound in economics as a ground-hog is on the weather.

I am, sir,
HOWARD W. WOOD.

A GOOD TRACT

TROY, N. Y., *June 20, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—May I thank through you the author of "The Escape from the Immediate," in the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY?

I only wish it was printed in leaflet form, as I could send it to at least half a dozen friends. In the rush and hurry of "catching mice," such words are as refreshing as a cool evening breeze after a hot day. Again, to the author, let me say, Thank you!

I am, sir, X.

Sayings of Thelismer Thornton in "The Ramrodders," by Holman Day

"THERE's a rule in seafaring that holds good in politics. If you're trying to catch off a lee shore, it's no time to be pulling down your canvas."

"Some people think they are parlying when they burn a egg."

"We've got peace in stock and fight on tap. Full assortment and no trouble to show goods."

"The stingiest year since the grasshoppers ate up Egypt."

"Try to weld a cat's tail and a tallow candle and see how you get along."

"I should have played the game different with angels, but I couldn't find the angels."

"You'd have stood about the same chance as a worsted dog chasing an asbestos cat through hell."

"Did you ever know a man to get anywhere in politics if he didn't play the game—honesty or no honesty?"

"You'll find political haloes, when you get too near to 'em, something like restaurant doughnuts—holes surrounded by poor cooking."

"You can't pinch up a line gale by putting a clothes-pin on the nose of a tempest."

"There are some things in politics that have to be done as gentle and careful as picking a rose petal off a schoolma'am's shoulder."

"I never knew but one man who could keep his mouth shut under all circumstances when he felt it his duty to do so. He's dead now. He fell off a bridge on his way to church and didn't holler 'help' for fear of breaking the Sabbath."

"The old Yankee stock doesn't need a stepladder to stand on to light the moon."

"They're going to beat Dave Everett just as sure as the devil can't freeze his own ice."

"Good, healthy, vigorous enemies are a compliment."

"Ideals are blasted good in their way, but in politics cut out the *I* and attend to the deals. It's the only way you'll get anywhere."

"Reform in politics is popular just as long as it doesn't hit individuals."

"There are folks suspicious enough to accuse Saint Peter of starting Lent and ticking off Fridays from the meat programme simply because he was in the fish business."

"A platform that sounds as though it was drawn up by the house committee of Paradise."

"Get aboard with the winners. You won't amount to anything sitting on the bank and bellowing."

"Ramrodders are the kind that believe that just having the law makes every one good."

"There's more or less barbed wire in politics. But don't lay it to the devil. That will be elevating accidents onto too high a plane."

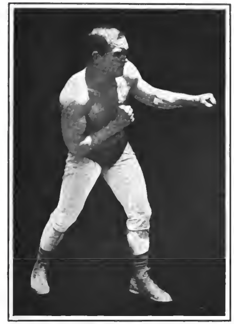
"Constable Pike went to replevin some hens, and, after he'd chased each hen a dozen times around the barn, he set down and charged up mileage to the county."

"After Dave Darrington lost his voice he used to rap on the trough of his pigpen at feeding time. Then a woodpecker went to live in the pigpen and the hogs went crazy."

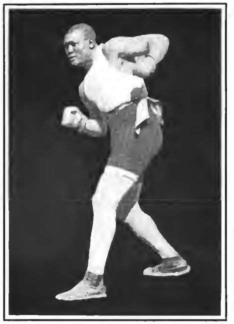
"Noah hadn't been stamping around on dry ground long enough to get his quilts aired out before he was drunk on Noah's Three Star!"

Johnson Wins the Great Fight

THE GALVESTON NEGRO CLINCHES HIS TITLE TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD BY DEFEATING "JIM" JEFFRIES IN 15 ROUNDS AT RENO, NEVADA, ON INDEPENDENCE DAY



JAMES J. JEFFRIES



JOHN A. JOHNSON

JAMES J. JEFFRIES was born in Ohio in 1875, of English stock, three generations in America. He is taciturn and persistent. His father gave up the comforts of his home on a California farm to become an itinerant preacher. Jeffries grew up on the farm and spent his leisure in long, solitary hunts among the mountains. He learned the trade of boilermaker and left it to become a sparring partner of Corbett, the champion in 1897.

Soon after Fitzsimmons beat Corbett, Jeffries knocked out Fitzsimmons in eleven rounds and became champion of the world. He also beat such wonderful fighters as Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin, and Jack Munroe, the whole group comprising an array of force and skill such as no other pugilist has ever met. Jeffries conquered them all without being extended to his utmost resource. He retired from the championship in 1905 because no man living dared to fight him, and he was not inclined to make money by mere posing.

During his retirement Jeffries lived in luxury, and his only hard exercise consisted in occasional deer or bear hunts in the mountains. He spent more than a year conditioning himself for this battle, taking several months of daily light exercise, a season at the cure at Carlsbad, and concluding with three months of exceedingly hard work in the mountains of California.

Jeffries stands 6 feet and 1 3/4 inches, and weighs 225 pounds in ring costume. His arm reach from tip to tip is 75 1-2 inches; girth of neck, 17 3-4 inches; of biceps, 15 3-8 inches; of forearm, 13 1/8 inches; of chest, normal, 44 1-2 inches; expanded, 49 1-4 inches; of waist, 36 1-2 inches; of thigh, 25 3-4 inches; of calf, 17 3/4 inches.

JOHN ARTHUR JOHNSON was born in Galveston, Texas, in 1878. He is pure black, loquacious, and as full of pranks as a schoolboy. His career in the prize-ring has been far from brilliant, but this has been due perhaps to the lack of illustrious competitors rather than lack of ability. He dared not fight Jeffries when the boilermaker was in his prime. Sam Langford, the black middleweight, half a head shorter and fifty pounds lighter in weight, once beat Johnson and could not coax him into the ring again. Sailor Burke, a white middleweight, drew with him in nine rounds.

When ancient Bob Fitzsimmons claimed the championship after the retirement of Jeffries, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien wore him down and out in a sprinting and jabbing contest. Then a French Canadian, Noah Brusso, calling himself "Tommy Burns," knocked out O'Brien, and fled to Australia to give exhibitions and make money. Johnson followed, challenged and beat "Burns" steadily for twelve rounds, when the police stopped the contest, though the white man was on his feet and protesting. Since then Johnson has beaten Stanley Ketchel, a middleweight.

It must be remembered that Johnson never dared prior to his battle with "Burns" to show his true form, for he usually had to agree not to knock out his adversary in order to get a match at all. Johnson stands 6 feet 3/4 of an inch, and weighs 210 pounds in the ring. His arm reach is 72 1-2 inches; girth of neck, 17 1-4 inches; of biceps, 16 9/10 inches; of forearm, 13 1/10 inches; of chest, normal, 42 1-2 inches; expanded, 45 inches; of waist, 36 inches; of thigh, 24 3/4 inches; of calf, 15 3/4 inches.

IT was an evil day for Jim Jeffries when he listened to public clamor and decided to go back to the ring. All the history of the fighting game warned him away, but he was full of confidence in himself and he gratified the wish of the hundreds of thousands of white men who besought him to go back and regain the championship of the world which he had won and defended and relinquished, undefeated.

So he went back to the ring, where a big black fighter was waiting for him, trained to perfection. And one hour later he was lying at the feet of this black man—the only time he had ever been felled—bleeding, scarcely conscious, and conquered.

Thus was it an evil day for the stalwart boilermaker when he first thought to return to the most trying form of athletic struggle known to man after five years spent in idleness and luxury. And worse was to follow—he was deaf to advice and persisted in training in his own way, so that he came to the crisis without having done sufficient "work," as trainers term it, and not fit to do himself full justice. Of his rugged honesty, his unflinching courage, of the great heart that went undaunted to defeat, there was no shadow of doubt. What is written here is uttered in no spirit of criticism, but rather in an effort to discover to public view the causes of the great downfall of the white champion at Reno, Nevada, on the Fourth of July.

Jack Johnson, the Galveston negro roustabout who beat the boilermaker, is a good man, an unusually good man, and there are many who believe he would have been a dangerous opponent for Jeffries at his best. Possibly he would have been. Certainly he earned his victory fairly and honestly, and his conduct throughout the contest reflected credit upon him, for he labored under many disadvantages.

The history of the match is unusual and worth noting. When Jeffries was in his prime, early in 1904, Johnson, who was just beginning to make himself a name as a good second-class fighter, one day made bold to ask the champion for a match. The great man looked at him from head to foot. There was scorn in his glance, and his voice was cold when he replied.

"Here's a thousand dollars," he said to the negro. "You needn't put up a cent. I'll go right down in the cellar with you, put this thousand on the floor, and lock the door. Whoever is able to unlock the door can take the money and go."

"Oh no, suh," Johnson protested, humbly; "I ain't no cellah fightah. No, suh."

The giant snorted and turned aside. Johnson bothered him no more. Then for a year Jeffries went on his way. The only battle he had after that was with Jack Munroe, and that was a mere joke that lasted less than two rounds, for Munroe seemed hypnotized by the bulk and quick ferocity of the champion and simply faded away, although not long before he had easily beaten down the great Tom Sharkey.

No one challenged after that, and Jeffries early in 1905 retired from the championship, weary of exhibiting himself on the road with his theatrical troupe, and preferring the comforts of his home in Los Angeles to the hardships of touring the world. Incidentally he became the ostensible proprietor of a glittering saloon in Los Angeles, and his presence there drew much custom and big profits. Also it established in him a lively taste for champagne and rich food—things that are as poison to the fighting man.

The championship sceptre—or is it, after all, a bauble?—meantime was tossed from hand to hand. The ancient Bob Fitzsimmons, from whom Jeffries had wrested it and who made a marvellous effort to regain it, was the logical title-holder when Jeffries retired. "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien challenged old Fitz, and in seventeen rounds of lightning-like jabbing and still more speedy sprinting and skipping about the ring so tired poor old Fitz that he fell prone and could fight no more. Then a French Canadian calling himself Tommy Burns beat O'Brien in an unsavory battle and hurried off to Australia to exploit it and gather money—which, by the way, he accumulated to the extent of $100,000.

Jack Johnson, who in the mean time had fought many second-class and third-class men, was taken to Australia by Sam Fitzpatrick to challenge Burns. The two fought at Rushcutter's Bay for fourteen rounds, during which the negro laughed and smirked and joked with the spectators, but cut and battered the unhappy Burns into a sorry state. The police ordered the contest stopped because Burns was helpless.

Johnson dismissed his manager and toured Australia and Europe, making money right and left, as any champion will who chooses to strut on the stage. Whether it was deep cunning or an inborn craving for big talk that prompted him may never be known, but soon after his return to America, Johnson began to make slurring remarks about Jeffries.

"I ain't goin' ter chal'nge Mistuh Jeff," he said, "'cause he's retiahed—an', 'sides, he's so old an' fat he cain't fight anyway."

Gossips, sporting pages, a thousand agencies, spread the news on every breeze. The old lion heard it and growled. That was all. He was fat. That was true. He had abandoned the ring forever as he believed because there was no one to fight him and he hated all play and no work. Now this upstart who had never beaten a first-rate man was seeking a little cheap advertising by belittling him—him, the conqueror of the mighty Sharkey, the willing Ruhlin, the dexterous Corbett, and the terrible Fitzsimmons—and he would not pay any attention to the fellow's foolish chatter.

But the chatter grew and spread and was echoed and re-echoed from mouth to mouth and column to column wherever the English language was spoken or printed. There was no white man other than Jeffries fit to cope with the gigantic black. There was a big Californian youth, Al Kaufman, strong and game and willing, but slower than a stalled freight-train. Impossible.

Men all around the world began to ask the question—will Jeff fight the negro? Not a day passed that some one did not ask Jeffries point-blank. He growled. He muttered. He would not answer. To escape the incessant iteration of the tiresome thing he went off in the California mountains on long hunting trips. There, tramping the heights alone, carrying a rifle, a blanket, and a little ammunition, he found peace from his tormentors. Something else he found: that each day's climbing and walking was easier work; that muscles long unused and overlaid by the fat of high living were growing more useful on every hunt; that heart and lungs responded to the call of strenuous work—in a word that he might become again the man he had been. Might become, for, of course, these simple tests were not conclusive.

Returning to his home, Jeffries found the question growing more clamorous day by day. Dour and slow of speech as he was he would not answer yet.

"I'll do light training for a few months," he announced, "and then I'll decide."

So in February, 1909, the old champion began a long tour of the United States, giving athletic exhibitions in theatres and earning $2,500 a week. He boxed on the stage, used dumb-bells and pulley-weights, tossed the heavy medicine-ball, and punched the bag. Nearly every day he took long walks and runs on the road. Late in the summer he declared he had found himself equal to the task of hard training necessary to fit him for a finish fight. Then he went to Carlsbad, took the cure, and returned to New York looking strong and very well indeed. Most of the fat had vanished. His waist was slim, his eye bright, his skin clear and fine. He continued his theatrical exhibitions, making on the whole venture about $80,000.

Champion Johnson gladly accepted Jeffries's challenge to fight for the title, and the two met in December, 1909, and signed articles for a contest of forty-five rounds under Queensberry rules for a purse of $101,000. There were more exhibitions by both men, of course, and then Jeffries settled down in the early spring for three months of hard training at Rowardennan, a tiny resort among the mountains of California. The negro champion did not begin training until nearly a month later. He did not need so much preparation, for he had been fighting at frequent intervals since boyhood, and although he had led a gay life between times, he was able to bring himself to fighting condition in a short time.

The first question now gave way to a more serious one: Can Jeffries "come back"? All the legends of training and the history of the prize ring were against his "coming back." Champions in other branches of athletics have returned to competition after long absence and repeated their early triumphs, but for some reason no man has ever done this feat in pugilism. Jeffries knew this, but the difficulties in the way only added zest to his task. He took long runs every day in the hills, built a handball-court and played many games on it—fine work to develop speed and endurance—and boxed and wrestled a little every day. Such famous veterans of the ring as Jim Corbett and Joe Choynski and the negro Bob Armstrong, worked with Jeffries. But they could not make him box very much. In his early days Jeff had never taken kindly to advice, but Delaney, his trainer, had succeeded in persuading him to box a great deal. Now he refused absolutely to be guided by the men around him. They begged him to box more, but he refused to do more than a little work with the gloves each day. In running many miles he believed he obtained the best work for endurance. Probably this was true, but a fighting man needs more than endurance—he must be able to block the blows of the enemy and beat him down—and the best way to fit himself for this is by plenty of practice at the actual fighting game. But Jeffries had his own theories, and against them no amount of pleading or urging by his associates could prevail. Johnson, although in excellent practice by reason of his many battles, boxed twice as much in training as did Jeffries. And the defeat of Jeffries may be due in large measure to this very omission.

Governor Gillette of California, a few weeks before the battle, declared that the contest could not take place in that State, and the promoters hurriedly shifted the battle-ground to Reno, Nevada, nearly a mile above the level of the sea. The warriors moved their training-camps to the outskirts of that city, and declared that the rarefied air of that altitude did not affect their breathing. Experts in droves visited the camps and pronounced their condition perfect. Johnson, with his long legs and massive arms and shoulders, looked a perfect fighting machine. Jeffries realized Homer Davenport's description of him: "Why, he's the fellow that lived up the Rocky Mountains and left 'em there." But there were dissenting voices. Billy Muldoon, long famous as a trainer, and Mike Murphy, adviser to hundreds of champion athletes, said emphatically that, though the muscles of Jeffries seemed perfect, much of the fat must have remained hidden from view, but a clog on endurance. They said, too, that he had not boxed enough to fit him for a fast fight with a dangerous man. Despite all this, popular clamor predicted victory for the old champion. He was the favorite in the betting at odds ranging from 2 to 1 to 10 to 6. The prevailing odds were 10 to 6½ on the white giant.

The Fourth of July was cloudless and hot in Reno. Beds, meals, and baths were scarce in the little city, whose population was suddenly increased to thrice its normal size. Sleeping-cars in which thousands had journeyed to the fight from every part of the country were parked on sidings for miles. The glaring sun from a vault of blue shone upon a great multitude swarming out upon a dust-hidden road in every sort of vehicle. For hours the throng poured into the arena specially built for the contest. Imagine a gigantic spider's web of unpainted yellow pine slightly depressed at the centre and you have a rough picture of the structure. In the middle was a raised platform upon which was staked out a ring twenty-two feet square, its floor covered with canvas tightly stretched. Here the champions were to meet. Each had told his thoughts. Jeffries said: "This fellow has bothered me a lot and made me work like a dog for a year. I'm going to get him." Johnson said: "I'm just goin' to tub Mistuh Jeffries out. Then I'll get him."

Twenty thousand spectators, among them more than a thousand women, filled every bit of space in the amphitheatre. A band of twenty pieces played patriotic airs. Billy Muldoon called for three cheers for "the citizens and the Governor of Nevada, the only free State in the Union." The cheers were hearty. The ancient and tiresome custom of introducing a long line of champions and ex-champions was faithfully and tiresomely followed, and then the men suddenly appeared in the ring. The crowd cheered frantically, clapped hands, stamped feet, whistled, and whooped. Johnson smiled, pleased as a child. Jeffries chewed gum and looked morose. When he took off his clothes and stood forth stripped for the encounter the cheering must have rolled against the snow-capped Sierras twenty miles away. The grim giant looked a Hercules in bronze. The eye could find no trace of imperfection in him. Every muscle seemed rugged and pliant. He seemed the giant of old. His costume was a pair of purple trunks upheld by an American flag worn as a belt. He took the southwest corner, with the sun at his back.

Johnson tossed aside his gray silk bathrobe and stood revealed in blue trunks, also belted with the national colors. He smiled in a friendly way as he looked across the ring at Jeffries, but the white man glared at him without a sign of recognition. By special agreement the men did not follow the ancient custom of shaking hands before the contest.

The gong clanged at fourteen minutes of three o'clock, and the men came cautiously out of their corners. Jeffries hurried forward eagerly at a pace that carried him past the middle of the ring, while Johnson shambled loosely on his long, ungainly legs, seemingly in no hurry to come to close quarters. Although actually an inch taller than the negro, Jeffries crouched so that he seemed the shorter of the two. His massive legs and his broad deep shoulders made him appear far the stronger. His movements were faster, too.

The left fist of Jeffries shot out in swift flight toward the negro's chin, not so much to hit him as to draw him into making a counter blow, to "feel him out," as the phrase goes, and learn his style and the distance at which he worked. Instantly the negro shuffled back out of reach. One could not say he stepped. Rather it was as if he had slid away from the attack. He grinned in a tantalizing way—or possibly it was in pure merriment, for the negro has the mind of a child. Again Jeffries stepped in and darted his left fist toward the black face. Again the evasion. As Jeffries gathered himself for another attack, the long black left arm shot out and the gloved fist struck high on Jeffries's cheek, not a hard blow; for this, too, was a bit of the "feeling-out" process. Johnson grinned once more, for he had found it easy to hit the white man.

Jeffries dashed in and swung his left fist in a short, hooking blow that crashed on the negro's neck. A yell from the crowd showed that the punch had great moral backing. But it did not hurt Johnson, for, as the white man followed his blow by clinching and driving his right to the body, the negro hooked his left to the jaw. Each drove his left fist on the neck as they broke from the clinch, and as the sound of the gong stopped hostilities Jeffries smiled and playfully tapped Johnson on the shoulder.

No one ever expects much of a first round, yet this one was a disappointment to the crowd. Jeffries had not shown a bit of superiority to his opponent, and the negro, perfectly at ease, seemed to find no trouble in trading blows. When they came out again the negro confidently began to make the pace, finding Jeffries's ribs with a left hook, slipping away, and suddenly shooting the same fist smartly upon the white man's right eye. Jeffries seemed woefully slow. He tried his left for the head and darted in as if to clinch. The agile negro slipped away from his grasp and laughed at him.

"Ah, don't love me so!" he exclaimed, and drove his left fist flush on the chin. Then, in a sudden change of tactics, he swung up a hot left uppercut. In the next round the negro stepped in and out of striking distance in a way that seemed to puzzle Jeffries, and in the frequent clinches Johnson took pains to hold Jeffries safe so that the white man could not drive in any of the short grinding blows to the body with which he used to do so much execution.

Nevertheless, Jeffries did smash the negro three times upon the body in the fourth round, and thereby evoked much cheering. But the old punishing power was lacking, for Johnson was not in the least distressed and he fought along comfortably and seemed happy because he was holding the enemy harmless. The negro's famous golden smile vanished when a left hook from the old champion caught him full on the nose and started a small red stream. Then Jeffries rushed at him, grasped him around the body, forced him against the ropes, and drove left, right, and left into the body. This was Jeffries's round, and the crowd howled and cheered. But the black man was smiling again—ominous sign—and he seemed as fresh and as happy and as cautious as at the beginning of the engagement.

"Ain't so easy, am I?" laughed Johnson, as they began the fifth. Jeffries kept forcing, but did little damage. He seemed slow and anxious to clinch for the sake of driving in body blows at close range, and still the black smothered his efforts by hanging on to his great arms, laughing meanwhile and keeping up a running fire of taunts. Jeffries drove home his left on the mouth and so added a little to the stream of red that marked the negro's face, but Jack only grinned and talked the more. During all this time Johnson was measuring the enemy's strength and timing his blows—that is, learning by careful experiment just how hard and how quickly the white man could strike and how best to stop or evade him. The study bore fruit in the sixth round, for Johnson suddenly leaped forward and drove his left fist with all his might straight upon Jeffries's right eye, closing it almost instantly. A hush fell upon the throng which so lately had been wildly cheering Jeffries. Though the old champion's seconds worked hard between the rounds, they could not relieve the eye, and during the rest of the battle the white man appeared to be handicapped by his impaired vision. And now, having learned how best to reach the giant with the least danger to himself, the negro kept changing his point of attack from the eye to the body, then to the nose, then the ribs again. The negro's defence was steadily improving. Jeffries could not drive home one half of his blows. The negro laughed at Jeffries as he missed blow after blow in the twelfth round, then, holding Jeff's arms harmless in a clinch, taunted Corbett.

"Thought you'd have me fightin' wild, didn't you?" he shouted. "Who's wild now?"

Though Jeffries was painfully slow and his legs were shaky in the eleventh round, he rallied and looked fresh in the twelfth for a few moments, but he was soon driven to clinching to save himself from further punishment.

"Why don't your man fight?" the negro shouted to Corbett in Jeffries's corner.

"Why don't you fight, yourself?" Corbett taunted in reply.

"I'll do it," laughed Johnson, as he pushed Jeffries away and drove right and left flush upon his red-smeared face. The bell rang and Jeff tottered to his corner.

"Clever, like you, eh?" Johnson sneered at Corbett as he watched Jeff. The old champion was a sight to bring pity from all who saw him. His upper lip was cut through. His nose was streaming red, his closed right eye cut and bleeding, and his forehead scraped and raw. During the thirteenth and fourteenth rounds he walked almost blindly into punishment, and did not seem able to retaliate.

When the bell rang for the fifteenth round Jeffries was hardly able to stagger out of his corner. The negro, like a great black panther, sprang upon him and whirled right and left in swinging blows upon the battered face. The giant fell to his knees. He was dazed, almost blinded, but with what fragments of consciousness he had left he listened intently to the voice of "Tex" Rickard, the referee, as he cried out the seconds he was counting. At the sound of "nine!" the giant slowly drove himself upright. He tried to raise his hands and move forward to fight, but before he could take a step the black pounced upon him again with a shower of blinding blows that benumbed his senses and again felled him. For the second time he arose and faced his enemy. The gong clanged, but no one heard it. Johnson crouched and sprang, and once more beat him to the floor, almost through the ropes, in his own corner. Rickard bent over him and began counting the fatal ten seconds. ". . . Ten!"—and Jeffries lay as he had fallen. Then his seconds half dragged, half carried him to his seat. On his face were agony and shame. He tried to arise and fight.

"It's all over," the seconds yelled in his ears as they lowered him down.

"What's that? What's that?" the giant asked, gazing about him helplessly.

"Cheer up, Jim. You did the best you could," Corbett urged.

"Huh! Not a hit, was it?" Jeff muttered as he understood at last. Johnson came over and grasped his hand.

"Mistuh Jeff," he said, "you fought a square fight, and I hope you have no hard feelings."

"No," Jeffries answered. "No. I did the best I could; but I guess I ought to have got you."

And this was the end to an hour's fighting—and a great fighter had succumbed to a greater one.

HUMOR IN THE JAPANESE STYLE

By Charles Johnston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENJIRO KATAOKA

JAPAN contributes to the mirth of the world one of the rarest of all things, a lady humorist. I know not where we might find another, unless it be the charming and nimble-witted writer of *The Rubaiyat of Bridge*, and even then I suspect the Japanese lady of incarnating anew in New Jersey.

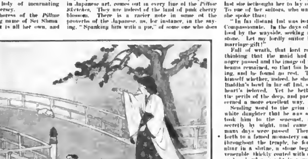
Be this as it may, the authoress of the *Pillow Sketches*, who bears the inspiring name of Sei Shonagon, has a humorous charm that is all her own, and there is something essentially modern in the best sense in everything she wrote, though nine long centuries have passed since she graced the Mikado's court at Kyoto. One of the charming things about her is the way she jests with the august personage, half ruler and half demigod, who stood at the summit of Japanese life. What, for example, could be more winning than this cat and dog story, as she indites it?

"The august Cat in Waiting on the Mikado," she tells us, "was a very delightful animal, and a great favorite with His Majesty, who conferred on her the fifth rank of nobility and the title of Chief Superintendent of the Ladies-in-Waiting of the Palace. One day the Cat in Waiting had gone out on the bridge between two of the buildings of the palace, when the nurse in charge of her called out, 'How indecorous! Come in at once!' But the Cat in Waiting paid no attention, but basked sleepily in the sunshine. So in order to frighten her, the nurse cried, 'Where is Okinamaro? Come, Okinamaro! Bite the Chief Superintendent!' The foolish dog, thinking she was in earnest, flew at the cat, who in her fright and consternation took refuge behind the screen of the breakfast-room where His Majesty then was. The Mikado was greatly shocked. He took the cat into his august bosom and, summoning the Lord Chamberlain, gave orders that Okinamaro should have a good thrashing and be banished to Dog Island at once. Alas! poor dog! How he used to swagger at his ease! When he was led along with a willow wreath upon his head, and adorned with flowers of peach and cherry, did he ever think it would come to this?"

The good lady of the *Pillow Sketches* is full of shrewd observation and graceful expression. For instance, she makes a list of detestable things. People who ride in a creaking carriage, she says, are very detestable, and must be deaf as well. When you ride in such a carriage yourself, it is the owner who is detestable. Again, people who interrupt your stories to show off their own cleverness are detestable. All interrupters, young or old, are very detestable. People who, when you are telling a story, break in with, "Oh, I know," and give quite a different version from your own, are detestable. There is even more salt in this: Very detestable is the snoring of a man whom you are trying to conceal and who has gone to sleep in a place where he has no business. And the universal voice of humanity will bear out Sei Shonagon, when she says that fleas are detestable, especially when they get under your clothing and jump about. And there is a certain fine satiric note in the saying that people who mumble a prayer when they sneeze are detestable, with the added note *here*, loud sneezing is detestable, except in the case of the gentlemen of the house.

One sees that, like the more modern author of the *Mikado*, the lady of the *Pillow Sketches* "has got a little list"! And on that list she puts the preacher, thus: "A preacher ought to be a good-looking man. It is then easier to keep your eyes fixed on his face, without which it is impossible to benefit by the sermon. Otherwise your eyes wander and you forget to listen. Ugly preachers have, therefore, a grave responsibility. But no more of this!" Then, as an afterthought, "If preachers were of a more suitable age I should have pleasure in giving a more favorable judgment. As matters actually stand, their sins are too fearful to think of."

The peculiar delicacy of touch, which is everywhere in Japanese art, comes out in every line of the *Pillow Sketches*. They are indeed of the land of pink cherry blossom. There is a racier note in some of the proverbs of the Japanese, as, for instance, in the saying, "Spanking him with a pie," of some one who does a real kindness in a truculent way. In somewhat the same spirit is the saying "To spank a cat with a sledge-hammer," where, instead of the cat, our own proverb puts a walnut.



The nurse cried, "Come, Okinamaro. Bite the Chief Superintendent"

Wittily irreverent is the saw, "We call on the gods"—when we are in a fix, and there is the same touch of irony in the saying, "Pray in faith even to a sardine, and your prayer will be granted!" Somewhat in the spirit of a Japanese water-color is the quaint little proverb, "While the tears are still wet, a bee stings you"; the equivalent for the saying that troubles never come singly. Again, there is the parallel of our "Too many cooks" in the declaration that "Too many sailors make the ship go up the mountain." And even in these latter days of plutocracy, I do not remember to have seen anything so daring as the Japanese saw, "Money makes you comfortable, even in hell."

"He that praises himself is a kind of fool," is sound wisdom as well as wit, and there is a flash of fancy in the saying that an obsequious flunky "dusts the whiskers" of the great man he is flattering. Very sententious is this advice to children, from a book more than a thousand years old, "The mouth is the gate of misfortune, the tongue is the root of misfortune; if the mouth were like the nose, a man would have no trouble till the end of his days." And one might offer to Lord Rosebery, as a clinching argument for the Peers, this saying from the same antique book: "No man is worthy of honor by reason of his birth alone. It is the garnering of knowledge that bringeth wisdom and virtue."

In these days of motor-cars, one can find a very pointed application for the saying, "To see the chariot that is in front overturned is a warning to the chariot that is behind." And our good neighbor, Governor Fort, might well adopt, as a warning to motorists from New York and Pennsylvania, this old Japanese saw, "When thou crossest a frontier, inquire what is forbidden within it!"

About the time when Alfred the Great got a scolding for letting the old lady's cakes get burnt, a tale was written in Japan, called the *Narrative of the Bamboo-cutter*. Therein stands narrated that the grim, gentle old man and his gray old wife were childless till one day, chopping a bamboo in the woods, he discovered within the stem a fairy maiden bright as moonbeams. And this moon-white maid abode with them and grew, till the grim old man and his gray old wife saw that she was of age to marry.

The fame of the moon-white maid had gone abroad, and there came many suitors seeking to wed her. But the maid was obdurate, weeping in her chamber, till at last she bethought her to lay on them impossible tasks. To one of her suitors, who was a lord of high degree, she spoke thus:

"In far distant Ind was born our Lord Buddha the Compassionate. In the days of his discipline he begged food by the wayside, seeking alms, in a poor bowl of stone. Let my lordly suitor bring me the bowl as a marriage-gift!"

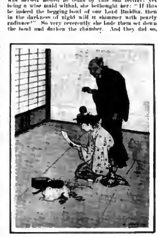
Full of wrath, that lord returned to his mansion, thinking that the maid had flouted him. But his anger passed and the image of the maid white as moonbeams remained, so that his heart was sick with longing, and he found no rest. Then he questioned with himself whether, indeed, he should go forth to seek the Buddha's bowl in far-off Ind, so that he might win his heart's beloved. Yet he bethought him not less of the perils of the deep, and presently pondering he discerned a more excellent way.

Sending word to the grim old man and his moon-white daughter that he was set forth for Ind, he betook him to the seacoast, and then turned back secretly by night, and came and hid himself until many days were passed. Then in pilgrim garb he set forth to a famed monastery on Mount Ohara. Seeking throughout the temple, he found at last, behind the altar in a shrine, a stone begging-bowl, very old and venerable, thickly coated with dust and black with age, such a bowl as might in very truth have belonged to the Lord Buddha.

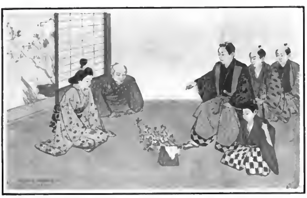
Wrapping it in a rich brocade, and binding with it a spray of pink cherry blossoms artfully wrought of paper, he set forth, richly dight, to the house of the old bamboo-cutter and the moon-white maid. And the maid was full of awe and wonder when she saw the rareness of the gift. Unwrapping the folds of silk, she found within the bowl a strip of paper, with these words written on it:

"Oh, the rock-riven mountains,
Oh, the storm-driven fountains;
Oh, the vigils I've kept,
Bowls of tears I have wept
In the quest of the bowl!

The moon-white maid, being indeed of gentle heart, was herself moved to tears by this sad recital; yet being a wise maid withal, she bethought her: "If this be indeed the begging-bowl of our Lord Buddha, then in the darkness of night will it shimmer with pearly radiance!" So very reverently she bade them set down the bowl and darken the chamber. And they did so,



She found within the bowl a strip of paper



Deeply sighing at the sight of the maiden in her whiteness, began thus to relate the quest

but the bowl shone not, were it even the faint glimmer of a firefly! When they lit the paper lanterns the courtier had fled, and the moon-white maiden was glad within her heart, for she would fain flee from wedlock. Therefore smiling to herself, she wrapped the bowl again in the brocade of silk and sent it to the lordly suitor, with such verses as these:

"Not a glint of light
As a dew-drop bright
Lurked within the bowl!
Nay, how could it shine
Hid in that dark shrine?"

The courtly man, when he received the bowl and read the verses, strove at first in his wrath to break the bowl. But it was hard and brake not, therefore he cast it from him. Yet as he was a learned man and a courtier, though sick at heart, he sent to the moon-white maid such verses as these:

"At thy radiance, maid,
Did the bowl's light fade,
Its sheen outshone?
It would glow with light
Were thy eyes less bright!"

But the maid answered him not, and he hied him homeward, full of sorrow and despair, and bitterly blaming the heartless maiden.

Not more fortunate was a prince who likewise came to woo her, for of him she asked a golden branch of the tree of life. He, too, fared him forth to the seashore, taking certain warriors of choice with him. Boarding a vessel bound for far lands, he sent these homeward, and they departed weeping. But when dark night had come he bade the shipmaster turn the prow homeward, and so came secretly to Kyoto. There he had contrived a certain subtle and crafty deed, for he was a politic prince. He built, in the loneliness of the forest, a secret house, set about with triple thorns, so that none might enter. Thither he had assembled six of those that wrought in silver very subtly, and had laid before them silver and gems and gold, bidding them prepare such a branch as might grow on the tree of life.

And they did so. And when the bough was made, all glistering with silver and gems, after many moons, he betook him again stealthily to the seashore and aboard a boat, whence he sent word to his warriors of choice that he was come home again; and they met him, greatly rejoiced at the prince's coming.

News of it came to the moon-white maid, and she wept, thinking that Fate was indeed adverse and she must wed. But the fame of the bough went abroad, and the prince came, bearing that glistering treasure, with sandalwood and rich silks wrapped about it. And with his warriors of choice he came, knocking at the chamber door. But the maid hid in an inner chamber, bitterly weeping. The old grim bamboo-cutter rejoiced at the sight of the prince, for he was indeed a most princely suitor; therefore bidding the prince be of good heart he himself came in to the maid, bearing the bough, and with it verses like these:

"Through perils dire
Of flood and fire
I return and bring
To the maiden's whiteness
This bough of brightness!"

Reading these verses, the maiden wept as she well might, not at the verses nor at the perils they depicted, but at her own danger, for she would fain escape the sorrows of wedlock. But the old man at last losing patience with the bashfulness of girls, reproached and exhorted her, saying, "Is not this indeed the very bough of the tree of life, glistering with jewels, that thou didst bid bring? How then shalt thou not wed him, for he is indeed a princely suitor! Has he not come straight from the shore and from the ship, lingering not even to change his raiment nor to rub off the stain that travel and distant skies have put upon him? How then, O maiden daughter mine, canst thou say no to such a one?"

But she indeed, pensive, her chin resting on her palm, as the tears slid down her cheeks, would not make answer, but by those her tears. The prince waited impatiently amid his warriors, and the old man, who, indeed, had received princely gifts, exhorted her again, saying:

"Is he not a prince of princes, O my daughter? And is not this the branch of the tree of life?"

Then sighing and weeping, she replied that she had thought the quest hard and impossible, yet the prince had accomplished it and brought the silver bough. So the old bamboo-cutter was rejoiced and brought in the prince that he might plead for himself and tell the tale of the quest of the bough. Therefore the prince came, and deeply sighing at the sight of the maiden in her whiteness began thus to relate the quest:

"In the month of pink cherry blossoms we set sail, turning the bow of our ship to the wild, whirling welter of the waves on the strange, wild ocean of the sunrise. But its dangers were naught to me, for that I so loved this maiden and could not live without her. Storm spirits screamed about us, and wide-eyed hunger haunted us, and strange sickness fell upon us in the trough of the weltering deep. Then, after many moons had waned, we came to a magical mountain, and a river of rainbow water flowed over a sapphire cliff. There grew the tree of life, and thence with my arm of might I plucked this bough, and now I have brought it to lay it at the feet of my beloved!"

Then indeed was heard without a noise of certain men crying and shouting, and one of the men came forward and said:

"The chief of the silversmiths makes this humble petition, namely, that he and his fellows have toiled many days in a house by Kyoto, making a certain silver bough. They have not received their wages. Therefore the chief of the silversmiths begs that payment be not delayed, so that they may buy victuals for their starving families!"

The tears on the cheek of that moon-white maiden dried when she heard it, but the liver of the prince melted within him and was as water, for he knew that his guile was discovered, and he fled away into the night.

Athletics as an Aid to Trade

By George Jean Nathan

An alliance of athletics and commerce, in which the latter profits through the keenness induced and energy infused by the former, is being consummated in many American business firms and corporations to-day.

One of the best examples of how athletics has been made to increase the working value of a business establishment is that of a large life-insurance company. The office building has been equipped with a complete gymnasium and shower-baths, a competent athletic instructor has been retained, and a schedule of athletic work has been mapped out for employees, both male and female. The gymnasium occupies the eleventh floor, and here, during the luncheon hour, directly after business hours, and on specified evenings during the week, the employees are given physical training. The women are provided with a special instructress on Wednesdays. There are organized basketball teams during the winter months. In spring and summer the gymnasium is moved up to the roof.

In addition a football team has been organized, and this, together with the baseball and basketball teams, plays off a series of games with the other teams composing the business athletic association known as the Commercial League.

Although athletic exercise in conjunction with business is not insisted upon by the officials of this company, the majority of the employees have entered into the movement with enthusiasm. It is an interesting chronicle, furthermore, that the efficiency of the great working staff has been found to have increased wonderfully since the "athletic alliance" has been put into practice. The heads of the various departments assert that not only has an *esprit de corps* been generated, but those of the employees who avail themselves of the athletic schedule are more fit for strong work than are those who skip it.

"You will find, too," says the instructor, "that on Thursdays, the day following the lack of gymnasium work for the men, the employees do not give nearly the impression of alertness that they evidence on the other days." The instructor keeps his eyes on the physical condition of the clerks not only during gymnasium hours, but also during his rounds of the departments throughout the day. Thus he is enabled to notice sagging vitality and to suggest to the employees so affected the remedy. The heads of the departments declare that the athletic movement perfected by the officials has succeeded in doubling the efficiency of the different staffs of workers under their immediate charge.

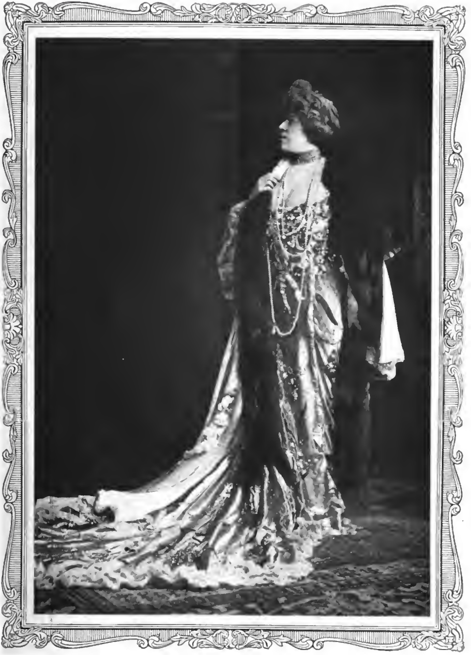
The officials of another life-insurance company, although they have not as yet elaborated their athletic-business system to the same extent, have declared themselves similarly in favor of the idea. The president and the associate actuary of the company have provided silver cups to be awarded to those of the clerical staff who shall perfect their physical well-being to the extent of winning points at the two yearly office field meets. In addition, three medals are presented in each event as a further stimulus and incentive for the men. At each of these meets, which are attended by the officers in person, all twelve departments of the company are represented on the athletic field. There is a regularly organized baseball team, and a gymnastic schedule will be put into operation as soon as a gymnasium can be rigged up.

The owner of one of the large department stores is a thorough believer in the value and importance of athletics as a means of furthering the working ability of his employees, and he loses no opportunity to exploit his ideas on the subject. His employees have been encouraged by him to organize an athletic association, and their numerous baseball and golf teams have received substantial help from his hands in the way of outfits and playing paraphernalia. In order that the small boys who work in his stores should not be overlooked in his athletic-trade campaign, he has sanctioned and helped along a system of military exercises and drills. For this purpose he has set aside the fourteenth floor of his building. Directly after business hours on Tuesdays and Fridays the boys, two hundred and seventy-five strong, are put through the exercises. Uniforms and guns have been supplied to them gratis, and every inducement is held out to make them indulge in the work. A regularly organized summer camp has been put into operation, and there, in the warm months, the boys are given courses in military training.

Several stores have gathered together their employees into an athletic league that wages contests in such sports as baseball, basketball, bowling, etc. Many firms arrange annual field days for their clerks. During the luncheon hours the roof of the building of one large department store is thrown open to the clerks, and there, any day, they may be seen going through "breathing exercises," "muscle tests," and like forms of light, though beneficial, exercises. At different times during the year a physical-culture expert is brought to the store to explain to the employees in just what ways they can derive the best results from what we may term "on the spot" exercises—that is, those physical movements incidental to their duties which make for erect carriage, deep breathing, easy stride, and general bodily benefit.

To illustrate more intimately just what is meant by such "on the spot" exercises, the best example is to be had from the courses of physical instruction that have been given to the female employees of this same department store. The young women have been formed into classes, and, on one of the upper floors of the building, have been given an odd schedule of instruction in exercises by a woman who has made a study of so-called "shop physical culture." The women clerks are taught the proper way to reach for boxes from the shelves, the best way to handle the boxes, the most beneficial way to walk and sit, the proper way to breathe, the best manner in which to pile up heavy rolls of drygoods—to sum up, the way in which to build up their bodies through attention to the seemingly minor details of their work. The idea has proved itself productive of good results. The firm maintains a home on the Jersey coast where its women clerks are sent during the summer months to add to their store of health. It is interesting to note, in addition, that the firm employs a physician to keep a constant watch on the condition of its employees, that it has a hospital department in conjunction with its establishment, and that, finally, it hires a chiropodist whose sole duty it is to look out for the care of the feet of those of its clerks whose duties keep them constantly standing or walking about the store.

The shop-gymnasium movement has spread throughout the manufacturing districts of the Eastern States. Athletics has come to be a valuable adjunct to trade. The movement has already assumed considerable proportions, and the results make assurance of that spread doubly sure.



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MRS. LESLIE CARTER

Mrs. Carter is to appear next autumn in a new play by Rupert Hughes. Since the termination some years ago of her long association as a star with David Belasco, Mrs. Carter has appeared under various managements, and last season she made a tour of the country under her own direction

Tuning Up for Broadway

THE HUMORS INCIDENT UPON THE PREPARATION OF A PLAY FOR ITS METROPOLITAN PRODUCTION

By Robert Sloss

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILLIPPS WARD

THE play bore the proud hall-mark of two famous collaborators, avatars of Beaumont and Fletcher, if you like, but more popular at present. It had a run in Chicago at the fag end of one season, and at the beginning of the next had toured "to good business" out almost to the Rockies and back to Kansas, "the Paris of America," as one of our ambassadors to France has called the State. Thence it was ordered to proceed by long jumps to New York. The manager had two productions drawing crowded houses there already. "'Yet all this availeth me nothing,'" saith any manager, with Haman of old, while he sees one success of his still on the road without the baptism of Broadway. The authors felt much the same. As for the actors, the metropolis is their magnet. Every one was in a flutter to go against The Great White Way.

True, a handful of important characters—and by parental authority the child actor was one of them—concluded otherwise, en route. As they gave notice of new engagements, the manager grimly filled their places. Plenty of good players hated to leave New York and were idle on "the Rialto," anyway. So it was a full but shaky cast that reached the big town late Friday night.

Saturday morning was spent by the manager in doing those things he had left undone. At the eleventh hour he had been disappointed in not getting the theatre he expected. Only a late stroke of luck enabled him to arrange for another, and the two last performances of the departing play precluded rehearsals at that house before the Sabbath. An armory on the other side of town was the only place to be had, and there, far from the madding matinée crowd, the weaker members of the company brushed up on their scenes as best they could. All afternoon, in little groups on the great floor, they tried to teach one another how best to anticipate the directions of the stage-director, who had not seen their work since the show opened in Chicago. At night most of them scattered "down the line" on the scent of free seats. Afterward, some sat up swapping experiences with fellow craftsmen over café tables, till the strings of cabs and carriages had vanished from the streets, and the last elongated transfer wagon had rattled away, leaving at the theatre its load of the scenery between which and a sea of faces they were to make their stand.

There was need of sleep o' Sunday morning, not only for weary stage hands, but for worried manager, authors, and actors. The doorman was the first awake. He was not worried—he was sore. He sat long at the stage entrance, watching gloomily the passing and repassing church-goers, before any of the cast came to inquire the hour of the dress rehearsal. It had been fixed, at the last moment, for evening. By dusk even the doorman was weary of giving short answers to many questions.

When the stage hands arrived ahead of time, he nodded but sour greeting. They flung him ribaldry in return and smoked their pipes in the alley, till the stage-manager appeared and marshalled them to sort out the scenery and brace up the first boxed-in set. The property man bustled in, under the apprehension that he was late, and he tongue-lashed his boys to spryness in placing the antique pieces of furniture on their marks around the floor cloth. Last of all the electrician strolled up to his corner, threw on all his "foots," "bunches," and "overheads," and lit a cigar. He knew it was no use trying to anticipate directions of the stage-director about lighting.

Ere this the players had begun to people the stage, some all made-up and chafing, others half made-up and loafing, and a few, who had taken chances on delay, not made-up at all. They busied themselves getting in the way and out again, and cultivated various mental attitudes propitiatory to Fors Fortuna.

Then the manager began to arrive. He peered in at the doorman who was just shifting his quid at a thought of home. He was paying the expenses of the production—the manager, not the doorman—and hence was respectfully informed by the latter that every one of importance was within, save the stage-director. The manager backed out, to fume and glance dourly up and down the street—but he collided with the mercurial author hurrying up, and the two locked arms and went in search of Dutch courage. The other author, the saturnine one, came not at all, as "the wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself."

In the interim, the nervous little stage-director bolted in, on through the passage, up over the stage, and down to the front of the auditorium. He had the aspect of one about to start something. As he peeled off his overcoat and hat, the actors ceased idling and, shading their eyes from beneath, gazed fixedly at him as though they would pluck out the heart of his mystery. Others came and peered around the proscenium or through the practicable doors. One very young actress poked her head through the fireplace—which served only to call the director's attention to its not being properly enclosed. When this and other defects in the setting had been remedied, he put on his hat, took it off again, ran his hands viciously through his satiny tow hair, and said, blandly,

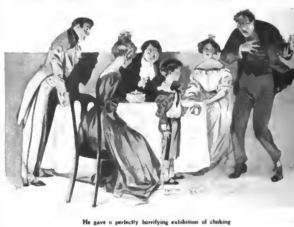
"Well, let's get to work."

"Clear!" shouted the stage-manager as the curtain rolled creakingly down and creakingly up again, disclosing a vacant stage.

"Well, what's the matter with the lights?" called the director. Whereupon the electrician came to life, and, biting hard on his cigar, threw total darkness over the scene.

A comely quadroon girl, humming a creole melody, made an effective entrance, candle in hand, and lit half a dozen others about the stage. She was ordered to blow them out forthwith, and made to relight them four times, while the director argued with the electrician as to just how he wanted the "bunches" brought up to match the candle-lighting. When that was settled, the old New Orleans living room on the stage looked a cheery place, over against the dim auditorium, into whose chilly atmosphere had now come the manager and the mercurial author. They turned up their overcoat collars and sat apart, by tacit mutual consent; each knew the other was nervous enough already. Dimly their black figures and that of the director gloomed upon the dusty white coverage shrouding the long rows of seats.

The first act was run through, with scant comment from this darkling triumvirate of critics whose opinions never reach the public. There was time enough for comment, they wanted to get a start. When the curtain fell it was ordered up again by the director. One by one the newer members of the cast came down to the footlights and stood in self-conscious attitudes, listening to remarks about their make-ups and costumes. If the triumvirate agreed upon an opinion it was addressed to the stage, and the victim, if young, said, "Yes, sir," and departed to essay improvement. The seasoned players argued about it, finally acquiesced with a nod, and went off to do nothing. An extended inquest was held upon the dress of the young lady in the "juvenile" rôle, and this waxed so serious that the wardrobe woman was impelled to make her entrance from the wings and to go through quite a convincing scene of her own. She convinced every one that the dress was the best she could do in the time she had, and there was no time to change it, and it was a pretty dress, anyhow.



He gave a perfectly horrifying exhibition of choking

They lingered longest over the comedy man. Nothing much was right about him, and he became the special prey of the author, whom the work of the previous incumbent in the part had convinced that it was fully as important as the leading man's. They agreed that the padding in the comedy man's trousers would have to be fixed, and he led them gently away from that subject by inquiring earnestly if he had played one of his scenes as they wished it. They tried to persuade him to wear a different hat, and he was voluble in explanation that his principal worry was about getting up in his lines. He had been shoved into the part at the last minute, but he cherished his own views on how to get away with it, did the comedy man.

All had talked themselves to the verge of nervous prostration, when the director suddenly called for the act all over again. This time it went with snail-like slowness, feeling its way over the stage with sensitive antennæ waving in every direction till it was stopped abruptly by a small but apparently insurmountable obstacle. That was the breakfast scene. It was all too brief for verisimilitude, and the burden of breaking it up fell upon the child actor.

The manager rose in his seat, with arms extended like a prophet of evil, and shouted:

"That scene will fall dead flat if the boy can't choke on his glass of milk hard enough to make every one jump up from the table!"

Immediately every one jumped up from the table and gathered round the child actor, to show him how to choke.

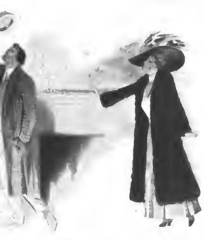
"Perfect," exclaimed the author, "if they were only trying to stop instead of start him."

"Yes," retorted the manager; "they'll never do it that well to-morrow night, even if the poor kid should choke to death by any chance."

But the child actor proved incapable of more than a mild cough or two. The little director, extending one hand and running the other through his hair, discoursed shrilly, down in front, on the art of choking as distinct from coughing. Then he himself rushed through the box door, up on the stage, took the child actor's seat at the table, and gave a perfectly horrifying exhibition of choking. The more the director choked, the less could the child actor, till he began to choke down tears, and then, in sheer desperation and some pity, the director clambered over the footlights into the orchestra, and said, resignedly,

"Well, go on with the act!"

The child actor bravely swallowed his sobs. In the very next scene it was he who was to support the first entrance of the star—for years a consistently



Turning away as lingeringly as his ulster would permit

impeccable stage hero, who had his own notions of how he should be supported. The two went through the scene once, and then the hero quelled the murmur of comment from the front by saying, "Let me show him." Taking the child actor in hand, he gently and patiently worked out his situations with the little fellow, while, with their heads together, the triumvirate below buzzed of other matters.

The act crawled on to its curtain a second time, and was straightway begun again, with even more painful precision marking every move. Volleys and running fires of criticism came hollowly from the front, halting things more and more frequently. The author was pacing the aisle now, smoking innumerable cigarettes. The manager was flicking the ashes from his big black cigar all over the floor. The gaunt little director vibrated like a shuttle, from right to left of the orchestra rail and back again, now extending a long arm to point out something, now waving both to emphasize his explanation of the way it should be done.

Brief respite came when, at last, he wiped his brow and gave the order to strike the scene and set the next one. It was past the hour when fashionable audiences call their carriages, o' week nights, and the child actor was sleeping peacefully in the third row of the orchestra, his head in his mother's lap and his little legs hanging over into the next seat. The manager and the author made their way out for more Dutch courage. The director accompanied them as far as the stage. There was no respite for him, nor did he seem in need of sedative or stimulant. He stayed to see that distance was got into the back drop, that the practicable trees were planted properly about the stage, and that the right proportions of red and blue lights went into the dawn effect.

After it was all settled, the harrowing business was begun again. Twice the second act was gone over. Twice the child actor had waked up and, rubbing his eyes, clambered to the stage to go through his short part of it. Many times the *ensemble* of plantation negroes was drilled and redrilled for position at the opening of the act. Once, at its very close, even the leading lady was thrown into perturbation.

She had been allowed to purr through her part uninterrupted, since she played chiefly opposite the hero, anyway. If that past master of romance could find no fault with her, who else should? But the author suddenly discovered that her last line was omitted, and he hurried to put mild interrogatories to the manager.

"Oh no," said the latter, loudly, "leave it out; it sounds as if she were making a date with him."

"Oh," cried the leading lady as this reached her ears, "I hope I don't give that impression!" Hurrying down to the footlights, she peered uncertainly over her hands, and continued: "I've tried so hard to keep any such suggestion out of the part. It would break me all up if I thought any one could get that feeling from my work."

The author and the little director rushed forward to explain that not her work but the line was at fault, while the impatient manager offered speedier consolation by calling, familiarly,

"Don't worry, Kate; you play the part like a perfect lady."

Then they went back over the act again, and dragged it into the wee hours of Monday morning, till each had just enough strength left to lug a confused and weary brain to bed. Who could tell what any of the players would do in the end, of all the things he had been told, to win the uncertain benison of Broadway?

Monday afternoon, the charwomen were already stolidly cleaning the upper balconies by the time the stage hands had finished setting the scene of the last two acts. The players came and lounged upon the sofas and chairs in the parlor of the plantation manor house, chatting irrelevantly and thinking of the prospect. It was not eight hours till they and the play would come to trial. The warm glow from the stage flattened out against the pale daylight that filtered into the vastness of the auditorium, making its white-covered emptiness seem colder than on the night. A single shaft of sun shot down from a window in the gallery, shifted slowly, and dwelt upon the author's head, like an aura, till he moved impatiently out of it. As the shrill voice of the director began to beat upon them once more, the actors took up the remaining scenes of the play.

Costuming was dispensed with, and in their natural and proper persons they were a grotesque company. The French quadroon maid proved to be a handsome young lady in pony coat and picture hat. Opposite her, the old black major-domo of the plantation, a famous minstrel in his day, spoke negro dialect in overcoat and derby, apparently a prosperous banker. His termagant spouse, an old mammy who threatened to "hit dat yaller woman with a flatiron," looked in repose like a prim New England schoolmarm.

But where was the hero—that bright particular star in the matinée girl's almanac? Could this be he—in a long baggy ulster, an old slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, and a growth of beard that could have been seen from the gallery? 'Twas e'en so. Those familiar dulcet cadences of romance, which were wont to set the house a-sighing, issued regularly from his lips—which closed after each speech upon a long black stogie! Early in the second act, "business" had required him to light one, and he cherished it even to the very end of the play, where he parted from the leading lady.

In fur coat and feathered hat, she awaited him, up-stage before the fireplace, where he made his appealing gestures with the stogie between two fingers. When at last he must take her hand in both of his, he laid the precious weed carefully upon the convenient marble mantlepiece and imprinted his good-by kiss on her well-worn glove. Turning away as lingeringly as his ulster would permit, he deftly recovered his stogie with one hand, removing his slouch hat with the other, so that he might put it on again in his final exit with as much grace as he would employ that evening with his debonair plug of the period.

That was the end of rehearsals. There remained an interval barely sufficient for the players to bolt some food and hurry back to their dressing-rooms. The mercurial author fastened on the comedy man and took him to dinner alone, in the hope of impressing upon him some important business of the play. Afterward, as a last request, he was allowed to comb the comedy man's wig to suit his own fancy.

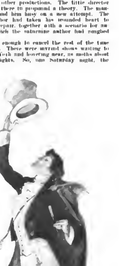
Ere the author could bring himself to relinquish this task, all the players were busily adding unnecessary finishing touches to their make-ups, and the distinguished first-night audience was pouring into the theatre. The little director was standing with his back against the curtain, pointing every way like a guide-post at a bewildering cross-roads. The manager was champing in the wings, wishing he could play five of the principal parts himself. Seeing him, the author dodged across the stage, made his way around front, and hid in the first balcony—just as the orchestra worked manfully to the end of a Southern melody and the curtain rose.

The next three hours made the febrile worry of preceding days seem superfluous. The electrician proved letter-perfect in his lights, and the dawn scene of the second act received rounds of applause. The child actor choked no better on his milk, but won his way into the hearts of the audience at once, so that they had no eyes for the breakfast scene as such. The *ensemble* of plantation negroes came on too far and backed off into each other's way, but because of their sweet singing this was not noticed, except by the distraught watchers in the wings. As for the comedy man, the house gave him the best hand of all and he made the hit of the play. Even those critics who consistently write unpleasant things admitted that—though they damned the star and the authors with faint praise.

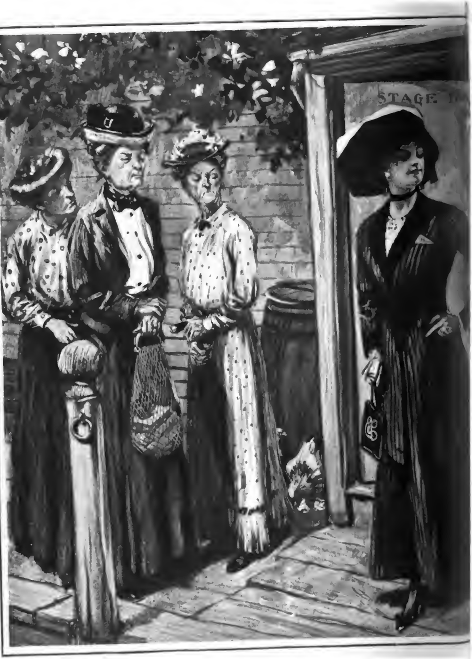
Thus the tension was much relieved when stage hands and actors settled down next evening to the work of the week. But in a fortnight all behind the "bats" began to wonder where was the great public which can give a play a two-season run on Broadway if only they will. They came in ever diminishing numbers, and as the players walked bravely before them, early aplomb was steadily dissipated into a conviction that all was not well.

It was not the first time that Broadway had baffled most of the company, but, upon their lives, they were no more competent than ever to tell why. The learned critics vouchsafed no answer; they were long since busy writing about other productions. The little director was no longer there to propound a theory. The manager already had him busy on a new attempt. The mercurial author had taken his wounded heart to Bermuda for repair, together with a scenario for another play which the saturnine author had roughed out.

It was easy enough to cancel the rest of the time at the theatre. There were myriad shows waiting to get into New York and hovering near, as moths about the electric lights. So, one Saturday night, the players laid aside their handsome and historically accurate costumes for the last time. The transfer wagons stood around the corner ready to tote everything into storage. On "the Rialto," o' Monday morning, most of them could be found pondering a week's salary and another judgment of Broadway.

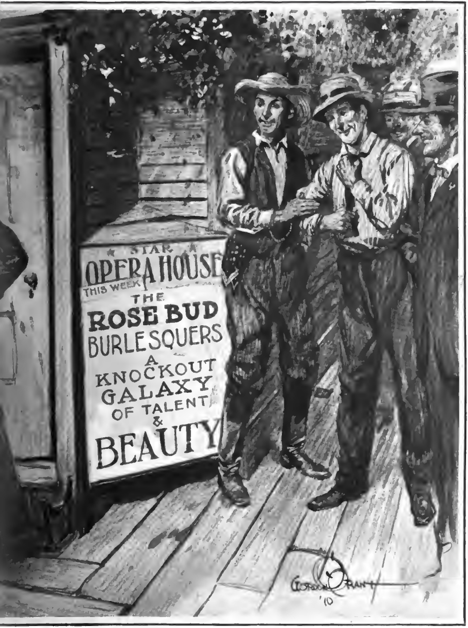


His debonair plug of the period



THE LEA

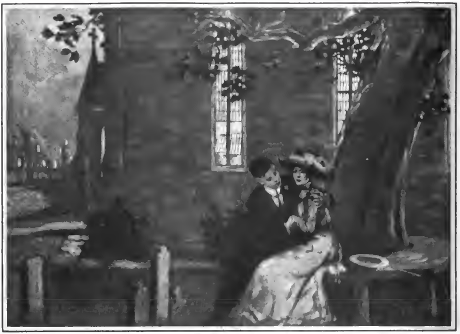
DRAWN B



STAR
OPERA HOUSE
THIS WEEK
THE
ROSE BUD
BURLESQUERS
A
KNOCKOUT
GALAXY
OF TALENT
&
BEAUTY
Gordon Grant
'10

IN' LADY

DON GRANT



THE OVERFLOW MEETING

TRANSLATED

"POPPER," said little Willie Billups, "what does the paper mean when it says that when it comes to getting next to the people, Colonel Binks has all the other candidates lashed to the mast?"

"That is the slang way of saying, my son," returned Billups, "that for keeping his eye peeled old man Binks has his opponents skinned a mile.

"There are people in this world for whom the English language is not good enough when they come to the expression of what few ideas they have in their mental garages."

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK

"Do you—er—do you think, Miss Dobbleigh, that you will be—er—engaged next Thursday evening?" asked Tompy, very bashfully.

"Well, really, Mr. Tompy," replied Ethel, "I don't know—but if you can get up spunk enough between now and then to do your share—I think there's a fair prospect that I shall be."

And Tompy did.

THE BEST SHE COULD DO

"WHY, Rastus," said the Colonel, "this egg isn't fresh!"

"Naw, suh," returned Rastus. "De ole hen what laid dat aig ain't fresh, neither. I guess it's de bes' she kin do, Cunnel."

OUR YOUNG BARBARIANS AT PLAY

FATHER: "Why are you moping about the house in this trying manner? Why don't you go out and play with Harry Higgins?"

SON: "Because I played with Harry Higgins yesterday, and I don't suppose he's well enough yet."

DIRECT PRAYER

ALICE, five years of age, was whipped by her mother for being naughty. As she came from the room her brother, a few years older, told her he had prayed for her as hard as he could.

"Pshaw!" said Alice in disgust. "God don't care anything about it. Why didn't you talk loud enough for mother to hear?"

HE DID

EVANGELIST (*to Booze*): "My friend, do you love your neighbor as yourself?"

BOOZE (*enthusiastically*): "You bet I do. She's the dandiest little widow you ever met!"

ITEMIZED

THE 'Skeeter brought his bill to me,
  And asked me for his pay.
He did the thing so cheerfully
  I bade him with me stay.
"What is the service you have done
  To place me in your debt?
You've brought no items, not a one,
  To my attention yet."

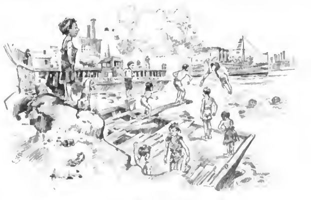
"Last night upon the sands," said he,
  "I found you with a maid.
I lighted on her cheek and she
  Her tribute straightway paid.
And you, if you remember right,
  With dulcet murmuring,
Leaned over in the soft moonlight
  And kissed away the sting.

"And later on when others came,
  A bold intrusive tide,
'Twas I perceived their little game
  The while you sat and sighed.
And so to aid you in your quest
  I sought your chaperone
And did my little level best
  To have you left alone.

"So well did I perform the task
  They one and all gave up
And left you two in love to bask,
  And drain love's sugared cup.
I pestered them until they went,
  And then I nipped her wrist,
The which you held to some extent,
  And like her cheek 'twas kist!"

"Enough!" I cried. "I'll pay the bill—
  I don't care what it is!
I'll settle with a right good-will
  For service such as this.
And what is more, my billsome friend,
  If you will stay with me
I'll pay you to the happy end
  A handsome salary!"

And that is why I did not kill
That little 'Skeeter with his bill,
And also why where'er I trek,
You find him browsing on my neck.
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



THE SEASON OPENS
"GEE! I WISHT I HAD A BATHIN' SUIT!"

HOT-WEATHER HINTS

KEEP cool! If the temperature in your office rises to 100 degrees, discard your revolving chair and have the janitor bring out a block of ice, and sit on that.

Sleep out-of-doors, and if the nights continue hot swing your hammock between two lawn-sprinklers, and keep them both going.

If you cannot play golf with a hat on, and are very bald, be careful, before going out upon the links, to cover the top of your head with varnish to keep it from peeling.

A couple of champagne-coolers filled with cracked ice will make an agreeable foot-rest during the busy hours of the day.

Avoid noticing the heat as far as possible. You will find it helpful along these lines to have the maid pour a cupful of ice-water over the thermometer every ten or fifteen minutes.

Keep your temper. The man who loses it gets hot under the collar and is in danger of having all the starch taken out of him.

If you are looking for a nice cool spot in which to spend the summer, find out just where Messrs. Ballinger and Pinchot are to be and stand in between.

Avoid over-exertion. If you are of a bilious temperament and must have exercise let it be at night, walking the baby up and down the floor or turning the ice-cream freezer in the cellar in the daytime.

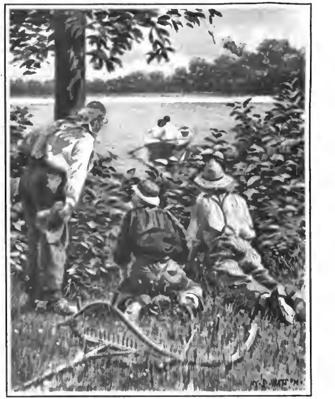
Do not blame the Weather Bureau because the thermometer is so high. The goats this year are the comet and the Payne tariff bill.

It will be perfectly safe for the next few days, anyhow, to leave off your winter flannels and to let your furnace fire go out. Such sudden cold spells as may now appear, lowering the temperature into the nineties, can easily be taken care of by your open fireplaces.

Whatever the temperature, do not fail to greet your week-end visitors warmly, and be careful not to let any coolness arise between yourself and your friends.

Be merciful and do not fire your cook on an already over-warm day. She may explode violently if too suddenly discharged, especially if she is loaded.

This is a good season of the year to invite your unpopular relatives to visit you, and to give them the spare room directly over the kitchen.



THERE HAS BEEN SOME DELAY IN GETTING IN THE HAY CROP THIS YEAR

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

No, Bildad, it is not hot enough for us. If you will come around in person some day and ask that same eternally foolish question, we will take pleasure in showing you how much hotter we can make it, and still smile.

The farmer who works his head and fingers off to put his boy through college is a fair example of the chap who makes hay while the son shines.

Maybe the reason so many women are caught smuggling these days is that it is not generally considered *de rigueur* for the ladies to make declarations, except during leap-year.

The aeroplanist is the sort of man who has to know how to go up in the air and keep cool both at the same time.

Bernard Shaw has announced that he is immortal. That is all right—Mr. Shaw knows it, and we know it, but will the Future know it? As Hamlet says, "That is the question."

A chemist has at last discovered how to make gold out of base metals. One's enthusiasm over the discovery is somewhat tempered by the fact that it costs about eight dollars to make fifty cents' worth. Don't sell out your mining-stock yet awhile.

They do say that a clergyman out in Reno has put out a sign reading "*Repairing done here.*" Well, why should not the menders of soles take charge of our matrimonial slippers and see that they are provided with mates!

The Mexican government has issued orders that everybody, including the peons, must wear trousers during the centennial next September. We are sorry for the man with only one pair if his wife gets there first!

The Frog sat on the lily-pad,
And wooed the Pollywog;
He asked her in his manner sad
If she'd be Mrs. Frog.
"Yes, I will wed you," she replied,
"Your greenbacks come in chunks,
And I'll delight to be the bride
Of one with lots of plunks!"
And that is why, my little dear,
Upon the midnight atmosphere
You hear the Bullfrog's song so drear—
"Ker-chunk!
Ker-plunk!
Kerchunk!
Kerplunk!"

THE THIRD DEGREE

CENSUS MAN: "Now your age, Madame. How old are you?"

MRS. GIDDY: "It's none of your business, and I'll never tell you in this world."

CENSUS MAN: "All right, Madame, I'll put you down as forty-three."

MRS. GIDDY: "Why, you horrid thing! I'm only thirty-eight!"

A CAUTIOUS GROOM

PATER *(anxiously to bride)*: "Why, Mollie, where is that thousand-dollar check I gave you to place among your wedding presents? I don't see it anywhere."

BRIDE *(cheerfully)*: "Oh, I gave it to James yesterday, daddy dear, and he cashed it this morning."

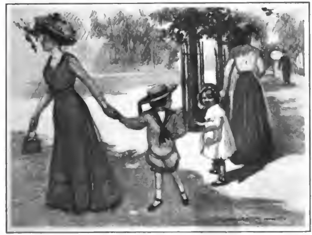
(Pater faints.)

THE PHILOSOPHER ON THE ROAD

DUSTY RHODES: "Well, Weary, we hoboes has one great advantage over these poor millionaires, anyhow."

WEARY WAGGLES: "How's that, Dusty?"

DUSTY RHODES: "Why, when we leaves our winter quarters in the county jail we don't have to tip nobody."



"THE LADIES' MAN"

The Hand at the Throttle

By Percy M. Cushing

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. E. CEDERQUIST

THE blizzard that had gouged down into the hills, wiping out sheep-herders and animals, snapping up a scattered section gang or two, and choking the gorges with snow, had nipped the Limited above Twin Rocks as she tried to squeeze through on the northern division. With her big Baldwin jammed in a ten-foot drill, she was four hours late now, and the methodical march of the hands on the clock at the mountain junction was steadily piling up the minutes against her. The two heavy rotaries that had groaned up the fifty mile grade to clear the right of way had gone off the rails in a monster drift south of Caldron, the wrecking-train that had followed had not been heard from, and I was left with plenty of time to comment inwardly on snow and railroads and the travelling business in general.

I did not look for sympathy, however.

"Too bad," said the ticket-agent. "Such a shame," volunteered the lunch-room girl. "Maybe she won't get here till to-morrow," cheerfully suggested the solitary stage-driver who took marooned passengers to the village three miles distant. But the baggage-man only looked at me quietly out of his still gray eyes.

He was a drab bit of a man, wrinkled, withered, twisted. He slouched loosely on a bench in the shelter of the baggage-shed down at the end of the long platform, where the main-line tracks threw off a bewildering tangle of snow-clogged switches into the broad trainyards below. Behind his calm gaze was the shadow of much hard toil. He glanced up at the dull sky streaming overhead.

"Lucky it stopped snowing, or you might have to wait all day," he volunteered, presently.

"Well, it 'll begin again at once if my bad hoodoo is working the way it usually does," I returned as I offered him a cigar. He took it, put it in his hat, and made room for me on the bench.

"I guess your train will get here by noon," he said, indifferently. "They're clearing up the yards now, and when they get the rest of the rotaries going, they'll make short work of the drifts on the division."

He waved his hand toward the labyrinth of the yards.

"Here comes one of the new ten-wheelers—Pacific type. Beauty, isn't she? Going to take out one of the ploughs."

A great grim locomotive, with a stubby stack and huge clanging drivers, puffed slowly down a side-track, rumbled across a switch, and pushed up to a hulking plough. I remarked on the clean, powerful lines of the engine.

"Oh, that type's common now," he said without interest. Then suddenly his face brightened, and he glanced expectantly toward the yard. Somewhere from that direction a locomotive coughed dryly. There was something raspingly feeble about the sound, a sound that reminded me instinctively of the ghastly hack of a consumptive. It was weak, senile. I followed the old man's gaze. An engine was coming toward us. It rattled slowly up over switches and came to a stop beside the big, new monster that was panting with suppressed power behind the plough. I felt as though I wanted to laugh. The incongruity of the scene was almost humorous. I said the newcomer was an engine. Well it was, or rather it had been. It might have taken an expert to diagnose its identity now. Its tall thin stack, which reached half-way up the boiler of the big ten-wheeler at its side, tilted backward in a drunken attitude. From the tires of the low drivers to the top of the narrow, dented boiler, was gray dust and dinginess. The drivers themselves looked as though they might have been selected from an engine junk heap, and I guessed all of them were flat by the way the old machine limped. The cab-windows were broken, and from one of them leaned a blue-overalled man whose greasy appearance was in striking keeping with his dirty switcher. As I watched in half-amused wonder, the engineer threw the lever to the reverse, jerked at the throttle, and pulled the whistle-cord sharply. And then I started involuntarily.

It was not a whistle that ripped the frosty air—it was a shrill, penetrating shriek, amazingly loud for the feeble old locomotive. I turned to the baggage-man with an expression of surprise, and saw that he, too, had started at the sound. The slouch had gone from his shoulders and he sat bolt upright. He pointed with the stem of his pipe at the retreating engine.

"Did you hear it—the woman?" he asked, quickly.

I laughed. "I heard an astonishingly loud squawk for such a pile of old iron," I returned.

"No, but the woman," he persisted, "the scream—I always hear it in the whistle of 492. That's why I quit."

"Quit what?" I asked.

He looked at me strangely. "Don't you know?" he said. "That was old 492—Jack Cook's engine. You've heard about Cook?"

I shook my head. For an instant his face fell. Then he brightened again.

"No, that's right, you said you were a stranger. It seems, though, as if every one ought to know about Cook. They all know on this road. You see, I was Cook's fireman. I quit when he did. The last scoop of coal I ever tossed went into the fire-box of 492. She was the best engine on the road then—though it's hard to believe it now." He was silent a moment. Then he pulled his cap over his eyes. "I'll tell you about Jack," he said—"if you don't mind."

I nodded.

"Well," said the baggage-man, "he was the crack engine-driver on the road in those days. He was a big, honest fellow with a fine engine sense and a chilled-steel nerve. On duty he was a marvel. He could work twenty-four hours on a stretch and finish about as fresh as he started. And make time! Why, he could run on schedule through any kind of weather—weather that would make any other man crawl along with both eyes tied to the pilot and hardly daring to think. Everybody from the general manager to the section gangs knew that when Jack was late there was a pretty good reason for it. Of course he got the big runs. When we put on the first through special that cut the old time two hours, Jack took it out. The general superintendent went on record as saying that with four other drivers like Cook we could clip three hours off the new schedule, which was considered a world-beater then. And I guess he was right, too.

"Jack was a young man. I doubt if he was thirty-five, and there never was a better engineer to fire for if you stuck to business. All he demanded was results, and he didn't care how he got them, either. A fireman who couldn't give him steam at any cost, in any way, but somehow steam, didn't last long—he went to firing freight. But if you did your work and kept her hot, he was your friend.

"Cook had a peculiar smile that took him straight to your heart. He did everything with a smile. When he wanted something from McPherson, the master mechanic, and the crankiest man on the pay-roll, he smiled and got it. The other men could kick their hind legs off for half an hour, and at the end of that time get fired out of the office for the pains.

"Cook just smiled at everything. The first time I climbed into his cab and he told me that if I didn't keep her hot he'd throw me out of the window, he smiled. He smiled when a coupling-pin bit off his thumb at the second joint. He smiled when they threatened to suspend him for running down Long Hill so fast that every journal on the train caught fire. And once, with eight wild Pullmans, packed with women and children, chasing us down a mountain grade with a curve at the bottom, I looked across the cab at him and saw that cool, easy smile on his lips. He wasn't afraid of hell.

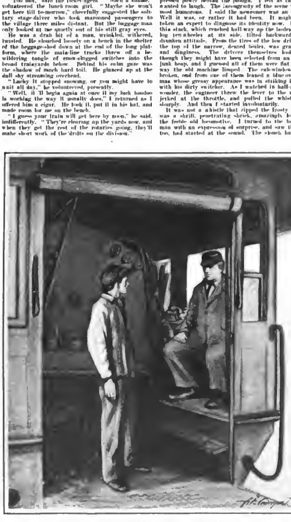
"Jack had a wife. She was a pretty bit of a girl, sort of frail and delicate, with big brown eyes and yellow fluffy hair. She had lived in the East with her folks till he met her. When they were married, she came West with him. It was kind of hard for her at first, I guess. She'd been used to everything she wanted in the city, for her people had money, I heard; and it was a big change out in the mountain town with hardly any neighbors, and Jack running long hours.

"Cook never said much about it, but it bothered him a lot, I thought. There were times when we'd spend a whole day on the engine together and he wouldn't open his mouth. Generally he would cheer up some when we got near the end of the run and he knew he would soon be home.

"She was crazy about him, too, they said. I had never spoken to her, but I saw her every day when we went past the house. When she was sick, I remember, he got a week's leave, and they said he sat at her bed for seven days and nights without closing his eyes. And once he told me he thought he'd buy a farm as soon as he could save the money.

"I had been firing for him for almost a year before the kid came. After that Cook never went home at the end of a day's run without stopping at a flower-shop. And the kid—well it was a boy, and they called it Jack junior. Cook was mighty proud of it, too, and he used to tell me about the smart things it did, while we were waiting at stations.

"The Cooks lived at Goron City. They had a little white cottage out about four miles from the station, near the road. North of the house half a mile, the track, which was single in those days, ran across a short fifty-yard trestle which spanned Tongue Creek. On the other side of the trestle was a red signal-tower. Coming down the mountain, you shot around a deep curve and saw the tower quick ahead of you, about five hundred yards distant. From Wolf's Nest through Goron City to Red Hill, our terminal, it was down-grade all the way. We always made great time over that forty miles. Old 492 was at her best in those days, and she used to bump our ten Pullmans



There never was a better engineer to fire for if you stuck to business better than a mile a minute on the run down. That was a long while ago, before they put yard drivers on her.

"Just before we reached the trestle we used to blow one long blast—the bridge signal. The road rules didn't require us to whistle for that bridge, but we always did it because of Jack's house; and Mrs. Cook knew when we struck the bridge by our voice. She used to come to the door of the cottage with the kid in her arms, and Jack would wave his hand, and she'd throw a kiss.

"Jack never said much about her until that cool June day when we were held up two hours by a freight wreck on the way over the Western divide. 'Blame that old pile of junk!' he exclaimed, pointing to the heap of derailed box-cars that the wrecking crews were fighting with. 'Bess will wonder where we are, and I'm afraid she'll worry. We haven't been this late for a year.'

"'I guess we can make up something on the down grade below Wolf's Nest,' I told him.

"He smiled a little. Then all of a sudden he turned to me, and his voice fell.

"'George,' he said, 'it's a great thing to have a wife. It makes a man out of a fellow—it makes things seem worth while. If it wasn't for Bess, I guess I wouldn't care much. I might be loafing up Opal Street with the other boys and the painted idols and the saloons. George, you get married.'

"It was so unusual for Jack that I just laughed, and when I started to reply he had dropped down from the cab with an oil-can.

"The country was full of tourists from the East. The road had been clogged with them for two weeks; and on this day, when we reached Poulter, the chief train-despatcher had ordered another section added to our train. The section was all made up when we pulled in. There were two day coaches and twelve Pullmans, a heavy load, and most of the passengers were women and children from the East.

"Just before we left, the train-master came down the long platform.

"'Can you make up some time, Jack?' he asked, anxiously. Cook smiled.

"'Because,' said the station-master, 'we're going to run the next section close—about two minutes—to make room for number 7.'

"'Run her as close as you like, Saunders,' laughed Cook, as he swung into the cab.

"We were pulling a dozen heavy coaches, and I knew the job that was cut out for me. I started in to keep her hot, and Jack took care of the rest. And he knew how to do it, too. It was a slow climb nearly all the fifty miles to Wolf's Nest, and I was at the scoop steadily, while Jack wheeled her. We were going well, and Cook had just looked at his watch and shouted that we had made up ten minutes, when one of the journals on the express-car began to scream. Looking back, I could see the yellow flames squirting out of the box where the packing had caught fire. We held on as long as we dared and then stopped to cool it. It cost the ten minutes we had gained and another one before we were going again, and Jack glanced at his watch uneasily. The section, pounding up on schedule, had cut down the time we had gained, and was little more than a minute behind us, roaring along the curves in the hills like a cyclone.

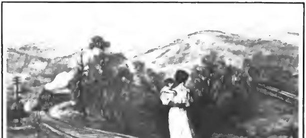
"Stepping to the gangway, I looked back, half expecting to see her, but a short curve cut off my view. I didn't have time to worry about anything except my job then. Getting the heavy train started on the grade had pounded holes in my fire, and I had my hands full levelling them into shape.

"I was a rag when we coasted through Wolf's Nest at a mile a minute and struck the long slope through Goron to Red Hill. I was dripping, aching like a malaria patient, and crazy mad at our luck.

"Cook was looking anxiously at his watch. I didn't remember ever having seen him nervous before, and he kept shooting quick glances at the steam-gauge. I was pretty near all in, but I fed her coal for dear life. We were supposed to carry 150 pounds of steam on the old 492, but I had hard work holding the indicator at 140. For some reason she wasn't steaming well—it must have been the pounding my fires got on the grade after we stopped to cool the hot journal.

"Two miles from the trestle above Jack's house, I looked back again along our swaying string of sleepers and saw the smoke of the section's engine shooting up around a curve less than a mile behind. She was coming like an avalanche. A moment later I felt the lurch of the engine as we struck the curve above the signal-tower. Climbing up to my window, I looked ahead. And then my heart turned to stone.

"Near the middle of the narrow trestle, coming straight toward us, was a woman with a child in her arms. It was too late for her to turn back—too late for her to cross. The bridge was just wide enough for the track. There was no room for her to step aside. A hundred feet below, the yellow waters of Tongue Creek crawled among the gray rocks.



She was looking back over her shoulder at a freight wheezing up a siding

"There was a quarter of a mile between us and the woman, and I thought at the time that we might have stopped. I knew afterward that, with the heavy section so close behind us, it would have meant certain disaster; and there were eight hundred women and children on that other section.

"I didn't think then, but I guess Cook did. Like a flash I turned toward him. He was looking ahead out of the window—motionless. I leaped across to him. 'The air—God, man, the air!' I screamed in his ear as I clutched for the lever. He tore me from it, and hurled me back into the cab. Again I flung myself upon him. He drove his bony fist full into my face. I reeled against the tank, caught myself, and somehow got to my window.

"The woman stood in the middle of the track. She was looking back over her shoulder at a freight wheezing up a siding on the other side. Her pink dress fluttered in the soft mountain breeze. Her light, fluffy hair blew loose about her face. It was all in a flash—one of those pictures that stay in a man's mind forever.

"And then I heard the crash of air as we went by the tower, and instinctively I caught the whistle-cord. We always whistled there—whistled for Jack's house—one long blast.

"The woman heard it, the hoarse, familiar tone of 492. She looked up, the dawn of a smile on her face, looked expectantly and—saw us thundering down upon her. I have always thought she did not understand, did not grasp her peril. I can see her now, standing there as if she was cut in marble, the baby close in her arms, the look of surprise struggling with the fading smile in the wide eyes she turned up to Jack's window. And in that instant the whole scene went out under the merciful loom of the boiler, and I heard the scream of the section's whistle as her engineer threw the brakes close behind us.

"I pulled myself together and sprang to the gangway. The trestle had flowed beneath us. The silver threads of track stretched ahead, shining in the sunlight. A bit of pink cloth fluttered from the cylinder head.

"Just beyond, a small white cottage huddled beside the track. The windows were empty. The door was shut. There was no one there. She had started down to the signal-tower to see what had delayed us.

"I looked across at Jack. He sat stiffly in his seat, his left hand clutching the throttle. His right arm hung loose at his side. He was staring ahead out of the open window. His face was turned a little away from me and I could not see it. He sat just as he sat after he had hurled me from the air lever. I don't think he moved after that.

"I looked at his back. Something made me step across the cab to him. I shouted in his ear. I took hold of his shoulder. I shook him. His hand dropped from the throttle and flapped loosely to the jolt of the swaying engine. I pulled his head back and stared into his face. His lips were set in a smile—that old smile. His eyes were wide open, but sightless. He was stone dead."

The baggage-man knocked the ashes from his short pipe, took my cigar carefully from his hat, and smelled it.

"Real Havana," he remarked. "Got a match?"

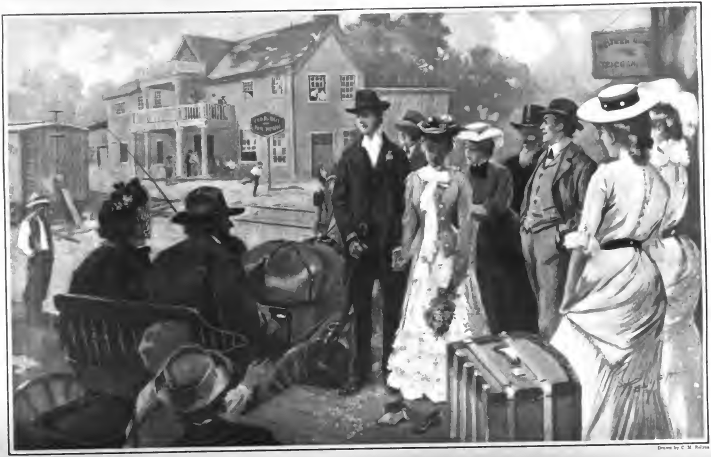
I struck one and held it for him. He puffed silently for a moment. Slowly the slouch crept up over him again. The starch went out of his back and he huddled against the wall of the shed.

Prince Friedrich Sigismund proving himself a competent cabinet maker

Prince Friedrich Karl demonstrating his ability as a locksmith

TWO PRINCELY 'PRENTICES

IN ACCORDANCE WITH AN OLD CUSTOM, WHEREBY EVERY PRINCE OF THE REIGNING FAMILY OF PRUSSIA IS TAUGHT A TRADE, TWO SONS OF PRINCE FREDERICK LEOPOLD RECENTLY APPEARED BEFORE THE EXAMINATION COMMITTEE OF THE TRADES SCHOOL AND QUALIFIED IN THEIR RESPECTIVE TASKS



Drawn by C M Relyea

THEIR WEDDING TRIP

Senator Daniel

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL, senior Senator from Virginia, died of paralysis at Lynchburg on June 29th. He was born at Lynchburg on September 5, 1842, and after a successful career at the bar, from early youth he played a prominent part in the affairs of his State. Entering the Confederate army as a schoolboy, he had risen to the rank of major on the staff of Gen. Jubal A. Early when retired, in 1864, by a severe wound which left him lame ever after. Mr. Daniel, after holding high offices in Virginia, was elected to the United States Senate in 1887, and has been returned at each election since. Senator Daniel was considered as a Democratic Presidential possibility in 1908.

The late Senator Daniel of Virginia

French School Reform

FRANCE was the first country to inculcate the ideal of cleanliness among school children. In France the children wash their hands on entering school and on leaving after the day's session. Certain reformers having declared that the children collect microbes while passing through the streets, the beginning of the school grind is devoted to instruction in hygiene. This now takes the place of the physical culture so long favored to the exclusion of more important considerations.

A bill to make hand-washing in the schools obligatory is about to be presented in Parliament. The bill will contain a clause regulating the eating of cake and confectionery by school children. It is argued that no child, while in the charge of the public school, should be permitted to enter a cake or candy shop, or to buy, or to eat, confectionery or pastry when unattended by a teacher. Everything eaten by the pupil while in the care of the school is to be inspected by the teacher. The bakeries and candy shops frequented by the children of the schools are to be placed by law under the surveillance of the board of health, and the board of education, and their agents.

The bill will cover the ethics of eating. The children will be taught table manners. The child of the people is to be shown how to consume his nourishment, not only with advantage to himself, but to the edification of the people who see him eat. He is to be taught also to recognize the nutritive as well as the toothsome and succulent qualities of his food.

Since its inception the public school has failed to justify its existence, say some people. Before all else it ought to understand the problems that it has to face. Children destined by the accident of birth to a life of hard labor ought not to be forced to waste the scant time to be given to their schooling on subjects that are not to be of use to them in any practical way. They ought not to be forced to tax their minds with the intellectual labor demanded by the careers to be provided for the sons and daughters of moneyed men. The new law, as it is planned for the French schools, will make it a crime to force the child of the day laborer, the child destined to a life of labor, to wear out the strength of his ill-fed body in class athletics, to dull his brain and strain his nerves over algebra and compound interest, or to peer through the lenses of a magnifying glass at entomological objects invisible to the naked eye. France plans to make it possible for the heir of the workman to use his school time in the study of something of practical use to the working-man.

The supporters of the bill argue that the modern public school turns out its graduate a nervous wreck, material for the degeneracy—moral and physical—of the coming race. Serge, an authority on school matters, declares that "the school of to-day is the torment, if not the ruin, of the child of the average intelligence of the masses."

Having Fun with an Elephant

AN English sportsman once fairly outwitted an elephant. It was an African elephant, taller, lighter, and nimbler than the Asiatic variety, and, like most elephants, when roused he proved himself capable of considerable gymnastic ability.

The Britisher had wounded this beast. Unfortunately, the wound was but slight, and the animal, greatly infuriated, turned and charged the hunter. The pachyderm presented a terrifying sight. With its enormous ears spread out like sails and emitting shrill notes of rage, it came tearing over the ground like a runaway locomotive. The hunter fired a second shot, but missed. His nerve was shaken and, throwing down his rifle, he sought safety in flight.

Near at hand was a steep hill and toward this the Britisher turned; for, being but slightly acquainted with the climbing powers of elephants, he thought his pursuer might be baffled by the steepness of the ascent. It was a terrible disappointment to find that the elephant could climb a hill as quickly as he could, good runner though he was.

He would have been speedily overtaken if he had not thought of an expedient. He knew that elephants never run or even walk down a steep incline, but always crouch, gather their feet together, lean well back, and slide down. Just as the furious beast got within a few yards of him, therefore, the hunter suddenly doubled and ran down the hill again.

Quick as a flash the elephant, too, turned, gathered itself together, and, trumpeting with rage, slid down after the man. The Britisher had just time to spring out of the way as the great animal came tobogganing after him, smashing trees and shrubs and carrying everything before it like an avalanche.

Once more the hunter dashed to the top of the hill, while the elephant, unable to stop itself, went careering down to the very foot, where, apparently understanding that it had been outwitted and feeling sore and disappointed, it rose to its full height and walked wearily back to its native woods.

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"We have seven children. Our baby, now eighteen months old, would not take milk, so we tried Postum, and found she liked it and it agreed with her perfectly. She is today, and has been, one of the healthiest babies in the State.

"I use about two-thirds Postum and one-third milk and a teaspoon of sugar, and put it into her bottle. If you could have seen her eyes sparkle and hear her say 'good,' today when I gave it to her, you would believe me that she likes it.

"If I was matron of an infants' home, every child would be raised on Postum. Many of my friends say, 'You are looking so well!' I reply, 'I am well; I drink Postum. I have no more trouble with constipation, and know that I owe my good health to God and Postum.'

"I am writing this letter because I want to tell you how much good Postum has done us, but if you knew how I shrink from publicity, you would not publish this letter, at least not over my name."

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Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Manufacturers.

Finance

THE SPECULATION IN LAND

By Franklin Escher

THE advent of rural prosperity was responsible for the disappearance of the farm mortgage. Its continuance during a series of years of high prices for agricultural products has brought the farm mortgage back into existence and on a bigger scale than ever before. But the farm mortgage of to-day represents something very different from the necessitous borrowing arising out of the agricultural poverty of twenty or thirty years ago. The farmer to-day is borrowing, and borrowing on a large scale, but he isn't doing it because he has to. He is doing it because he has become infected with a land-speculation mania which seems to be sweeping the country from Florida to Puget Sound. He has land, but he wants more, and in order to raise the money to buy it he is slapping a mortgage on the land he already has.

Not in a generation has there been a first-class land boom, but from all indications one is well on its way toward development now. There are sections of the country where the fires of speculation are burning with a hotter flame than in others, but from reports coming in from all directions, the craze is unconfined to any one section or locality—is, indeed, national in character. Down in Florida, ten-acre sand lots are being sold to people brought there on special excursion trains run from hundreds of miles away at the promoters' expense. Out in Oklahoma City a lot on a business street recently sold at $4,000 a front foot. In the Northwest, where the building of new railroads has opened up big stretches of country, land which formerly had no value at all is commanding $10 to $20 per acre, while improved farm lands formerly worth $100 an acre are selling at $200 or $300.

It was three-dollar rubber and the payment of big dividends by almost any kind of a company engaged in the rubber business which kindled the flame of rubber speculation in London this spring—it was dollar-and-a-quarter wheat and seventy-cent corn which started the present boom in land. For, as is the case with most speculative movements, this present one is built up on a legitimate enough basis for rising prices. For five years crops have been good and prices have been high. Agriculture has been a profitable form of operation and the farmer uniformly has made money. The trend of land values has naturally been upward. With attendant conditions so generally favorable, it was anything but difficult for the promoter to fan the spark into speculative flame.

Of the current speculation itself, it can be said that it divides itself into two great classes—that which is concerned with the turning over of improved land on a rising scale of prices, and that which has to do with the sale of lands whose value is entirely prospective.

It is naturally in the important agricultural States of the Middle West that that phase of the land speculation having to do with the purchase and sale of improved farming land is most marked. It is in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, and the Northwestern States that farm mortgages are increasing most rapidly—that farmers are borrowing money on the land they own in order to buy more land. Here it is that the effects of the agricultural prosperity of the past few years are most plainly to be seen, and that good farming lands have increased most in value.

As long as the farmer who mortgages his farm in order to buy more land does it with the intention of working the additional land acquired, the effect of the transaction is limited to its influence on the credit situation. But where a mortgage is taken for the purpose of buying more land and holding it for a rise in price the case is very different. A farmer who has enough ability to cultivate a farm and enough enterprise to borrow money on it and use the money to extend his farming operations, is anything but a danger to the community; he is a practical man and is more likely than not to make good on his new venture. But with the man who saddles his property with a mortgage in order that he may use the money to back up his judgment that a certain piece of land is going up in price, it is different. He may or may not be right. If he is, very well, he makes his profit and gets out of the deal, and some one else is in possession of the property when the inevitable decline in its price takes place. If he is wrong all sorts of unpleasant consequences and of a very far-reaching nature may be expected.

The danger besetting the speculative purchase of land the price of which has been abnormally stimulated by a series of big crops sold at high prices ought to be evident enough. For several successive years now, agricultural products have, it is true, been selling at high prices. That, however, is no guarantee that a permanently higher-price level for these products has been reached. The philanthropic gentlemen of the pit who feel themselves called upon to take the wheat market or the cotton market in hand each season, can give plenty of reasons why high prices for wheat and cotton have come to stay, but the farmer's memory doesn't have to be very long to run back to times when other periods of high prices which seemed to have come to stay were followed by a recurrence of the old low-price conditions. So, in spite of all that is being prated about the permanently higher level of prices, it may happen at present; and lands inflated to correspond with dollar-and-a-quarter wheat and seventy-cent corn may settle down to their proper level.

In that case it will be a good while before the mortgages which are being so freely made at present will be paid off. For in nearly all of these speculative operations in land, the money raised by putting a mortgage on the old property represents only a small part of the purchase price of the new property. The purchase, in other words, is in nine cases out of ten made "on margin," and as in the case of other "margin" operations, the first good healthy slump means an appalling degree of mortality among those carrying them on—to say nothing of inevitable casualties among those banks who are supplying the sinews of war.

Fraught with danger, however, as is the current speculation in farm lands, that feature of the craze is harmless in comparison with the speculation which is going on in lands at present worthless and with prospective value only. The farm-land craze is at least confined to the Middle-Western and Northwestern States, but the speculation in unimproved acreage runs from one end of the country to the other. The man who buys farm land, moreover, although he may be paying a ridiculously high price for it, has at least something definite and of some value to show for the money he has spent. But the promoter's victim, whose purchase, if it exists at all, is likely to consist of a piece of land out in Missouri now underwater, but to be drained some time in the future, or of a barren strip out on the sun-baked plains of Texas, will have about as much to show for his money in the course of the next few years as the average buyer of mining stocks.

It is a question if there is anything like a general realization of the extent to which this speculation in unimproved land has spread. "Land with a prospect"—that is a phrase for the promoter to conjure with, an open sesame to savings prudently guarded against the blandishments of "Wall Street" and the sellers of corporation bonds. Where the bond salesman representing the reputable Eastern banking house has failed, the promoter's agent will very probably succeed. "I don't know anything about the dodges of Wall Street," says the farmer, "but I do know land." And where the proposition put before him concerns the purchase of land he will be interested. He may be a wheat farmer up in North Dakota and the land in question may be a sand patch in central Florida or a swamp in Arkansas, but not improbably he will count himself as competent to pass on the merits of the proposition; not improbably his hard-earned savings which he would shudder to think of investing in railroad bonds will find their way into the promoter's bank account.

But however interesting may be the psychology of such a speculative movement as is current at present, it is in its bearing upon the markets that its greatest interest lies. Manifestly the diversion of such great sums of money into speculative channels is bound to exert a decided influence on the banking and credit situation. By it the security purchasing power of the country is, in the first place, being largely reduced. Aside from that there must be considered the fact that the land speculation is, to a large extent, being carried on with borrowed money, and that as a result of it there has already been a very great expansion of bank loans throughout the country.

With regard to the first of these considerations, it can be said that while the country's bond-buying power has not been reduced by anything like the amount of money which has gone into the land speculation, it has, nevertheless, been seriously curtailed. Not only has a great many millions of dollars which would normally have been invested in bonds been diverted into lands largely unproductive, but, on account of the loans which they have been called upon to make, the bond-buying power of the banks has been largely impaired.

When it is considered that the money which an investor puts into bonds is almost immediately employed in productive enterprise, while the money he puts into a land speculation is usually unproductive of anything but trouble, it will readily be seen that the economic progress of the country is not being helped by the process which is going on. Just now the slackening down of business is releasing a good deal of capital, which extra supply tends temporarily to obscure the effects of so large a sum being tied up in unproductive enterprise. In the end, however, this condition of things is bound to assert itself. Let business become at all active, and, the slack having been quickly taken in, the true condition will soon enough make itself unpleasantly evident.

The same thing is true with regard to the way in which the banks all over the country have been expanding their loans—the comptroller's last report showed an increase for the year, *outside of New York*, of over $500,000,000, a concrete indication of the extent the land speculation has attained. Just now business is easing off, and with the demand for money comparatively slight, the phenomenal loan expansion of the past year does not make itself felt. That, however, does not in the least change the fact that the banks have got themselves into a very much extended position, and that the first real demand upon them is bound to be reflected in a quick rise in money rates.

The real test will come next month when the crops begin to move and the interior banks are called upon to make advances freely and to put up large amounts of currency. Late in August, under ordinary circumstances, this demand begins to find reflection in heavy withdrawals of cash from the Eastern reserve cities and a steady flow of currency inland. Considering the way in which the interior banks have become extended on account of the land speculation, this year promises to be an exception to the rule. On the contrary, the banks of the West and South will this year be less able than ever to put up the money necessary to take care of the crops, and may reasonably be expected to lean more heavily than usual upon their Eastern correspondents. Plainly stated, that means that there is every prospect that, on account of the land speculation, the amount of cash which the Eastern banks will be called upon to put up to move the crops will be very much greater than usual. What the effect of that will be remains to be seen.

* * *

It would be anything but surprising if, as a result of the railway legislation recently enacted, industrial securities should from now on forge rapidly to the front in the speculative markets. That is what has happened in England as a result of close government supervision of railway affairs, and that is what is apt to happen here.

A stock, in order to be a good speculative leader, must possess those attributes of uncertainty as to value which tend toward wide fluctuations. And that is exactly what the railroad stocks are being deprived of by every fresh railroad law enacted. By every provision in the law which has just been put upon the statute books, for instance, the earning power of the railroads has been made more stable and the intrinsic value of their securities made more ascertainable. Railroad stocks will continue to fluctuate, of course, but there is coming to be less and less reason for the big swings which a stock must continually be making in order to retain its position as a market leader.

The industrial stocks are hedged about with no such limitation. Changes in the price of manufactured goods are constant, the world's commodity markets are ever changing; there is a wide latitude of profit and loss in the industrial field. Wide fluctuations in the stocks of industrial corporations are the logical result of such conditions and, with the railroad shares legislated into quietness, it is in the stocks of these industrial corporations that speculative enthusiasm may be expected to centre.

When the packing-house interests in Chicago came to an agreement with the railroads as to how much of an increase in freight rates they (the packers) were willing to stand for, a strong indication was given as to how the troublesome question of freight rates is finally to be disposed of. Arbitration between the shippers and the railroads is, it seems, to play an important part, the Commerce Commission being thus largely relieved of the task of stating what increases are to be allowed. Where an agreement between shipper and carrier cannot be reached, the Commission will, of course, be called upon to rule. As the situation develops, it becomes more and more evident that there is to be a very general increase in railway freight rates—not nearly as much as the railroads asked for in the first place but enough to cover them for their increased labor expenditures and to assure the stability of their present dividend rates.

Interest in this matter of railway dividends centres at present upon the question of whether the dividend on St. Paul will or will not be reduced at the end of the month. For some little time now the stock has been the subject of such vicious attack in the market that a large number of people have come to believe that there is something behind it all and that the dividend is to be put down.

Whether the St. Paul dividend is kept at seven per cent., where it has stood so long, or whether it is reduced, investors in railroad stocks should bear in mind that St. Paul is a case all by itself, and that the action of its directors can in no way be considered indicative of what action other boards of directors are likely to take. St. Paul, it must be remembered, has just finished the construction of an enormously expensive extension running out to the Pacific coast which, however well it may do in a few years, can hardly be expected to earn largely as yet. Other roads have, it is true, spent big sums of money on extension work, but in no case has the expenditure approached that made by the St. Paul. Were anything to happen to the spring wheat crop, it can easily be seen how earnings on the St. Paul extension might be affected, and how heavy a drag on the company the payment of the full seven per cent. dividend on all the new stock might become. But even at that interests usually conservative declare that St. Paul is well able to pay seven per cent. and will make no change in its dividend rate.

In the fostering of the land speculation discussed on this page, the construction of new railroads has played an exceedingly important part. Up in the Northwest, the northward extensions of the Great Northern are so numerous as to make the map of that road already look a good deal like a comb, but, in spite of that, new spurs are being continually built and new territory opened up. The same thing is true of the completed Western Pacific and of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient, which is being pushed southwest from Kansas City to the Gulf of California. By the construction of all of these new lines large tracts of hitherto forbidden territory are made accessible and land values increased with a Midas-like touch.

The proposition to put the security-issuing power of the railroads under the supervision of the government and to forbid the issue of bonds at less than par, was knocked out of the railroad bill recently enacted into law, but is sure to come up again at the next session of Congress. By that time it is to be hoped that those who want such a law passed will have been made cognizant of the development of territory which has resulted from the construction of these new lines—lines which never could have been built at all had the law proposed been in force.

The Status of England's Queen

It may be said that, by reason of curious provisions of law prevailing in Great Britain, the Queen is, for private business purposes, not regarded as a married woman at all, seeing that she is the only woman in the realm who does not come within the scope of the Married Women's Property Act. The principle of this law may be stated simply thus: The King, as such, is entirely different from all other married men. His time is too fully taken up with the affairs of state to permit him to devote any part of the remainder to domestic matters. It follows, therefore, that the whole management of the Queen's private business matters must devolve upon Her Majesty herself, and that no responsibility whatever in respect to them rests upon the King.

If, therefore, such a thing could be imagined as Queen Mary contracting debts in her husband's name, the King would not be responsible for them, as any other husband in Great Britain would be unless he had given due notice to all concerned that he would for the future decline to settle such accounts.

The King may not be sued for the recovery of the amount of money represented by any indebtedness he may incur; but the Queen is accorded no such protection under the British law. She has her own Attorney-General and Solicitor-General to represent her in all legal matters, though, of course, except for ordinary private purposes their services are scarcely ever needed.

Authorities have held that, while the Constitution is glad to recognize the Queen, the fact must not be lost sight of that, after all, her position is limited to that of Queen Consort, and that, therefore, she is in a sense one of His Majesty's subjects. In certain contingencies, remotely likely to arise in these times, she would be treated as a subject; but in other respects she is accorded privileges by the realm that are given to no other person save the King.

In this relation particular mention may be made of the question of high treason. Now, it is generally understood that the King is the only personage against whom it is high treason to plot; but it would also be high treason to conspire against Queen Mary. All consorts of British rulers have not enjoyed this privilege. When, for instance, Philip of Spain married the first Queen Mary, it was denied to him, though some time after the marriage a special act of Parliament was passed in which he was granted the concession.

The signature "Georgius Rex" will be attached to all state documents of such importance as to demand it; but in no circumstances whatever would the corresponding one, "Maria Regina" be allowed to be affixed, either in conjunction with that of George or without it. Should Mary survive the King, many of the privileges that she at present possesses will be withdrawn from her, only nominally in some cases, but actually in others, while constitutional law provides that some curious restrictions shall be placed upon her. It will no longer be high treason to plot against her, and it is held by at least one high authority that she could not marry again without the special license and permission of the King's successor.

A MAN-EAGLE SURPRISES GERMANY

THE AERONAUT FREY FLYING OVER THE CITY OF BERLIN

The Work of the "Steeple-Jack"

The successful "steeple-jack" must possess determination, perseverance, and ingenuity. He must solve many a practical problem in hoisting great bodies aloft. He must know how to fasten a hook over the summit of a sky-scraping chimney. He must have the nerve to paint a steeple that sways like a pendulum at the slender top. He must be able to tear down, build up, gild, paint, place electric wires, and do many another task that would be difficult enough on the solid earth.

There are many ways of getting up on a steeple, and, when all others fail, the man will tie a rope round it, and then, with a coil on his back, walk round and round it until the entire steeple is covered with rope; and in such case he has probably been round it fully three hundred times.

But a steeple is not the most difficult height to climb. Straight, tall chimneys are the hardest of all. There a man has to work with might and main, to lift himself inch by inch from the ground to the top. Sometimes the top is three hundred feet high. When it is reached a hook is placed over the edge, a pulley is made fast, the swinging chair is hauled up, and work begins.

When the chair is near the top it is easier to work, because the ropes are short; but when they lengthen, as the ground is approached, there is a tendency to swing; and the wind gives impetus.

The steeple-jack's safety depends upon the hook, and until he has raised himself almost to the top it is impossible for him to see whether or not the hook has been properly adjusted. More than once a steeple-climber has seen, when within ten feet of the top, that corrosion of the iron and the collection of soot have so thickened the wall that the hook is merely balancing on the top, so that the slightest pull in the wrong direction would drag it off. Again, the bricks are often loose at the top, and the hook is likely to tear them away.

One of the natural difficulties to conquer is the swaying of all high steeples and chimneys. In a gale a steeple point will sway a foot and a half. Usually it sways from seven to nine inches. Painting it means reaching for a spot on the right side, and finding it on the left, and, when making a dive for it on the left, to see it sway back to the right. Yet in spite of the constant danger a born steeple-jack exults in his work, and is at home, like the ironworker on the sky-scraper, only when high above the world. He can stand triumphantly at any height, if he can have two and one-half square inches to bear his weight.

The Fastest Ship Afloat

The fastest ship in the world is the destroyer *Swift* launched recently at Portsmouth, England. This ship, which is of 1,800 tons displacement, has a speed exceeding 35 knots an hour. Her fires are fed by petroleum. The turbines give 30,000 horse-power divided among four screws.

The English Admiralty had already realized 34 knots in the destroyers *Cobra* and *Viper*. One of these excessively long boats broke in two upon a wave not long after she was launched.

The maximum speed of the French torpedo-boats averages about 31 knots.

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Tributes to Mark Twain

President Taft:

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Theodore Roosevelt:

"It is with sincere grief that I learned of the death of this great American author. His position, like that of Joel Chandler Harris, was unique, not only in American letters, but in the literature of the world.

"He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher, and his writings form one of the assets in America's contributions to the world of achievement, of which we have a right as a nation to be genuinely proud."

President Woodrow Wilson.

"All the world knows that in Mark Twain it has lost a delightful humorist, a man able to interpret human life with a flavor all his own; but only those who had the privilege of knowing him personally can feel to the full the loss of a man of high and lovely character, a friend quick to excite and give affection; a citizen of the world who loved every wholesome adventure of the mind or heart; an American who spoke much of the spirit of America in speaking his native thoughts."

Dr. Van Dyke:

"Those who know the story of his friendships and his family life know that he was one who 'loved much' and faithfully, even unto the end. Those who know his work as a whole know that under the lambent and irrepressible humor which was his gift there was a foundation of serious thoughts and noble affections and desires."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe:

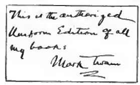
"He was personally highly esteemed and much beloved, a man of letters with a very genuine gift of humor and of serious thought as well."

James Whitcomb Riley:

"The world has lost not only a genius, but a man of striking character, of influence, and of boundless resources. He knew the human heart and he was sincere. He knew children, and this knowledge made him tender."

Booth Tarkington:

"He seemed to me the greatest prose writer we had, and beyond that a great man. His death is a national loss, but we have the consolation that he and his genius belonged to and were of us."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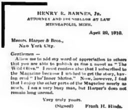

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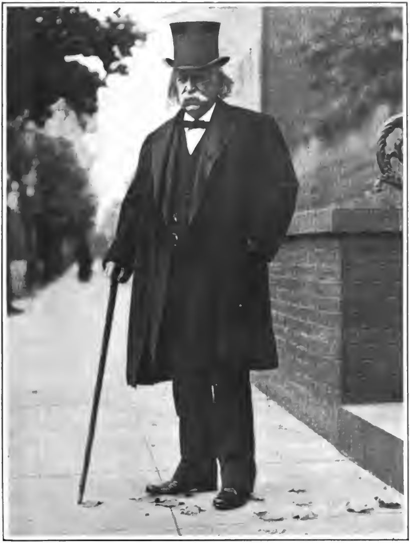

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER

Melville Weston Fuller, for twenty-two years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at his summer home, Sorrento, Maine, on July 4th. Chief Justice Fuller was appointed to his high post in 1887 by President Cleveland, succeeding Chief Justice Waite

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Quite So

NEW JERSEY could not find a better Governor than WOODROW WILSON. Or one who would reflect more honor upon the State. Or one who would bring to the office loftier political ideals.

It is said that the Democratic politicians who are advocating the nomination of the President of Princeton University for Governor are actuated by the hope of seeing him nominated for President in 1912. There is nothing dishonorable in that. The *World* wishes that the Democrats of every Northern State had similar ambitions, and that they were all seeking Gubernatorial candidates of WOODROW WILSON'S calibre in the desire to present to their party a Presidential candidate in 1912. We know of nothing that would do more to rehabilitate the Democratic party than the nomination of a few men like Dr. WILSON. There is no higher type of leadership in any party.—*New York World.*

The Preliminary Campaign

The nominating machinery is at work all over the country, and the lists of candidates for Congress will soon be complete. In many States candidates for State offices, including those for the Legislature, are also to be named by primaries and conventions. An unusual interest attaches to this preliminary work this year because of the contest between the two Republican factions, and the newspapers should make it plain in each case which faction wins or loses. The new factor in the situation is Colonel ROOSEVELT'S markedly receptive attitude toward insurgent confidences, but precisely how that factor is going to work is not so clear as it seemed to be before the stand-patters in the New York Legislature refused to let the Colonel's views have any weight with them at all. The prominent insurgents who have been journeying to Oyster Bay evidently like to feel, and to have others feel, that the Colonel is with them. They would be glad to have him as their leader, and we do not doubt that if they can make it plain that his sympathies are with them, and not with their adversaries, they will win more than they can lose by the demonstration. But the habit of independence is spreading so fast in this country, it is getting so common for people to do their political thinking under their own hats and then go and vote accordingly, without making any particular fuss about it, that it is a question whether even the Colonel's *imprimatur* is going to be enough in itself to save—or to damn—any cause or programme. The strength of the cause of the insurgents lies in their own excellent record up to the present time, in the essential rightness of their main contentions, and in the courage and candor with which they are going before the electorates—not in any endorsements they may have or get from anybody.

The Real Campaign

Whatever their showing in the struggle over nominations and for the control of State and local organizations, they are likely to have to fight under a certain disadvantage in the final appeal to the voters in the autumn. So far as the campaign for control of the next Congress is a national affair, rather than an aggregation of local contests, the direction of it is committed to the two Congressional campaign committees, and the Republican committee seems to be a pretty thoroughly stand-pat body. Its chairman, Mr. MCKINLEY, of Illinois, is not only a "regular," but reputed the richest man in Congress, and the matter of personal financial equipment seems to have been considered also in selecting some of the other members. Two predictions, therefore, are reasonably safe: the Republican committee will, as usual, have more money to spend than the Democratic committee; and in the disposition of the Republican funds insurgent candidates will not be favored. If they get for their districts the same proportional allowances that conservative candidates get for theirs they will do well. They are much more likely to find the committee rather inattentive to their needs and much more sympathetic when it considers the claims of the districts in which conservatives have got the nominations. Quite probably, also, the committee will find it easier to get money to help conservatives than to help insurgents. The MCCALL law will not enable us to verify these conjectures until the elections are over, but the figures should be interesting even then.

Our View of the Colonel

Colonel ROOSEVELT'S relation to public affairs in this country is a matter of interest to us all. We can't place him with the sages; he is not a sage, but he is a vigorous, active man. He does not give out advice, warning, admonition. He gives out authoritative statements concerning this human, mundane affair in which we are all involved. He is quite positive in all he says. That is the reason why people of a certain way of thinking accept what he says.

It is also the reason why people of another way of thinking incline to reject even the most obviously sensible things he says. Democracy in America is not a mere phrase. It is a fact. The Colonel owes whatever power he has among us to our acceptance of him as a competent American who has devoted himself to affairs of government. To the fact that we accepted him in that capacity and elected him to administer our affairs he owes whatever acceptance he has got abroad. On the whole, he has done very well. But he is not a genius; he does not represent any great and fundamental truth; he does not stand for any transcendent cause. We will simply go ahead with our political and other activities as if he were not there if he gets on the wrong side, with his help if he gets on the right side. When we want him we will call for him; when we don't we won't.

This, we are quite sure, is the proper attitude to take toward Colonel ROOSEVELT. The ultra-suspicious attitude is absurd. The LYMAN ABBOTT-completely-adulatory attitude is disgusting; it is worse than disgusting; it is dangerous to American ideas and institutions. The government of this country was shaped by men of uncommon ability to secure the welfare and happiness of people of ordinary ability. It offers, of course, as any democratic government does, "une *carrière ouverte aux talents.*" Colonel ROOSEVELT has talents and has had a career. The Republic is grateful for his services, generous toward his errors, sympathetic with his personality. That is all.

The Colonel and the Fight

By the way, what did the Colonel think about the fight? Not a peep from him on that subject have we heard, nor seen a recorded word. And yet—and yet—he must have had views, and must have disclosed them to somebody besides Brother ABBOTT.

There's a clue in the paper, just a little clue. It says, speaking of visitors to Oyster Bay:

> Mr. BURROUGHS was there to talk about birds and animals with the Colonel.

It is possible, of course, that these eminent naturalists conferred together about coons at Reno.

What the Colonel Has to Give

> The letters that Colonel ROOSEVELT picked up at random from the big pile in his library and showed to the reporters were practically all letters in which the writers asked for favors of one kind or another. This rather lessens the compliment implied in being made the target for so large a mail.—*Boston Globe.*

But does it? It is considerably complimentary to be regarded as a powerful person who can confer what others desire. What must bother the Colonel is the difficulty of meeting the expectations of all these askers. He cannot give office nor money. The chief thing he has to bestow is advertisement. That he has just now in unprecedented quantity, and out of his superfluity he can, if he likes, make an occasional distribution. But when he does that he draws upon his own credit, and of course he will not do it carelessly. His advertisement is his chief stock in trade—very remarkable, very valuable, but unsuitable for distribution to the general run of letter-writing applicants.

The Third Republic

Nothing in comparative politics has been more interesting of late than the increasingly respectful attitude of international public opinion toward the Republican régime in France and the corresponding gain of confidence among the supporters of the Third Republic themselves. Discussing recently Premier BRIAND'S announcement of his programme of reform, the London *Spectator* remarked that while, apparently, the Republic is only now beginning to "feel its feet," to outsiders its position has long seemed "absolutely assured." For some time, neither the Royalists nor the Bonapartists have been able to impress either the French or outsiders as a really serious menace to the existing order. The Socialists have, it is true, a strength that cannot be disregarded. But the Republic, in fact, does not disregard it. Full account is taken of it; concessions are made to it. Being permitted in a way to pervade the established order and to affect substantially the policies of government, Socialism in France is naturally becoming less revolutionary, less given to the propaganda of violent and sweeping change, than in countries where fewer concessions are made to it. Add to these favorable facts the general concession that M. BRIAND himself has proved distinctly "strong" as Premier, and the deference to the Third Republic becomes impressive. Of course, one does not forget the DREYFUS affair, but, after all, that hideous episode did not destroy the establishment which it shook so violently. One doubts, moreover, whether it could occur to-day; and one feels fairly sure that its most notable predecessor, the BOULANGER affair, was a kind of thing that could not occur to-day.

And French Democracy

The French are, in fact, demonstrating a capacity for the actual working of democratic institutions which it used to be the fashion to declare that they did not have and could never acquire. They retain, it is true, that marked propensity for the completely logical application of ideas and principles which makes all their experiments in government so very different from those of the English. Their democracy is of the thoroughgoing, logical, consistent kind that Englishmen, with their fondness for convention and their genius for compromise, have always distrusted. France is, in fact, at present in many respects more democratic not merely than England, but than the United States. Democratic ideas are getting there a kind and degree of application which neither we nor the English have ever ventured to give them. That the Republic finds itself, notwithstanding, stronger than ever, would seem to mean much both for the French and for democracy. France has not ceased to be the source of ideas which she has been for so many centuries, and other peoples will not grudge her now what success she may be having in the practical utilizing of that particular idea which she brought into the world with such agonizing birth-throes a hundred and twenty years ago.

South America

Two reports from South America, appearing simultaneously in the newspapers, somewhat offset each other. First comes the rumor that a coalition of Spanish-American republics will, at the approaching Pan-American conference at Buenos Ayres, make a vigorous protest against our recent attitude toward Central America and particularly toward Nicaragua and may even also take action looking to an alliance or *entente* which shall have the object of antagonizing any southward extensions of our influence. The other report is from Mr. FRANKLIN JOHNSTON, publisher of a journal devoted to our Latin-American trade, and just returned from a tour of South America, and it is to the effect that our merchants and manufacturers are making very decided gains over their competitors for that great market, particularly their English competitors. According to Mr. JOHNSTON, our exporters have at last paid attention to the peculiar conditions and demands of that trade, have learned how to pack their wares properly for transportation by South-American methods, and in other ways have adapted themselves to the actual wants of their customers. Mr. JOHNSTON would like to see more American merchant houses set up in the greater South-American cities to introduce our products, but he does not, in the newspaper report of his remarks, make any call on the government to help with subsidies to steamship lines. Apparently, he looks to the people among us who are most directly concerned, the manufacturers and merchants, to look after their own interests and work out their own salvation. That, we have seemed to observe, is also the tone of others who have practical and first-hand acquaintance with this subject. The strength of the demand for ship-subsidies seems to come from other sources. Undoubtedly, however, our government does have a part to play in the matter. Cordial diplomatic relations with Latin America will promote our trade interests with Latin-America. Strained and unfriendly relations will hurt those interests. If it is true that there is a feeling against us on account of our policy with Central America, or for any other reason, then our representatives at the Buenos Ayres conference may perhaps, by doing what they can to allay that feeling, render a substantial service. So may the State Department, and we do not believe that in this regard Secretary KNOX has any purpose to throw away whatever assets of good-will his predecessor, Mr. ROOT, may have won for us.

Spain and the Vatican

In his contentions with the Vatican, Premier CANALEJAS of Spain seems to have confined himself to very moderate and reasonable demands. His government has issued a decree granting to non-Catholic religious societies the privilege of "placing the emblems of their faith on the edifices where they assemble to worship." As we understand it, this merely means permission to hang out a sign telling what kind of a church the edifice is. To Catholics is still reserved, as yet, the exclusive privilege to have street processions.

Another thing the Liberal government proposes is to limit the number of religious associations that may settle in Spain. Spain has never been short-handed in the matter of monks and nuns. She has long abounded in monasteries and convents, exempt from public duties and from taxation. Of late years her supply has been considerably increased by accessions from Cuba and the Philippines following the war with the United States, and from France, following the enforcement of the new associations law in that country. The Premier says he has now no means of getting at the statistics of the orders and associations now in Spain. He insists that there should be a definite limit to the number of them, and that the priests and monks should submit to the same duties as the laity, since they enjoy the same privileges and protection. To this he is trying to get the Vatican to agree, but the Vatican holds back, objecting especially to the new privileges granted to non-Catholic societies. Negotiations, however, still continue, and the King stands by the Premier in his demands.

It is estimated that there are now about one hundred thousand monks and nuns in Spain and over three thousand monasteries and convents. For the support of the Church—the nine archbishops, fifty-five bishops, and numerous clergy—the government pays eight and a quarter million dollars a year. That seems not to be an object of present contention in Spain, any more than was the corresponding payment to the Church in France, but the unregulated multiplication of the religious orders makes trouble. Four orders are recognized by the Concordat, three devoted to the sick and poor, and one to teaching; but at least eight others are now represented in Spain, and some of them being engaged in business or manufactures make especial trouble by competing untaxed with rivals who pay taxes.

The Late Chief Justice

Chief-Justice FULLER was to the Supreme Court what the bubbles are to the champagne. When CLEVELAND appointed, and a reluctant Senate finally confirmed him, twenty-two years ago, he brought into the court an element of liveliness, vigor, and vivacity that was very stimulating and helpful to that learned body. While he will hardly be rated as a very great judge, he was throughout his whole term of service a very useful, able, and acceptable one, excellent especially in the duties that belonged to his office of chief justice. Mr. CLEVELAND'S judgment in appointing him was a good deal questioned at the time the appointment was made, but it did not take long to justify it, and in the end the country got a noble term of service from the Democratic President's appointee.

It is recorded that Judge FULLER was an intimate friend of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. It must have been a friendship quickly formed, and it indicates an early development of conspicuous talent in Judge FULLER, for he went to Chicago from Maine in 1856, being then twenty-three years old, and could not have had more than five years' acquaintance then with DOUGLAS. His thirty-two years of active practice in Chicago and twenty-two years of unbroken work in the office of chief justice show a remarkable continuance of active mental labor, the possession of excellent powers, and the wise husbanding of them through a long life.

His Successor

It is the general expectation that the President will appoint Governor HUGHES to the office, now vacant, of chief justice. The expectation seems well formed, and yet it is as well not to count on the appointment until it is made. Mr. TAFT is rated as a high expert in the appointment of judges, and it is possible that he may find elsewhere the particular qualities that he considers especially desirable in a chief justice. He has already, since he came to office, appointed successors to Justices PECKHAM and BREWER; he has now to replace the late chief justice, and Justice MOODY'S retirement may at any time leave him another place to fill. It is not at all unlikely that before the expiration of his present term President TAFT will appoint a majority of the justices of the Supreme Court. Well it is that he is felt to be exceptionally qualified to choose good judges.

"The Greatest Fight"

MR. TEX RICKARD says it was the record fight of this country and perhaps of the world. As a fistic encounter it might perhaps have been more satisfactory and less one-sided, but Mr. RICKARD was speaking of its business side. He claims the world's record for attendance, purse, and receipts. All of these were satisfactory. Twenty thousand lookers-on and about $250,000 collected from them, giving the management $100,000 profit in the gate receipts alone, with perhaps as much more coming to them from the pictures. This is excellent business. The fighters, too, did very well, their gains, including their shares in the moving pictures, being estimated at $120,000 for JOHNSON and $117,000 for JEFFRIES—a fairly adequate salve for the ex-champion's bruises.

On its sporting side the fight was less satisfactory, the colored brother being too easily the better man. Still, it was a fair fight, and went on long enough to give the spectators some sensations and the moving picture people something to show. JOHNSON seems to have enjoyed every moment of the contest. JEFFRIES was less happy, but not a great sufferer, all things considered. The heart bleeds much less for either fighter than for the crowd that went to Reno, and ate what it could find, and slept where it might, and lived, no doubt, far more on drinks than was at all wholesome. And consider all the brethren who bet their money ten to six or two to one on the too-aged JEFFRIES! Shall their sorrows be considered to be offset by the joy of the winners of their money!

The Good and the Bad of It

A very hard life is a sporting life, full of effort, losses, wear and tear, alcohol, abbreviated repose, and expense. Prize-fighters themselves do not seem to do so ill. There were a lot of ex-prize-fighters at Reno, and apparently they are fairly prosperous and orderly men. JEFFRIES came back into the ring from his farm, where he was living comfortably and to which he has doubtless gone back with money enough for pleasant experiments in agriculture. The fight has paid him pretty well. The evil results of such events, of which moralists complain, must befall, not the principals, but the great body of accessories who go to see the fight or bet on it and read about it or think and talk about it enormously. Possibly the talk people get out of it should be put down on the credit side of the account, though it is not all profitable talk.

A result of this latest fight that will be set down as evil is the great stirring up of disturbances between whites and blacks. The papers of July 5th had reports of squabbles, assaults, and small riots from all over the country, due to the disposition of negroes to show delight at JOHNSON'S victory and of whites to resent it. Whatever encourages negroes to be pleased that they are negroes is not entirely unprofitable, but their manifestations of satisfaction are apt to be inconvenient and lead to breaches of the peace.

Altogether the late fight leaves us with an impression that prize-fights, *per se*, are less objectionable and less brutal than the moralists aver, but that the defective philosophy of a large proportion of our people makes it decidedly inexpedient that these sensational heavy-weight fights should happen. A good part of the statistical gain achieved by the safe and sane Fourth was offset by the violence that followed the prize-fight.

Wise Students

> The Eastern college students who are reported very likely maliciously, to have started for Berkeley to see *Antigone* and to have stopped instead at Reno to see the gladiators, have reason to reproach the California authorities. If the fight had been held in San Francisco it would have been easy to combine pleasure with duty, athletics with Greek, culture with the strenuous life.—*Springfield Republican.*

Why must they reproach anybody? They did well as it was. The noblest study of mankind is man, and the fight was a great deal bigger show than *Antigone*. If SOPHOCLES had been in their place he would have stopped off at Reno.

For a student the fight must have been a very great show, almost as interesting as a Presidential convention. We wish that Ambassador BRYCE might have seen it. For a mere sporting man it was, no doubt, a mere sporting event in which the betting and the fight itself were the chief incidents. But there must have been a great deal of education in it for a student capable of seeing what was there and taking in what he saw.

Dr. Gallen's Case

The enforced resignation of the Rev. Dr. GALLEN, of Florence, in western Massachusetts, has been remarked with attention hereabouts. Dr. GALLEN, a Roman Catholic priest, in a recent sermon on Education, found it "a matter for congratulation that Catholic young men by thousands to-day are attending the great universities such as Harvard and Yale," and that Catholic young women attend such colleges as Smith. The familiar intercourse resulting between these Catholic young people and their non-Catholic coevals Dr. GALLEN considered useful "to correct racial and religious misunderstandings and to unite for moral purpose and civic betterment the diverse elements of our population."

Getting word by the newspapers of this discourse of Dr. GALLEN, his superior, Bishop BEAVEN, of Springfield, immediately asked for his resignation on the ground that he had promulgated "reprehensible propaganda from a Catholic pulpit."

No doubt he had. Dr. GALLEN'S views about the usefulness of secular or Protestant universities for Roman Catholic youth are not yet the views of his Church.

Ameliorating Manners in Pennsylvania

Mayor JOHNSON of Chester, Pennsylvania, seems to have a laudable sense of propriety, backed by due firmness of character. It seems that the habit obtains in some layers of the population of Chester of having all the fun possible with newly married persons. The habit runs to extremes that do not commend themselves to the Mayor, and when, on his way home the other night, he met a boisterous crowd of hazers marching through the streets with a newly married pair at its head, he summoned the police, broke up the parade, and sent the couple home in a cab. Then he gave public notice to Chester, to wit:

> Marriage is no farce, and must not be treated as such. In the future, so long as I am the chief executive of Chester, there shall be no permits issued for parades or public demonstrations that will have a tendency to annoy newly married couples. Such matters should not be treated lightly.

The Mayor's sentiments are entirely sound, and his action is commended for imitation where needed. Hazing the newly wedded, and treating them to the form of entertainment known as the charivari, are observances that, like prize-fights, are out of date in our civilization.

Direct Primaries

> The Indianapolis *News* hits the nail on the head when it declares that it cannot feel great sympathy with Mr. HUGHES over the defeat of his primary scheme. Indiana, the *News* declares, has had some experience with it, and however beautiful and engaging it may appear in theory, in practice it leaves much to be desired. This is surely the result of Massachusetts' experience.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Colonel has now succeeded the Governor as sponsor for the direct-primaries idea. He is guarded and chary in his endorsement of it, yet he does endorse it. Admitting this and that to the detriment of the plan, he says, in the *Outlook:*

> I nevertheless feel, in the first place, that on the fundamental issue of direct primary nominations the Governor is right, and in the second place that as the measure finally came up for action in the State Legislature it was well nigh free from all objections save those of the men who object to it because they are fundamentally opposed to any change whatever in the desired direction.

Not Without Honor

Those who lived in England in the early eighties, when the names of the Rossettis, Swinburne, and the Brownings were at the crowning point of fame, will remember that just about this time the name of Whitman began vaguely to swim into ken, and with it all sorts of strange traditions. It was impossible to decide whether he was one of the world's greatest poets or only a new and strange force. At any rate, Whitman had the advantage in England of distinguished introductions. Before the journalists and the little scholars came at him, before the small bourgeoisie, cut after a simple pattern and all thinking exactly alike, had had opportunity to be shocked by his lack of conventions, he had been vouched for by John Addington Symonds, Michael Field, Edward Carpenter, and Edward Dowden, and the great Swinburne himself. Ten years later Germany, always thoroughgoing and well balanced in matters theoretical and intellectual, turned its attention to Whitman; he was thoroughly sifted, studied, labelled, and filed in his right place among the great independent seers.

One might have foreseen that Germany would do justice to Whitman. It is more surprising to-day to find at last that France has fallen into line. Whitman's complete works have been translated; and if one may judge from such extracts as appear quoted in the new *Walt Whitman; l'Homme et l'Œuvre*, by Léon Bazalgette, they lend themselves to translation as only substantial work does, work which is so spiritual, so transfused with essence, that the form is actually inseparable from the matter; the body and soul as indistinguishable as the body and soul of a man. Léon Bazalgette's *Walt Whitman* has no particular interest from the standpoint of offering new material for a history of the man who already counts among his able biographers John Addington Symonds, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edward Carpenter, Henry Bryan Binns, O'Connor, Maurice Bucke, John Burroughs, and Horace Traubel; it is, however, extremely valuable as presenting us Whitman as he now appears to modern French scholars and students. The book opens with the statement that America so far has produced only four universal geniuses—Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman; such other thinkers as have flourished on our soil have only a national and local significance. "Of these four thinkers, the author goes on to say," one dominates the group colossally—Walt Whitman. He is a poet and a seer; he is much more. So much more that one hesitates to try to define it. It is as if a whole continent spoke through one voice; as if a young race were incarnate in a single individual; as if democracy itself blossomed in hitherto unheard accents. "Listening to him one might fancy he heard some rhapsody, enormous, rude, which had visibly passed from antiquity on to American soil and there confessed the desires, the wonder, the faith of modern man. These chants, large, germinating, are the Vedic Hymns of a new age. They fairly overflow with the emotion which accompanies the beginning of an era."

The difference of tone between this biography in France and the officially sealed and approved biography of America is weighty enough to give us more than a moment's pause. Mr Perry, in that biography which is perhaps one of the most thoroughly humorous productions of its decade, compares Whitman with Whittier to the former's disadvantage. See, he would seem to say, how many nice, proper, perfectly comprehensible matters Whittier dealt with, which Whitman totally overlooks. "Whittier's roots . . . ran deep down in a certain spot of soil, but, unlike Whitman, he was never transplanted and made a wanderer." Whitman was a wanderer; one of his notes for a poem reads: "Be Happy: going forth, see all beautiful, perfect things." Mr. Perry continues of Whittier: "He sings of fireside; of township and county, of state and section, of church and party and organizations, and his note strikes true on all of them." True to what? True to the ages? Never. There are to be found in a great mass of perfectly mediocre work some few poems of a gentle and sweet piety, beauty. Distinction, or even individuality of form, Whittier never reached. The best of his work might be compared favorably with Watts's hymns, or the religious verses of John and Charles Wesley. By a great stretch of lenience one might set Whittier's work beside Keble's, but he is not even a great religious poet. No critic who valued his reputation as a critic would dare compare him with Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, Traherne, or Crashaw. His patriotic poems are mainly balderdash. The "Voices of Freedom" are so utterly beside the mark, old-fashioned and absurd, as to be unreadable now, whereas Walt Whitman's "Drum Taps" mean more to-day than when they were written. It is a truism to repeat that Whittier was a minor, local poet; that Whitman was a world poet. Even if the limited critical intelligence fails to grasp the fact, the different fate of the two poets in foreign lands would be sufficient proof. Whittier's poems fitted the small bourgeoisie of a small and inadequately educated people; they made their way straight to the heart of what might be called High-school culture.

It is quite in the nature of things that Whitman's own land should produce his most inadequate biography, as well as that it should be the last to recognize his supreme genius. He was a man of the people, a democrat and a colossal genius; a strange and unfathomable man. We had no social aristocracy to recognize a man so utterly unaware of social hierarchies, nor had we an aristocracy of the intellect able to recognize surprising individual genius. We have had industrious and gentlemanly men of letters, we now have the hoi polloi standard of criticism, where any one voice is as good as another and the best voice is the loudest, the rabble gives ultimate judgment on all intellectual matters.

In view of this condition one takes up the French estimate of Whitman with the greater interest. France has maintained certain intellectual standards always. With the Latin's love of definite outlines and temperamental aversion to mystic haze, Bazalgette rejects Bucke's cosmic consciousness theory of Whitman. The sudden flowering of his great genius he attributes to no supernatural illumination, but to a slow and natural growth. If his endowment was somewhat obscured at first, its fruition was that toward which his whole life had been tending. Whitman had always shown the characteristics of great genius; his was no precocious product, out of the absolute independence of his soul, out of his impregnable sincerity and simplicity, blossomed finally the flower of thought of a powerful individuality.

Those who have had the privilege of turning over Whitman's note-books know indeed how careful was his human preparation for his great task; how punctiliously he studied words; how conscientiously he weighed his means of expression. He was less concerned with the so-called supernatural than others, because for him reality itself was drenched in wonder and glory. The very pulse of eternity beat in the rhythms of time. He flung away all timid railings, all small concessions to opinion, magnificently sure of his mistress, the Soul, and of the Soul's eternal worth. He wrote with perfect assurance to those who two centuries hence should be reading and loving his poems. He had that insight that saw—

> "Good in all,
> In the satisfaction and aplomb of animals,
> In the annual return of the seasons,
> In the hilarity of youth,
> In the strength and flush of manhood,
> In the grandeur and exquisiteness of old age,
> In the superb vista of death."

Beyond the tumult of process he heard the Call of the Whole and knew it to be good.

"Who could have expected," writes the French biographer, "who could have foreseen that this Walt, indolent, comrade of pilots and 'bus-drivers, the habitué of Broadway, the tranquil, affectionate fellow, so near to the hearts of the simple, should nourish the scheme of becoming the singer of his race, of his age. Without warning, without preamble, without ceasing to show himself the most commonplace of men, this great, phlegmatic being suddenly offered the measure of himself, projected into the world his real self, that formidable self unknown to all."

How surprisingly Whitman lends himself to a French translation the few samples offered in the *Vie* [illegible]. Indeed to those who are shocked by his grammatical lapses and uncouthness of phrase, the French translation might offer the best of introductions to the great poet.

It is at any rate interesting to find Lucien Maury, in the *Revue Bleue* exclaiming: "Come, we must adopt Walt Whitman and give him an enthusiastic naturalization such as France has always been lavish with; we must incorporate his work in the national patrimony of art and poetry."

Correspondence

UNISIA, UNISIAN

Rochester, N. Y., *June 25, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—It has always seemed to me very unfortunate that the name "United States" has no adjective, and in this respect our country is probably unique among the nations of the world. The name "American" is general, and not specific, and in some European countries is applied more frequently to inhabitants of South-American countries than to citizens of the United States. Moreover, it is highly probable that in the near future such rapidly growing countries as Canada, Mexico, Brazil, and the Argentine will resent very strongly the appropriation by this country of the term "American," especially in an official sense. What, for instance, would England, Germany, and Russia think if France were to arrogate solely to itself the term "European"?

I therefore very humbly beg to suggest the name "Unisia" as a substitute for "United States," and the adjective, of course, would be "Unisian." The word is derived from the French "uni"—united—and therefore means all that "United States" means, but is shorter and more euphonious. Moreover, the word has the same number of syllables as America and Columbia, and could be substituted for them in national poetry. Lastly, the adoption of the name "Unisia" would put an end to the interminable discussion as to whether "United States" is singular or plural.

I am, sir,
John H. Quine.

AUTOMOBILES IN THE SOUTH

Memphis, Tenn., *June 20, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The article by Mr. De Krafft in the current issue of the Weekly, entitled "Blazing a Trail for Motorists," is very entertaining, but among us down in this Southern country occasions amazement at the apparent extent of the ignorance as to automobiles on the part of the populace in much of the territory through which Mr. De Krafft passed. It seems that the automobile occupied by the party stampeded a levee camp of two hundred or more negroes somewhere between Memphis and Trotter's Landing; but it is well known that the laborers in levee camps largely are recruited among city negroes, many of them going from Memphis, where automobiles really are not a rarity. Furthermore, it would seem from this article that the inhabitants of the negro cabins on the way to Tunica, Mississippi, also were stampeded by the approach of the automobile, but it is a matter of fact that automobiles are rather common in Tunica and Coahoma counties, through which this automobile probably passed. A number of physicians in the towns of these counties practise their profession by means of automobiles, and the town of Clarksdale, Mississippi, with a population of from three to four thousand, has doubtless twenty-five or thirty automobiles, which would be a pretty fair proportion to population for even a Northern town of this size. Furthermore, when will Northern writers and actors learn that "you all" is not used in the South in any but a collective sense, as "you people" or "you folks" is used north of Mason and Dixon's line? I have never seen this Southern idiom used in any book by Northern writers, or heard it spoken in plays written by Northerners, where "you all" was not used with reference to an individual; but if it is used otherwise than collectively anywhere in the South, I have yet to so observe it.

I am, sir,
Hammond McKinney.

TARIFF VIEWS

THE TWO TARIFF DOGS

Lake View, N. Y., *June 24, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I have read your tariff views for decades, and, while I am still of the same radical opinion—that a protective tariff is the safest policy for the welfare of this great republic of ours—I continue to watch your work with considerable interest and occasional amusement.

Great as your accomplishment has been on literary lines, your tariff views were not far removed from the ideal. This is first of all a commercial country. If we would go on without great disturbance we must accept the well-trained Republican Sheep Dog who will "pull the wool" but never bite us poor sheep, in preference to the poorly trained, impulsive Democratic Sheep Dog who not only pulls the wool but bites and cripples all of us poor sheep—always pretending only to hunt the big black fellows, the monopolies. Free Trade is an ideal, beautiful propaganda; a tariff for revenue is impractical; a tariff for revenue with absolute fair protection based on scientific lines as per the requirements of our standard of living is just and practical.

We will probably have to start over again with Mills theories—Wilson Gorman experiments—and then back to the Dingley bill, etc., till we have learned the right way of adjusting this vexed question. *Let us have peace until we can make proper choice.* There is a lot of misery in store for a great number of our fellow citizens who must learn their lessons in life's hard school. So let us have patience with the avalanche of argument pro and con until at the eleventh hour we may get a real non-partisan tariff commission. Until then, of the two dogs, let's take the well-trained Republican Sheep Dog.

I am, sir,
L. A. Warner.

Elegy Written in a Country Congressional District

The village band no more assaults the air
With tumult of the tubas and the drums,
It does not at the station wildly blare
The tune of "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes!"

The Member homeward plods his weary way—
No Main Street cavalcade to give him pride;
He comes home at the closing of the day
And takes the little pathways to one side.

Podunktown isn't Washington, D. C.;
The nap upon his hat is brushed away—
He knows the question first proposed will be
That popular, unanswerable "Why?"

Though Uncle Joe can "leave his fate with God,"
The Member lets those words die in his throat—
He sighs and bows his head beneath the rod
For in his district Providence don't vote.

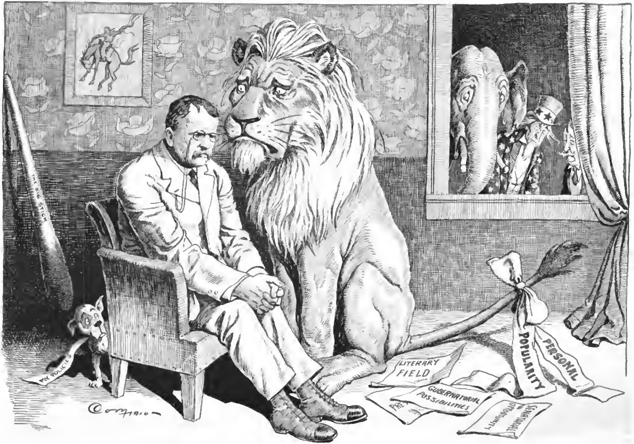
Full many a gem of purest vocal charm
The dark, unfathomed Record pages bear—
But "point with pride" nor yet "view with alarm"
The pee-pul at this hour can soothe or scare.

In other years he made a proud return
And heard the pee-pul brag about his terms—
To-night he hurries home with ears that burn
And with a soul that shudderingly squirms.

Within his pocket is the lengthy speech
Explaining how he steered the nation's craft,
But no hand for him in friendly reach,
Nor hail from any mute, inglorious Taft.

His train comes in just at the close of day,
But there are neither banners, cheers, nor drums;
The Member homeward plods his weary way
Without a "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes!"

Jefferson Toombs.


THE BIG STICK
MY POLICIES
LITERARY FIELD
GUBERNATORIAL POSSIBILITIES
SENATORIAL OPPORTUNITY
POPULARITY
PERSONAL

Drawn by J. Campbell Cory

LIONIZATION—SPECULATION—PERTURBATION

THE LION: "I wish I knew what you are going to do with me."
T. R. (*thoughtfully*): "So do I."
CHORUS FROM WINDOW (*with great fervor*): "So do we."

Harmon of Ohio

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE MILITANT DEMOCRATIC GOVERNOR WHO HAS ACHIEVED NOTABLE RESULTS IN THE EXTIRPATION OF OFFICIAL "GRAFT"

By Charles Johnston

IT seems that there is, in the good State of Ohio, a charming practice that the Legislature and the Executive should go picnicking together once a year. At the last legislative picnic, in the warm summer days of 1909, at Cedar Point, on the southern shore of Lake Erie, Governor Harmon made a notable speech. At one of the collations he was the chief speaker, and he was inspired to bring before the legislators thus convivially assembled an important principle of constitutional law. Though no verbatim reports were taken, I am fortunately able to quote from notes taken at the time, supplementing what the Governor himself told me of his speech. Governor Harmon had been deeply impressed, he told his audience, with the general decadence of the legislative branch of the government, and with the slack and perfunctory way in which it was accustomed to perform its functions. He tried to make his auditors realize the vital importance of the legislative branch, as the guardians of popular liberties, and the high dignity of their office. He reminded them that for centuries the people had struggled against the despotic power of kings and the arbitrary decisions of their judges, before they won the right to make their own laws and govern themselves, and he adjured them to hold fast to this great guarantee of popular liberty, the independence and effectiveness of the legislative power. Their dignity, he reminded them, consisted not in outward show, but in honestly performing the duties that devolved upon them, through the ordinary affairs of their daily lives as legislators. Each one of them should say to himself: "My duty is not to try to make a reputation for myself or my party, but to serve the people who put me in the office I occupy." The most a man in public life should ask is to have it said of him, "He was a man who was worthy of his trust."

Here is a vital idea, and one immediately applicable to the facts of our day. For it is undeniable that, though the Fathers of the Constitution purposed, after mature deliberation, that the legislative and executive branches of the government should be separated, yet the tendency of our time has overwhelmingly been to throw the legislative power, or at least a controlling element in the legislative power, into the hands of the executive. Therefore we hear increasingly of "administration measures," of "the President's railroad law," or the President's failure to change the tariff law; thus implying that the President, the Executive, should dominate legislation.

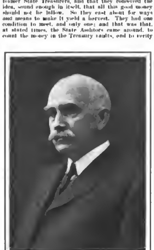
Governor Harmon thinks, and I believe he is right in thinking, that a far higher ideal of the legislative power should be held by the legislative branch of the government by the legislators themselves. They should remember that they themselves, being citizens, are chosen by their fellow citizens to defend their liberties and represent their aspirations and desires, and they should apply themselves with far more zeal, far more earnestness, and a deeper public spirit, to the work of framing laws for the people's good. It should be added, I think, that the great mass of citizens should know and understand far better than they do exactly what kind of men they are electing to legislate for them, and by whom these men were originally chosen. In the heightened vigilance and understanding of each citizen lies the real key of the situation.

I asked Governor Harmon whether it was his view that, since the legislative and executive powers were originally intended to be separate, they should remain effectively separate, and that the executive should hold back altogether from all efforts to guide and influence legislation. Governor Harmon made it clear that this was not his idea. He himself had never hesitated to recommend measures to the Legislature of Ohio, and he had always been ready to consult with members about measures embodying his recommendations. His idea is, I believe, that the two departments of government should be really co-ordinate, as they are in theory, and he holds that the Governor's duty is not only to pass on all bills which come from the legislature, but also to call attention to needed legislation. His purpose, therefore, in speaking as he did at Cedar Point last August was to stimulate the legislators to a higher sense of responsibility, and to greater attention to the public aspects of their duties.

We have here, then, it would seem, a vigorous statement of a genuine principle of Democracy, greatly needed in our day: a higher sense of honor and responsibility in our legislators, and a stronger sense of responsibility and understanding in their fellow citizens who choose them; a genuine principle of Democracy, to set off against the present Republican tendency to gather all power into the hands of the Executive, and to exercise this power through appointed commissions, which bid fair to become the foundation of a bureaucracy in no way directly responsible to the people, and chosen without the direct assent of the people. Of this genuinely Democratic principle we should hear more in the days to come.

Governor Harmon is in the curiously anomalous position of being a Democratic Governor with a Republican Legislature; just as his genial neighbor, Governor Willson, across the Ohio River, is a Republican Governor with a Democratic Legislature. Governor Harmon holds this position as the result of a vigorous campaign against the official "graft" which had been going on for years at Columbus, under Republican administrations. He fought this issue through to a finish in the gubernatorial campaign in the autumn of 1908, and his present State Treasurer, Mr. D. S. Creamer, fought valiantly by his side. It was to this issue of official graft at the Capitol, and to the kindred issue of the maladministration of State institutions, that Governor Harmon owed his election, and he carried his Democratic Treasurer along with him, all the rest of the State officials, as well as both Houses of the Legislature, being Republicans.

The manner of official "graft" in Ohio was as follows: The income of the State is somewhere between ten and twelve million dollars a year. Out of this there is generally a cash balance of something like five or six million dollars in the State Treasury, an admirably ordered department in the Capitol building. Well, it would appear that the sight of this beautiful pile of cash, amounting to over five million dollars, was too much for the moral peace and stability of former State Treasurers, and that they conceived the idea, sound enough in itself, that all this good money should not lie fallow. So they cast about for ways and means to make it yield a harvest. They had one condition to meet, and only one; and that was that, at stated times, the State Auditors came around, to count the money in the Treasury vaults, and to verify



A recent portrait of Governor Harmon

the Treasurer's accounts; but as the times of these visits were known long in advance, this condition proved itself not a very stringent one.

So the ingenious treasurers of the "good old times," before the spirit of reform and honesty had gone abroad, hit upon two expedients for making the big cash balance bear fruit. In the first place, they did exactly what seems to have been done in Pittsburg: they lent large amounts of State cash to certain favored banks at remarkably low rates of interest, two per cent. per annum being the favorite rate. Whether they did this in a spirit of sheer benevolence, from mere love of their kind in general, and of the bankers in particular, or whether, on the contrary, they got a rake-off from the bankers, out of the three or four per cent. profit which the banks were easily able to make by lending the State's money to their pushing and industrious clients, is a question which the courts of Ohio are presently trying, and on which, therefore, I cannot properly venture an opinion.

But the inventive ingenuity of former Treasurers of the State of Ohio did not stop here. There were, besides the large sums thus openly lent to the favored banks, very considerable sums, amounting to hundreds of thousands, or even millions of dollars, lying in the Treasury to meet current expenses. The only check on these sums was the fact that, at regular intervals known beforehand, the auditors would come to the Treasury and count the money. It is alleged—I might use a more vigorous term, were the cases not under trial—that the Treasurers of the "good old times" were in the habit of laying violent and unlawful hands on these big sums in the Treasury, and of lending handfuls of money to certain banks, which promptly relent it to their clients at six per cent. or more. And it is further alleged that in the State accounts there appeared no entry whatever of interest paid to the State for the said loans. To use the same formula, it is further alleged, either that the banks got the use of the money, and a highly profitable use at that, without paying any interest at all, or that, if they did pay interest, the said interest found its way into unauthorized pockets. Wherefore the State Treasury of Ohio is entitled to recover from the Treasurers of the "good old times." And in fact the State has instituted suits against former Treasurers for sums of $200,000 and $150,000, these sums by no means representing the total of official "graft," but only the much smaller sums which the State has good hope of proving were unwarrantably annexed.

This, then, is the case with which Mr. Judson Harmon went to the people of the State, this and the question of corruption and maladministration in State institutions, and, with Mr. Creamer, he stumped the great State of Ohio, making his way into every county almost, and talking with the shrewd, vigorous, Ohioans face to face. And as a result of this campaign of honesty and fair dealing, these two men, both of them Democrats, were triumphantly elected and sent to Columbus, though the State is predominantly Republican, with a Republican Senate and Assembly, and with the balance of the State ticket belonging to the Republican party.

We come now to the question of the maladministration of public institutions, which, with the graft scandal, was an important factor in winning the victory for Governor Harmon. Of public institutions, Ohio has a score: hospitals, soldiers' homes, industrial homes, schools for the deaf and blind, and so forth. To quote Governor Harmon's own words, "One out of every three hundred and ninety-eight of the population is now in our public institutions, including those maintained by the counties, and the percentage is growing. It may be that public benevolence is too freely granted and should be withheld when neither care nor treatment beyond private reach is needed. But however this may be, I am convinced that few, if any, of our establishments are conducted so as to secure either economy or best results. . . ."

Shortly after his election, Governor Harmon began a tour of visits among the twenty public institutions scattered through the State of Ohio. As a result of what he saw, he matured a plan of government for these institutions, the practical effect of which was to substitute a single central governing body for the score of separate boards which had hitherto managed them. In getting such a scheme through the Legislature, the Governor no doubt gained a vivid realization of the difficulties which are likely to arise when the Executive and Legislature belong to opposed political parties. But the reform bids fair to justify the stand which the Governor took in his campaign speeches, and to introduce large economies and great practical benefits.

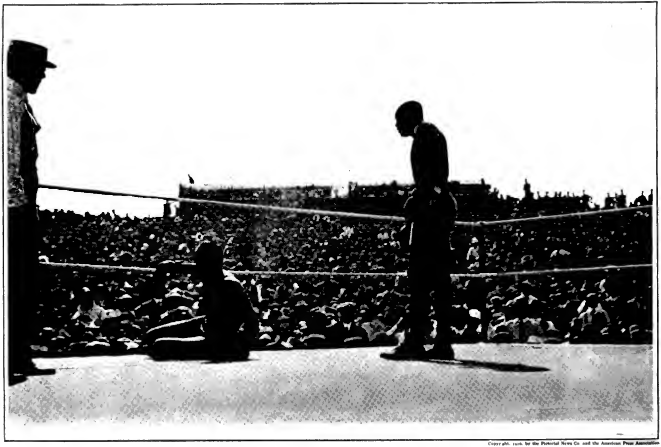
These, then, were the two chief issues which gave Judson Harmon the Governorship of Ohio, and throughout his campaign he made them clear to his fellow citizens, in stump speeches which were forcible, lucid, convincing, yet always fair and often lit up with flashes of humor. On the stump, Governor Harmon is a highly effective speaker. Over six feet high, stalwart, admirably built, and with the fine open-air complexion which comes from much exercise on the links, he has the physique to impress his audiences. And as a speaker he is clear, concise, forcible, vigorous; popular in exposition, yet always resting on principle, and ever ready to strike a key-note of fundamental moral law.

Like so many of our statesmen to-day, Governor Harmon began his practical life as a lawyer. Born in Hamilton County, Ohio, he graduated from the Cincinnati Law School when he was twenty-three, and courageously rushed into matrimony within a year. After eight years' practice at the bar, he was elected a judge of the Superior Court, a post which he held until 1887, when he was succeeded by William H. Taft.

After a few years more of law practice, Judge Harmon had the honor of being called to Washington as President Cleveland's Attorney-General. In this capacity he was called on to prosecute the first important case under the Sherman anti-trust law—the government's case against the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, which had for its purpose the prevention of illegal combinations of railroads. He set a precedent for all succeeding years by winning the case.

Yet another side of Judson Harmon's activities. In December, 1905, he was appointed by the United States Court at Cincinnati as receiver of three railroads—the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton, the Père Marquette, and the Toledo terminal railroads. He handled these very considerable railroad properties effectively and well, bringing them to a higher degree of efficiency than they had ever before reached. Within three years he was able to turn them over, in admirable order, to the reorganized companies.

The measures for which Governor Harmon has worked hardest have been chiefly for the better administration of the tax laws, the limitation of the rate of taxation required in view of pending reappraisement of all real property in the State, and the substitution of a single board for the management of the score of State institutions in place of a separate board for each. In all his work, whether in the law-courts, on the bench, at Washington, or at the capital of his State, Governor Harmon has shown the same qualities of high ability, vigor, practical knowledge and force, tempered by generous culture and a keen sense of humor; qualities which should carry him far,



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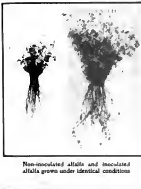
THE END OF THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY

The climax of the fifteenth and last round of the fight at Reno between Jeffries and Johnson. Jeffries, beaten down to defeat and vainly struggling to arise; Johnson, the victor, standing menacingly over him, ready to deliver another blow should the white man regain his feet. "Tex" Rickard, the referee and the promoter of the fight, stands at the left



Non-inoculated alfalfa and inoculated alfalfa grown under identical conditions

Inoculation Against Hunger

THE NEW SCIENCE OF FERTILIZING GROUND BY STEEPING LEGUMINOUS SEEDS IN A SOLUTION OF NITROGEN-ABSORBING BACTERIA, THEREBY INCREASING THE WORLD'S FOOD-SUPPLY

By Katharine Newbold Birdsall

THE high price of foodstuffs, which bears heavily upon the poor and is felt even by the rich, has been made the subject of considerable investigation. Doubtless each of the many reasons assigned contributes its share toward this increase. An ounce of prevention is, in a case of this sort, as in all others, worth a pound of cure; and it might, perhaps, be wise for us to go back to first principles—back to the ground—for the possible cause, as well as to apply the prevention.

The most expensive manurial substance the farmer has to purchase is the commercial fertilizer which contains nitrogen, such as nitrate of soda, guano, tankage, etc. Nitrogen, which forms four fifths of the atmosphere, is a necessary ingredient in animal and plant food. The nitrogen in the air should supply the ground with plant food, but nitrogen is hard to catch, or "fix," as the process is technically called; and while it is possible to secure it with the aid of static electricity, and also by chemical processes, the cost is at present prohibitive. When living things die or animal products decompose, a process which is brought about through the medium of disintegrating bacteria, some of their nitrogen is converted to plant use—which explains why manure brings such a high price. Another nitrogen fertilizer, nitrate of soda or Chile saltpetre which has been secured from ancient deposits of guano, is fast being exhausted, not only by farm demands, but by the demand for gunpowder. We must, therefore, look elsewhere for nitrogen to nourish plants, for soon the supply of natural nitrogen fertilizers will fall short of the demand.

Now certain plants have the property of absorbing nitrogen from the atmosphere through the medium of millions of bacteria which gather the free nitrogen from the air, and this nitrogen can be used in place of expensive commercial fertilizers. The most beneficial nitrogen-gathering bacteria form excrescences called "nodules" on the roots of certain plants of the pod-bearing family. These plants are called legumes, and include clovers, peas, beans, alfalfa, peanuts, etc. These bacteria have one function only to perform; they form a copartnership with the plant to supply it with nitrogen. They gather in great numbers on the roots of legumes, forming nodules, which are large colonies of bacteria stored with nitrogen. In exchange for sugar food which the legumes give the bacteria, and on which they thrive, the bacteria gather nitrogen from the air and feed it to the plants as desired. The plant, by giving two per cent. of sugar, receives ninety-five per cent. of nitrogen from the bacteria. When roots of legumes die in the ground, the nitrogen which the bacteria have already gathered and stored in these little bunches or nodules on the roots is given to the soil, which is then rich in nitrogen. When the next crop is planted in that soil, no matter what crop it may be, nitrogen is there. The more nodules, the more nitrogen. Therefore it is to the farmer's advantage, to the advantage of the world, to encourage the increase in growth of these nodules.

The more nodules that are formed on the roots, the more nitrogen is fed to the plant, and this makes the plant grow more healthily; makes the foliage deeper in color, more abundant, and of greater food value, the roots stronger and longer; and the stalks taller and sturdier.

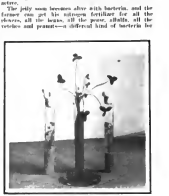
Experiments in transferring nitrogen-rich soil from some sections of the country where these bacteria flourish to new localities, to mix with worked-out soil, have been made. Sometimes the experiment is successful, more often, however, some harmful ingredient of the soil is also spread to the new soil. The only safe way is to apply healthy bacteria direct to the seeds of the crop before planting—to inoculate the seeds with bacteria which will gather nitrogen from the air to feed to the growing roots.

In 1904, with the sanction of Congress and the Secretary of Agriculture, a thorough investigation of the legume bacteria, which were originally a discovery of German scientists, was undertaken by Dr. George T. Moore, the German process of inoculation having proved unsatisfactory. Dr. Moore discovered a process of drying the bacteria, and claimed thus to be able to preserve them indefinitely. This method was successful, but it becomes necessary to bring the dried bacteria back to life and activity before the seed can be inoculated. And in awakening the nitrogen-gathering bacteria, it is necessary to prevent the growth of other bacteria such as moulds, yeast, etc. The government method proved cumbersome for the farmer and small gardener, the directions difficult, and the bacteria did not always "awaken."

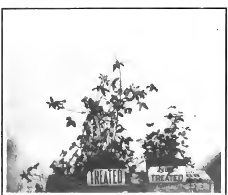
After much experimentation Dr. E. Earp-Thomas, of Bloomfield, N. J., has carried the art of cultivating and preserving bacteria to a point where every farmer in the country can make use of pure bottled bacteria, alive and healthy and ready for use, which he feeds to his seeds before planting, instead of working expensive nitrogen fertilizer into the ground. The bacteria on a good crop will thoroughly fertilize the ground for at least three years without reinoculation. Dr. Earp-Thomas collects healthy bacteria wherever he can find them already flourishing, takes them to his laboratory, puts them into glass jars with a gelatinous plant food and legume seeds, and tests their power under scientific conditions. There he can watch the formation of the nodules on the roots and select only the healthiest bacteria for distributing. In preparing the bacteria for farm and garden use, a needle is thrust into this pure breed of bacteria, and comes out laden with thousands of them. These are quickly transferred to another bottle containing a bed of jelly, which preserves the bacteria for years. The neck of the bottle and the needle are, during the process, passed through flame, to destroy any foreign substance. The bottle is corked with a patent rubber cork through which a glass tube runs, so that air can reach the bacteria. The tube is stopped with cotton, which prevents the entrance of foreign germs. In this bottle millions of bacteria breed, exerting themselves to absorb nitrogen from the air which filters in through the cotton. The jelly contains no nitrogen—the bacteria work to get it from the air and so keep healthful and active.

The jelly soon becomes alive with bacteria, and the farmer can get his nitrogen fertilizer for all the clovers, all the beans, all the peas, alfalfa, all the vetches and peanuts—a different kind of bacteria for each, which can be purchased, like medicine, by the bottle. Pure cultures of active, vigorous nitrogen-gathering bacteria, which need simply to be mixed with sugar and a little water to be shaken well and poured on the seed before planting, cost less than $2 per acre. This process entails no waste of valuable time, no expensive nitrogen fertilizer; but instead a maximum of benefit to the present crop and improvement to the soil for years to come, with a minimum of expense and labor.

When every farmer whose soil lacks nitrogen employs the aid of bacteria there will be a wonderful increase in size and weight of crops, there will be a wonderful increase in the proteid value of food for cattle, which will make for increased food value for man.



Clover grown under cotton in jelly containing bacteria, which draw filtered nitrogen through the tubes



Two specimens from the same crop of clover planted in an inoculated soil and in non-inoculated soil, respectively

These six peanut plants contain sufficient bacteria in the nodules upon their roots to inoculate all the peanuts in the world

THE MANY-SIDED WIFE OF A GENIUS

Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, wife of the 'Belgian dramatist and philosopher, has achieved distinction apart from that pertaining to her position as the wife of a famous writer. Mme. Maeterlinck is known as an opera-singer, essayist, lecturer, and as a suggestive commentator on her husband's works

An Inn—and Out—in Tripoli

THE MIXED COMPANY OF THE GRAND HOTEL MINERVA PROVED PREFERABLE TO A MOVING-PICTURE SHOW OUTSIDE

By William Milne Grinnell

"GRAND Hotel Minerva! Grand Hotel Minerva, Signore!" The voice was nasal and monotonous, and its owner—apparently rising through the deck a mere minute after the steamer had dropped anchor—an extremely seedy and woe-begone Maltese.

"Why not the Grand Hotel Minerva?" thought I, and in my choicest Italian I graciously responded, "*Si, sr.*" In another moment the unpalatable person and myself were being rowed ashore, where the Turkish authorities stood in eager readiness to pounce upon passport and luggage.

An alley in the native quarter

The tortuous alleys along which my cicerone subsequently led me spoke but humbly for the hostelry he had recommended, but I plodded on at his side with a serenity at last rewarded by the vision of a brilliant blue building, frivolously picked out in canary-yellow. With a bow worthy a "Chef du Protocole" he stood aside, and ushered me into an inner courtyard overhung on all four sides by a balcony once painted in lightest green, as was also a huge decrepit wooden tub in the middle of the open space from which an undiscouraged banana plant projected two enormous leaves. The inevitable archways revealed on every hand many uninviting things besides an extraordinarily untidy kitchen, with a garland of legs of mutton and other reeking butcher-wares hanging outside—no doubt out of consideration for a joyously disporting army of flies. The view reminded me of some picture by Jan Steen. As we proceeded along beneath the arcades over various débris and achieved the entrance door, I obtained a glimpse of mine host's bedroom and private office, where a guileless confusion of toilet paraphernalia attracted but did not detain the eye.

"Will you enter the dining-room, Signore?" The Fates enabled me to accept this invitation without a tremor, and boldly did I venture my safety upon a floor liberally encumbered with bits of paper, orange peel, flowers that had perished in early youth, and long strips of treacherous and bone-endangering banana-skin. An excellent example of how such footing should be negotiated was, however, afforded from the outset by two fine Angora cats, engaged in warfare, and chasing each other around and around the insecure tables with gliding velvety steps that no pitfalls could endanger. Their vicious scratchings and stranglings whenever they met were watched with interest by an aged Jewish "slavey" with extraordinarily thin bare legs, who was airily clad in a few lengths of yellow and red bandana handkerchief. On catching sight of us she scuttled away for all the world like an old cockroach toward her back-kitchen domain, affording us a rear view of her figure, which came near to losing me the last of my gravity.

My guide, who had vanished and left me defenceless against the perils of the place, now reappeared and obsequiously offered to show me to my room.

"I would like," quoth I in Baedeker Italian, "to speak to the proprietor."

"But, Signor, I am the proprietor."

This proud assertion so took me by surprise that I could not help an expressive glance at his outward measliness, a discourtesy which he was good enough to accept without ill-will.

My room—well, it was a room! That is about all that can be said about it except that it did justice to the Grand Hotel Minerva, its "open" plumbing and other unseemly items. When I descended to the dining-room for lunch I found myself waited upon by the son of the house, who sported in the lapel of his coat a Tunisian decoration of which he was visibly vain—with some excuse, since it had been conferred upon him for agile attendance upon His Highness the Bey during the course of a rose-garden "picnic," a very pretty and aristocratic Oriental function. The fare was not of the sort which makes one inclined to linger at table; and so, swallowing my coffee and lighting a cigar, I went for a stroll about the town; and a rather fascinating one I found it, since I only regained my temporary residence as the dinner bell was sounding for the second time.

There were a few more guests assembled for this meal than there had been at noon, and I found myself seated opposite a villainous-looking customer in a greasy cap, which was no doubt glued to his head, for he never once removed it. My thoughts began to wander toward Barbary pirates when, in defiance of the conventions, and greatly to his own apparent risk and peril, he proceeded to juggle his food with a dirk, or a young yataghan, or whatever it was. That ferocious style of feeding upon the fly-powdered viands was something wholly out of the common.

The decorated son was nowhere to be seen at first, and was replaced by a personage who seemed to me the Oriental prototype of an American tramp, and so repulsive was he that I instinctively shut my eyes whenever he lumbered in my direction; but Allah was gracious in this hour of distress, for in a few moments the seedy proprietor relieved him, and he vanished into the neighboring kitchen, where madame the proprietress was sunk in the mysteries of strange brewage for her hapless boarders. If he had come back I could not have eaten anything.

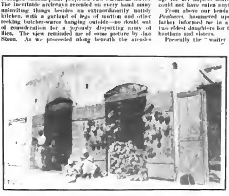
From above our heads drifted down the sounds of *Pagliacci*, hammered upon a tin-pan piano—as the father informed me in a complacent whisper—by his two eldest daughters for the edification of their sixteen brothers and sisters.

Presently the "waiter upon the Bey" entered, and, contemptuously oblivious of the company, indulged in a violent altercation with the author of his being—evidently in his opinion a much less important man than himself. A quarrel between Maltese—I am not alluding to the cats, since those were Angoras—is no joke, and my incorrigible imagination had already floated the orange peel on the floor in a bloody ooze, when the catastrophe was averted. A young and guileless pigeon fluttered in, to be at once pursued by both the cats around and over the tables. Father and son joined in the pursuit of the cats, the crumpled Jewess reappeared, and, with several of the guests, became involved in an indescribable hubbub that effectually smothered the original dispute.

The tower from which the muezzin calls to prayer

The rescue effected, we returned to table. The remains of the watery soup, fish reclining on faded salad leaves, and cous-cous composed of everything that had remained on the plates at luncheon cemented into some sort of adhesive cereal, were soon despatched; and the Barbary pirate, apparently much the worse for his meal, rose and departed with a threatening gesture of his fist toward the opposite wall—gaudy with Mediterranean steamship posters above a light green shelf, whereon I had previously discovered an ancient and dishevelled traveller's guide, an Amherst College catalogue of 1904, and a German pamphlet Teutonically poetizing hardware.

Formerly, it seems, the dining-room had possessed even greater attractions. There had dwelt in it a dog, who, having started out to be a Great Dane, had failed in every respect excepting size, and his playful and kindly presence greatly adorned the place. Its


Shops for the sale of water-ewers

A street cut through the ancient Spanish wall

best effect was created by rising suddenly from a siesta beneath a table and flipping the current item of the bill of fare into the diners' laps. Also he was mortally afraid of the cats, who, when not occupied in clapper-clawing or shedding their silky fur into the butter, would join forces to chase him out. But he lived to be an unappreciated genius and some weeks before my arrival had been banished to the proprietor's country seat—imagination fails to picture what that could be like—and his frolicsome place knew him no more.

However, the arrival of the native dentist who visited the hotel at set times in the course of the year over-compensated me for his loss. When I emerged from my room a few moments after dinner I found this uncertificated practitioner on the balcony, busily at work with strange implements of the Stone Age, and watched by a motley and admiring crowd from the tiled court below. Prompted by some evil demon, I paused just as a tall burnoused native of dignified mien was submitting to a rapid examination of his jaws. Six teeth were showing signs of wear according to the professional pronouncement—six . . . a big number . . . yes; but, being by nature obliging, if the patient consented he would draw the entire mouthful at a greatly reduced rate, thus enabling the tall native to acquire fame and honor as the possessor of a double set of false ones! The victim bowed assent, and in a moment a shower of ensanguined molars was flying over the balcony rail upon the heads of the multitude.

Nine were thus despatched before my eyes, but as the ruthless grapnels approached the tenth the victim silently brushed them aside. The rest, he explained, gorily expectorating, could wait until to-morrow, and, holding himself straighter than ever, he descended the precarious stairs, stopping in the court to exhibit his lacerated gums to eager searchers after similar relief. Some found the prospect reassuring and began to ascend, but I had had more than enough and went elsewhere.

The evening would be impossible at the hotel—I saw that, so, sedulously concealing my valuables in various holes about my apartment, I wandered forth into the dark and lonely streets, hoping desperately that I might be garroted or knifed before I went mad altogether. Recklessly, therefore, and without fear of man or beast, I stumbled on and on until a cheaply multi-colored illumination disclosed to me the entrance to the Italian quarter. A cinematograph? Were my eyes deceiving me? No; for presently was revealed before them a "moving" drama of Turkish love, robbery, and revenge, with music in the shape of an anæmic individual wresting *Kathleen Mavourneen* with brutal force from a pitiably aged and helpless piano.

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking!"

I shuddered. No, I didn't want to see it break in the city streets, and resolutely I turned my face "homeward." I had misjudged the hotel; bad as it was, it was my only bourne.

But in those regions one does not enter an hotel as one would the Ritz or the St. Regis, so during fifteen minutes I vainly pounded the panels, alternately with my heavy cane and my boot; until, as to Mark Twain's prisoner who had a bright idea after twenty years, it occurred to me to open the door. It resisted. I shoved vigorously; there was a fearful crash, a medley of obscene growlings, and I entered head first over the sprawling form of the Moorish boab who had been sleeping against it after the manner of his kind. He did not offer to knife me, he did not even demand compensation, but closed the door, huddled up on the threshold, and was instantly asleep again. Gropingly and with the aid of many matches I at last reached my room and securely bolted myself in. I desired no more adventures!

A few moments later, arrayed for the night, I sprang into bed, and at once rebounded every bit as vigorously—the impact of my weight had set off a crazy carillon of springs—they were not only extremely powerful but out of tune as well. A stealthy second approach was successful, however, and I got in, discovering piles of blankets that savored of the Arctic regions—and other things—though the weather was extremely warm. Evidently resignation alone remained to me, and absolute immobility on that gridiron of vocal springs if I were to sleep at all, so, carefully stretching myself upon, not beneath, the coverings, and holding myself as rigid as a corpse, I fell at last into the exhausted sleep of my first night in Tripoli.

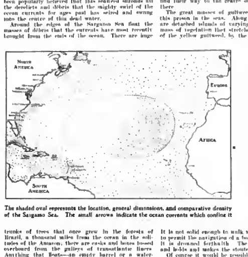
The Mystery of the Sargasso Sea

By Thaddeus S. Dayton

THERE is one vast marine expanse that mariners shun—the little-known Sargasso Sea. This has been a place of mystery and dread ever since the first bold navigator began seeking what lay beyond the rim of his own horizon.

The Sargasso Sea is in mid-Atlantic, lying between 20 and 35 degrees north latitude and 30 and 60 degrees longitude west from Greenwich. In area more than two million square miles, it is thus almost as large as the United States. From its borders it seems an ocean solitude, a meadow of seaweed as large as a continent. It has been popularly believed that this seaweed shrouds all the derelicts and débris that the mighty swirl of the ocean currents for ages past has seized and swung into the centre of this dead water.

Around the edges of the Sargasso Sea float the masses of débris that the currents have most recently brought from the ends of the ocean. There are huge trunks of trees that once grew in the forests of Brazil, a thousand miles from the ocean in the solitudes of the Amazon; there are casks and boxes tossed overboard from the galleys of transatlantic liners. Anything that floats—an empty barrel or a water-logged derelict—once it gets into the grasp of the sea-currents, finds its resting-place in the end in this graveyard of the ocean.



The shaded oval represents the location, general dimensions, and comparative density of the Sargasso Sea. The small arrows indicate the ocean currents which confine it

The Sargasso Sea owes its existence to the great ocean rivers that encircle it. On the charts this huge system of ocean rivers forms an irregular circle. In the centre of it is a great ellipse more than a thousand miles east and west, and two thousand north and south. It is like a vast lake in the centre of the Atlantic, but one whose shores are ever-moving waters instead of stable land. It is like the calm centre of an immense whirlpool. The far-off deep-sea currents that sweep around its circumference do not disturb the stagnant waters within its boundaries. These weed-covered waters are forever placid, except at rare intervals when some vagrant storm swoops down from the heavens and ruffles their surface. The atmosphere above is usually as calm as the seas below. The great rivers of the air, the trade-winds, pass this region by.

The best way in which the Sargasso Sea may be understood is to compare it with some familiar object of every day. Take a cup of tea and stir it round. The bubbles will rush to the centre and stop there. The sweep of the tea around the edge of the cup is, in a very minute way, the same as the movement of the mighty ocean currents that swing around the Atlantic with the Sargasso Sea in their centre. A better illustration may be had by taking a basin half full of water and tossing therein some bits of wood or cork, or anything that will float. Then with a sweep of the hand set the water swirling. All the floating bits will gather in the centre, and there they will stay so long as the water is in motion. It is thus that the wrecks and the incalculable débris swept by this stupendous onrush of the ocean currents find their way to the centre of the vortex and stay there.

The great masses of gulfweed are the warders of this prison in the seas. Along the outer edges there are detached islands of varying size, which, like the mass of vegetation that stretches to the sky line, are of the yellow gulfweed, by the Spaniards called sargazo. These little islands have narrow channels of clear water between them. The water is of an intense indigo blue and the seaweed of a bright yellow, the contrast between the two being exceedingly striking. Only a few hundred feet from the outer edges of these floating islands the continent of solid marine vegetation begins.

No steamship could ever penetrate the Sargasso Sea. The tangling weed would choke its propeller and make it useless. The skipper of any sailing craft who runs his prow into this thick web of weed through any of the mischances of navigation is fortunate indeed if he escapes quickly. The Sargasso Sea is baffling. It is not solid enough to walk upon nor liquid enough to permit the navigation of a boat. Whoever falls into it is drowned forthwith. The clinging weed grasps and holds and makes the stoutest swimmer powerless.

Of course it would be possible to cut a passage for a small boat toward the centre of this immense sea-meadow. But the channel behind would close up as quickly as it was made and cut off the avenue of escape. Such an expedition would require a large quantity of supplies, far greater than any boat of moderate size could carry. Some day, no doubt, the Sargasso Sea will be explored, for it has the lure of mystery which always tempts men to risk their lives.

So far as known the only real attempt that ever has been made to explore the Sargasso Sea and to map it accurately was that of a Captain Leps, the master of a French sailing vessel, more than half a century ago. In his report, written in 1857 and published in a bulletin of the French Geographical Society eight years later, he gave a brief account of his observations, which extended over a period of some three months. Captain Leps does not say how he came to receive his exploring commission, and his account reads like that of an experienced mariner rather than that of a man of science. The map he made, however, is considered the most accurate one in existence. He did not attempt to penetrate this great floating mass of seaweed, but seems to have contented himself with sailing around it and observing the course of the currents.

The belief that appears to have been shared by such geographers as Ulrich and Baron von Humboldt—that the sea is impenetrable, and that it holds forever all that comes within its boundaries—seems to have been disproved by what happened to a derelict recently.

In May last the United States Hydrographic Office at Washington reported that the Norwegian bark Crown—wrecked and abandoned—drifted into the Sargasso Sea on one side and came out later on the other. Apparently this boat had passed directly through the centre of this ocean desert—straight across the 1,000 miles of its diameter, steered only by the shifting currents of the ocean.

Modern hydrographic science does not regard the Sargasso Sea as anything to be dreaded. It takes its fabulous terrors as things not proven. Lieutenant Ridgely Hunt, United States Navy, in charge of Branch Hydrographic Office in New York City, has this to say about it:

"Through the dynamical forces arising from the earth's rotation, which cause all moving masses in the northern hemisphere to tend to be deflected toward the right-hand side of their path, the algæ that are borne by the Gulf Stream from the tropical seas find their way toward the inner edge of the circulatory drift which moves in a clockwise direction around the central part of the North Atlantic Ocean. In this central part the flow of the surface waters is not steady in any direction, and hence the floating seaweed tends to accumulate there. The tendency to accumulate is perhaps most observable in the triangular region marked out by the Azores, the Canaries, and the Cape Verde Islands, but much seaweed is also found to the westward of the middle part of this triangular region in an elongated area extending to the seventieth degree meridian of west longitude.

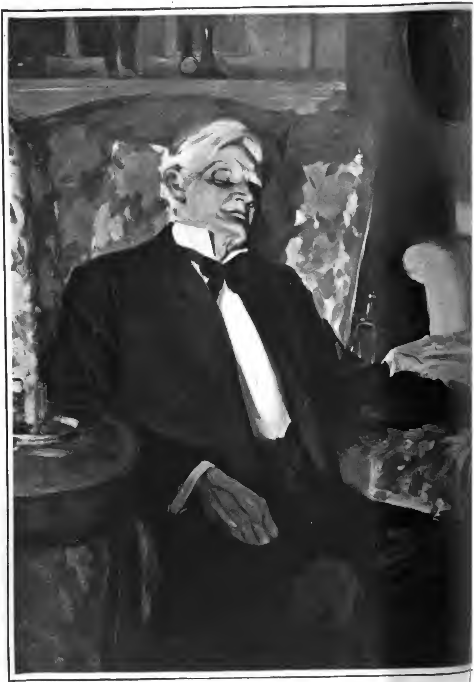
"The abundance of seaweed in the Sargasso Sea fluctuates much with the variation of the agencies which accounts for its presence, but this office does not possess any authentic records to show that it has ever been accumulated in such amount as materially to impede vessels in passing over this part of the ocean."

All sorts of small aquatic and insect life flourish around the borders of the Sargasso Sea. There are numberless varieties of fish, molluscs, shrimps, crabs, and waterfleas. Almost invariably this life takes on the protective color of the masses of yellow weeds in which it lives.

Some of these inhabitants of the Sargasso Sea are found nowhere else. There is a transparent shrimp that has wondrous eyes on the end of long pedicels. These eyes are many faceted, and each facet sheds a brilliant greenish light and sparkles like a splendid gem. The waterfleas are extraordinary also. Some are totally blind, while others go to the opposite extreme and are nearly all eye. Even the fishes are unique. There are some that build nests in which to hatch their young. They form the weed into huge balls about the size of a Dutch cheese. The fish binds these together with glutinous threads which it exudes from its body. These threads are so strong that a man cannot pull them apart with his hands. One explorer who brought up in a net one of these fish nests found six small fish inside.

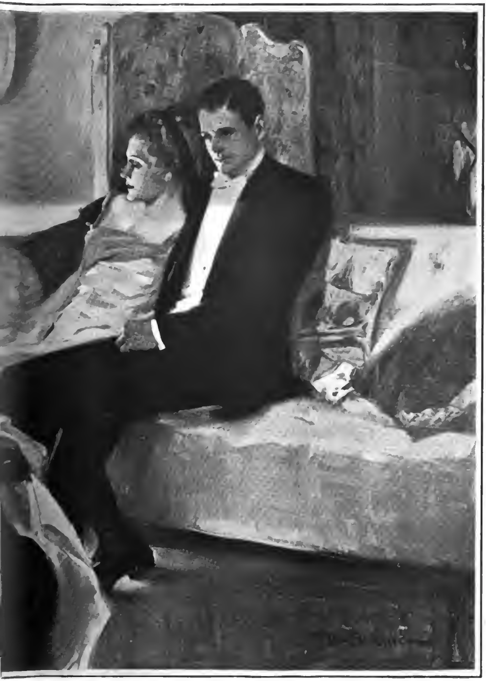
Although the waters about the Sargasso Sea are generally calm, they are by no means stationary. The fringing islands of weed rise and fall or shift their position according to the direction of the wind or the condition of the sea. The great mass, however, seems as motionless as the land itself.

At night the waters of the Sargasso Sea are phosphorescent, and the fish and all the marine life shine with this strange light. Now and then great shoals of fish shoot through the narrow lanes between the islands and leave trails of light as they slip through the indescribable beauty of the molten seas.



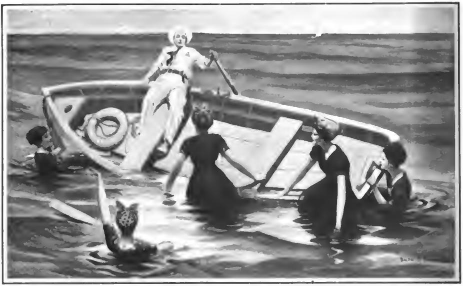
A NAP IS BENEFIC

DRAWN



TO SOME PEOPLE

B KING



THE LIFE-SAVER

SOME NEEDED LAWS: FEDERAL AND OTHERWISE

A FEDERAL mosquito law placing all mosquitoes doing an interstate business under the control of a commission empowered to muzzle them at appropriate seasons of the year.

A law regulating the uncontrolled power of baggage-smashers, designed to prevent them from throwing suitcases and Saratoga trunks weighing under two hundred pounds farther than three hundred yards.

An anti-polyandry law forbidding summer girls to have more than fifteen fiancés at once until all maiden ladies under sixty in the district have been matrimonially provided for.

A law for the prevention of cruelty to voters by which stump-speakers who speak more than three consecutive hours at a stretch shall be fined a dollar a word for all words spoken after the time limit has expired, or compelled to eat their own perorations, or both.

A city ordinance fining all women who go off into the country for the summer, turning a lot of weak-minded husbands loose to graze along the city highways during the heated term.

An anti-smuggling law requiring that all returning travellers from abroad shall wear bathing-suits when entering this port, and compelling them to pay a fine of twice the value of their baggage for presuming to land anywhere south of the Canadian line.

A law regulating piazza gossip, requiring that all men and women who pull other people's characters apart shall be compelled to put them together again immediately thereafter under penalty of having their own records published in the local press.

A law for the benefit of the travelling public requiring all persons who snore to wear Maxim silencers on their noses on all sleeping-cars doing an interstate business.

A GOOD REASON

"You say Colonel Dawson can't see me?" demanded little Binks, indignantly.

"I do," returned the colonel's secretary.

"And may I ask if he gives any reason for this extraordinary behavior?" said Binks, trembling with emotion.

"Yes," replied the secretary, coldly. "He says he doesn't want to strain his eyes."

A CLEAR CASE

"I DON'T very well see," said the lawyer, "how you can sue your husband for a divorce on the score of desertion when on your own account he has been living quietly at home all the time."

"You don't, eh?" retorted the indignant would-be plaintiff. "Well, if it isn't desertion for a man to take a taxicab to the club, and deny that he is related to her, just because his wife has been arrested on the dock for smuggling, I don't know what desertion is!"

PRUNES IS PRUNES

By a recent decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, rice pudding has been declared to be pastry, but prunes are held to be nothing more than prunes.—*Law report in a daily paper.*

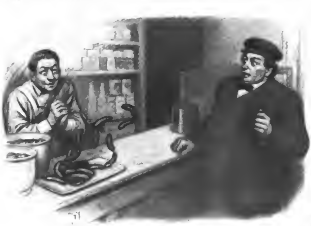
I ALWAYS knew that Pigs were Pigs and Pollywogs were Frogs.
I've had a dim suspicion that some Sausages were Dogs.
That Eggs is Eggs and Cats is Cats, nobody can dispute.
And everywhere fresh Apple Sass has had no substitute.
Boys will be Boys, Girls will be Girls, and Hens are ever Hens.
And in some Poetry you'll find Goose Quills make busy Pens.
Old Maids are Maids wherever found and Pants are Pantaloons,
So why should we now stand aghast to learn that Prunes is Prunes?

I never thought them otherwise, though maybe some folks think
A Prune's a Motor in disguise or Pot of Purple Ink.
It never would occur to me to think a Prune a Pig,
Though sometimes I've received a Prune when ordering a Fig.
I've met a Maid with Golden Hair I thought to be a Peach,
Who later on a Lemon turned and fled beyond my reach,
But never 'neath the glowing Sun nor the inconstant Moon
Have I believed a Prune could be aught other than a Prune.

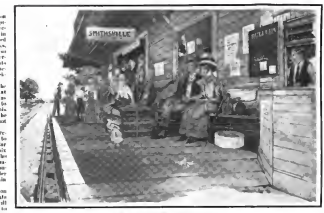
I knew a Lady once who kept a Home for Gentlefolk,
Who set a table that was deemed a rather sorry joke.
Her Eggs were Eggs, in fact, had been that way for many a year,
And that her Soup was in the Soup was ever sadly clear,
But she believed the Prune a Bird of Plumage rich and gay
And served it to those Gentlefolk at least three times a day.
She served it in the morning glow, at eventide and noon,
But none the less I always knew 'twas nothing but a Prune.

But all the same I'm glad to hear the Court's decided that
The Prune is not a Taxicab, a Cheese, or Derby Hat.
If anybody in the land mistakes it for a Rose,
A Mackintosh, a Garden Rake, or length of Rubber Hose,
'Tis proper that the Law should say exactly what it is
And so remove it from the realm of puzzling mysteries,
So here's to Solomon the Judge with Wisdom all in tune
Who dares to freely speak his mind and call the Prune a Prune!

CARLYLE SMITH.



HIS MASTER'S VOICE



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

QUEEHAWKETT NOTES

THE summer season has opened auspiciously for Queehawkett, every room in town having been rented for the next six weeks, with the demand still so great that Silas Wetherbee has put sixteen cots in his hay barn to accommodate the week-enders.

"Dad" Peters, the most popular fiancé at Queehawkett last summer, whose engagements it was always a pleasure to us to announce, has returned to the Woodbine for the season, where he will exercise his well-known powers of fascination for the rest of the summer. Fathers of marriageable daughters need not worry over "Dad's" intentions. He hasn't any.

Our summer visitors, in order to show their appreciation of the efforts of the Queehawkett brass band to entertain them with rare music, have started a popular subscription to send the whole band off on a six weeks' vacation during the heated spell. Visitors who wish to get to sleep early in the evening will materially advance their cause by sending their contributions, large or small, to Herman Heinzinski, the leader of the band, at Heinzinski's barber shop, on Main Street.

The proprietors of the La Lorraine bungalows on Hillside Avenue have given notice to their tenants that all bridge players arriving at the bungalows will be required to pay three weeks in advance, owing to certain misconnections between the cashier and some of last season's guests.

Owing to the man-famine so prevalent at summer resorts these days, the hustling manager of the Everglades House has engaged two graduates of Harvard to spend the season there. Their time will be booked in advance, and all applications for dances, walks, sets of tennis, fishing parties, and other social diversions should be made to the room clerk at the earliest possible moment. A small nominal fee for their attentions will be charged. Special rates will be charged for flirtations of a serious nature.

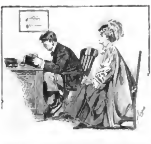
We are glad to notice among the recent arrivals at the Queehawkett House, Miss Tootsie Flaxilocks of Jersey City. It is only gallantry that keeps us from saying that this is Miss Flaxilocks's thirty-seventh consecutive summer here.

Invalids and others spending the summer at Queehawkett, who desire to provide themselves with special eggs, are notified that we have in our cold-storage department some hundred or more dozen eggs, paid into our treasury from time to time during the past three years for subscriptions, which may be had at reduced rates. It must be understood by purchasers that we give only a quit-claim deed to them, and do not warrant their title to freshness.

Our announcement last week that the Hammond Cottage on Beach Street was leased for the season was, it seems, a trifle premature. The lessee after taking the cottage and cashing a check for thirty-five dollars at Hawkins's grocery, left town and has not returned, although the check has, the bank having no account in the name of the person who drew it.

A singular ornithological phenomenon is reported from Billups's farm. Miss Parthenia Bumpus of Boston, who arrived at the farm for the season last week, inadvertently left her chanticler hat on the lawn the other night, and the next morning twelve little chickens were found asleep under it, having escaped from Mr. Billups's incubators and adopted the beautiful piece of millinery for their mother.

While it is true that the managers of the Wigglesworth have declined to advertise their hotel in our columns, observing that our circulation is a trifle too sluggish for them, we hasten to inform the public that they are consistently following out their plan not to allow any tips in their hostelry. Even their billiard cues are included in the operation of this excellent rule.



LAWYER: "THE ONLY GROUND YOU HAVE FOR AN ABSOLUTE SEPARATION IS—"
CLIENT: "WHAT?"
LAWYER: "THE CEMETERY."

AT THE SEASHORE

CARRAWAY *(to Hawkins, who has just arrived)*: "By Jove! Hawk, there goes that stunning little brunette who was here last season. She's the jolliest little bird I ever met. Come along and I'll introduce you."

HAWKINS *(coldly)*: "No, thanks, Carraway. I'm married."

CARRAWAY: "Oh tut, Hawk! What difference does that make? She won't care. Married men are her specialty."

HAWKINS *(still more coldly)*: "I know that. I'm the man she married."

SUMMER RESORT ETIQUETTE

AT THE SEASHORE

I. Young women who bury their fiancés in the sand should be very careful to mark the precise spot where the burial has taken place, so that before leaving the beach they may dig them up again. The penalty for a violation of this rule is apt to be the complete loss of the fiancé.

II. If a young lady's hat is blown off on the beach and goes dancing over the sands, do your best to catch it, but be careful to do so with your hand, and under no circumstances try to arrest its progress seaward by impaling it to the earth with the sharp ferule of your umbrella.

III. If the little brother of an attractive young person shovels a spadeful of wet sand down the back of your neck, kiss your hand to him, and tell him he is a fine fellow, and later when you meet him in a dark place where he cannot recognize you, bestow such further attentions upon him as you think the occasion demands.

IV. Be gallant always, and even if you suspect that a certain fair guest's complexion is not real, do not yield to the temptation to test the fastness of its colors by ducking her head underwater under the pretence that you are teaching her to swim.

V. If while you are bathing with your heart's desire a shark suddenly pokes his nose in between you, do not lose your head by putting it in the shark's mouth, but create a diversion from the lady by running away as hard as you can with a great splash. Sharks never were lady-killers, anyhow.

VI. Cruelty to our fellow men is never to be commended, but if you find your hated rival intruding between yourself and the young lady you have come to the seashore to visit, it is no violation of the prescribed etiquette of seaside courtship to hit him playfully on the optic with a nice fresh jellyfish. If the jellyfish is really fresh the mere electrical effect of this sudden contact will produce the desired results.

VII. In revisiting the scene of last year's conquests do not assume that because you were engaged to a certain lady there at the close of last season you and she are necessarily acquainted this year. If you desire to renew the acquaintance get somebody to introduce you as though you had never met her before, and under no circumstances refer to your past relation. She may have married since, and such allusions might prove embarrassing.

VIII. If you are out fishing and an extra-heavy bluefish yanks one of the ladies overboard, do not try to rescue her by grabbing her by the hair. It might come off. But seize a boat-hook and at once catch her by the handle of her vanity bag, which you will find firmly attached to her waist, and pull her slowly but surely back into the boat again.

IX. If on the morning after she has accepted you, you discover that two other men to whom the lady is engaged to be married have arrived, do not commit suicide or challenge your rivals to a duel. Bide your time, and some evening when you sit down for a friendly game of bridge together suggest the lady for a booby prize, and if you really want her do your worst.

X. If in a fit of absent-mindedness after bathing you find that you have entered another man's bath-house and put on his clothes instead of your own, and have not discovered the fact for several hours, good form requires that you should at least return to the owner such private papers as you may find in his pockets, his watch, and, if your means will permit, a considerable portion of the money found in his wallet. To avoid ostentation it were well that this were done anonymously. As for the clothes, much will depend upon how well they fit you, but the safer plan is to let the matter rest in abeyance for a while until the other fellow has had a chance to cool off. In any event it will be bad form to wear them publicly until you are sure he has gone back to town.

THE KIND THAT MOTHER USED TO MAKE

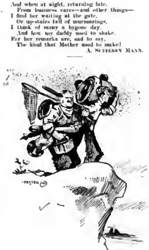
HER smiles? Ah, they are mighty sweet!
They fill my days with sun and shine,
They gild the paths before my feet
With glory golden and divine.
They fill me with ambitions fair
For tasks immortals undertake,
And spur me ever on, for they're
The kind that Mother used to make.

Her eyes? Ah, they are deeply blue
How I rejoice to watch their light
As they flash out on Kate and me
And drive all worry out of sight!
And when she uses them—ah me!—
To stir me, how my pulses quake
For they're again the kind, you see,
The kind that Mother used to make!

Her cooking? Ah, what genius lies
Behind each culinary scheme!
Such rabbits rare, such pumpkin pies,
Each dish a sweetly dainty dream.
It matters not what she may do,
Whatever she shall mix or bake,
There is not one unequal to
The kind that Mother used to make.

And when at night, returning late,
From business cares—and other things—
I find her waiting at the gate,
Or up-stairs full of murmurings,
I think of many a bygone day,
And how my daddy used to shake,
For her remarks are, sad to say,
The kind that Mother used to make!

A. SUFFERAN MANN.



"WELL, HERE WE ARE AT LAST. WHERE SHALL WE PITCH THE TENT?"
"RIGHT OVER THIS CLIFF."

When the Stars Fell

·A STORY OF THE METEORIC SHOWERS OF 1833

By Virginia Frazer Boyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M LEONE BRACKER

It was Aunt Silvey's time to tell a story, and, as she hobbled forward leaning on her stick to take the place of honor closest to the fire, her listeners knew that it would be a story of the elements, for Aunt Silvey studied the heavens and could prophesy good or evil in the whistling of the winds. And this was Aunt Silvey's story:

Uncle Bob's Lish was as fine a young negro as was ever born on Ole Marse's plantations, and Ole Marse was proud of him. He was tall, slender, and brown, and when he laughed his teeth glistened like ivory; when he swung the axe at the roots of the great trees down in the new clearing, the sway of his splendid young body was beautiful to see.

The other negroes said that Lish was as good as five, for once he put out the fire in the gin house all by himself, when it was full of cotton, and the same year swam through the ice at the risk of his own life and saved Young Marse from drowning, all he had to do when he wanted anything was to go to the Big House and ask Ole Mis' for it, and he got it.

All the girls in the Quarters made eyes at Lish, and the mothers always had a word of praise for him. But for all that Lish had a hidden sorrow. A sorrow that made him an outcast from all the merry happenings in the Quarters, a looker-on, with no part nor pleasure in them. He could buck and wing and double shuffle and buzzard-lope by himself, with the best of them, but let a petticoat swish by him and it was all over with Lish.

But when spring came again and the peach trees blushed down in the orchard, and the apple trees wept their white petals on the hillside, when the bees came out into the open and drummed in the hearts of hyacinths and the jorée that nested in the thorn told his mate that the winter was surely gone, when there was a breaking of the clods in the cornfield and a weeding out in the young cotton, and the swarming life in the Quarters stretched itself in the dazzling sunshine and let the bark logs die into ashes—then it was that something happened to Lish. Aunt Mahaly dropped her rake right in the middle of the row, in wonderment, and even Uncle Bob, Lish's own daddy, leaned on his hoe to look. By twelve o'clock every nigger on the plantation knew that Lish had sidled up to Dicey in the field and offered her three partridge eggs and Dicey had accepted them.

"Hain't nuthin' but spring fever," said Uncle Bob, as he went back to his work. "Lish hain't never had his sheer, an' he's ketchin'." And the spring fever would have prospered and thrived wonderfully in Lish, save that Dicey was a flirt. It was great fun to watch the enormous glances for a while, but all too soon Lish's awkward wooing wearied the spoiled belle of the Quarters, and she longed for the larger field which had always been hers. It was very stupid to sit and hold hands with the speechless Lish as he gazed first at her, then at the sluggish river madly and swollen with the late spring rains, then back again at her without a word.

Blessed though he was with treasures among the rest of the Quarters, day after day he had brought them all and laid them at her feet: the trophies Ole Marse had given him year after year as wrestling prizes; the gold ring which he had chosen as Ole Miss's gift when she had asked him to name it after he had saved Young Marse—and Ole Mis had taken it off her own finger. Then came the china cup with the gold band around it and the motto "Love the Giver" across it, which Little Miss, the baby, had sent him for Christmas. As a last offering, he had slipped into Uncle Bob's old cedar "chist" and stolen his dead mother's hoop earrings, and he gave them to Dicey. Then Lish silently hovered with words until they came.

"Hain't I convinced you yet, Dicey?"

Dicey with her one free hand smoothed her faded blue cotton apron, then tossed her head until the drops on the hoop earrings tinkled like bells. "Not yet, Lish, but it's er comin'! It's er comin'!" she said.

"When hit gwine come?" whispered Lish.

"When I fine mo' heart," and Dicey tinkled the drops again. "What else Unc' Bob got in dat chist dat b'long to you mam, Lish?"

"Des kivers, Dicey," and Lish drew his free hand across his eyes. "I done slip ever'thing else outen hit 'ceptin' de kivers. Mammy's gho'st, she gwine haunt me ef I taken dem kivers fum daddy!"

"Lish!" crooned Dicey, as she swayed her body to and fro, "I se des er gwine ter er hopin' fur some er dem kivers, 'fore I kin be convinced!"

So it came to pass that now, since they had been folded away for the summer, one by one of the patient dead Marthy's quilts were slipped from Uncle Bob's "chist" by the infatuated Lish. First came the "Golden Chain," the "Lone Star" followed. Lish shivered even in the first spring heat as he took from the bottom of the "chist" the "Yellow Rose of Texas," which had been the pride of the industrious Marthy's heart. Still Dicey was unconvinced. Perhaps there was something else in Uncle Bob's old wonder box for Lish to give her. But Lish had impoverished the unconscious Uncle Bob and he himself was bankrupt of all his former wealth, so now the days went by without the offering of another gift. Then Dicey looked about and began to smile on Selim, whose mother had a brood of fine young broilers. Lish burned with jealousy in the field as he watched the blissful Selim, and froze with fear in the cabin lest Uncle Bob should discover the loss of his "kivers"; and once more he sought the presence of the coquettish Dicey.

"Is Selim convinced you yet, Dicey?" he asked, mournfully, as Dicey snatched her hand away from his hopeless grasp.

"Naw, Selim hain't convince me yet, but maybe hit's comin'!"

"An' wid all I done give you uv mine an' done steal fum daddy, hain't I convince you yet, Dicey?"

"Naw, you hain't convince me, Lish! Dar's mo' in dat chist uv Uncle Bob's."

Lish groaned in spirit. "Hain't I convince you wid what I already done?" Again Dicey made the drops on the earrings of Lish's dead mother ring like bells.

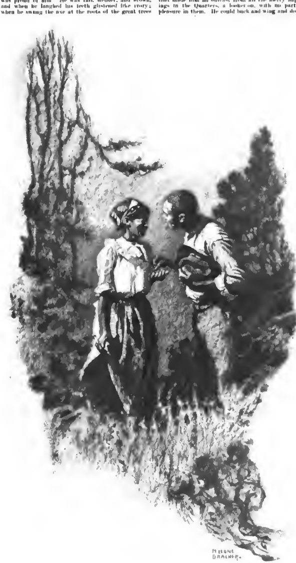
"Not if de levee was ter break an' ever'body drownded 'ceptin' you an' me! Not if all de cows an' de hosses an' de sheeps what w'an't drownded was ter up an' ter ax hit!"

Lish groaned and leaned his head on his hands.

Dicey, growing more audacious, rose and turned a pirouette on her toes. "Not if de very stars was ter come drappin' outen de sky, fur ter ax hit, kin you convince me, Lish!"

Lish lay out on the grass alone and looked up at the sky. Moodily he watched the afterglow fade and the swift twilight come on; then one by one the stars came twinkling out to pierce the darkness, but they brought no message to Lish's rudely broken heart.

Uncle Bob loved few things on the face of the earth; of these things, the first were the "kivers" his dead


M LEONE BRACKER.

He had stolen his dead mother's hoop earrings, and he gave them to Dicey

Marthy had made with her own hands, and the next was Lish, his son. It so happened one Sunday morning, as he was basking in the sunshine in front of his cabin, and Lish was lying on the grass looking up at the sky, he spied Dicey across the way, hanging her quilts on a line to air. She looked very pretty to his old eyes, as she flitted to and fro, pinning them up on the line—one, two, three, four, while their kaleidoscopic brilliancy fairly dazzled him. But there was something very familiar about three of them, the "Golden Chain," the "Lone Star," and the "Yellow Rose"; and he bethought himself of his own wealth and began to stretch a line for the airing of his own treasures. Whistling as he went, he turned into the cabin and opened his precious "chist." It was empty! Even the Seidlitz-powder box in which he always kept his Martha's hoop earrings was gone!

"She's got 'em!" he muttered. "She's got 'em!"

Trembling with rage, he picked up his knotted stick, but when he looked out upon the grass at the prone figure still staring up at the sky his heart misgave him.

"Lish!" he called. "Lish! come here!"

Listless and indifferent to the consequences, whatever they might be, Lish rose and stood before his father. Closing the door, the old man put his back against it, and, making a vicious flourish with his knotted stick, he brought it down softly to the floor.

"Hain't no usen ter whine over spilt milk, boy," he said, sternly. "I knows what you steal 'em fur—I knows!—an' I oughter frail you in er inch er you' life! But you gotter git dem kivers back, an' ter git 'em you gotter git de gal too, so you better be up an' movin', 'case you gotter git dem kivers 'fore cole weather!"

"Daddy, I caint cornvince Dicey!" moaned Lish.

"What you done ter cornvince her?" asked the old man.

"I done give her all I got an' all you got too!" whispered Lish.

"Den you gotter cornvince her, if hit take fum now twel Christmas," said the old man, positively, "an' you' ole Daddy gwine ter hope you, 'case he'll freeze ter def widout his kivers!"

Straightway, Lish took heart of grace and stopped lying on the grass looking up at the sky. Instead he took to dogging Dicey's steps and springing out upon her unawares, with his oft-repeated question, "Is you cornvinced, Dicey?"

Uncle Bob, following the teaching of his fathers, proceeded to help in the only way he knew, and sought Maum Scylla in the dark of the moon. Maum Scylla knew how to work all kinds of charms, and made cungers for the whole plantation. Maum Scylla was never known to fail unless the devil worked too strong against her, and then even a spirit in the air has to give way. It was said that Maum Scylla wore fern seed bound to the bottom of her feet and could make herself invisible whenever she chose, and could rise in the air, but Maum Scylla's services came high, and she had to be paid in advance. Before she would promise to work a single charm, Unc Bob had to give her, for good, the big brass spectacles that he wore to "meetin'," and the stick with the real silver head Little Miss had given him when Lish saved Young Marse from drowning. Uncle Bob demurred, but yielded finally, for, as much as he treasured the dignity of his stick and of the spectacles, which he wore of a Sunday, the three big warm "kivers" meant more to his rheumatic bones.

But, said Aunt Silvey to the circle that sat around the fire, listening to her story, Lish might plead with Dicey in the simpleness of his heart, by day, and Maum Scylla might work with her brews and cungers by night; but above the earth, with its ploughing and hoeing and cotton-picking, and the air, with its rain and its sunshine, its bees and butterflies and wheeling flights of birds, the elements were working together with a terribleness which should be scattered over the face of the earth.

It was the thirteenth of November, said Aunt Silvey, and Ole Marse had made such a big crop of cotton that the negroes on the Happy Hollow place had to be brought over to help get it all out. The picking was nearly done, and the negroes were working hard for the barbecue Ole Marse had promised to give before he sent the Happy Hollow negroes back.

Summer had come and gone, but Maum Scylla was still working over her cungers, and Unc Bob was grumbling and limping, for Lish had not yet "cornvinced Dicey."

Now, on the night of the thirteenth of November, again Lish sat beside Dicey and held her hand. Above them the stars winked and twinkled, and afar they could hear the hum of voices, but Lish was in despair.

"Hain't I cornvinced you, Dicey?" he almost wailed.

"Naw," said the reluctant Dicey, wondering why Selim had not come by, "you hain't cornvince me yit, Lish, an', what's mo', I's afeared you hain't gwine ter!"

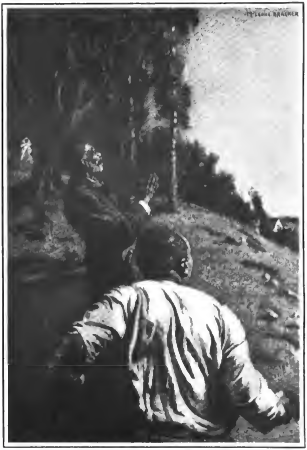
"Set here by me, dis oncet, Dicey," he pleaded, "an' if I hain't cornvince you den, I hain't gwine ax you never no mo'!"

"Wall, if you sho hain't never ax me no mo'," said Dicey, "'case I's plum tired. I wants ter git shet er you fur good!"

Nobody knew how the elements were working behind the veil of stars that night, said Aunt Silvey, though some smart folks tried to explain it afterward. But they just went on working, not knowing or caring about plain common people like Lish and Dicey, who were looking into each other's faces instead of into the face of the heavens. But the elements in the heavens, said Aunt Silvey, lead men, whether they know it or not, and under the sprinkling silver of the stars, on the night of the thirteenth of November, bashful, halting Lish found his voice.

As he pleaded his cause with all the earnest ruggedness of his nature, the heavens became strangely luminous in the southeast, and Dicey, who had been watching them, rose up trembling with fear.

"Somethin's burnin'!" she cried, when she could be silenced no longer. "Quick, Lish! Let's tell the overseer!"



"Behold, my people, de milenium is come! . . . Have mercy on us po' sinnin' creeters!"

"Set here by me, gal!" commanded Lish. "Let hit burn!"

Then a single meteor shot across the luminous sky.

"Look!" cried Dicey.

"Nuffin but de sparks uv burnin' cotton-seed flyin'!" said Lish. "I's gotter cornvince you, Dicey! Ef I hain't cornvince you ter-night, I hain't never gwine try no mo'!" But Dicey had hidden her face in her arms from fear. Then, for the first time, said Aunt Silvey, Lish turned and looked into the face of the heavens instead of into Dicey's face, and, lo and behold! the air, the skies, the roads, the fields, were full of falling fire as thick as snowflakes in the winter and as bright as fireflies in the boggy woods in summer, and there was no way to turn where the falling fire was not.

"The world's on fire!" cried the terror-stricken Lish. "But I gotter save you, Dicey! Come!" And hand in hand, shrinking and dodging like frightened rabbits, they ran back into the Quarters.

Bedlam met them there. From every cabin a dusky stream had poured regardless of age, sex, or condition, roused from slumber and warm beds, wrapped in "kivers" as varied as Joseph's coat, or clothed only in that with which nature had provided them.

Every creature that had lungs had opened them lustily, and everything with a voice added fulness to the sound. Some wept, some shouted, some cried, some prayed, and some confessed to sins that their little world had never known were committed.

Now in the deep basses and contraltos were chanted the fright and misery of their souls, while above these at intervals the high soprano and tenor voices soared in their oratorio of terror: "My Gawd! The world's on fire! The world's on fire!"

Some threw themselves with their faces on the ground that they might not see the terror of the heavens; while others, dazed by the awful splendor, could not draw their eyes from the blinding spectacle. But the parson and the good brothers, said Aunt Silvey, prayed without ceasing, with their faces toward the east.

One, two hours passed, and the whole world seemed full, with wailing and with fire.

"Le's go up ter de Big House, whar we be safe!" sobbed Dicey, who all this time had kept her face hidden on Lish's trembling shoulder.

"Dey hain't no safer 'n we is," said Unc Pliny, the parson. "De day er jedgment done fotch us all hyar, de white an' de black, de quality, de po' buckra, an' de nigger! Have mercy on our souls!"

In the third hour, though it was the middle of the night, the sheep, terror-stricken, began to bleat, the horses to neigh, the mules to run, the cows to low, and every fowl for miles and miles to add its quota to the general confusion.

Old Unc Pliny's flesh had reached the limit of its endurance, his knees were knocking together, and his hands were trembling like the others'; but his voice kept up bravely, for, though Unc Pliny's flesh was weak, his spirit was willing to strive.

"Behold, my people," he cried, "de milennium is come! De ox in de stall done lif' up his voice an' kneel down ter pray! De ass by de manger an' all de brutes what goes on four feets is bowed de knee an' cried out, 'De 'struction er de worl' is done come.' Have mercy on us po' sinnin' creeters!'"

And again the wail of the multitude arose in answer and died away in a moan.

The third hour had nearly passed, in an unceasing, spectacular display, when the fiery sleet in the heavens gradually abated. But the terror-stricken people still lay upon the ground and clung shivering with their faces in the damp earth. Now the grandeur of the illumination was over. Only a fitful meteor sped across the sky. Then a faint streak flushed gently in the east and another day was born.

Then and then only, said Aunt Silvey, did Dicey take her tear-stained face from the shelter of Lish's shoulder.

"Lish!" she whispered—"Lish! don't be mad at me! I's done cornvinced, forever an' forever!"

ANY PORT IN A STORM

Plant Transpiration

Plants exhale water, and the dew found on them is often nothing more than their condensed perspiration. Many experiments have been carried out to determine the truth of this theory. If a plant is entirely encased in a glass jar in a few hours the inside of the jar and the leaves of the plant will be covered with moisture. It is no small amount, either, for it is comparable with man's loss of moisture in this respect. It has been determined beyond a doubt that the average man loses about two pounds and a half avoirdupois every day from perspiration.

There are some plants that exude moisture by drops. Dr. Ruysch states that an arum which he kept in his garden distilled water drop by drop from the extremities of its leaves as it was watered. To M. C. Musset we are indebted for the discovery of a similar property in an edible arum, which, however, exuded little drops of water in the form of a jet. From each of the pores upon the tips of its large heart-shaped leaves there were thrown every minute from ten to a hundred drops of water to a distance of over an inch and a half.

But the greatest of all vegetable wonders in this respect is what is known as the weeping tree, which was found some years ago in one of the Canary Islands. The water fell like rain from its foliage and formed a pond at the foot.

Some plants collect their moisture in little cups that serve in many instances to allay the thirst of passing travellers. Such, for instance, is the pitcher plant, which grows in southern Asia. Its leaves have a strong middle stem, at the end of which is attached a nice cylindrical cup which is provided with a hinged lid. This lid automatically closes or opens, according to the state of the atmosphere. During the night the lid sinks down and renders the cup almost air-tight, and it fills with limpid water exhaled from the walls. During the day the lid is opened and the water is wholly or partially evaporated.

In South America there is found a plant in the midst of nauseous and boggy swamps that distills and holds in cups pure and healthful water. It is known as the purple sarracenia, and its leaves form the cup by uniting at their edges.

As a general rule, transpiration of plants takes place only on their under surfaces. Knight was the first to show this. He placed the leaf between two pieces of thin glass, and the one in contact with the under surface was the only one found to be moist.

A COMIC-OPERA HERO IN REAL LIFE

THE SULTAN OF SULU, WHO RECENTLY CAME TO AMERICA ON A VISIT

Poachers' Snares

Though private game-preserves in the United States are rapidly increasing in number and game brings a high price in the markets, it will probably be some time before poachers become such a serious problem as they are in England, where poaching is a very ancient if not honorable occupation, and where a constant warfare, more or less serious in results, is maintained between these gentry and the gamekeepers.

The signs sometimes seen on the fringe of English woods, "Beware of man traps and spring guns!" may frighten the harmless cockney out on a Sunday, but the professional poacher knows that man-traps and spring guns are prohibited by law. He has to be on the watch, however, for traps which will at least give him a bad fall or a ducking. A fence which he is climbing, and has climbed many times before, may give way with a crash, or a plank laid conveniently across a ditch or stream may have been sawed almost through. A fine but strong wire stretched across a path about eighteen inches from the ground is a serious danger for the poacher, as he may stumble over it and get a bad fall, or, worse still, his dog may encounter it when running at full speed and be cut almost in two. Without his dog, the poacher is practically harmless, and the most effective way of putting an end to poaching is to kill or injure the faithful and intelligent beast.

Sometimes a trap is set for the dog which is not intended to injure him, but which will give an alarm. A loaded gun is put in a field where hares feed, and a number of strings, fastened to the trigger, are led in various directions and secured to pegs. In driving the hares the dog is almost certain to encounter one of the strings, discharge the gun, and put the keepers on the alert.

When a keeper finds a number of snares set he will put a dead hare or rabbit in one, scratch up the ground and leaves, to make it appear that the animal had struggled in a natural manner, conceal himself near by, and take the prowler "in the act" when he next comes to his snares.

The usual way of collecting pheasants is for the poacher to provide himself with a light gun, using a very small charge, so that the report will be slight, with which he kills the birds in the trees in which they roost. Keepers, therefore, make wooden decoys and place them in trees located, from the poacher's point of view, most conveniently, and conceal themselves near by. When the night prowler begins to blaze away at the decoys, the keepers rush out and make a capture. The stealing of pheasants' eggs is regarded in England as the most heinous form of poaching, and eggers are sometimes caught by means of a decoy nest, in which eggs have been placed. When all else has failed, poachers are occasionally bagged by means of marked hares or rabbits—when such a marked animal is found in a gameshop, it is an easy matter to trace it back to the men who originally offered it for sale.

On more than one occasion it has been proved that London game-dealers were operating as the confederates of the professional poachers, who operated boldly in gangs so large as to make the efforts of the keepers futile.

Indian Smoke Signals

The traveller on the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill and answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or warning them for a retreat.

The Indian had a way of sending the smoke up in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal, and not mistaken for the smoke of some camp-fire. He made his rings by covering the little fire with his blanket for a moment and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The column of ascending smoke-rings said to every Indian within thirty miles, "Beware! An enemy is near!" Three smokes built close together meant "Danger." One smoke merely meant "Attention." Two smokes meant "Camp at this place."

Frequently at night the settler or the traveller saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the lines of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire-arrow, an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark, meant the same as three columns of smoke puffs, "An enemy is near." Two arrows meant "Danger," three arrows, "The danger is great." Several arrows indicated, "The enemy is too powerful for us."

The Hills

Prayer is for the mountains,
  Laughter for the plain,
Song for the greenwood,
  A lass for the lane;
They come as God wills,
But He keeps the blue hills
  For the heart still fain.

Dreams for the river,
  Longing for the sea;
Yet sorrow's all my pillow
  Wherever I may be.
'Tis all as God wills,
But there's rest in the hills—
  So there lay me.

Charles T. Rogers.

Why Thunder "Rolls"

In some electric storms, when the lightning is very near, the thunder is heard once only with a sound like the discharge of artillery. When the storm is farther away the thunder is not a short sound, but a series of closely connected explosions.

When lightning bursts between two clouds, or between a cloud and the earth, the different points on the course followed by the electric discharge are at different distances from him who hears them, so that the sounds, travelling from different locations, reach the listening ears one after another, the period between the discharges apparently increasing as they come from greater distances.

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When there's no relish to any food, and all that one eats doesn't seem to do any good, then is the time to make a turn over in the diet, for that's Nature's way of dropping a hint that the food isn't the kind required.

"For a number of years I followed railroad work, much of it being office work of a trying nature. Meal-times were our busiest, and eating too much and too quickly of food, such as is commonly served in hotels and restaurants, these together with the sedentary habits, were not long in giving me dyspepsia and stomach trouble, which reduced my weight from 205 to 160 pounds.

"There was little relish in any food, and none of it seemed to do me any good. It seemed the more I ate the poorer I got, and was always hungry before another meal, no matter how much I had eaten.

"Then I commenced a fair trial of Grape-Nuts food, and was surprised how a small saucer of it would carry me along, strong and with satisfied appetite, until the next meal, with no sensations of hunger, weakness, or distress as before.

"I have been following this diet now for several months, and my improvement has been so great all the others in my family have taken up the use of Grape-Nuts, with complete satisfaction and much improvement in health and brain power.

"American people undoubtedly eat hurriedly, have lots of worry, thus hindering digestion, and therefore need a food that is predigested and concentrated in nourishment."

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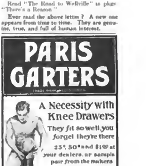
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



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Finance

THE CLEARING SITUATION

By Franklin Escher

WERE any intelligent man who had been completely out of touch with the situation for the past two months to be apprised of everything that has happened during that time and then asked to guess what the stock-market has done, he could hardly figure it out otherwise than that prices must be much higher now than they were then. How wrong he would be, brokers and clients know to their sorrow. Conditions have greatly improved but prices have greatly declined. That is apparently an anomaly, but Wall Street is the place where anomalies grow. Did prices and conditions coincide—were prices, to borrow an expression from another field, always sure to "run to form"—stock speculation would become a science instead of a game. That would give the intelligent outsider more of a chance, but it wouldn't be Wall Street.

In the long run, however, and as every experienced investor knows, conditions are what count. Not infrequently the long run is a pretty extended proposition and its length scattered with the wrecks of those who persist in "investing" their money in stock margins. But the trite saying about the lane that has no turning still holds good, and, in the end, underlying conditions are bound to assert themselves.

So subtle and pervasive is the influence of rising or falling prices in coloring the view which the average man takes of things in general, that there seems to be little realization among investors of the extent to which underlying conditions have improved during the past couple of months. Naturally the man who gets his whole idea of the situation from the movement of the stock market cannot see that any great improvement has taken place. The Wickersham injunction preventing the railroads from putting up their freight rates was followed by a bad break in the market, the enactment into law of the Railway Bill by another, and the decision in the Nevada rate case by a smash bigger and worse than the other two. To the man whose opinions are moulded by what comes out on the tape, therefore, all these were exceedingly unfavorable developments. But away from the district where the busy little wheel clicks away all day long on its mahogany pedestal these things are looked at differently, and the market's appraisal of events doesn't count for so much. Throughout the country the conviction is unmistakably broadening and deepening in the public mind that whatever may have coincidently occurred in the stock-market, by what has developed in various directions during the past six months the situation has been very greatly improved.

To appreciate by just how much it has improved, it is necessary to realize that despite the uniformly optimistic predictions with which we were favored at the year's beginning by those unselfish souls who had stocks to sell, underlying conditions six months ago were anything but sound and contained enormous possibilities of trouble. Recovery from the panic-stricken condition of things prevailing early in 1908 had been too rapid—that was the trouble in a nutshell. The first half of 1908 saw business prostrate, the second half the development of a hectic activity. All through 1909 business continued to develop in the same way, the volume of trade increasing much faster than the country's facilities for taking care of it. Widely extended industrial activity, dividends going up on all sides—these were the outward signs of the flooding tide of alleged prosperity. Bank loans amounting to unheard-of figures, an over-sensitive money-market with the railroads unable to borrow except at exorbitant rates of interest, development of a labor situation threatening at any moment to break out and involve every railroad in the country—that was the reverse side of the picture, the side which so few people saw.

Considering first the improvement in what is generally known as the "money situation," it is apparent at once that several things have combined to bring about betterment in conditions. By the decline in the price of general commodities and the lowering of the price of securities a very great amount of capital has been released. Then there must be considered the fact that business, while still active, is being done on a more sober basis than six months ago. Again, there must be taken into account the one hundred and fifty odd millions of foreign money which have been sent over here for the purchase of American bonds, as well as the further big sums of foreign banking capital which the improvement in political conditions abroad has at last enabled its owners to employ in the American market.

How the decline in commodity prices has worked toward the easing up of the money situation can perhaps most plainly be seen in the decline in grain and the consequent shrinking in the amount of money necessary to "carry" the country's wheat supply. That, however, is merely an illustration and only one of the more apparent ways in which a decline in commodity prices eases up the money market. Where business is done on borrowed money to the extent to which it is done in this country, it follows that a decline in the price of materials means that less money will have to be borrowed. To take a concrete illustration, a flour merchant could do the same volume of business this year that he did last year, on very much less money.

The same thing is true with regard to securities, which, to an even greater degree than commodities, are carried along on borrowed money. A decline of forty or fifty points in a stock like Union Pacific, for instance, means that the amount of money necessary to "carry" that part of the capital speculatively held is reduced by many millions of dollars. So far as the money market is concerned it makes a whole lot of difference whether a stock like Union Pacific is at 200 or 160, or whether it takes seventy dollars or ninety dollars to carry a share of Steel. And especially is this true with regard to the enormous volume of undistributed bonds which the banking houses are carrying along on money borrowed from the banks. It takes a big amount of money to carry them along as it is, but a good deal less than it took two or three months ago. Descent from higher to lower levels in the security markets is always accompanied by the release of very great amounts of capital.

Then, too, however it may be regarded from other standpoints, from the money-market point of view the quieting down of business is a decidedly favorable influence. When it is considered on how unstable a foundation last year's "progress" was built up, it is anything but a cause for regret that instead of the smash for which the way was being prepared, a gradual liquidating movement set in and steps too hastily made were gradually retraced. In that process hundreds of millions of dollars tied up in ventures of uncertain stability have been returned to the banks and the situation greatly strengthened.

By the big amount of foreign money which has come into the American market, also, the money and investment position has been very greatly improved. For whatever economic disadvantage may go along with foreign investment in American enterprise, the fact remains that the immediate need of outside capital to help us out had become pressing, and that by the millions of English, French, and German capital poured into our bonds relief has been brought to a decidedly congested position. We have sold $150,000,000 of new bonds in Europe at miserable prices, it is true, and on this big amount of new debt we shall have to pay interest for years to come, but even such considerations count for little in comparison with the fact that a really very bad and threatening state of things was straightened out by the financial aid which came from abroad. Nor does this aid, it must be remembered, consist solely of the purchases of our bonds by foreign buyers, but of big loans of foreign banking capital in this market, as well. By the improvement in political conditions abroad, large sums of European capital have been released and made available for loaning in the American market.

From the foregoing it is to be seen that money conditions have measurably improved. That, however, is very far from saying that plain sailing is assured for the rest of the year. Directly in the course there lies the demand for money with which to handle the crops, a demand which, on account of the land speculation in the Western States, it is less possible this year than ever before to gauge. What can be said, though, is that by the various developments which have been spoken of, the very unsafe money-market of the year's opening months has been put into some sort of shape to take care of the demands certain soon to be made upon it.

By no means confined to the money and banking situation, however, is the improvement which has taken place during the past few months. Perhaps of even greater importance is the removal of the uncertainty concerning pending "anti-railroad" legislation. Early in the year, it will be recollected, the strong probability of the passing of a new law "adverse" to the railroad companies' interests was generally considered as one of the worst features of the situation and was brought into play every time the bears wanted to make a drive against the market. With provision for a physical valuation of the railroads and government control of their security-issuing powers incorporated in the law, it was felt even by friends of the Administration that it was a pretty radical piece of legislation and likely to cause trouble.

"What may be done at Washington" is no longer a matter of conjecture and uncertainty but an accomplished fact. "Possible adverse legislation" no longer confronts the market. The Railroad Bill has been put through both Houses of Congress, has been signed by the President, and has become a law, but it contains little which the railroad men can complain of, and nothing at all which can possibly hurt the earning power of securities. In its passage through Congress the bill was neither "denatured" nor "emasculated," as some critics have claimed, but was deprived of those features which made it objectionable to the financial world. As it became a law it contained no mention of any such thing as physical valuation of the railroads by the government nor yet of government control of the bond and stock-issuing power. The legislation so long feared and the legislation finally put through were two very different things.

To the extent that the passing of the new railroad law supplants doubt and fear on the part of the railroad men with confidence and certainty as to the problems with which they have to deal, the situation has been improved. Nor is it thought that there is any considerable danger of the matter being taken up again by the next session of Congress and any further legislation embodying the objectionable features being passed. There is no telling, of course, what laws may be passed in the future, but from all indications the law which has gone on the statute-books contains pretty much all of the provisions whose enactment into law Mr. Taft regarded as essential. Now and for some time to come the whole matter of "railroad legislation" may be regarded as closed—and very satisfactorily so.

In the money market, then, in the investment situation, in the way in which the threatened labor troubles have been smoothed over, and in the final disposal of the much-dreaded railway legislation, the situation shows great improvement. Ahead of the market, it is true, there loom the decisions to be made by the Supreme Court in the famous trust cases, but now especially by the death of Chief Justice Fuller the deciding of these cases has been put off so far into the future as to make its influence negligible as a market factor. With the crop situation as it is, the financial horizon can by no means be said to be unclouded, but that the skies have lightened considerably during the past few months will hardly be denied. And, in the meantime, good securities have fallen to a level where they yield the investor anywhere from five to seven per cent. on his money.

A new bond salesman not long ago tried to sell a dealer a lot of bonds, his chief argument being that with the July "reinvestment demand" imminent, the dealer would want the bonds to offer his clients. "Do you realize," asked the salesman, "that the disbursements in dividends and interest on July 1st amount to $200,000,000, and that most of this money will seek reinvestment in good securities?"

"I realize that a big sum in interest and dividends is about to be paid out," replied the dealer, "but as to this 'reinvestment demand,' that's a different story. Four or five years ago there used to be some real buying of bonds after the first of July and the first of January, but not nowadays. If there has been any such buying movement during the last three or four years, *I* haven't seen any evidences of it. I guess the people who get all that interest money use it nowadays for some other purpose than to buy bonds with."

The "other purpose" and the reason why so small a part of the January and July interest money comes back into the market nowadays are not hard to figure out. With the cost of living as high as it is at present, most of the money has been spent before it is received. Some of it finds its way back into the bond market, of course, but not enough to make the "reinvestment demand" of much account.

Not any great proportion of President Taft's elaborate conservation programme was carried out by the last session of Congress, but in this respect as in several others the President *did* succeed in getting through that part of the proposed legislation the need of which he considered pressing. That certain pending reclamation projects might be pushed to completion, for instance, Congress passed a bill appropriating $20,000,000 for the work. That the "grabbing" of valuable public lands might be stopped, Congress passed a law giving the President wide authority in the way of "withdrawing" public lands from entry—that is to say, of setting apart such lands owned by the government as he might consider ought to be set apart, and preventing settlers from taking possession of them.

Little time has been lost by the President in making this last provision of the new conservation law effective. From the summer capital comes the news that an order has been issued "withdrawing" no less than 43,000,000 acres of public land from entry.

After every bad break in the market there are always plenty of investors who want to come in and buy something but who "fear that the present rate of earnings may not be maintained." Stocks are cheap at present prices, they admit, but how about future earning power? Does not the very fact that prices have fallen to such low levels, they ask, indicate that the company's earning power is a matter of uncertainty?

Reasoning that way, it is evident that investments at low prices would never be made. The lower stocks went, according to that theory, the more danger there would be in buying them, which is palpably a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*. At the same time, as every investor knows, to ignore the significance of the price movement is equally foolish. By what, then, at a time like this, shall the investor be guided?

By demonstrated earning power more than anything else. A standard railroad or an industrial company has always been able to earn an average of about so-and-so much through good times and bad—presumably it will continue to earn that much. Various things may happen to depress the general market, and the particular stock in question may suffer with the rest, but that shows nothing with regard to its earning power. And in the long run, through thick and thin and ups and downs, earning power is what counts.

The importance of the freight-rate reductions in the Far-Western territory, ordered by the Interstate Commerce Commission, has been very greatly exaggerated. The cutting down of the notoriously high inter-mountain rates prevailing on some of the transcontinental roads is bound, of course, to make a difference in earnings, but the case is distinctly a special one and without any bearing whatsoever on the probable action of the Commerce Commission with regard to raising or lowering the general level of freight rates.

That the very first important ruling of the Commission after the enactment of the new railroad law should have been to reduce the rates sharply in a territory of considerable extent is unfortunate, in that it has created a wrong impression as to what is likely to be done about freight rates, but is without significance. Where rates are too high they will be cut down, where they are too low they will be raised. A reduction in rates of considerable importance may have been the commission's first move, but among students of railway finance that has in no way altered the opinion that rates in general will be found to be too low and that the raises which will be made will far outbalance the reductions.

Optimism and Pessimism

By Marian Osborne

Upon the summit of the world I stand
And touch high heaven with uplifted hand.
The Dawn her roseate banner has unfurled,
A glowing canopy of flame, and hurled
It, warm and wondrous, o'er the weary earth.
Burning with ardor of heroic birth,
I feel such power as unto gods belong,
Yearning to free mankind from ancient wrong,
Valiant, unconquered, strong.

Darkly the shadows fall. Heavy and slow
Deepens the gloom. Freighted with all earth's woe,
Sunk in the dust, I crouch for men to see
And mock at: fallen miserably,
Crushed down by desperate doubts and craven fears,
O'erwhelmed beneath life's burdens and life's tears,
Blinded and baffled by the mists that roll
Their poisonous vapors in upon my soul,
Ah God! Canst thou console?

IN MEMORY OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE

THE CLAY SKETCH OF THE STATUE WHICH IS TO BE ERECTED IN COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON, AS A NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EDWARD EVERETT HALE. THE ARTIST IS MR. BELA L. PRATT, OF BOSTON

The Universal Potato

By H. L. Preston

Every day during 1909 the inhabitants of Greater New York consumed 27,500 bushels of potatoes, or 55 car-loads a day, making for the year 20,172 car-loads of 500 bushels each. The total receipts at the depots and docks, which do not include the thousands of bushels hauled to the Wallabout Market in Brooklyn by Long Island growers, amounted to 3,361,743 barrels of three bushels each. If the 20,172 cars required to carry these potatoes were made into one solid train it would reach from New York to Albany, a distance of 142 miles. The average price of these potatoes, at wholesale, was $1.75 per barrel, making a total of $5,833,032 for the year. They cost the consumers at least $4 per barrel, making their bill for the year $13,446,932. This is a tidy sum, but it is paid for one of the most universally used vegetables.

The greatest commercial potato-producing States are, in order, New York, Michigan, Maine, Wisconsin, and Pennsylvania. Nevada produces the smallest amount of any State. Last year she harvested 540,000 bushels, valued at $450,000. New York's acreage last year was 438,000, which yielded 52,560,000 bushels, valued at $26,280,000 on the farm. Michigan was the next highest producer, yielding from 348,000 acres 36,540,000 bushels, valued at $12,789,000, an average price on the farm of 34 cents per bushel, compared with $1.20 per bushel in Florida, 85 cents in Nevada, 65 cents in Pennsylvania, 50 cents in New York, and 49 cents in Maine.

Last year the total yield of potatoes in the United States was 376,537,000 bushels, valued at $206,540,000, an average, on the farm, of 55 cents per bushel for the entire country. Germany is the greatest potato-producing nation in the world. In 1908 she yielded 1,762,803,000 bushels. Russia is next in the size of its potato crop with 1,060,135,000 bushels, while the United States produced only 278,985,000 bushels that year, about 16 per cent. of the crop of Germany. So long as the winter price of potatoes in New York is not above $2 per barrel there is no importation. Three years ago the price in New York went up to $3, and Germany, Scotland, England, Ireland, and Belgium shipped about 350,000 bags of 168 pounds each, paying a duty of 70 cents per bag. A barrel and a bag in trade vernacular are the same in quantity. In the railroad yards of New York, of which the principal ones are at Thirty-third Street and Twenty-sixth Street, a bag weighs 180 pounds, while at the Barclay Street dock the ordinary bag contains 168 pounds. The majority of potatoes are shipped in bulk, and 60 pounds constitute a bushel. New or spring potatoes are shipped in barrels.

Within the last score of years Virginians, especially those in the section around Norfolk and up the eastern shore of the peninsula, which includes Accomac and Northampton counties, have learned how much more profitable truck-farming is than growing tobacco or other staple farm products. Hardly had the war closed when a few Northerners who had served in the army realized that the South presented great possibilities in truck-farming. It took years, and costly experiments, to segregate the various vegetables in their best soils. So carefully has this been done that each State, or specific portions of them, is now noted for particular lines of truck. For instance, the east coast of Florida is celebrated for the finest commercial new potatoes, and the west coast of that State for the first strawberries; Southwest Texas for the early Bermuda onions; the Imperial Valley of California for the first cantaloupes; and Norfolk for winter spinach and strawberries, followed by cabbage and potatoes.

For about fifteen years Cape Charles, right at the south end of what is known as the Virginia peninsula, has been noted as a potato section. With the Atlantic to the east and Chesapeake Bay to the west, this Virginia peninsula is peculiarly adapted for sweet and Irish potatoes. Within five years the Irish "spud" has commercially so crowded the famous sweet-potato of Virginia for prominence that it is now far ahead of it. This year Accomac and Northampton counties, which constitute the peninsula, will yield 1,500,000 barrels of Irish potatoes, equal to 4,500,000 bushels, a great majority of which reach the Northern markets. A fair average wholesale price for these is $2 per barrel, or $3,000,000 for this one product. Deduct from this 50 cents a barrel for marketing, and the growers get $2,225,000. Just across the bay from Cape Charles is Norfolk. The trucking sections there will yield this year 800,000 barrels of potatoes, three-quarters of which come to New York. This crop will bring the growers $1,200,000, so that the commercial potatoes of three counties in Virginia this year will yield growers $3,450,000. Irish potatoes grown in the South will not keep through the winter as do those of the Northern States. The Southern crop must be consumed upon arrival in the market or the potatoes soon rot.

Ten years ago an experiment was made with Irish potatoes at Hastings, Florida. From this small venture Hastings has become the first section to ship any quantity of early Irish potatoes north. The land is well adapted, when liberally fertilized, and in ordinary years will yield forty barrels to the acre, which is but a trifle over half the acre yield in Aroostook County, Maine, and is equal to the average yield of New York State. Preceded by a mere handful of early potatoes from Bermuda, which begin to arrive in February, the Hastings potatoes always bring a fancy price. Growers begin to ship from there by May 1, and the first price is about $6 per barrel. This year 450,000 bushels were raised at Hastings. The entire crop is harvested by June 5th, and before these potatoes are out of the way those from Georgia and South Carolina are ready, followed by those from North Carolina. Portions of North Carolina and Norfolk ship at the same time, depending on weather conditions. This year the stock from each section was on the market at the same time, Norfolk being about two weeks earlier than usually. The Virginia peninsula crop is usually two weeks later than that of Norfolk, but this year the season was so far advanced that they were not a week apart.

Because of their early maturity the average price for Florida potatoes is the highest of any State in the Union, being $1.20 per bushel, compared with 50 cents in New York and 49 cents in Maine.

By the time the stock from the peninsula of Virginia is over, South Jersey comes in with its giants. Long Island follows closely on the heels of South Jersey. In no section is the cultivation of potatoes so general as on Long Island. In the New York market Long Island potatoes the year around bring 50 cents a barrel more than the ordinary State stock. But few of the Long Island potato-growers plant native seed. They go to Aroostook County, Maine, every year for it.

Aroostook County is almost synonymous with potatoes. In seven years potato-growing in that far northeast section of the United States has become a science. Mammoth warehouses built of brick dot the potato section. In these are machinery which sorts the stock, also great furnaces or steam-plants to keep it from freezing. The annual yield from that county is about 14,000,000 bushels. Maine produces more potatoes to the acre than any other State, the average being 225 bushels. Idaho comes next with an acre yield of 200 bushels; Utah and Nevada yield 180 bushels each; Vermont, 155 bushels; and New York, 120.

He Earned His Salary

At a time when the public were hearing a great deal of new "industrial combinations," one of the newly arrived captains of industry found himself in a Western city in extreme need of communicating with the New York end of his enterprise.

He had almost completed an arrangement for the consolidation of a number of Western enterprises, but in order to obtain final authority he needed from New York it became necessary to explain, by wire to his partners, all he had done in the West.

The situation permitted of no delay, such as would ensue should he write; and, to make matters worse, he had no cipher code. For some time the financier racked his brains to evolve some method whereby he might communicate his information to his associates in New York, but in such manner that it would be meaningless to any one else. He could, however, think of no such method, and at last was forced to the conclusion that he must take the chance of sending the message in plain English. Accordingly, he drew up the message and gave it to his confidential man to send.

About half an hour later, when the confidential man again came in, he was asked whether he had forwarded the wire.

"Yes, sir," said the man; "but not exactly in the way you proposed. I rewrote it: the first word on one company's blank, the second word on another company's blank, and so on. In that way I sent half the message by each company, neither half, of course, meaning anything to one not in the secret. Then I sent a second wire by one company reading:

"'Read messages together, alternating words.'"

Not long afterward the confidential man was receiving a larger salary.

The Origin of the Kiss

Concerning the kiss and its origin, opinions differ. Some wise men declare that the kissing habit is one of the remains of cannibalism, and that its beginning was nothing more than the carnivorous impulse to bite. When primitive man gave a kiss, he expressed an affection equal to his love for his foods. The kiss meant, "I love you well enough to eat you."

It is certain that kissing was one of the most ancient customs. It was current among the ancient Jews, and is well known among all Orientals. Nor is it to disappear. Exalted by the dying act of more than one historical hero, sung by all the poets, from Solomon onward, the kiss is here to stay. The world could not do without it.

Human Hibernation

In some of the remoter provinces of Russia there are peasants who are addicted to what is practically hibernation. When the harvest has failed and provisions are scarce they lie down on the top of the great stove in the inner room, the kitchen of their hut. The stove is high, reaching almost to the roof, and the space between this big brick structure and the roof is the ordinary sleeping-place of the family. Lying down upon the long, flat stove, the peasants avoid all talking and all exertion, except such as is necessary to keep the stove replenished, and they sustain life by eating at long intervals a little black bread soaked in water. The hut is both dark and silent through the winter.

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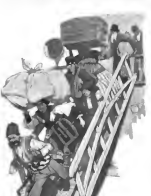
The Anatomy of "Hustle"

AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND CAUSE OF AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

By David Martin Key

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STROTHMANN

THE American, the most American of the quick lunch and express elevator, whose imperial yearning is for speed, whose only future date is "immediately—if not sooner," and whose goal is nervous prostration, has taken his place in the national photograph gallery. He has become a conventionalized type. Men as diverse as Ian Maclaren and H. G. Wells, De Tocqueville and Brunetière, Maxim Gorky and Hugo Münsterberg, have catalogued the American at different times, and, while from their different view-points they have remarked variations of kind, many of the distinctive peculiarities, such as those noted, are reported with remarkable uniformity. Now if Frenchmen of different generations and Englishmen of different faiths, and Russian revolutionists and German sociologists, while differing, agree that the American is above all things quick, we must accept the word. There must be some vivid manifestation of his life that assaults the mind with a sensation of keen and incisive action.



That spiritual impulse that quickens the step of the immigrant as he walks down the gangplank

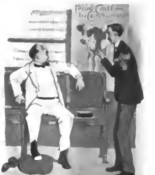
No such uniformity has been attained, however, in analysis of the observations noted. The eager American rush has been attributed to the climate, the amalgamation of races, the excited sense of mastery over new natural forces, the crass foolishness of racial and national immaturity, and many other equally divergent reasons, most of which are, no doubt, partially effective. But none of them take any account of that spiritual impulse that quickens the step of the immigrant even as he walks down the gangplank, and, before he has breathed the air of America two weeks, makes him a keen-eyed, eager-hearted doer of things. Surely something more essential and pervasive than the common climate of New York and California, say, or the mixture of blood in the veins of a typical American of purest Irish extraction, must be responsible for so singular a unanimity of impetus. Indeed, I am convinced that the impatience of the kind manifested in the buffet-car and the get-rich-quick scheme, in rapid transit and more rapid exit, is but surface indication of a basic character that makes the real America not a land but a life—an infectious, democratic spirit that will ultimately have its will with this world at large. An elemental demand for directness is the most intimate instinct of this people. What, for example, can be higher praise for a ten-thousand-dollar automobile than that it has fifteen fewer parts than any rival and that the owner can easily take care of it himself? What can an American possibly want to know about the brand of shoes he is going to buy, except that they are "direct from calf to consumer"—with a picture of the calf?

The American mental attitude may be surmised from his attempts at interpretation of his "great men," the captains of creative effort, those titanic psychical phenomena that move upon the face of the continent and are in their effect their sheer power to transform, more potent than tempest or flood. What is the popular conception of these tremendously efficient organisms that sit in their New York offices and see the travail of their spirit express itself in the material excrescences of railroad and pipe line, elevator and steel mill? The American idea of a "great man" is that he is a being not of extraordinary subtlety, but of transcendent directness and perspicacity. He can see through sixteen inches of armor plate. His superior intelligence does not exult in triply involute mazes of labyrinthine dialectic. The captain of industry that looks out at you from the pages of the magazines is so simple that it is hard to believe in him. The character sketch that goes with the picture sounds like the answer to a conundrum. His schemes are so artless that it seems a shame to take the money. He "thinks in straight lines."

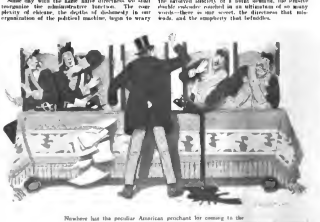
But it is in the field of machinery and the application of natural force that the American genius finds its distinctive expression. An American machine of the best type is a work of the creative imagination which can be advantageously discussed only in the language of art criticism. It is a product of the human spirit in its finest moments of creative elation. It shows a mastery of technique, a knowledge of materials and instruments and the effects of their employment, a sheer joy of virtuosity, that is as modern as to-morrow, while through the whirring complex of minor motives and subordinate rods the simple purpose that informs the whole advances to its execution with the integrity of design of a Greek tragedy. A perfecting press, going about its business behind a plate-glass window opposite the corner where I get my car, has held a crowd for the last six months, urchins and men and daintily dressed women, paying silent homage to the infinitude of harmonizing ingenuities that utter this symphony of production. Thought triumphant, lord of the material, gleams in its shining curves, whispers in its purring sprockets, and projects itself in the prevalent power of genius upon the spirit of the beholder. There is as much of genius in a linotype as there is in a lyric, as many considerations to be grasped and unified in a dynamo as in a drama, as sheer a grace of simplicity in a bicycle as in a ballade.

Perhaps, after all, the bicycle is the best exponent of pure democracy. Like the Ionic temple and the birch-bark canoe, it is one of the perfect things. Twenty years ago it was a lumbering vehicle as clumsy as an ox-cart, and as complicated as the code duello. Now it is silent and swift and clean of unnecessary attachments. Mud-guard and chain-guard, hand-brake and tool-bag, have been sacrificed, even as a poem is pruned of excess, until it remains the mere voice of genius, absolute, chaste, perfect—the archetypal ideal of the man-propelled vehicle! Perfectly adapted to the purpose it serves, it is as flawless an exponent of the graces of thought and design as a Greek statue. There is manifest intention in every proportion and in every curve, and an unhesitating adaptation of obvious means to end that has in it a quality of moral rectitude, an essential integrity of soul, which is evident in every one of our greater achievements in device. The mowing-machine could never have been conceived by a nation of liars, nor the telephone by a people given to equivocation and subterfuge.

Some day with the same naive directness we shall reorganize the administrative function. The complexity of chicane, the depths of dishonesty in our organization of the political machine, begin to weary the hearts of men who define a straight line as "the shortest distance between two points." Presently we shall find our cities proceeding to their ends of government with as straightforward purpose as we expect in a business house. Gradually the relations of State and nation will be worked out in frank recognition of essential conditions. That which now seems so vast and multifarious a conflict of warring interests and irreconcilable advantages will be bound together in a Federal compact so simple, so basic in its assumptions, that we shall at last have attained to a true democracy, an immediate application of the social authority to the ordering of life wherein the community spirit will sway the vast sweep of America as it scarcely swayed even the city state of Athens. Then we shall have a governmental machinery worthy of our democratic social organization and of the traditions of our diplomacy. For nowhere has the peculiar American penchant for coming to the point produced more startling results than in our foreign policy. So simple a matter as to say what you want and to mean what you say has completely nonplussed the diplomatic world, masters of shift and artists in evasion. The triumphs of "shirt-sleeve diplomacy" have taken away its name of contempt. The artifice of the plain truth, the involved subtlety of a blunt demand, the elusive *double entendre* couched in an ultimatum of so many words—there is our secret, the directness that misleads, and the simplicity that befuddles.



The brand of shoes "direct from calf to consumer," with a picture of the calf



Nowhere has the peculiar American penchant for coming to the point produced more startling results than in our foreign policy.

Siberian Residences

By GERARD FOWKE

On the lower Amur River in eastern Siberia, and along the Channel of Tartary, the cold in midwinter becomes intense. A temperature of sixty degrees below zero is not uncommon. When the Russians came to occupy the country they were confronted with the serious problem of protecting themselves from such inclement conditions. Now, especially in cities and the larger towns, brick and stone are utilized to a considerable extent, so that the frost can be kept out; but even yet the peasantry and villagers must depend on wood, as was the case with all at first.

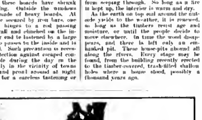
In building houses of wood, sawed lumber is seldom used except for floors and ceilings. Most buildings are constructed of solid logs, as large as can be conveniently procured. The lower side of each log is hollowed out to fit the natural convex upper surface of the one below. As each log is placed in position an inch or two of moss is spread along its top before the next one is laid on it. This prevents any air from passing between them. As the timbers are put up green, or freshly cut, there is considerable shrinkage; but the moss effectually excludes the entrance of air.

Two sets of sashes, about four inches apart, are framed in each window. The space between them is packed at the bottom with cotton or ashes, and strips of paper are pasted over all the cracks. The floors are made of boards, sawed or split out, usually loosely laid and not nailed down. In coldest weather the only ingress for fresh air, aside from what may get in when doors are opened, is through cracks where these boards have shrunk apart in drying. Outside the windows are shutters made of heavy boards. At night these are secured by iron bars, one end of which hinges to a rod passing through the wall and clinched on the inside; the other end is fastened by a large bolt which also passes to the inside and is firmly clamped. Such precaution is necessary as a protection against escaped convicts, who hide during the day in the brush, especially in the vicinity of towns and villages, and prowl around at night on the search for a careless fastening or a person apparently worth robbing who is so incautious as to be out alone.

Heat is obtained from a brick or iron structure at one side or in one corner of the room. This has two doors: one at the bottom, where wood is put in and ashes taken out; the other, very small, at the top, opened when the smoke has escaped through the chimney and the fire is reduced to a mass of glowing coals, to allow the heated air to pass out into the room. Some of these stoves, of modern manufacture, are of iron, resembling in appearance upright boilers; they take up but little floor space and extend to the ceiling. Most of them, however, are of brick, not more than four or five feet high, but occupying sometimes fully one fourth of the room in which they are placed. Those of the latter style are always flat on top, and in the poorer houses the entire family pile up on them to sleep away the long winter nights.

The aborigines do not adopt Russian methods of building. For a winter dwelling, a space is marked off as large as may be needed for the requirements of the family. The earth within this area is cleared out to a depth of about two feet, perhaps a little more or less, according to the nature of the soil. Heavy posts are set closely around the margin of the excavated area, with poles lashed at right angles to them to form a wattle; mud is thickly plastered over this, inside and out. The roof is similarly wattled, and covered with mud on top. Earth is then banked up against the wall, almost to the eaves, and spread thickly on the roof, to exclude the cold and prevent water from seeping through. So long as a fire is kept up, the interior is warm and dry.

As the earth on top and around the outside yields to the weather, it is renewed, so long as the timbers resist age and moisture, or until the people decide to move elsewhere. In time the wood disappears, and there is left only an embanked pit. These house-pits abound all along the rivers. Every stage may be found, from the building recently erected to the timber-covered, trash-filled shallow holes where a house stood, possibly a thousand years ago.



NECK OR NOTHING

THE LOW AND LOFTY TABLE MANNERS OF THE GIRAFFES AT THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK ENTERTAIN KEEPER AND SPECTATORS ALIKE

A Battle With Bees

In India, about eight miles from the town of Jabalpur, is a place called "The Bee," from the fact that swarms of the insects live there and defend their holding against the world. Shocking tragedies have resulted from invasion of the spot. Some men who had unwittingly disturbed the bees were set upon by millions and stung to death, or chose drowning in the river near by as a more tolerable fate. Deer, pigs, and even the lordly tiger have paid the same penalty for their indiscretion.

A bold Englishman, who some years ago determined to invade the home of the bees, began by designing a suit of defensive armor. It consisted of a sort of overall suit, tied round the neck with tape, a bee-veil to be tucked into the garment, riding-boots, gauntlets, and two pairs of gloves. Into this suit he was sewn by a tailor, so that there should be no chink or crevice. He took with him a native, similarly armored.

The two were to climb up to the back of the hills so as to get above the bees, and another native, also armored, who was in charge of the boat, ascended the rocks. He went to the bank of the river, which was under the point of attack, and made his boat fast.

With his first attendant the Englishman climbed to a well-considered height, and then crawled cautiously forward alone. He could hear an all-pervading hum, and his nostrils were filled with that sweet smell which is made up of honey, wax, and bee.

Deciding that the point of attack was about a hundred yards farther on, the Englishman returned for his native, and together they made their way thither. The cliff was sheer, and even overhanging. A dense mass of bees and comb lay about fifty feet below the Britisher, and fifty feet below that were the boat and the native in charge thereof.

The hunter put one end of a rope round a tree growing at the edge of the cliff, gave the other end to his attendant, and went over. He found that he would have to get a swing to reach the ledge on which he meant to stand. Hanging down over this ledge from above were ten or fifteen feet of comb.

The Englishman reached the rock with his hand, gave a push, swung out, then in again, struck in the middle of the comb, and gained his feet upon the ledge with a scramble.

Immediately the bees were upon him. The noise of the water below was drowned by their angry hisses. The Englishman was completely blinded, for they had swarmed over his veil, blocking out the light. When he touched his body it seemed to him, through his glove, that he was covered by a thick, soft fur—all bees, of course.

For a few moments the daring Britisher was stupefied. Then he realized that his armor was trustworthy and that he was safe. The native lowered the bucket, and blindly the hunter felt about for the comb, and, as well as he could, scraped it into the bucket. He then lowered it to his native, giving the signal for himself to be lowered also. The man who lowered him stated afterward that he could not see the Englishman. In the place where he knew that his master must be there was nothing to be seen but a brown, whirling mass.

The Englishman swung out into the dark, bumping as he went. At last he was clutched, and at once knew that he was at the bottom. He brushed the bees from his veil, and through a driving mist of them saw a cluster of other bees in the shape of a man. This was the native who had the boat.

They cut themselves adrift and rowed to a convenient place, where they made for the shore. There, five miles away, they made a sulphur smoke and were freed from the last of their persistent enemies.

The armor had held, none of the men was stung, and the booty was just fifteen pounds of honey.

Peru's Strange Lakes

From Crucero Alto, the highest town in the world, the southern railroad of Peru drops down into the Lagunillas, or lake region of the Cordilleras, where, 14,234 feet above the sea, is a group of large lakes of very cold, pure water, without inlet or outlet. They receive the drainage of the surrounding hills and conceal it somewhere, but there is no visible means of its escape. A fringe of ice forms around the edges of the lakes every night the year round. The two largest lakes of the group, Saracocha and Cachipascana, with several smaller ones in the neighborhood, are owned by a former President of Peru, Mr. Romana.

A curious phenomenon about the lakes is that they keep at the same level at all times. No amount of rain makes any difference, apparently, in their depth, which, however, has not been plumbed in every case. This adds to the awe with which these lakes are regarded by the Indians. There are no boats upon the lakes, except a few small rowboats, which have to be kept close into the shore for fear of being drawn into whirlpools that are said to exist in the centre. There is some foundation for this fear, for only two or three years ago a boat containing five men disappeared on one of these mysterious lakes and was never found. Of course it may have capsized, but the bodies of the occupants were never discovered nor did the boat ever float to the shore. The belief is that the whole party was lured into the maelstrom and swallowed up by the waters of death. In the centre of Lake Popo there is known to be a whirlpool, and in it many lives have been lost. Boats that are drawn into this current are whirled swiftly around and disappear. For the protection of navigators the government has anchored buoys in this lake to mark the dangerous path.

There is supposed to be an underground outflow from all these lakes. Careful observers say that in that locality are frequently found cornstalks, reeds, and other débris which do not grow in the vicinity, but are found in great abundance among the lakes of the interior.

Clothes from Seaweed

A marine textile has been discovered in Australia. It is a sea-plant of the genus *Posidonia*, which is abundant in Spencer Gulf. This plant contains fibres fit for conversion into threads like cotton. Mixed with woollen threads, it takes the dye like pure wool.

The fabric woven from this plant is excellent, among other purposes, for coffee-sacks. Attempts have been made to use the weed instead of hemp and wood pulp in paper-making, and, though unsuccessful so far, they are still in progress.

The weed from which this textile is made is not of present-day growth, but consists of fossilized vegetation, the softer parts of which have decomposed, leaving only the hard and fibrous portions. The supply is considered almost inexhaustible.

Summer Opera in the Homes of the People

Every Resident of this City can Hear the Greatest Arias without Going a Step away from Home.

One of the wonders of this age of progress and convenience is that the present generation doesn't need to go to the opera to hear the world's greatest artists sing, but, thanks to the Victor, they can hear them right in their own homes, even though the singers themselves are in Europe, as the majority of the operatic stars are at the present time. And while the issuing of a new list of Victor Records is always of interest to music-lovers, the July list is of unusual interest because it contains a new Caruso-Scotti duet.

Certainly no event of the year in musical circles—not even the production of a new opera at the Metropolitan or Manhattan—can equal in importance the issuing of a new Victor duet by these great singers. Comparatively few could hear the new opera production, but music-lovers all over the world will soon be enjoying the exquisite blending of these two great voices—not once merely, but as many times as may be wished. This wonderful record Caruso and Scotti have made is the duet "Love or Fancy?" which occurs in Act I of *Madame Butterfly*, and the number closes with a splendid climax as Lieut. Pinkerton (Caruso) recklessly pledges the "real American wife" he hopes to meet some day.

Another beautiful duet, "Ah, Mimi, False One," from *Bohème*, is splendidly sung by McCormack and Sammarco, who have both made a success in that opera. McCormack also contributes two solos—"When Shadows Gather," in English, and the beautiful "Cantilena" from *Lakmé*, in Italian. The two new English songs by Geraldine Farrar will be most welcome to her many admirers. The selections are that most beloved of Scotch ballads, "Bonnie Doon," and Stephen Foster's immortal home song, "My Old Kentucky Home," and Miss Farrar sings them with that loveliness of voice and perfection of diction which always distinguish her work.

You who haven't a Victor in your home don't realize what a lot of pleasure you are missing. It isn't saying a bit too much to call it "the greatest musical instrument the world has ever known," and hearing some of these selections from the July list of new Victor Records is the most convincing proof that any one could desire. The next time you are passing any Victor dealer's, stop in and hear some of this delightful music. ***

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A Government by Laborers

The Surprising Political Turn-over in Australia, which has Placed the Labor Party in Power

By Hugh H. Lusk

For the first time in the history of the modern world a Labor party has taken up the reins of government with strength sufficient to enable it to carry out a policy of its own. Since what has occurred in Australia will undoubtedly be repeated in other countries, this event has a significance that can hardly be underestimated. The election of a new Federal Parliament, which has just taken place in the Australian Commonwealth, has resulted in a great and decisive victory for the Labor party, practically in all the six States of which the Federation consists. The extent of this victory for Labor at the polls may be more fully appreciated if it is borne in mind that the Federal Parliament of Australia consists—like the American Congress—of two Chambers—a Senate and a House of Representatives, the members of the latter being chosen once in three years simultaneously with one-half the members of the Senate. Unlike the American system, however, the Australian constitution provides that both Senators and Representatives shall be elected by popular vote, each State electing three Senators, as a single constituency, while the whole Commonwealth is divided into separate electorates; of as nearly as possible equal populations, for the election of Representatives. There are thirty-six Senators in all, and the Representative Chamber consists of seventy-five members.

The Labor Party in Australia has, for a good many years—almost, indeed, since the establishment of the federated Commonwealth—been more largely represented in both the Federal and State Legislature than in the legislature of any other country at this time. In the last Parliament of the Commonwealth the Labor members formed rather the largest section of the Representative Chamber, and were even in a slightly better position in the Senate, while the rest of the members in both chambers were divided between the Free-trade and Protectionist parties, whose numbers were nearly equal. Under these conditions legislation was almost brought to a standstill, as it was found that in the case of nearly every important question a coalition between any two out of the three parties could be relied on to block its progress. The attempt to carry on the government was first tried by the Protectionist, or high-tariff, party, and when they were defeated the task was undertaken by the Labor Party under Mr. Fisher. The accession of the Labor Party to power was, as might have been expected, the signal for a drawing together of the Protection and Free-trade parties—both of which were more or less directly representative of capital—and this resulted after a few months in the formation of a coalition party under the leadership of Mr. Deakin of Victoria, and the defeat of the Labor Ministry by the combination. This was the position of matters at the date of the recent Commonwealth election; and the Ministry in office, having disposed of Sir George Reid, the chief man of the Free-trade party, by appointing him High Commissioner to represent the Commonwealth in London, were sanguine of obtaining at least a fair working majority in both Chambers at the election of the new Parliament.

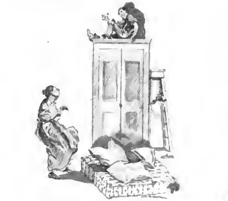
The result has entirely disappointed expectation. The elections have given the party of Labor a very substantial majority in both Chambers, and have been followed by the immediate resignation of the Coalition Ministry formed by Mr. Deakin last year, and the return to power of Mr. Fisher, with nearly all the Ministers who held office with him in his Cabinet of a year ago. Two questions may naturally be said to be suggested by the event, and both are of very much more than local interest or importance. The first question will naturally be as to the reasons that have led to this unexpected result, wholly unlooked for by those who supported the Coalition Ministry, and by no means anticipated to the full extent even by the leaders of the Labor party.

The answer to this question will, no doubt, be that generally given by the defeated party—that the victory of Labor has been due to its vastly superior organization, by which it has been able to bring its voters to the poll, even when this involved travelling many miles, and which has enabled it to rely absolutely on them to vote for the nominees of the party. There can be no doubt that, to a certain extent, this answer is correct, even if it is not the whole truth of the matter. The party of Labor in Australia is a solid party, and has now been so for a good many years. Its members, both male and female—for in Australia, as in New Zealand, the women as well as the men are voters—are, it may be said without reservation, to be relied on to vote as the council of the party determines. They are also sufficiently alive to the importance to the party, and to themselves individually, of the obtaining and using of legislative power, to grudge no efforts needed to make their exercise of the franchise effective. Twice already there has been an executive government of the Commonwealth formed by, and representing the Labor party, and, though neither of them was able to retain office for many months, they showed themselves fully capable of conducting the affairs of the country with credit, and they outlined, even if they could not carry into effect, a policy that seemed likely to benefit the workers. It need hardly be said that neither of the other parties that were represented by the Coalition government was in anything like so good a position. The coalition had been practically forced on both Protectionists and Free-traders as the only means by which they could prevent a Labor executive from holding office; but there was no real sympathy between the two parties, and when it came to an election of a new Parliament very many electors refused to vote at all.

An interesting and suggestive fact connected with the elections is to be found in the small proportion of voters who on this occasion exercised their right of voting. There were on the electoral rolls throughout the Commonwealth the names of about 2,300,000 persons entitled to vote. The completed returns of the voting show that only about fifty-one per cent. of the registered voters exercised the franchise at all at the late election; the result being that the new Parliament of the Commonwealth, into whose hands the Federal government of Australia is to fall for the next three years, actually represents the choice of only a little more than one-fourth of the electors. Several causes are responsible for this apathy on the part of the Australian electors. Perhaps the chief of these has been the absence of any large questions affecting the immediate future of the people. Australia is an eminently prosperous country; and its nearly five millions of inhabitants have for the most part been content to let well alone, with the exception of the Labor party, which has worked steadily for political power both in the States and in the Commonwealth.

But the question of the greatest real interest bears upon the future rather than the past. What will be the effect of this victory? Australia—we might almost say the modern world—has now for the first time to see the effect of handing over the government of a country to the control of labor. It is true that twice before there have been Labor Cabinets in the Commonwealth; but in both cases they were governments on sufferance, that might at any time be turned out of office by the hostile votes of two other parties in the Parliament, each nearly as strong in voting power as itself. The same power was sufficient to check any attempt at legislation of an extreme character, and its existence in the background was enough to prevent a Labor Executive from even forming a policy fully in accordance with its own views and wishes. Now the situation is entirely changed. Mr. Fisher comes back to office, and this time really to power, supported by a commanding majority in both Chambers of the Australian Federal Parliament. His party has nearly three-fifths of the members of the Representative Chamber, and even a larger proportion of votes in the Senate, at its command to-day. There is no longer any reason why the political representatives of Labor in Australia should not formulate a distinctive labor policy of their own, and proceed to give effect to it by legislation. What will they do? It would be rash to attempt anything like a complete answer to such a question at present; yet some knowledge of the men, and a glance at their conduct of affairs on the two former occasions on which they were for a time in office may enable me to make one or two suggestions as to what may be expected.

A knowledge of the chief men of the new Cabinet leads to the conclusion that the Labor Cabinet will attempt nothing that can be branded as revolutionary. The new policy will undoubtedly, so far as possible, favor labor as opposed to capital, wherever this can be done without creating any serious conflict. It will certainly favor a protectionist rather than a free-trade tariff; and it will direct taxation toward the relief of the workers at the expense of the capitalist. No legislation will be attempted that can lay the party open to any charge of disloyalty to the empire, though the tendency of most of the Cabinet is certainly toward a policy of "Australia for the Australians" quite as strong as that manifested in Canada, which will probably lead to independent action in respect to the navy and territorial army. It may be feared that the policy outlined by the late government to promote a greatly increased immigration to Australia will receive at best a very lukewarm support from the Labor Cabinet



KATE: "In th' name o' heaven, Moike, what 're ye doin' up they-er?"

MIKE: "Niver fear, wumman; 'tis breakin' th' hoodoo I am. Twelve toimes I fell aff th' new buildin', an' I've med up me moind th' t'irteenth 'll be an aisy wan!"

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The Celebrated Brontë Books

JUDGING by the books that have been written and read in recent years, by the common verdict as to the Bronte sisters, their story and their work, which prevails, almost without exception, in the literary criticism of the present day, by the tone of personal tenderness, even of passionate homage, in which many writers speak of Charlotte and of Emily; and by the increasing recognition which their books have obtained abroad, one may say with some confidence that the name and memory of the Brontës were never more alive than now, that "Honor and Fame have got about their graves" for good and all, and that Charlotte and Emily Brontë are no less secure, at any rate, than Jane Austen or George Eliot or Mrs. Browning of literary recollection in the time to come.

But if the Brontës live, their books live also.

Mrs. Gaskell, herself an accomplished novelist, wrote an account of these lonely girls on a Yorkshire moor, struggling with poverty and consumption, developing genius in the very wrestle with death, taking the heaven of fame by violence, and perishing in the effort. She showed them to us oppressed by poverty and by daily contact with a vicious brother, and yet, through it all, remaining dutiful, loving, and virtuous; she describes the deaths—the piteous deaths—of two of the sisters in the very moment, or on the very threshold, of success, and, finally, her narrative brought us to the death of Charlotte herself—Charlotte snatched from happiness and from motherhood, after one brief year of married life, and so skilful is the telling, so touching the story, that the heart goes out to it, and forthwith the Brontë books must be books of genius, because the Brontës are so interesting and their story is so tragic.

From the Introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward

"'There are books so fine that literature in them is but the expression of those who write them. In other words, there are books where the writer seems to be everything, the material employed, the environment, almost nothing. The main secret of the charm that clings to Charlotte Bronte's books is, and will always be, the contact which they give us with her own fresh, indomitable, surprising personality—surprising, above all. . . How often . . . does one instinctively expect the conventional solution, the conventional softening, the conventional prettiness or quaintness that so many other story-tellers, of undoubted talent, could not have resisted! And it never comes. Hammer-like, the blows of a passionate realism descend."

"Caroline, Shirley, Mrs. Pryor—delicacy, wildness, family affection—these indeed are the three aspects of Charlotte's personality, Charlotte's genius. So that they are children of her own heart's blood, spirits born of her own essence and warm with her own life".

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7

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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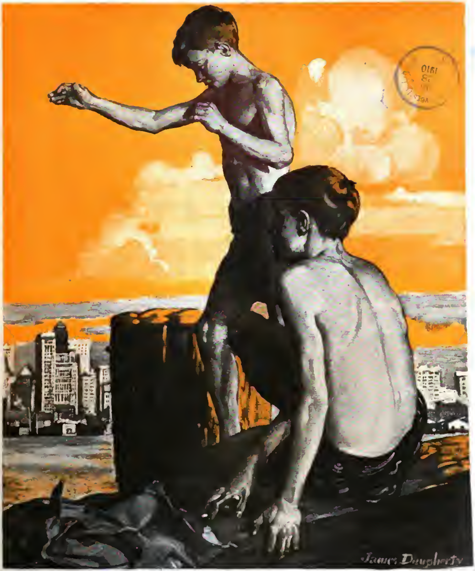
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL LIV
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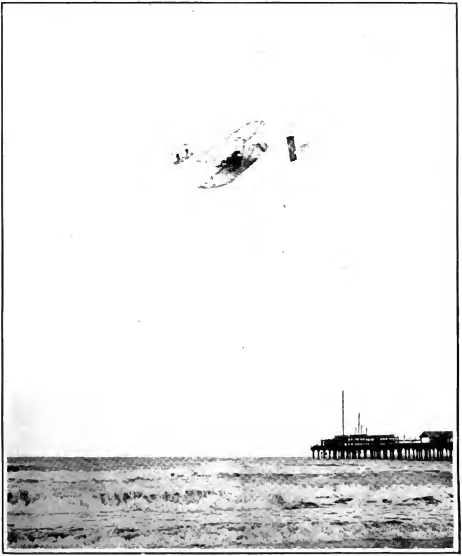

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
Vol. LIV. No. 2796

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

Progressive Politics

The Arbiter of the Destinies of the Human Race, having chopped down six mighty elms in the interest of conservation, and having swiped the beads of perspiration from his manly brow, assumed the judgment seat, summoned the varlets of the press, and said:

> "I want you to make it clear that I am seeing both sides. I wish you would make that emphatic. I want to see regulars and insurgents, party men and independents, Democrats as well as Republicans."
>
> "You don't want to see the Democrats win next fall, do you, Colonel?" he was asked.
>
> "Not if the Republicans do the right thing," he answered, promptly.

Good Work! Clearly it is up to "the Republicans." Will they do "the right thing" or won't they? We should like really to know, but inasmuch as the only things so far officially approved as right are Lodge in Massachusetts and Beveridge in Indiana, we guess we shall have to wait and see.

Meanwhile, what about the Democrats who are thus graciously invited to bask in royal favor in the event of Republicans going wrong? In New York, affairs continue unsettled. Over in New Jersey the Democrats have persuaded their best man—Woodrow Wilson—to accept the nomination for Governor if it shall come to him unsought and with substantial unanimity. As the *Evening Post* well and truly says:

> Woodrow Wilson has done the right thing, and in precisely the right way, in stating his attitude toward the proposal to make him the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey. He will "not in any circumstances do anything to obtain" the nomination, he does not "wish to draw away from" his present duties and responsibilities as head of Princeton University; but if, as many well-informed persons have assured him, it is "the wish and hope of a decided majority of the thoughtful Democrats of the State that he should accept" the party's nomination for the Governorship, he would deem it a "duty as well as an honor and a privilege to do so." If he should be nominated, it may confidently be predicted that he will express himself on the questions of the day with the same frankness and the same dignity with which he has stated his position in regard to the acceptance of the nomination. The New Jersey campaign would be sure to become one of the centres of interest throughout the country, besides being of a character to tone up the political situation in New Jersey itself. Already it is stated that Republican managers are bracing up to the necessity of finding a candidate fitted to be measured against Woodrow Wilson in case he should be put up by the Democrats. His statement of his attitude absolves him from the necessity of paying any further attention to the pre-nomination canvass, but it makes it incumbent on earnest Democrats in New Jersey to use every effort toward the securing of a candidacy which would help both the party and the cause of good government not only in their own State but throughout the country.

Likewise the *World:*

> In their search for a candidate for Governor the Democrats of New Jersey aimed high and they have been successful. When Dr. Woodrow Wilson signifies a willingness to accept political leadership in that State there is encouragement for the organization everywhere. Good men and great men are not likely to force themselves on the party, but they will be found and they will respond to the call of the people if they are wanted.
>
> An educator by profession and never a politician, Dr. Wilson is more of a statesman than most of the men who have passed their lives in public office. He understands the philosophy of government. He appreciates the virtues, the capacity, and the limitations of popular rule. He has meditated, written, and spoken much on all phases of our politics, and his utterances will be scrutinized in vain for demagogy, violence, or folly. He has a penetrating and an informing mind. He has a patriotic desire to be helpful. Above all, he has character.
>
> If the people of New Jersey make Dr. Wilson Governor they will have a great Chief Magistrate.

And the *Sun:*

> Whether or not Woodrow Wilson is the next Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey, whether or not, that is, the nomination goes to him on his own terms as representing "the wish and hope of a decided majority of the thoughtful Democrats" of his State, the fact that he is willing to take it, so offered, and would regard it as "an honor and a privilege" as well as a duty, is one of not a few happy omens for the national Democracy.
>
> Too long that party has been the object, and the just object, of general contempt, of its own contempt. Futile, impotent, Bryanized, bedlamized, it has held out nothing to honorable ambition. A future of hopeless fatuity seemed to lay before it. Many of the men who voted its national ticket did so only because they were sure that it would be defeated. It seemed incapable of effectual opposition, incapable of enlarged views. It was given over to petty brabbles and exploited for the benefit of a charlatan.
>
> Well, a change has come over it. It has got a man or two in conspicuous office who is recommending it by well-considered efficient actions, by real reforms and economies. Not merely on account of Republican factions or mistakes, but by its own positive achievement, it is earning remission for its idleness and proving itself fit for power. Its present is fruitful. It can nourish reasonable hopes. Democrats of intellect and sense, men highly fitted for public life, can feel once more that the post of honor is the public station.

And the Newark *Evening News:*

> Whatever the event, there can be no question that leadership of the Woodrow Wilson type is the one thing that would rehabilitate the Democratic party and place the coming campaign upon a dignified level.

And the Boston *Herald:*

> It would be a long leap from William Jennings Bryan to Woodrow Wilson.

It would, indeed. But isn't it high time for the Democratic party to make some sort of jump? It has been shivering on the brink of oblivion ever since the Orator from the Platte donned the crown of thorns, and, until quite recently, it has seemed likely to just peter out. But the immediate question is not of the Presidency, but of the Governorship of a great State. Goodness knows New Jersey needs a big man. She now has a chance to get one, and should, in all conscience, seize the opportunity. Let other commonwealths take heart and do likewise! The States cannot hope to retain the power and dignity scrupulously withheld for them by the Constitution unless they instal their biggest men in the biggest places. New Jersey is setting the pace. Will the others heed her admirable example?

Good News from Green Mountains

Vermont has already done so, we are happy to record. Up among the green hills the Democrats have named a really first-class man, Mr. Watson of Burlington, for Governor. Simultaneously, as it happens, the Republicans have put their lamest foot forward. Their candidate, Mr. Mead, is an aged and somewhat doddering gentleman of means, who barely secured the nomination by a very liberal expenditure of money. He will be elected, of course. Vermont is not yet out of the woods of slavish partisanship. But there is going to be a fight and a good one. For the first time in Green Mountain history a sturdy Republican journal of the highest character and greatest influence—the St. Johnsbury *Caledonian*—has bolted a Republican ticket. It took courage to do it. Considerations of favor, patronage, advertising, and subscriptions had to be waved. But the editor, Mr. W. J. Bigelow, has both independence and courage. Happily, also, he does not lack ability, and we shall be greatly surprised if the spirit of righteous revolt incited by his endeavors does not effect a material reduction in the normal majority. All of which is healthy and to the good. Governors should be elected at the polls, not be named by delegates in party conventions whose railway fares, to say the least, have been paid by aspiring, though wealthy, incapables.

The Bay State Democrats

Massachusetts, like Ohio, has a way of electing a Democratic Governor every now and then. Once a decade is about the average, and it would not be surprising if the thing should happen again this autumn. There are two reasons why it may happen—the Payne bill and Mr. Foss. The principal reason why it may not happen seems to be Mr. Vahey. Not, however, that anything is known particularly to the discredit of Mr. Vahey, who was the Democratic candidate for Governor last year. He seems to be a bright young man. But he does not as a candidate fit the tariff issue as does Mr. Foss, who was an insurgent on that issue before the term "insurgent" got into general use and before the issue underwent its still current revival. As Mr. Foss announced some time ago that he was not merely a come-outer, but had also come over and aligned himself with the Democrats, and as he has already received two Democratic nominations—one for the Lieutenant-Governorship and one for Congress—objections to him on the score of regularity would seem to be out of order. Still, the Democrats of Massachusetts are uncommonly prone, even for Democrats, to pay more attention to their own lines of cleavage than to those of the Republicans, and there is no telling what they may do in the way of throwing away their chance this year.

The Bay State Republicans

On the other hand, the lines of cleavage among the Republicans are at present pretty plainly visible, however they may tend to disappear before election day. The candidacy of Congressman Butler Ames for Senator Lodge's seat may not be in itself a particularly epochal affair. The Massachusetts Republican press—what there is of it—does not seem to find Mr. Ames unmistakably the right man for the job he has undertaken. Neither, for that matter, does Mr. Ames himself, who confessed in his announcement that he came forward because nobody else did. But that Mr. Ames, being not without political experience and presumably not without friends and advisers, should decide that the fight against Lodge is worth making—this is not without significance. Neither is it without significance that Senator Lodge himself should be coming out strong on the tariff commission as a glorious idea, heralding our escape from the log-rolling method of tariff-making. We do not recall that while the Payne bill was being log-rolled through Congress he made any strenuous objections or criticisms. On the contrary, quite the reverse. But it was then a question of getting things for Massachusetts's protected interests. He got them; and now that it is a question of keeping power and place for Lodge himself, those interests will doubtless condone a little timely backsliding on his part. They will be with him if the fight gets serious, and they are very strong—in the Republican party. If the entire opposition to the Senator—the insurgent Republicans, the Democrats, and the big independent vote of the State—could be made unitedly effective, he could doubtless be beaten, but beating him in a Republican Legislature is another matter—and the Massachusetts Legislature, like that of Rhode Island, stays Republican even when the Governor is Democratic. Nevertheless, we rather agree with Congressman Ames that it is worth while stirring things up and seeing what can be done.

Out in Ohio

The Buckeye Democrats, on the other hand, may be said to have made their periodical arrival two years ago, when they elected Harmon. But this time they are behaving as if they proposed to cease to be transients. All impartial accounts agree that Harmon has been a real Governor. Apparently he has got his own party uncommonly well united behind him, and if anything has occurred to alienate the Republican and independent support which came to him two years ago it is certainly not apparent on the surface of the situation. On the contrary, what is conspicuously apparent is an extraordinary amount of confusion and division among the Republicans, and that, too, on the very eve of their convention. Cox, the Cincinnati boss, whom President Taft is on record as denouncing in unmeasured terms, has been backing a candidate of his own for Governor, does not relish Mr. Wade Ellis as an emergency chairman of the State Committee, and does not take kindly to Representative Longworth as an emergency candidate for Governor, favored, like Ellis, by the President. There have been very credible rumors first of an understanding, and then of a misunderstanding, between Cox and Senator Burton. Meanwhile, the Hon. James R. Garfield has been running a close race with Mr. Pinchot for the title of arch-insurgent, and talking in a way to indicate that he would not shrink from the nomination if it were offered him; and the insurgent element in the party has been reported as coming his way. Foraker, it may be added, is still alive, and with unimpaired memory. State pride may perhaps be counted on to have some effect in favor of standing by the President; but there is on the other side the quite reasonable hope that by re-electing Harmon Ohio may in 1912 contribute both the principal candidates for the Presidency—a thing unprecedented in our history. All things considered, Ohio is entitled to the centre of the stage. To live in Cincinnati these days ought to be a liberal political education.

Our Candidate—for the Nomination

> My position in regard to the Governorship this fall is this: I want to find the best man for the office; the man who is most acceptable to the rank and file of the Republican party and the independent voters. I intend to do everything in my power to see that such a man is elected.—The Colonel.

As a preliminary to doing everything in his power to carry the election, he must first find and then catch his hare. We perceive no valid objections to this course of action. It is logical and foresighted. Declaration of an intent to find the worst man clearly would have been ill-advised. The announcement, as it stands, is characteristically bold and statesmanlike. So, too, is the naive assumption of dictatorial prerogative. The "rank and file" have never had much to do with the Republican party in this State. A boss always ruled conventions until Hughes was renominated, and even then the Governor would have been beaten but for a timely admonition from Oyster Bay. And now! Surely a supreme dictator was never needed more sorely. And the Colonel is pre-eminently the man for the job. All doubts on this score are resolved by his own tacit admission. Moreover, what he says is going to go, as, of course, it should. So we are to have, not a Republican candidate for Governor, but the Colonel's candidate—one "acceptable to the rank and file" and the highly flattered "independent voters." Who will he be? Loeb? We guess not. That self-sacrificing individual will hardly play the goat in this instance. The outlook is too precarious. And yet no other fills the bill so adequately as the personal representative of the new Boss except—well, of course, the Boss himself. For ourselves, we declare unhesitatingly, as usual, for the Colonel, but if an alternate must be had, please, Master, give us Loeb, good old Loeb, who will run just as far and just as fast as he can.

The Big State of New Jersey

Curiously enough, the only note sounded in New Jersey in antagonism to the prospective candidacy of Woodrow Wilson for Governor emanates from one of the ablest and most independent public journals in the State—the Newark *Sunday Call*. No less odd than its attitude, moreover, are its reasons. "A good many of us," it says, "would vote for President Wilson on the simple ground that a man of his brains and energy would be pretty certain to make good in any office within the gift of the people of his State." But, alas! "it is just a little State," and "there have been those who have said that they are afraid New Jersey with Governor Wilson might be top-heavy." If so, so much the better for the State. But is not our Newark contemporary unduly modest? Out of fifty-two States and Territories, New Jersey stands sixteenth in population and sixth in industry. It has $716,000,000 of capital invested in manufacturing, pays 266,000 wage-earners $128,000,000 a year in wages, and turns out nearly $800,000,000 of products. Only New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Ohio surpass her in this respect—and Ohio, despite her vastly greater area, is very little ahead. Even among cities, the home of the *Sunday Call* stands sixteenth and its neighbor, Jersey City, seventeenth, in population. A little State? Not at all. It is one of the biggest in the Union, and it ought to have in its Executive Mansion—which also it ought to have, but hasn't—its very biggest man. In view of the fact that Mr. Taft got a plurality of 82,000, it may not put him there, but—you never can tell.

Still Rocking

"Rocking the Cradle" is the headline over a piece reprinted from the *Evening Post* by the Boston *Transcript*, recounting the efforts of the Colonel to soothe and reconcile the warring politicians of his party and make them work together for good. "It is not dynamite," says this piece, "that Mr. Roosevelt is ladling out at Oyster Bay, but soothing-syrup. He agrees to speak for Mr. Beveridge merely in order to keep him still. That is certainly a laudable endeavor."

Yes, very laudable; and think how short a time it is since pieces about Colonel Roosevelt were headed "Rocking the Boat." It must be conceded that he has improved. And yet, and yet, how long can he straddle the factions in the Republican party? Is it not down in the book of Destiny that at least one element in that party must take a licking? Peace! Harmony! But was it not the very Prince of Peace who said, "I come to bring not peace, but a sword"? Rock the cradle, Colonel, rock the cradle; but let the infant Hercules have it out with the snakes.

County Option and a Lynching

Everybody seems pleased with Governor Harmon's action anent the Mayor and Sheriff of Newark, Ohio, where Etherington, the anti-saloon boy detective, was lynched on July 8th. Etherington, a lad of seventeen, was employed with others to raid a saloon, and, having no calmer judgment than was proper for his years, he shot and killed the saloon-keeper without due need. A Newark mob took him out of jail that evening and hanged him in the public square. Governor Harmon, on getting the news, suspended Mayor Atherton for thirty days pending investigation. Vice-Mayor Ankele, succeeding Atherton, summarily removed Newark's chief of police and one police captain and appointed others instead of them. Measures for the suspension of Sheriff Linke of Licking County followed as soon as charges could be prepared. The further proceedings and prosecutions in the case will be followed with attention.

The lynching was quite unnecessary and particularly disgraceful. Ohio has county option. Licking County being "dry," Newark has to be "dry," and is so, apparently against its will. If that is so, and the original shooting and subsequent lynching grow out of the enforcement by outsiders of a liquor law not sustained by local public sentiment in the town itself, it will not help the record of county option.

The Bible in the Schools

Roman Catholics in Winchester, Scott County, Illinois, have got a decision from the Supreme Court of that State against the reading of the Bible, the singing of hymns, and the recital of the Lord's Prayer in the public schools of Winchester. Their petition was denied in the lower court, but the Supreme Court reversed the decision and declared that the law of the State as set forth in the constitution was on the side of the petitioners. Judge Dunn said, in giving the opinion, that the constitution of Illinois guaranteed to all citizens the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, but that "one does not enjoy the free exercise of religious worship who is compelled to join in any form of religious worship."

One of the great unsolved problems of the country is the religious education of the children who go to the public schools. The solution most of the Catholics want is a division of the school moneys raised by taxation, so that the people of every sect or church can have their own schools and run them to suit themselves. To compel that solution is, we presume, one purpose of such action as the Catholics took at Evanston. But the sentiment against diversion of taxpayers' money to church schools is very strong and deep and there is no prospect of overcoming it.

Three Discourses on Education

In the current *Atlantic Monthly* are three papers on education, that large, vague subject about which so many critics heartily disagree. Education is very much a by-product, but few of the critics of the contemporary factories, that aim to produce it consent to that truth. They seem to feel that it should be a direct result of the factory operations, and they see how imperfectly it is so, and they get mad about it and say that the education factories are not run as they should be. All three of the contributors to the *Atlantic* on this subject find more or less fault with the education factories. Mr. Brooks Adams, who labors in Boston as an instructor of law students, says he begins with his young men by trying to get them to empty their minds in order that their mental machinery may have a chance to act. He finds the modern mind "a mechanism so choked with rubbish that friction arrests movement." He thinks modern education discourages the power of generalization, and he deplores that because he considers that the most urgent problem of modern education is to produce administrative minds of great efficiency that can handle the tremendous mechanism of modern society. He says in effect that we have outgrown our social and political apparatus; that we are getting lawless; that competition is no longer effective; that parental authority is obsolete; and that we must produce minds capable of adjusting our institutions to the novel conditions and needs of current existence. He wants men "with a much greater power of dealing with relations than we possess," men "trained to deal very rapidly with detail by eliminating the immaterial and generalizing from widely extended premises." As the modern scientific mind was developed to meet a want after the seventeenth century, so now, he thinks, must the administrative mind be developed.

A Dearth of Moral Training

Mr. Edward O. Sisson is a professor in the Washington State University at Seattle. The complaint in his piece is that our education factories don't run enough moral and ethical instruction into their products. The moral element, he says, is the most important thing in education; and so it is. He names Plato, Aristotle, Comenius, Montaigne, and Milton as his backers in this assertion, and quotes them to much purpose. But he thinks our educators have let the pressure of other studies crowd out moral training. He points out to them that France, having achieved secular education as we have, "is to-day working with unflagging zeal to make the moral instruction the most efficient and vital part of its whole curriculum."

We sympathize with Mr. Sisson's feelings, and we believe a great many contemporary educators do the same, and take thought constantly so to run their factories that they may turn out a larger proportion of good people, and themselves work personally, and not without effect, to that end.

Crowding Out "Learning"

Last comes along Mr. John Jay Chapman, and talks about Learning, and what it is, and how it isn't Science, and how Science and Business threaten to drown it out of the education factories. He goes behind the factories. Mr Adams speaks of "the dissolution of the family in the sense that parental authority has nearly ceased as a constraining force in society. But Mr. Chapman seems not to realize that the family is dissolved, for he declares that "the whole future of the world depends on what is read to children before they can read to themselves." Mr. Chapman is tolerant and amicable in his spirit. He is magnanimous about business, and he does not undervalue science, but he has it against a scientist if he undervalues education. "To-day," he says, "science knows that the silkworm must be fed on the leaves of the mulberry-tree, but does not know that the soul of man must be fed on the Bible and the Greek classics." Mr. Chapman believes that the soul of man is worth feeding. We like his sentiments about "learning." He does not think of it as acquisition of facts, but as acquisition of feelings, powers, perceptions, capacities, appreciations—as something that qualifies one to proceed in life as the art of swimming qualifies him to proceed in water.

Education the Sole Remedy

Mr. Sisson quotes M. Marrux, French Minister of Education, as saying:

> The truth is we have not yet seriously comprehended that the whole political and social problem is one of education. Henceforth education alone, absolutely that alone, can rescue our modern societies from the perils that threaten them.

Certainly freedom is related to the success of educational efforts and methods. All the current rumpus about the prize-fight pictures is due to the impression that a very large proportion of the people of the United States are not fit to go about without blinders on, and need to be shielded, not merely from vicious shows, but from such as are even moderately stimulating to their sensibilities. Perhaps they do, but the better we succeed in education and the better qualified our people are to take simple care of themselves, the less need there will be of this excessive solicitude to shield them from ordinary dangers and temptations and excitements.

Will He Fill the Chest?

When the Colonel says that he "will do everything in his power" to elect a Republican Governor, does he mean that he will soak Wall Street for a quarter of a million on the eve of election, as he did in 1904?

Life and Literature

In his essay on Joan of Arc, Michelet speaks of English literature as being "beautiful but sombre." He had come closer to the truth, perhaps, had he said, beautiful but serious. The reason for this sweeping judgment, however, is not far to seek. Our literature is particularly rich in essays, and these are, generally speaking, of a somewhat ethical, or quasi-ethical, character. They deal largely with the conduct of life and of affairs, with man's relation to man, or to the state, or to his Maker. Whether long or short, these essays are just what the name indicates—brief sorties into the domain of thought, earnest endeavors to square actual living with mental and spiritual projections toward finer and higher living. Consequently these essays are apt to be partly theoretical and partly practical, and are very seldom purely speculative. There is no word in English that is the equivalent of the French word *doctrinaire*; and in English literature there is very little theorizing that is not based upon actual experience or experiment, whether of the individual or the body social. For there is a poise or balance about the Anglo-Saxon genius, a capacity for practical things on the one hand, and for theory and speculation on the other, that is at once the impatience, the despair, and the admiration of the Frenchman. Life is learned by living and is its own best proof; and, like the pony in Kipling's story of the *Maltese Cat*, we, on both sides of the Atlantic, prefer to play the game rather than invent the theory. It is one of the curious paradoxes of our literature, then, one that marks it off from all others, that so much of it is the work of men of affairs, men who were busy with life in some of its multitudinous forms. Chaucer, father of English poetry, was not only a courtier in the best sense of the word, but held important government positions which he most creditably filled. Spenser was secretary to the Lord-Deputy of Ireland, as well as author of the *Faerie Queene*, one of the most symbolic poems in the language, a veritable poet's poem. Shakespeare, our transcendent genius, was intent on making an honest living, and building up a family and home, while yet occupied with the plays that have so enriched the world. Raleigh was soldier, navigator, and colonizer, as well as poet and historian. Milton was Cromwell's Latin Secretary for years, and stood in the forefront of political agitation; while Byron and Shelley were both, at the time of their untimely deaths, deeply interested in political questions of government, at home and abroad, and, like Hamlet, might have "proved right royally" had they ever "been put on." And to come nearer home, Irving was Minister to Spain, Hawthorne was in the Civil Service, while one of the most noticeable contributions to English prose that America has given is Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg—the war-worn Lincoln. Matthew Arnold's saying, therefore, that literature is a "criticism of life" is peculiarly true of English literature. And just for this very reason that it does embody so much of actual experience, as well as of meditation and reflection, is English literature so highly esteemed by those foreigners who have most closely studied it. No wonder England has no *written* Constitution. Her Constitution does indeed broaden down from precedent to precedent, is like a living organism, and is to be found in acts and laws and rulings that have been made as the exigencies of national life required. Nor is it surprising, then, that a literature so expressive of life should be serious, for life is, on the whole, a serious thing, and should be so considered. At every moment it implies cause and consequence; it never stands still, and should, at every turn, be enriched and strengthened. But how may this be done? How can a man rightly use his political privileges, for instance, perform his political duties, unless he knows, and how can he know unless he learns? But is every one to go to school and college, some one objects. Certainly not, for it is not yet feasible; yet it is but a truism to say that the best part of an education is what a man gives himself, learns for himself, thinks out for himself. *That* always remains inseparably his own. Books are no longer a privilege, still less a luxury; indeed, they may be had for the asking, since libraries are fairly thrust upon us, and he who will may read. Something, therefore, of an education is literally within almost every one's reach. "Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon, in that great essay of his, "Of Studies." But are we a nation of readers? Do we even read approximately, some few of us? "Best schooled, and worst educated," is what our own Lowell said of us, and it still remains a standing truth. We are ignorant because we don't look for knowledge in the right place—in literature. Over the great library of Alexandria, destroyed by fanaticism—and the mind aches at the thought of it—was inscribed, "Here may be found remedies for the diseases of the mind." And ignorance may surely be likened to a general disease. We call ourselves a practical people, we are eager for results; and yet there never was a people among whom there was a greater waste of mental energy—chief among a nation's national resources. There never was a time in the world's history when there were more aids to intelligence than now, or a more seemingly systematic neglect of those aids. It would seem that Americans think knowledge comes by nature, instead of by deliberate intention and effort. We read the newspapers, a kind of moving-picture show, where things good, bad, and indifferent are strung out together; we skim the present moment, but who can readily understand and deal adequately with the present who knows little or nothing of the past? "Histories make men wise," continues Bacon again, in that same great essay, and histories are within reach of all. Are we insensitive and indifferent to the character of our public men? Do we "always vote at our party's call, and never think of thinking for ourselves at all"? Are we caught by catchpenny phrases and frothy rhetoric, and do we blindly follow dubious leaders? "Read not to believe and take for granted, but to weigh and to consider," advises Bacon. For literature is a mirror held truly up to nature wherein men may readily perceive what manner of men they and their fellows are. Here that subtle thing called character is clearly portrayed and analyzed, and its far-reaching effects for good or ill are most tellingly set forth. Many, however, would seem to think that history for us begins with the discovery of the continent by Columbus, or the landing of the Pilgrims, or the Maryland colonists, or with Captain John Smith. But thought recks not of time and distance, but flashes easily back to the beginnings of life in history. What concerns us with the *Mayflower* and the *Ark and Dove* are the men who came over in them, their hopes, aspirations, and ideals. Are we realizing their hopes, are we living up to their ideals—to say nothing of possessing yet nobler ideals of our own? When we spend millions upon a battleship—the hard-won money of the overtaxed masses—do we reflect that all history is strewn with the wrecks of military nations, each one of them supreme in its little hour, and of many of whom to-day scarcely the names remain? History has demonstrated past doubt that military supremacy does not make a nation permanent; and yet we are supposed to be striving for permanency, for lasting peace and good.

To know what men have thought, what they have hoped and striven for, the experiments they have tried and failed in, is to be in truth the heir of all the ages, is to be able to direct the present and to command the future. In a very interesting book, recently published, *The Reminiscences of Oscar Browning*, Browning, who was noted as a successful educator, says: "For me education, apart from instruction, consists in literature and literature only." There could not be a sounder opinion. Science is for the comparatively few who have an aptitude for it; but all have some aptitude for life in general, and literature expresses and represents, as nothing else can, life in general. In our democratic day it is a significant fact that so much of literature should be within the reach of most, and something of literature within the reach of all. And there are two unalterable obligations resting upon every individual: one is to know and to preserve all that is best in the past, and to transmit that best, not only unalloyed, but made better and more beautiful, to the future.

Correspondence

MEAT AND THE TARIFF

Chicago, Ill., *June 30, 1910*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—It would seem that Congress might have done something to help out some few of the many shortcomings and egregious blunders of the present tariff. With all that was said and written concerning the extortion of trusts—the meat trust in particular—some relief was to have been hoped for under existing conditions. Prices of meat had become almost prohibitive because of the sordid greed of Chicago's Packingtown "Big Four," and people were amazed at the audacity of these men.

A long-suffering public tried its hand at boycotting meats and resorting to fish and vegetarian diets, but all to no avail, as the trust made prices still higher; and as an extreme measure resorted to the nefarious practice of forestalling the market. It then became evident that no matter what measures the people resorted to, the trust would turn a deaf ear to the clamor for cheaper prices. Little did it matter what the people said about its despicable practices, as it is devoid of all conscience.

The demand that meats and live stock be placed on the free list was in no wise unreasonable, and it was expected that Congress would do the right thing at the right time. But instead it adjourned without doing anything in the matter, and prices are continuing to soar. It is very evident that Congress does not represent the best interests of all the people, but rather the selfish interests of a few.

The meat trust has things its own way because of the present tariff. The Payne-Aldrich tariff gives the trust its first incentive to rob the people and is the real cause of the present high prices. This tariff, so wonderfully and fearfully made, is the reason why American people have to pay three cents per pound more for the very cheapest cuts of beef than do the people of Canada. In Detroit, Michigan, the cheapest cut of beef sells for ten cents per pound, while in Windsor, Canada (and only across the river) the same cut sells for six and one-quarter cents per pound, and the higher grades of beef in proportion. Pork is seven cents less per pound than in the United States. Butter, cheese, eggs, apples, salt, clothes, sewing machines, reapers, and other agricultural implements are quoted at much less figures in Canada. Recently several hundred carcasses of mutton were brought all the way from New Zealand to New York and sold in competition with Chicago's Packingtown product. That means that after paying freight and refrigeration charges for a twelve-thousand-miles ocean voyage, in addition to the duty of one and one-half cents per pound, yet it was possible to sell it at less than the native mutton and still make a profit.

Besides robbing the people on every hand, the meat trust is guilty of forestalling the market and thereby throttling all competition; practices in restraint of trade; stamping out all opposition by wrecking smaller companies, and by fighting to death all opponents and business rivals.

I am, sir,
Chas. F. Sundell.

The share of the meat trust in putting up the price of meat is by no means so clear in our mind as it is in the mind of our correspondent. A lot of other things besides trusts enter into current prices of meat.—Editor.

ADVICE FOR THE COLONEL

Canton, O., *July 6, 1910*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—If Theodore Roosevelt will take the advice of a "seer" (who thinks he's a "seer"), he will go into retirement and, like the shoemaker who sticks to his last, assist in editing *The Outlook*, and that only.

The storm of censure that every public man sooner or later encounters is rising as sure as the eastern sun. Roosevelt's best friends would say to him, rest on your laurels.

In the language of Shakespeare,

"Fling away ambition
By that sin fell the angels."

And,

"Beware of the third day,
When comes the killing frost."

I could say to him that there is a Rockefeller tide rising in the land that will engulf him.

Rockefeller has been a pretty well hammered man, and has borne it like a Christian and a martyr. The people, after all, eventually worship the martyr more than the hero; all history testifies to that fact. Jesus, the peace-loving Christ, is the highest manifestation of that statement. The world wants peace; seven or eight years of constant bubbling turmoil and agitation is grating on their nerves and they are ready for a shift. When the climax comes, somebody is going to be hurt, and who is that somebody? Theodore Roosevelt. No mistaking the portentous signs of the times.

Poor Grover Cleveland stayed "in the game" just a little too long; all his friends will bear witness to that.

The Roosevelt wave has reached its crest. Seek shelter from the coming storm, Theodore. It is your enemies that are urging you on by subtle methods to your own destruction.

In the words of the great Grant, who, too, had his day,

"Let us have peace!"

Mr. Editor, if you do not care to print this letter please file it away in your prophecy pigeonhole and abide the time for fulfilment.

I am, sir,
A Prophet.

"Good-by, Bill"

(Colonel Roosevelt does not deny that he endorses Mr. Poindexter's candidacy for the Senate; and he will make a speech in favor of Beveridge in Indiana.
—Political Item.)

Years ago when the two first met
(Folks in Wash'n'ton mind it yet),
Teddy got him to leave these scenes
An' be boss o' the Philippines.
Went to th' train to see him off—
Hid his sobs with a sort o' cough,
Grabbed his hand in a crunchin' squeeze,
Then he cried in the best o' heye:
"Good-by, Bill!
Take keer o' yerself!"

Brought him back to be Sec. o' War—
Told him what he was plannin' for.
Bill he smiled like a tickled boy,
Beamed an' glowed with his innard joy.
Nominated him! Jammed him through!
Told th' dellygates what to do.
Took him down to th' special train,
Sent him out on his long campaign—
"Good-by, Bill!
Take keer o' yerself!"

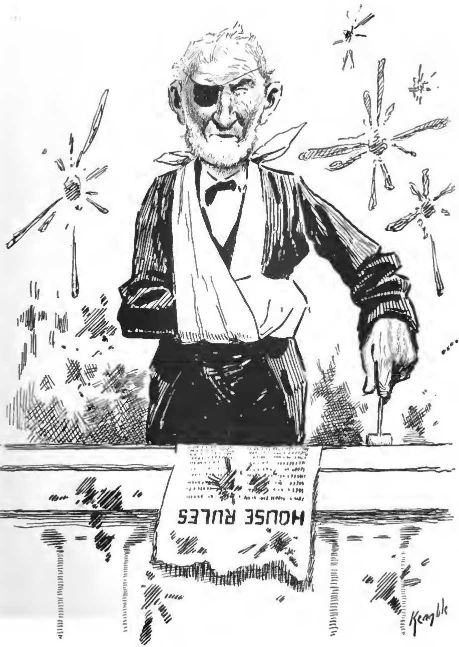
Rode with Bill to th' Capitol—
Wouldn't stay for th' 'naug'ral ball.
Listened, proud, while Bill made his speech
Heard by each as his voice could reach.
Then he left, for his guns was packed;
Into th' jungle then he tracked.
But he stopped an' he turned around
An' Bill barked to th' farewell sound:
"Good-by, Bill!
Take keer o' yerself!"

Home again. An' th' cake was dough.
Ear to th' ground for th' rumbles low.
'Surgents here an' th' 'surgents there
Come to fret an' to fuss an' swear.
Pinchot growled, Jimmy Garfield sighed,
Bev'ridge showed where they scratched his hide.

. . . .

An' over th' bleak an' th' rock-bound shore
Th' 'surgents surge an' th' billows roar:
"Good-by, Bill!
Take keer o' yerself!"

Jefferson Toombs.



EXPERT OPINION

"There have been no hysterics on the part of Congress during the session just closed. It has gone ahead *quietly*, and accomplished more and better work than any other Congress of which I have been a member."—J. G. CANNON

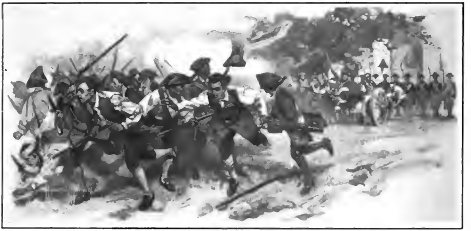
DRAWN BY E W KEMBLE

The Strong Arm of the State

THE ANCIENT RECORD AND HONORABLE SERVICE OF THE MILITIA, KNOWN SINCE 1877 AS THE NATIONAL GUARD, AND SOME OF ITS VARIED DUTIES

By Harry Albert Austin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD V. BROWN



The sight of cannon confronting them, which were twice discharged over their heads, so frightened the rioters that they dispersed

IN considering the subject of the National Guard in riot duty, it is interesting to note briefly some of the important instances of serious rioting in this country, and to ascertain, if possible, from a study of these riots, the causes which inspire a portion of the people to congregate in an unlawful assembly for the purpose of destruction, plunder, or the taking of human life, as the caprice of the moment may suggest. The history of almost every nation records instances of such disorders, yet it is a noteworthy fact that they occur more frequently in the United States than in any other country. This is probably due to several causes, no single one of which can be said to be solely responsible; but in conjunction they undoubtedly have an influence in arousing in the breasts of individuals so inclined that spirit of lawlessness which culminates in the commission of criminal acts of mob violence. The great influx of immigration into this country, which until recently included so many anarchists and undesirable agitators; almost unlimited freedom of speech and press, the frequency of our elections, and the sometimes militant excitement incident thereto, the disagreements between organized capital and organized labor, resulting in strikes and lockouts—all these things may have a bearing on the frequency of riots in this country. Many of these conditions, however, result from a distortion of the principles upon which our government was founded—as, for example, freedom of speech and of the press. Since these principles have been advisedly incorporated in our fundamental laws for the general welfare of the people, to attempt to depart from them at this time might result in evils more disastrous and far reaching than those consequent upon present conditions. Nevertheless, the fact remains in evidence that within less than a century and a half of our national existence there have been in this country more instances of rioting of such magnitude as to require the aid of the military in their suppression than have occurred in any other country. Since the reorganization of the militia as a National Guard in 1877, more than five hundred instances have occurred in which State and Federal troops have been called upon to aid in the quelling of riots.

Space will not permit of a detailed account of these various riots, but they will be considered in groups, that is, those arising from the same cause and having the same purpose in view will be considered as a class and that class discussed as a unit. Generally speaking there are two types of riots: (1) a spontaneous riotous assemblage confined to a single locality, without organization, recognized leadership, or definite plans and purposes; and (2) a general premeditated organized insurrection that may cover the whole territory of one or more cities, with definite purpose and plans and recognized leadership. It is, of course, conceivable that a riot of the first type may develop into one of the latter, and history teaches us that many such cases have occurred.

Riots of the first class are those which result from the turbulent condition of the country immediately subsequent to war, not perhaps from any principle involved in or resultant upon the outcome of the war, but from the generally unsettled conditions incident to a nation recovering from the shock of an armed conflict. Under our military policy we depend largely upon our citizen soldiery for our national defence in time of war. The bulk of our army in war is composed of men who have laid down the plough, the hammer, or the pen in answer to the call to arms. Also, it may be said that among the volunteer soldiers recruited during or immediately preceding hostilities, are many former political agitators or members of the criminal classes in foreign lands, who are ever ready to take up arms to gratify an insatiable desire for disorder and bloodshed. Their frequent participation in sanguinary battles, the indelible impression made upon their minds of a basic military idea that in war the value of human life is measured only by its effectiveness in destroying life, and the almost inevitable demoralizing influence of their associations in military camps, undoubtedly have an effect upon the lives of many of these two classes of individuals which only years of renewed toil in peaceful civil pursuits can efface.

This insurrection originated in the resistance to the excise laws

The first serious riot in the United States, under this class, while bloodless, was somewhat unique in that it was directed against the United States Congress and has only one parallel in our history—that of the "Coxey army" which marched to Washington in 1894 to present a petition to Congress praying for legislation to ameliorate the industrial conditions then existing. The former incident occurred in 1783. It was instigated by eighty discharged soldiers of the Continental army, who marched to Philadelphia and demanded a settlement of their accounts. As Wilson, in his *Federal Aid in Domestic Disturbances*, says: "They surrounded the State House and, uttering offensive words, wantonly pointed their muskets at the windows." Upon the suggestion of the Governor of Pennsylvania that he doubted the willingness of the militia of that State to aid in suppressing the uprising, "Congress be came alarmed, and the presiding officer adjourned the body to meet at Trenton, thus virtually fleeing from danger." A compromise was effected, however, the former soldiers agreeing to go home on furlough and await the pleasure of Congress.

Several other riots occurred within a few years after the close of the Revolution, the most serious of which were "Shay's Rebellion" in 1786, and the "Whiskey Insurrection" in 1794. The former uprising was due to an attempt of the Massachusetts Legislature to impose customs and revenue duties for the purpose of raising revenue sufficient to meet the interest on the public debt. Shay gathered around him such a substantial following that it was necessary to call out five thousand militia to suppress the uprising, but, again citing Mr. Wilson in substance, no blood was shed in this instance. The mob appeared before the Springfield arsenal and demanded its surrender, but the sight of cannon confronting them, which were twice discharged over their heads, so frightened the rioters that they dispersed.

The so-called "Whiskey Insurrection" in western Pennsylvania in 1794 culminated in more serious results. This insurrection originated in the resistance of the farmers in that section of the State to the excise laws enacted by Congress. These farmers, among whom a restless and lawless spirit had prevailed for years, having no near market for their products, had been accustomed to convert their grain into whiskey, from the sale of which they made very fair profits. From the killing of revenue collectors the lawlessness spread to such an extent that Washington was compelled to call out the militia of Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, and Virginia. Many lives were sacrificed, and much valuable property was destroyed before the riot was suppressed.

Several riots occurred at the close of the war of 1812, but these were not of sufficient consequence to require detailed mention here. In most cases they were instigated by persons who had opposed the prosecution of the war with Great Britain, and were easily suppressed.

Coming now to the Civil War, we find incidents of rioting more frequent than ever before. Both ante-bellum and post-bellum riots occurred, due to the intense feeling prevailing in the country over the negro question. During the enforcement of the fugitive slave law, ever unpopular in the North, it was necessary to use Federal troops to secure the return of escaped slaves to the South, mobs having assembled in many places and liberated apprehended slaves with a view to their escape to Canada. But the most serious riots of this epoch occurred during the reconstruction period, owing to race feeling, the alleged efforts of white people to protect themselves against the negroes, and the struggles of various parties for political control. Out of this series of disturbances grew the organization of the Ku-Klux Klan, which, during its first stages, counted among its members many of the best people of the South. While unlawful in its nature, it had for its object the suppression of negro violence and depredation. It soon gathered into its fold, however, many degenerate and lawless persons, who used it as a cloak for all sorts of crime. The militia of the several States were called upon to suppress the disorders arising from the acts of this organization, but their services were not satisfactory; in many instances they were in sympathy with the movement, and finally Federal troops were called in to establish order.

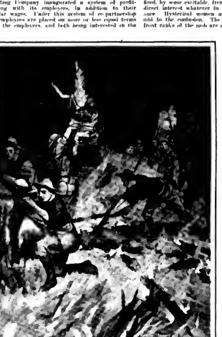
These instances of serious disturbances serve to illustrate that class of riots which result from the abnormal condition of the country subsequent to a protracted war. There is probably no preventive for this evil. Until the people resume their normal vocations, and the ill effects of war have been effaced, such post-bellum disorders may be expected to occur, and the only thing which can be done is to be prepared to meet the emergencies when they arise.

The most serious riots, and by far the most frequent, are those which have arisen from clashes between organized capital and organized labor. The frequency of their occurrence is increasing rather than diminishing. During the last forty years more than two hundred serious disturbances arising from strikes and lockouts have occurred. It is rather difficult to select for illustration the most important of these cases; but a few instances of rioting which led to serious and far-reaching results will be cited. The most extensive of these disturbances occurred in July, 1877, when a reduction in the wages of railway employees led to a strike in Martinsburg, West Virginia, which soon extended through sympathetic strikes to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, and St. Louis, being settled by the use of police, militia, and regular troops, after great loss of life and destruction of property.

In 1894 a strike of the employees of the Pullman Car Company at Chicago, out of which arose a sympathetic boycott against all Pullman cars by the American Railway Union, led to riots in many cities, and a suspension of almost all railway traffic in many sections of the country. State troops were supplemented by Federal troops, the latter protecting Federal property and removing obstructions to the transportation of the mails. President Grover Cleveland ordered Federal intervention without application from the State Governors, although the Constitution prescribes such application as a prerequisite, and his action was later sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States.

In 1892 a series of labor riots occurred, resulting from the strike of the ironworkers in the rolling-mills at Homestead, Pennsylvania; the railroad strike at Buffalo, New York; an uprising of miners and others at Coal Creek, Tennessee, against the employment by the State of convicts from the prisons to work the mines at a time when thousands of miners were idle from inability to procure work; and an attack by members of an organization known as the Miners' Union upon non-members employed in certain mines in the Cœur d'Alene region of Idaho. In the last named case, owing to the gravity of the situation and the small number of militia troops available, it was necessary to resort to the use of Federal troops to quell the disturbance, but in the other instances the militia of the respective States, after serious clashes with the rioters, were able to restore order.

It is impossible, of course, to cite all the cases of labor riots which have occurred in this country, but it may be stated that in almost every great dispute between capital and labor, rioting has invariably resulted. It is a mooted question whether there is any practical method of removing the cause of this class of riots. Compulsory arbitration of disputes between these two producers of wealth has been suggested, but as the employment of labor is a matter of contract, it is extremely doubtful whether any law could be framed which would stand a Constitutional test, compelling the parties to such a contract to submit their differences to an arbiter and to abide by his decision.


The National Guard has been called upon to protect the intended victim

In considering the question of a probable remedy, a study of the experiments which have been tried in Great Britain is interesting. In 1865 the Sheffield Smelting Company inaugurated a system of profit-sharing with its employees, in addition to their regular wages. Under this system of co-partnership the employees are placed on more or less equal terms with the employers, and both being interested in the degree of success of a single undertaking, the causes of friction are reduced to a minimum. It has proven so beneficial to both the employers and the employed that at the present time approximately eighty-one British corporations have followed the example of the Sheffield company. In one large corporation alone the employees own some 350,000 shares in the concern. Experience has fully proven that the closer the relations between employer and employee, the greater will be the harmony between them. In an article on the subject of a general strike and its remedy, published in a recent issue of a British magazine, the author, after reviewing the results of profit-sharing between corporations and their employees, states:

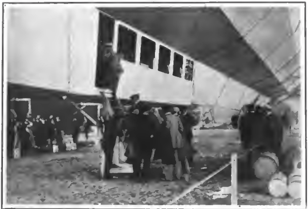
"The sole and permanent remedy appears to lie in the unification of the existing antagonistic interests of employer and employed. Co-partnership alone can bring us this desired end. It will cheapen the commodity produced, increase the demand both for the commodity and for labor, lessen the effect of foreign competition, and close the chapter of suicidal contests in the world of labor. It will bring to the workers independence and liberty, indispensable conditions of permanent good."

Instances of lynching, so prevalent in this country, may also be classed under the second type of riot mentioned above. Usually the lynching party has a sole, definite purpose, prearranged plans, and recognized leadership. The most frequent cause from which these disorders arise is well known. The antecedent crime and that committed by a revengeful mob are both equally a stain upon us as a nation. In more than one hundred cases of lynching which have occurred in this country since the close of the Civil War, the participants have gone unpunished. In some instances the intentions of the mob have been thwarted by the civil authorities, while in others, the National Guard has been called upon to protect the intended victim or to suppress the mob before it has accomplished its purpose. But the conditions surrounding the suppression of a mob, especially in a large city, preclude the adoption of the tactical movements or the principles of attack and defence prevailing in war. The military is compelled to fight in a restricted area, such as a narrow street enclosed by high buildings on both sides; tact and judgment must be used in order to reduce the shedding of blood to a minimum; yet weak and indecisive measures will often incite the rioters to strenuous resistance or open attack when more drastic measures at the outset would have great effect in quelling the riot in its incipiency. Again, in the first stages mobs are apt to include many innocent people, unconscious of danger, and drawn by curiosity to the vicinity of the commotion. It frequently happens that the first missile is thrown, or the first shot fired, by some excitable, frenzied onlooker who has no direct interest whatever in the cause of the disturbance. Hysterical women and crying children often add to the confusion. The chief participants in the front ranks of the mob are encouraged to resist police or military authority by that surging, fearless mass of humanity in their rear which, being blind to the immediate dangers confronting those ahead, makes retreat impossible for those upon whom falls the first shock of military attack. These conditions make it difficult for the authorities to suppress mob violence or to disperse the rioters; they present a problem acknowledged to be one of the most difficult in military science. It has been stated that nowhere in Napoleon's triumphant career was his brilliant military genius displayed to greater advantage than in his suppression of the rising of the sections against the convention in Paris, and that the Duke of Wellington displayed the same calculating mind at the time of the Chartist demonstration that he displayed at Waterloo.

Some of the other domestic disturbances which the National Guard has been called upon to aid in suppressing may be summarized as follows: to restore order in race troubles, to protect property and preserve order at fires and floods, to enforce laws, preserve order at elections, prevent prize-fights, quell Indian uprisings, capture escaped criminals, preserve order in county-seat wars, religious disturbances, and anti-Chinese demonstrations. No complete record of all disorders under these miscellaneous heads is available, but from the most complete data obtainable it is shown that more than three hundred such cases have occurred in the United States in the last fifty years.

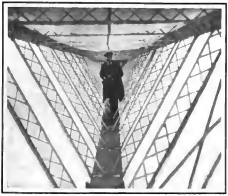
In view of the great number of instances in which the National Guard has been called upon to act in suppressing domestic disturbances, it is somewhat remarkable that so few of their organizations have received any kind of training in this character of military duty. While no altogether hard and fast rules can be prescribed which would apply to any particular case or all cases, a systematic study of the problems which it is conceivable might arise, as well as practical training in riot drill is most essential to ultimate success. Just as officers of the Regular Army are required to study and solve in peace assumed strategical and tactical problems liable to occur in future wars, so the National Guard officers should engage in a like study of problems which experience has shown may arise in conflicts between the militia and rioters. Every officer of our citizen soldiery should have a proficient knowledge of the character of troops best suited for riot duty; the formations best adapted for attack and defence; accurate maps of cities and districts in which riots are liable to occur should be on file at the National Guard headquarters of each State, and these should be carefully studied from a military point of view by those in command; the location of water-works, lighting-plants, arsenals, etc., which are usually the object of attack by a mob, should be noted thereon, and general plans for their defence should be prepared and be immediately available.

It is quite as necessary to prepare for internal disorder as to guard against foreign invasion, to provide for suppressing mobs as to prepare plans for protecting our coasts. It is therefore highly essential that the efficiency of the National Guard shall be maintained at the highest standard, and that the officers and men shall have as proficient knowledge of what will be required of them in the quelling of domestic disturbances as can be gained by systematic study and training.



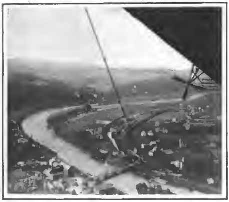
"All aboard!" Passengers climbing up the ladder into the cabin of the "Deutschland" in preparation for the start of the first regular trip made by the air-ship

Dining on board the "Deutschland" en route. The meals served on the air-ship were said to be comparable to those obtained on a modern railway liner

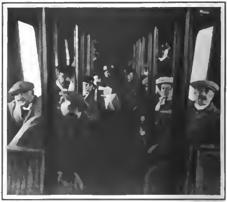


A passenger on board the "Deutschland" passing from saloon to engine-room

Photographing the valley of the Rhine from one of the saloon windows of the "Deutschland"



The Rhine Valley, photographed from the "Deutschland" during her first journey



The interior of the cabin, showing how the passengers were accommodated

BY AIR-SHIP LIMITED

THE "DEUTSCHLAND," THE FIRST PASSENGER-CARRYING DIRIGIBLE, MADE A SUCCESSFUL JOURNEY FROM FRIEDRICHSHAFEN TO DUSSELDORF ON JUNE 22D, CONVEYING 20 PERSONS FOR 300 MILES IN 9 HOURS. SHE WAS WRECKED DURING HER THIRD VOYAGE

Photographs copyright, 1910, by the Illustrations Bureau

Dragging a Road Across Iowa

THE MOVEMENT THAT INSPIRED TWELVE COUNTIES TO HITCH DRAGS BEHIND HORSES, WAGONS, AND AUTOMOBILES, AND PRODUCED A SMOOTH STATE HIGHWAY FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE MISSOURI, A DISTANCE OF 380 MILES

By Stewart Ives de Krafft

Mr. J. W. Eichinger, a newspaper man of Des Moines, the originator of the "dragged road" movement in Iowa

AGAIN has the "Iowa Idea" come to the front and centre, this time in the matter of good roads. If the building of a road across the State from Council Bluffs, on the east bank of the Missouri River, to Davenport, on the west bank of the Mississippi, three hundred and eighty miles away, in less than five months; if perfecting similar dragged roads from Des Moines to Burlington, and thence to Okoboji, four hundred miles distant; if another river-to-river road from Clinton to Council Bluffs, four hundred miles away, not to mention the fact that Dubuque and Sioux City are discussing the advisability of being joined by a dragged road—if these things indicate a solution of the good-roads problem. Iowa has solved it.

It is due primarily to the desire of J. W. Eichinger, news editor of the *Des Moines Capital*, to perform a newspaper feat. By the success of his undertaking Eichinger has stamped himself as a genius, and when other States grasp the simplicity, soundness, and low cost of maintenance of his idea, they will rise up in thankfulness and call him blessed. The dauntless energy of Eichinger galvanized human sloths into activity and made working on a public highway with a split-log drag the popular form of amusement.

The result of all this? The most successful road-making plant ever built by man, with the brilliant Eichinger pressing the button, to the intense amazement of his employer, Lafe Young, even though his long political career has taught him never to be surprised.

Any man who can transform an Iowa mud road in a nearly perfect highway, three hundred and eighty miles long, at an estimated cost of building and maintenance for the first year of three dollars a mile, has grasped a new idea in the matter of road building. That the road from Council Bluffs to Davenport is a success and is commanding the attention of the entire country and Canada, is shown not only by its splendid condition, but by the enormous mail which pours in upon the Secretary of the River-to-River Dragged Road, which is Mr. Eichinger's official designation—without pay, by the way.

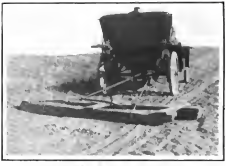
At first Eichinger tried the correspondence method of attempting to interest persons along the proposed route of the River-to-River Dragged Road. The frost that nipped this crop of letters would have discouraged most men, but not this slender, stoop-shouldered, fair-haired chap, who is a human dynamo, when it comes to radiating energy. Still some of the seed fell upon fertile soil, and Eichinger cultivated it.

He made the township his road working unit.

The famous River-to-River Dragged Road runs through twelve counties—Pottawattamie on the west, then in order through Cass, Audubon, Guthrie, Dallas, Polk, Jasper, Poweshiek, Iowa, Johnson, and Muscatine to Scott, on the east. The principal towns through which it passes are Council Bluffs, Neola, Avoca, Atlantic, Exira, Guthrie Center, Redfield, Adel, Des Moines, Colfax, Newton, Grinnell, Brooklyn, Victor, Marengo, Iowa City, West Liberty, Moscow, and Davenport. Some forty smaller places are also touched. The country is the richest in the State. The road passes through a territory decidedly hilly in the west, but of surpassing beauty. One sees the signs of prosperity, peace, and happiness on every side. If this road has done nothing else, it has demonstrated to the farmer and his family that their life is the ideal existence and made them contented with it. This model highway has made the trip to town and market a joy instead of the horror of other days. The average length of the haul for the husbandman from his farm to market is now but eight miles, and it does not require a day to make the round trip.

Once Eichinger hit upon the township unit, he promptly proceeded to interest the influential men of the county in the project—farmers, bankers, automobilists, country editors, clergymen, merchants, school-teachers, and scholars, all were pressed into service. Governor Carroll appointed commissioners for each county, every one of whom received a commission bearing the great seal of the State, with a lot of ribbon, and was altogether an imposing document. And these men served without pay. Upon a diplomatic hint the townships of a county through which the road passed were formed into an organization like a company of infantry, with the "Special River-to-River Dragged Road Commissioner" as captain. He had his squads strung out along the road, and upon the word from Secretary Eichinger started them to work dragging the highway. The haughty owner of an automobile, perforce, hitched a drag behind his car and got to work. It did not take long to establish the fact that a motor-car could drag after a rain from eight to ten miles of the highway in an hour, thus leaving the road in excellent condition.

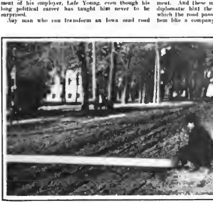
When the feminine portion of the community discovered that the dragged road meant more frequent trips to town, more visitors, and lots of touring cars whizzing by, they spurred the male laggards. Road-dragging parties became the vogue from the Missouri to the Mississippi. The old-time buggy ride, formerly a Sunday luxury, became an every-day occurrence. The farmer and his family started to talk motor-cars—and before they realized it they bought one. More than eight thousand cars have been sold in the State this spring. Up to date seventeen thousand automobiles have been licensed by the State. A slight change in the body enables the farmer to bring his crop or produce to market in a hurry to take advantage of the prices. His acquaintance with farming machinery makes the care and running of a motor-car mere child's play to him.


One of the drags, made of two 6 by 8 timbers, with three broad cleats nailed across the top

It was discouraging work for Eichinger at the start. About the first ray of encouragement he received was a letter from Mr. J. W. Foster, a banker at Guthrie Center, who wrote: "Half an hour ago I received your letter in regard to a river-to-river dragged road. It's a practical project. Guthrie Center wants to be on that road. I have called a mass-meeting of the citizens at the City Hall this evening to discuss it."

But let Eichinger tell his story. He says:

"Guthrie Center held its mass-meeting. Foster was named head of a committee to select a route through the county. Men were chosen to take up


A stretch of the River-to-River Road approaching Des Moines, as it appeared before the dragging was begun

A turn in the "dragged road" near Des Moines, showing the improvements effected by the drag

the project with the road officers in each township in the county to be crossed by the road. They were to visit the farmers along the road and to report to the committee the condition of the highway.

"In the first mail next day there came a map of Guthrie County. A heavy black band indicated the route selected. A page of writing told of the condition of the road and what was proposed to make it right. The day following its receipt this map, four columns wide and as deep, together with the story of the selection of the road, appeared on the front page of the Des Moines *Capital*. Copies of this issue of the paper were sent to every name secured in the twelve counties through which the road was to pass, to every commercial club, automobile association, every county and township officer, whose names had been secured from the county clerks.

"Then things began to hum. Personal appeals went out to the livest men in each county. 'Call your automobilists, commercial clubs, business men, supervisors, and township officers together. Pick a route, and send a map of it to the *Capital*,' was the request.

"Jasper County came across. Poweshiek and Iowa followed. Johnson, where Iowa City with the State university is located, was slow. Appeals to the faculty, supervisors, and others were in vain. Finally a letter fell into the hands of Robert Carson. He replied: 'Write my brother, Frank C. Carson.'

"A letter went to Frank Carson. Then things began to move. The map came. 'What shall I do next?' he asked. 'Go to the township officers,' we answered. 'Appeal to them to make road-dragging contracts with the farmers under the State law, which allows fifty cents a mile for every mile travelled in dragging the road. Where grading is needed, urge them to grade it up. Where drainage is needed, make them drain. If the township hasn't got enough money, appeal to the county supervisors to aid with county funds. If all these resources fail, take up a collection from business men, farmers, automobilists, and hire the work done yourself. Just get the work done. That's all there is to it.'

"Well, Carson did it. He went the limit. He even did some of the work himself with his own hands and money. The point is—he did it. Men like Carson were found in eleven of the twelve counties, but one. W. R. Weir, in Scott; C. M. Beem, in Iowa; B. F. Ricker, in Poweshiek; J. W. Foster, in Guthrie; Edwin Delaheyde, in Audubon; F. W. Porterfield, in Cass; and E. R. Hannan, in Pottawattamie. Every man did his duty. He got the road put in shape—graded, drained, and covered with dragging contracts. Muscatine people were slow to take hold. Carson and Weir said, 'Let us put the road through the north part of the county and we'll put it in shape.' They did. Soon Weir found it necessary to drop out. Dick R. Lane took his place, and the work went on.

"As the organization grew, the job became easier. Everybody worked in unison. As near as possible the same phases of the project were being worked out in every one of the twelve counties at the same time. Finally, when things were progressing well, the first scouting car over the 1910 Glidden tour route landed in Wichita, Kansas. Little had been thought of the Glidden tour. Then the idea dawned—get this tour over the River-to-River Dragged Road.

"The telegraph wires were hot within five minutes, instructing every county chairman: 'Write S. M. Butler, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, telling him about the River-to-River Road. Invite him to route the Glidden tour over it.' From Des Moines I sent Butler a long wire telling of the three-hundred-and-eighty-mile road building from Council Bluffs to Davenport, via Des Moines; asked him to route the tour over it, and promising the tourists the greatest demonstration they have ever received.

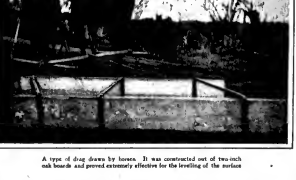
"A message was sent to Frank X. Zirbes, driver of the scouting car, asking him to use this road across Iowa. This telegram was delivered to the writer by a motor-car twenty-five miles out of Lincoln, Nebraska, on the prairie, at 10.30 P.M. 'Many thanks for the invitation. We will be pleased to use the River-to-River Dragged Road,' came the reply.

"From one end of the line to the other pilot stations were organised in a single day. Every man knew his territory and wanted the word. Zirbes drove the scouting car off the Omaha-Council Bluffs bridge and Charles R. Hannan, in a big red touring car, was waiting. Out through the Bluffs, Underwood, Minden, Neola to Avoca they went, where Dr. Porterfield, of Cass, picked them up. On rushed the scouting car, met by pilots, asked regarding pace, and brought into Des Moines, where the night was spent. An early start was made on Sunday morning, and when night fell the car was at Iowa City, the crew the guests of those two live wires, Frank and Robert Carson. At midnight, Sunday, Zirbes drove his car across the Davenport-Rock Island bridge, and the tired crew turned in.

"Five months from the day I broached the idea of the River-to-River Dragged Road to Colonel Young, on May 10, 1910, Dai Lewis, in the official pathfinding car for the 1910 Glidden tour, was dashing across the Iowa prairies, up hill and down dale, from Council Bluffs to Davenport, three hundred and eighty miles, upon a road as smooth as a board. For two whole days, with the unerring certainty of a perfect machine, the River-to-River Road Association sped this pathfinder through the heart of Iowa over a road which three months before had been the terror alike of the transcontinental motorist and of the farmer living on it. For the first time on its trip the Lewis car covered its allotted day's run. I wish that Zirbes could have driven over it when Lewis did—the improvement would have amazed him."

The idea spread quickly.

"If Iowa can have a road east and west across the State, why can't we have one from Des Moines down to Burlington, in the southeast corner of the State, through Oskaloosa and Ottumwa?" asked Dr. Jay Roberts, of Oskaloosa, and Postmaster Simmons, of Ottumwa. They went to work, and they are still at it. Eighty miles of the road is in shape now, and the rest soon will be. Moyer, of Des Moines, thought this southeast branch should be extended to Okoboji and Spirit Lake in the northwestern part of the State. He hiked out in his touring car and visited every town along the road to such good purpose that the road from Burlington to Okoboji, a distance of four hundred miles, bade fair to be dragged early in the present month.



A type of drag drawn by horses. It was constructed out of two-inch oak boards and proved extremely effective for the levelling of the surface

Towns along the northwestern right-of-way grew jealous and wanted a river-to-river road from Clinton to Council Bluffs. Boosters got busy. On May 18th motorists started from Clinton and Council Bluffs, four hundred miles apart, working toward each other. Night stops were made at Marshalltown and Dennison and on the following day, after picking up delegations from every town, two hundred cars met at Boone. A big convention was held. Eichinger was there to tell how the job had been done from Council Bluffs to Davenport. The convention resulted in a fine organization to build a second river-to-river road. This will be in excellent shape by August.

Not to be outdone, Dubuque and Sioux City are flirting with each other to build another dragged road across the State, connecting these two river cities. The good-roads movement is in full swing in Iowa, with Eichinger pushing it as only he can. Unless all signs fail, Iowa is going to have legislation which will prevent, in future, the waste of her road tax, which is approximately five million dollars a year. The State has about fifty-seven thousand miles of highways, most of which is in terrible condition for the greater portion of the year. A large per cent. of this mileage is fairly well graded and drained. All that is needed to make good roadways is dragging.

The Eichinger crusade for good roads asks that the present plan of each township road officer being a law unto himself be abolished, and that a county engineer receive authority to direct the road work of every township, with a reasonable portion of the road money to be expended each year for dragging. To quote Eichinger on the average township road officer: "He throws up loose grades, piles up a nicely rounded pile of dirt in the centre of the road, which is a better place to plant corn than to travel over, and calls it a road. He goes away, the rain washes his grade to pieces; travel fills it with ruts and holes, which hold the water—and the sum total of his efforts is the highway which has made Iowa notorious throughout the country.

"The principle of the dragged road is simply to smooth the top surface of the road, wipe out the ruts and holes, to prevent the water standing on the surface and softening the bed of the roadway. The best time to use the drag is soon after a rain, when the ground is soft. It may even be slushy and produce better results, for the mud, when spread out and smoothed over the surface by the drag, is dried by the wind and baked by the sun. The drag throws but a small portion of the dirt to the centre at each trip. This, kept up for a few seasons, produces a nicely rounded top surface of successively dried and baked layers, which become extremely hard and almost impervious to water, unless permitted to stand and soak for a considerable time. The ordinary rainfall, that strikes the surface which has been properly smoothed, simply rolls away to the side of the road without doing any especial damage."

Eichinger started to prove that the present road-tax levies in Iowa, without additional taxation or legislation, are sufficient to provide good roads for the State, if properly and wisely expended. As has been stated, the tax for this purpose is about $5,000,000 a year. At $3.50 per mile per year, which is a fair average for the cost of dragging, $200,000 per annum would keep every foot of the 57,000 miles of highways in the State in good condition. This sounds incredible, but stubborn facts prove it.

Macadam roads in Iowa have cost from $4,500 to $7,000 per mile; brick pavement, twenty feet wide, is estimated to average $10,000; gravel road-bed, which requires almost as much attention as an ordinary dirt road, from $700 to $1,000 per mile. The average township, as laid out in Iowa, has thirty-six miles of roadway, and has $1,000 to spend on the roads. At $3.50 per mile, $126 of this $1,000 would keep every road in each township in excellent condition for a year, if it were properly dragged.

Eichinger and his cohorts are urging that every town through which the River-to-River Dragged Road runs start a cross-road and work out a few miles on each side of the town in the hope that other neighboring towns will start dragging a main travelled highway out to meet the other, thus uniting the towns. If this gradual extension can be kept up, the whole State will be covered, in time, with a minute network of perfect dragged roads.

Not forgetting the motorist, a series of day tours from Des Moines has been logged and mapped; one to Ames, another to Boone, a third to Colfax, and so on. Polk County motor-car owners have contributed two dollars each for sign-boards and to pay for the dragging of the road.

The more one thinks of J. W. Eichinger and his work for good roads in Iowa and what he has accomplished in five short months, the more firmly the conviction is driven home that he has found the solution of the problem in dragging. If this is true in Iowa—and it is—it will not take other States long to fall in line. The only drawback appears to be the lack of "live wires." Unfortunately an Eichinger does not dwell in every community.

The Trail Among the Foothills

By Addison Howard Gibson

Up low, verd-dotted hillslopes fair,
  Where golden-crested poppies wave,
Across the fretful mountain streams
  That ragged, fern-edged boulders lave—
The trail among the foothills winds
  Along yon hollow's deep, gaunt sides,
Then on, away through live-oak glades
  Where never-ending summer bides.

Round knolls that face the west it curves,
  Where blue haze of sunset falls,
Then off through tangled chaparral,
  Where sound a lost quail's lone love-calls.
Into the cañon's hurried depths
  It leads, where Night's dun shadows creep
Where witch-toned winds from orange groves
  Lull baby blue-eyes to soft sleep.

Beneath the ghost-limbed sycamores
  The curving road seems then to rest;
A beckoning star far in the East,
  Glows on the lilac sky's brooding breast;
The heights a lone sequoia keeps
  As sentinel o'er hills afar
More dips, more shadows grows the way;
  Along the trail still guides the star.

An Interesting Figure in the New Democracy

JOHN ALDEN DIX, THE RECENTLY CHOSEN CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE OF NEW YORK

By Charles Johnston

THE childhood of John A. Dix was probably shadowed by the necessity of doing with a single set of presents for his birthday and Christmas, for he was born on December 25, 1860. His birthplace was Glens Falls, on the upper Hudson River, where the future Governor Hughes also came into this world of sorrows some sixteen months later. Mr. Dix's father was James Lawton Dix, son of Samuel Dix, of Vermont, who seems to have passed on to his descendants the essence of practical sense which has become a proverb for the sons of the Green Mountains. Mr. John A. Dix's mother was Miss Laura Stevens before she married James Lawton Dix. Their son was sent to Glens Falls Academy for his school days, and thence he graduated in 1879. From this point the paths of the two sons of Glens Falls seem to have diverged; for Charles E. Hughes went to Brown University, while John A. Dix entered Cornell. When Mr. Hughes returned to Cornell, John Dix had already gone. For after he graduated in 1883 his father advised him to enter practical life at once; and following the theory of the German Emperor that every boy should be master of a trade, the younger Dix, by his father's advice, entered the machine shops at Glens Falls, having previously served a highly practical apprenticeship as a farm hand. In this way Mr. Dix learned two very valuable things: He came to realize what were the needs and hardships of a manual laborer's life; and he learned what a full day's work ought to be—both essential pieces of information for a future master of industry.

John A. Dix soon had an opportunity to use both pieces of knowledge, for he presently became associated in the lumber business with the Hon. Lemon Thomson, of Albany, N. Y. In 1889 he married Mr. Thomson's daughter Gertrude, and in course of time extended the lumber business into paper-mills at Thomson, in Washington County, just south of the Adirondack region, and within the forest zone. Mr. Dix's father had impressed on him, in the days when he was advising his son to learn a trade, that the great thing was not so much what one did as to do that thing well—if he became a shoemaker, to make a pair of shoes as well as it was possible to make them; if he became a cooper, to make as good a barrel as could be made. Mr. Dix carried the same principle into his later work, and gradually built up what has become the largest factory of wall-papers in the world, a factory, moreover, where some of the hardest labor problems have found a fine and generous solution. Mr. Dix further gave his heart and mind to the side of his business which affects not only himself and his workmen, but the citizens of his State and country. As a maker of paper and a consumer of paper-pulp on a large scale, he is one of those who are most active in the preservation of our forests; this fact brought him face to face with the greatest of our conservation problems at a time before conservation had become a national watchword. He realized that New York State is neither rich in gold like California, nor rich in coal like Pennsylvania; minerals are almost absent, as a source of general wealth, and our one great possession lies in our forests. Yet these are small and dwindling, and largely neglected. The entire forests of New York State would not serve the needs of the State for twenty years, they would hardly supply the nation for twelve months. So that the problem of conservation for New York State is narrowed down to two things: forests and water-power. And the forests are in grave danger.

Here was the problem which Mr. Dix set himself to solve practically. He acquired a tract of seventeen thousand acres of forest, as a partial feeder for his paper-pulp mills, and set himself to the task of practical reafforestation, planting a tree for every tree that was cut down. He realized especially the enormous havoc wrought on our forests by the annual cutting of Christmas trees, and calculated that within a few years our forests might be totally denuded of young trees through this cause alone. In order to learn the practical side of forestry, Mr. Dix made journeys to Switzerland and Germany, discovering, among other interesting things, that the Swiss had a practical forestry system as early as the year 1100, four centuries before the voyage of Columbus.

The second side of Mr. Dix's practical work is his treatment of the labor problems which fill so large a part of our horizon to-day. His ambition was to be "an employer of contented labor," and he had the immense advantage of knowing, by his own early experience, just what the difficulties and hardships of the manual laborer are. So his factories are comfortably warmed in winter, and cooled by a forced draught of pure air in summer. His workmen are his friends, and he allows them to enjoy half-holidays every week through the hot months of July and August. But it was in handling the strike problem that his real originality as an employer of labor came out. Two years ago, his men asked for an increase of pay. Mr. Dix agreed to receive a committee representing the workmen, of whom he employs a thousand, chiefly highly skilled men. Meeting the committee, Mr. Dix told them, in his genial and sincere way, that he had been thinking the whole matter over, that he realized their difficulties, and that he had decided to give them the ten per cent. rise in wages they asked for. Then came in the native sense of Vermont. This increase, said Mr. Dix, would be subject to a condition: the wages which they actually received should go on as before, and at the end of every three months they should receive checks for the added ten per cent., provided that, during this time, they increased the output of the mill in the same ratio of ten per cent. This, it seems, they were perfectly able to do, without working overtime, by better application; and the hands felt that they had an interest in this added output, that in a certain way it belonged to themselves and went into their own pockets. In this way, helped by the spirit of consideration and sympathy with which Mr. Dix organized his work, an admirable and very secure situation was created, and has borne excellent fruit from that day forward. Mr. Dix has always been willing that his men should form unions, if they were so minded, and found it better for themselves; but, while there are union men among his employees, many of them believe that they already enjoy all the advantages of unionism, without some of the very obvious disadvantages, such as external dictation, and the payment of heavy taxes to support a costly organization. In the general matter of the employment of labor, Mr. Dix holds that every man should be free to apply his labor wherever he feels it his best advantage to do so; that he should be free to sell his labor in the most profitable market, and, on the other hand, that the employer of labor should have full liberty to select his workmen and to enter into a free contract with them for their work. The only lasting arrangement will be that which is to the best advantage of both. Here again Mr. Dix stands for the genuinely democratic principle of a large measure of personal liberty.

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John Alden Dix

WHO HAS SUCCEEDED "FINGY" CONNORS AS DEMOCRATIC STATE CHAIRMAN OF NEW YORK

Naturally, a man so resourceful and full of tact, so gifted with the great virtue of conciliation, has made many business friends and business alliances. Besides the primary interest of his paper-mills, he plays an important part in banking in Albany, and has done something to solve, in a way favorable to the State, the problem of the lending of State funds to banks, which has been so thoroughly thrashed out by Governor Harmon and Treasurer Creamer in Ohio. His action has raised the interest paid by the banks on loans of State funds from two per cent. to three per cent., a distinct gain for the State, but still falling somewhat short of what has been done in Ohio. Mr. Dix is also an effective factor in several other businesses, connected either with banking or with the manufacture of paper. He has shown a high gift for sound, creative organization, coupled with gentleness, conciliation, and the spirit of the peacemaker.

To turn from personal history to politics. In the year of grace 1904, as we know, the Democratic party had determined on a strong effort to unseat the Grand Old Inevitable and to nominate a conservative candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Dix tells an amusing story of the first steps toward selecting the desired man. At a gathering in Washington, Mr. John Sharp Williams said: "We are going to nominate a man who represents the best type of American citizenship." "Yes!" interjected Judge Lamb: "we know the man and his name is Parker. And I'll wager," he added, "that no one here knows his first name or his postal address!"

They soon learned both, however, when "the sage of Esopus" became a figure of national importance. Mr. Parker, wishing to have as many of his friends as possible at the St. Louis Convention, told Mr. Dix that he wished that he would come, as a delegate from Washington County. Mr. Dix replied that he was entirely willing, but added that he had not the least idea how to go about it. This illustrates the point reached just six years ago in the science of politics by the man who has just been elected Democratic leader of the Empire State. Mr. Parker advised him to talk the matter over with some of the leading Democratic politicians of his county, telling them that he would be willing to go as a delegate to the convention. And to the convention he accordingly went, thus receiving his initiation into national politics.

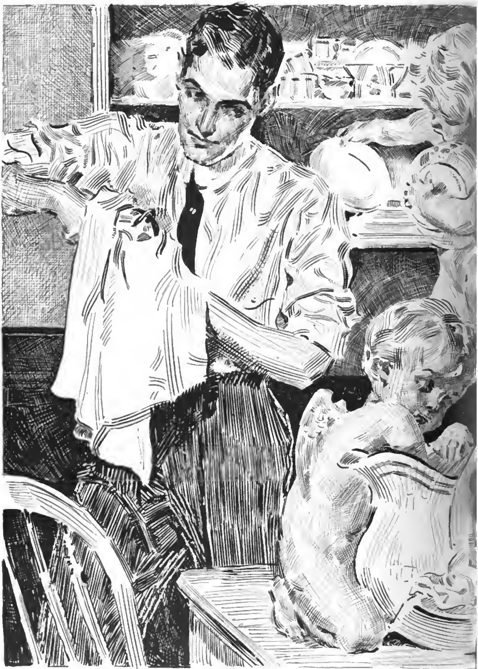
About this time, six years ago, Mr. Dix came forward as an authority on forest conservation, which President Roosevelt later made an issue of national importance. At the conservation conference at Washington, Mr. Dix gave an address, telling of the needs of his own Adirondack region, and showing what might be done to supply them.

At St. Louis, Mr. Dix made the acquaintance of the leading men of the Democratic party, and especially of the closer friends of Judge Parker; the very men, therefore, who have been the driving power in the Democratic revival in New York. At Rochester he met many of the local leaders; and when the time came, a year ago, to form the Democratic League, Mr. Dix was, very naturally, one of the leading men up-State to lend a hand. In the general letter of invitation to the Saratoga conference of last September, he appears as the representative of Washington County; and we may be sure that, in the vitally important local work of the League he has not been the least effective of the organizers.

About a year earlier, a difficult and exasperating situation had arisen in the Democratic camp in Washington County, up along the higher reaches of the Hudson River. There was a triangular duel between the Conservative element, representing the men who had supported Mr. Parker; the Bryan wing, who stood through thick and thin for the Grand Old Inevitable; and, thirdly, those who saw in Mr. Hearst the regenerator of Democracy. Such a contest, of course, meant certain defeat, and in this difficult situation the Democratic leaders of Washington County turned to Mr. Dix, and, greatly against his will, insisted on making him County Chairman of the Democratic organization. As County Chairman, he naturally took a leading part in the national and State campaign of two years ago; and in this campaign he added a distinctly creative idea, namely, the formation of the County Chairmen's Organization. This brought together the sixty-one County Chairmen, who proceeded to elect Mr. Dix their president. The nine vice-presidents were chosen in a peculiarly democratic way, thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Dix. They were not elected by the whole body, on the nomination of the president and his friends, as one might have expected, but were chosen one from each of the nine judicial districts, the County Chairmen of each judicial district choosing their own local vice-president. The idea of Mr. Dix, in urging the formation of this new body, was that the chairman of each County Committee is the man who really knows the voters of each county, and the local needs and conditions; he is a good deal closer to the situation than is the State Committeeman. Therefore the Organization of County Chairmen is, in the view of Mr. Dix, a distinct advance in effectiveness. To this new body was entrusted the educational work of the last campaign, and it was effectively and economically done.

Mr. Dix is still president of the Organization of County Chairmen, but he expects before long to resign from this post, as the duties of the State Chairmanship will demand all his energies. To this latter position he was elected at the general meeting of June 2nd, in New York City, succeeding Mr. Conners, of Buffalo, and putting an end to the open feud which threatened to break the State Democracy in two. It is characteristic of Mr. Dix that his first official act as State Chairman was to speak warmly of the "energy, activity, and tenacity" of his retiring predecessor, thus securing the hearty good-will of a most effective fighter.

In general principles, Mr. Dix is, of course, heartily in accord with the Democratic League, whose leaders, including men like Mr. Parker, Mr. Morgan J. O'Brien, and Mr. Edward Shepard, were the strongest supporters of the proposal to elect him State Chairman. Like the Democratic League, he stands for personal freedom, for national and State economy, for such a revision of the tariff and revenue laws as will make for "the greatest good of the greatest number," and against the spoon-feeding of special interests and gigantic "infant" industries. Like the League, he stands for a thorough reformation of the New York Democracy, along the lines of honesty, economy, and effectiveness. Like the League, he may presently find his way into national politics, and may go far.



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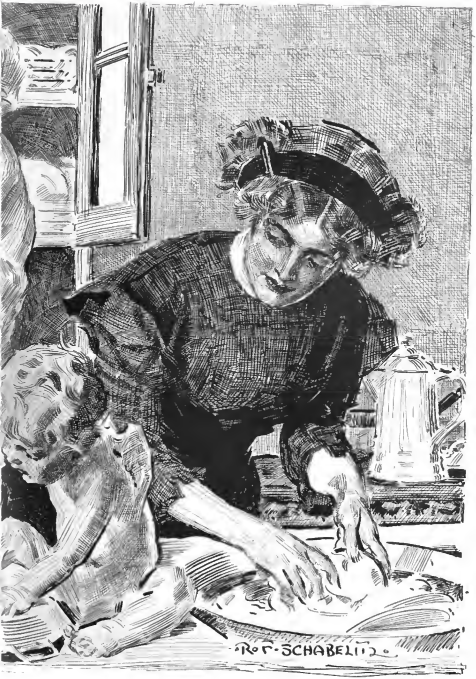
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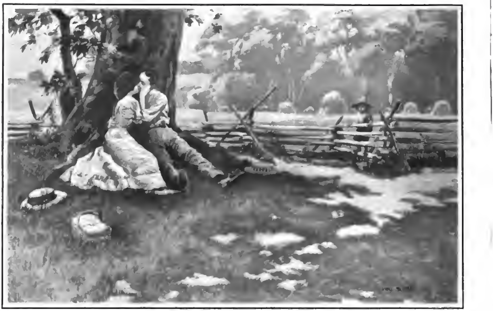


"HEY! MISTER, HAVE YE GOT A MATCH?"

VOICES FROM THE TOMBS

THE utterances of the great dead are always interesting, instructive, and illuminating; they show us that wisdom and wit existed even before the age of comic weeklies and Sunday supplements; they remind us that there were rhetoricians before Roosevelt, patriots before Pinchot, and bores before Borah; they recall that observation and the art of expression are not altogether modern; and they impress us with the sad and solemn fact that the greatness of men and the grandeur of ages are possible without the aid of publicity, rapid transit, wood alcohol, women's colleges, and protective tariffs.

Let us open the pages of the past and cull therefrom a few things that have not already been retrieved by recognized raconteurs whose researches into the racy and risible resources of the race have given them standing-room in the chestnut-groves of the Republic.

Epicurus, who was spending a week end at the rural residence of his friend, Clodius Urbanus, gazed at a flock of spring broilers innocently pecking round the yard and said with deep emotion: "How unstable is life! To-day we cluck and cheep, and strut and stride; to-morrow Rome calls and we enter the penetralia of the patrician and the plebeian. Inexorable fate awaits us all. It may be the tomb of our fathers or the cold storage of our monopolists. Who can say? Every pullet has its palate."

Asked by an Assyrian courtier if luxury and simplicity were necessarily antagonistic, Nebuchadnezzar, the king of kings, said, tolerantly: "I think not. When I abandoned my throne temporarily to lead the simple life I lived in clover."

Charles Second was in the gardens at Whitehall one June day in 1674, surrounded by a group of gayly dressed courtiers and ladies whose banter and badinage, wit and waggery, kept the Merry Monarch in excellent humor. In the rear of the merry company, in the shadows of a yew, stood Mr. Samuel Pepys and a long faced friend who looked like a survival of the late Puritan Commonwealth.

"Friend Pepys," said the Puritan, gloomily, "England is in a parlous state when her King has no weightier business of state than to surround himself with these painted and frivolous women and these idle and glittering wits and jesters. Even his father, whom Parliament sent to the block, was wiser than this King of ours."

"Hush!" whispered Mr. Pepys, warningly. "His Majesty is wise in his generation. Frivolity, badinage, wits, and wags have their uses. A king who has his wits about him does not lose his head. A garden and a merry company at Whitehall are preferable to a tomb and a tablet at Westminster, friend Bittergall. Better a King with a light word than a Cromwell with a heavy hand. The saints made England a centre of gravity; the sinners are making it a centre of levity. Cromwell gave us jails and jeremiads; Charles gives us jests and jousts; then we were ruled by preachers; now by petticoats. The world wags on, for it loves wit more than wisdom. His Majesty does not forget that his long Parliament and short commons were contemporaneous. England has had a surfeit of long Parliaments, long prayers, and long faces; now she wants ale, song, and sunshine. Wit never broke a head or a Commandment. The Puritan preacher unmade Charles the Martyr, the militant Monk made Charles the Merry. Swim with the stream, Bittergall; it is the easier way; the fish are as fat and foolish down stream as up. There are still cakes and ale in England, friend; let me lead you to them."

Then Mr. Pepys and his friend went out into the streets of London and made a day of it.

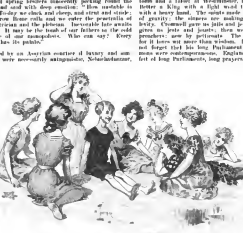
Randolph and Webster had clashed in the Senate, and were ponderously thundering on the men and means of Virginia and New England, assailing gnats with siege guns.

"Some wretches," roared the immortal Daniel, "have had the temerity to question the character and antiquity of New England's kitchen classic, apple sauce, perhaps the most ancient and delectable dish of the ages. Iconoclastic and impious, ignorant and ignoble, are such. There were apples in Eden. The first *chef* in history, the master of the broil, taught Eve the culinary possibilities of the apple; and when that distinguished lady cooked Adam's goose the first apple sauce of history was served. Primacy belongs to Eden, but supremacy remains in New England."

Randolph rose to retort. "The sulphurous flavor of the table and theology, the creed and the cuisine, of New England has long been suspected; but it did not smell to heaven. We do not go back to a mythical garden for our greatness in men and means. Virginia and Eden are synonyms. Like Rome, Virginia is self-sufficient, her products are her own. To quote the bard of Hickory Cross-roads:

"Rome raised Cæsars, Ciceros, and Catos,
Virginia Presidents and sweet potatoes."

It was Umbogus Primus, an augur of the Roman Republic and an ancestor of Eusapia Palladino, who said to a Roman Senator, who was hesitating about accepting a retainer from Virgilius, an army contractor: "The first, last, and everlasting duty of a Roman is to make men work and ghosts walk. The prosperity of the State is merely the prosperity of the citizen multiplied. Listen always to the counsel of opportunity rather than to the clamor of importunity. Virgilius is your opportunity."



"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT!"
WHEN HE'S THE ONLY ONE ON THE ISLAND

AGAINST HIS CONVICTIONS

"Have some of this Welsh rabbit, Bjonsen?" asked Bjones, as he stirred the golden concoction in the chafing dish.

"No, thanks, Bjonesey," returned Bjonsen, patting his stomach tenderly. "I am unalterably opposed to all corporation taxes."

IN A HURRY

A LOUISVILLE man who has had many negroes in his employ met one of his former workmen on the street recently, and, after the customary questions as to the old man's welfare, asked,

"Where is your brother George now?"

"Why, Mistah Brown suh, George am dead. Yessah, he was found dead in his bed."

"Passed away suddenly, I take it?"

"Yessah, Mistah Brown, but then George he always was mighty impulsive."

GOLF AND THE DEVIL

ROBERT BURNS always said the devil invented golf to catch the souls of Calvinists who were proof against other snares. Bobby told a company of tosspots in an Ayrshire tavern that the devil sent a pretty woman once to snare a pious shepherd of Argyle who was famous for his sanctity and dourness. In time the lady returned to the devil minus her jewels and cash, weeping with mortification over her failure.

"Never mind, my dear," said the devil, grimly, "I'll get him." Catching one of the tears rolling down her cheek, he changed it into a golf ball, and laid it in the field where the saintly shepherd could see it. Then he and the woman sat down to await results. Presently the old shepherd saw the ball and struck at it carelessly with his crook and missed it; he tried again and missed it; then he rose angrily and aimed at it viciously, and missed it. Now he was both indignant and interested, and went at the ball with brutal zeal, flailing and failing until his face was red and wet and the heather rang with profanity. The shepherd abandoned flock and dog to have it out with the ball all day; and day after day the devil and the lady came to watch him. Soon all his pious neighbors joined him, while the wassailers and wastrels laughed to hear the truly good swear and see them sweat. The ball bewitched them all, and the devil—a good, orthodox Presbyterian devil with horns and hoofs and tail—smiled, and at the end of a week said to the lady, "I've got him now, he can never get away from me." The woman, piqued at the failure of her charms, could not see how the ball or the game helped the devil any better than she had done.

"The ball is merely an innocent incident in the game," said the devil; "its simplicity and lack of guile catch the most holy. I win on the language incidental to the game, and the Scot I can't haul with you I can with this ball."

The lady smiled and nodded, and answered, "I am glad you discovered a rural substitute for my sex; as for me, these rural saints bore and irritate me. I will go back to the sphere where I am supreme, the city; I do not relish competing with a bludgeon and a ball."

The woman went back to town; but golf remained a labor-saving device of the devil.

"You may believe the story or not, as you will," said the rollicking poet. "It's a poor sort of a Scot who will go to the de'il for a game and a ball, when he can gang the same road with a girl and a glass."

A QUARTETTE

SUMMER RESORT ETIQUETTE

IN THE MOUNTAINS

I. DANCING-SLIPPERS should not be worn by ladies starting out to scale the neighboring peaks, unless they have arranged with a necessary force of office boys to carry them to the summit and back in a hammock slung on a couple of stiff poles.

II. Trolling for trout in the mountain lakes with a clothes-basket or large-sized mosquito-nets is considered bad form, and is never resorted to by true sportsmen. It is also a rude act to practise on a trombone or cornet on the lakes during the fishing hour.

III. The management of small boys in summer hotels is always a difficult problem, but parents are specially warned against letting them sit on the hotel register before the ink is dry, and should not permit them to play the drum during the afternoon concert in the hotel office.

IV. Among refined people the old-fashioned pastime of filling the guests' boots and shoes, placed out in the halls to be blacked, with wet sand has gone out, and the one-time prank of gathering these all together and hiding them in the back of the upright piano in the ball-room is no longer *de rigueur*.

V. No gentlemanly young person will ever think of capturing a cub-bear in the mountain fastnesses and surreptitiously placing the same in the clothes-pantry of any one of the several old maids who happen to be spending the summer at the same hotel.

VI. While the rules that govern polite society in other sections of the world should always prevail in the mountains, it is perfectly proper for a young man to jump into the lake for the purpose of rescuing a young lady to whom he has not been introduced who has fallen overboard.

VII. Piazza parties engaged in the pleasant occupation of pulling other persons' reputations apart should do this unostentatiously, and in well modulated tones amounting almost to a whisper, lest their confidential communications shall become public property.

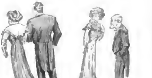
VIII. Ostentation in dress should be avoided as far as is possible. A safe rule for ladies to follow is to wear not more than seven costumes a day, while the ordinary man can get along nicely on four or five.

IX. The rolling of heavy bowling-balls down the main staircase of the hotel at five o'clock in the morning, or the throwing of giant torpedoes in through the transoms over the doors of sleeping guests at midnight, is frowned upon by our best people in all parts of the country.

X. A gentleman will always rise anywhere to give a lady a seat, but if at a mountain picnic the gentleman has inadvertently seated himself on an ant-hill this rule need not be rigidly enforced.

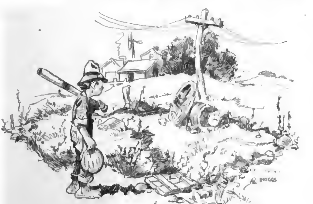
XI. While it is perfectly proper from the concealment of your room window to follow the movements of an engaged couple in their wanderings up the mountainside with a pair of opera-glasses, it is the consensus of expert opinion that it is bad form to state publicly and in detail, especially in the presence of the young people most concerned, all that the glass has revealed to your interested eyes.

XII. No matter how unpopular a fellow guest may be, it is not proper at the dances in the Virginia reel, or grand chain of the lancers, to treat him as though you were playing snap the whip and hurl him through the open window into a water-butt, or into the lap of the stout old gentleman who is watching the dance from the piazza outside.



THE BUD: "OH, THAT'S MRS. SHARK AND HER SON, THE FAMOUS FULL-BACK."

THE DOCTOR: "FULL-BACK, EH! WELL, IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO SEE WHERE HE INHERITED THAT TENDENCY."



A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

EUREKA

I've found a cook, I've found a cook,
  I've found a cook who'll stay.
My kitchen ne'er will be forsook
  From now till Judgment Day.
Her eyes are black as sparkling coals,
  Her cheeks are cherry red,
And sunny curls like aureoles
  Are clustered round her head.

And she can sing, and she can dance,
  This wondrous cook of mine—
Our kitchen it doth much enhance
  To hear her voice divine.
And she can make a pumpkin pie
  Such as you never ate—
Indeed of all I've eaten I
  Have never known so great.

And she can brew, and she can bake—
  Such baking ne'er was seen;
And when it comes to chop and steak,
  She's just a perfect queen.
Her sauces take me to Paree,
  Her puddings drive me mad,
And nowhere on this earth you'll see
  Such salades rich and glad.

Her mashed potatoes taste like cream,
  Her turnips all ring true,
Her beets remind you of some dream
  When life was fresh and new;
And when she takes a broiler out
  And puts it on the fire,
You eat it feeling not a doubt
  That bliss can go no higher.

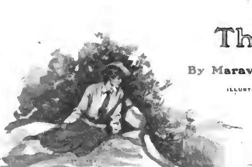
Ah, she's indeed the richest gift
  That ever came my way.
When there is cloud, she proves the rift
  That lights the perfect day.
Her anger, just a pleasant word!
  O how my pulses stir
To think I've had the luck absurd
  To win and marry her!

A. SHERMAN MANN.

The Wolves

By Maravene Kennedy Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS



FROM the jutting plateau part way up the mountain, Lois Frazer watched the shacks grow in the gulch beneath. Her eyes were round and widely open, not with curiosity or interest, but fear. A girl alone among a half-hundred men; adventurous, daredevil, carousing! It had been but three days since they came pouring into the gulch, already she had seen more fights and drunks, had heard more foul language and blasphemy, than in all her previous existence. And this was not the only camp; all along the ravine were camps that had sprung simultaneously into life. And men! It seemed to her frightened brain that there were millions swarming over gulch and mountain.

A week ago there had been only her own shack, and that of the Derbys beneath her in the gulch. They had been there when she came four months before, the tall wasted man and his cherub wife. The little wife had helped her up the steep trail to her cabin, and every day she had come up to see how she was getting along. Soon the husband had come, too, coughing with the exertion of the long climb. Then he had grown strong and big, his cheeks had rounded out, his eyes had become clear and his voice vibrant. A famous hunter, it had been a joy to him to teach her his art; and it had been a pleasure to the wife to initiate her into the mysteries of domestic science. They had lingered a few weeks for Lois's sake, even after the husband had pronounced himself a well man. But their own interests had at last demanded that they go, and for ten days Lois had been alone on that vast mountain range. Alone, but not afraid—till now.

From the first hour she had loved the mountains. Their wild grandeur had filled her with a sense of power, of deep-seated joy. Never before in her twenty-two years had she felt so wholly at home. In a week it seemed but a dream that she had ever lived in a close tenement, taught school in a chill, bare room, been lonely and restless. She ceased to mourn that she was the last of her race, ceased to remember the unhappiness of an orphaned childhood. She blessed the day when she had seen the advertisement of the shack, blessed the Derbys, who, as reference, had written her the encouraging letters that had finally determined her coming, almost blessed the disease that had made that coming imperative.

It had been hard enough to contemplate going away at all. But to go now before she was entirely cured! The thought frightened her more than the presence of the rabble below. The Derbys had stayed only six months; and he had been in as serious condition as herself. She felt that if she could only manage to stay two months longer, she, too, would be well and rugged.

She looked down at the rounded limbs which her wind-whipped frock revealed; she held out her brown arms, muscular as a washerwoman's; she expanded her chest and beat upon it. She was well now—almost. Not more than two months more, surely, would be needed to make her "safe." And to be strong again, strong in body—and with the new brave spirit that the mountains had given her! What marvellous things could she not accomplish! What deep wells of life might she not sound!

Quickly she moved from the rock where she stood, her face setting in resolute lines. She had come of fighting stock; she would defend herself against the invaders, if necessary, as courageously as she had fought the foe that threatened her life. She looked up at the sun newly risen over the lower ranges opposite. How different she felt from the Lois Frazer who had first watched that crimson ball climb from behind the hills! She laughed blithely; then she began to sing, her voice more loud than musical, sending back shrill echoes from the mountainside.

She fed the goat that supplied her milk, then the clucking fowls and long-legged chickens. Next she looked at the traps that protected her domestic creatures from the wild things of the mountains. There were no big game, and the smaller animals therefore abounded. In one trap she found a lynx, in another a young fox. She went to the shack and brought out her rifle. Two reports quickly followed, one shot lodging in the lynx's brain, the other passing through the head of the fox—a clean shot that would have done honor to a professional gunner.

She laughed exultingly, not over the deaths of the animals, but her own power to shoot true, her own ability to fend off harm. A proud smile played on her red lips as she proceeded to skin the dead animals and prepare their hides. She remembered her first terror at firing a gun, her first revulsion at touching her victims' dead bodies. She did not like it now; but she *could* do it, and do it with a firm, masterful hand.

Her work over, she went inside the shack. In reality it was not a shack, but a trim though rough cottage. There were four rooms comfortably furnished, and a wide veranda facing the south, holding a hammock, chairs, and a canvas cot for daytime use. The place revealed that its mistress was a good housekeeper as well as a straight shot. It had the true home atmosphere. There were warmth and vividness in the cotton draperies and coverings, beauty of line and coloring in the simple pictures on the walls. One room was covered on its three sides from ceiling to floor with dressed skins. She eyed them appreciatively. They represented her capital on which she was to begin life again outside the mountain.

"Hey there! You, inside!"

Swiftly she caught up her rifle, and went to the door.

It was a big man who faced her, leering in good-natured admiration.

"Put up your gun, beauty. Can't a cat look at a queen? I just want to see if we kin buy some eggs—at your own price."

"I'll shoot you if you come nearer," she said, calmly. "Understand once for all that I intend to be left alone. I told the men yesterday that I had nothing to sell."

"An' you think a good-looker like you is goin' to be left alone here! Us fellers'll risk more'n a shot to talk to a purty girl, beauty."

"Please," she pronounced, gravely. "I am not well. This is my home. Won't you men be kindly enough to respect my wishes?"

The man grinned. "That's all right, beauty. But we just nacherally can't keep away. Come now, be a good feller," he coaxed, advancing. "Come, give a chap a kiss."

"Stop!" The word and the shot rang out together.

"You little wildcat!" cried the man, picking up his hat, through which two holes were bored.

"That's what every man will get who comes around here. And if I'm bothered much more it won't be the hat I'll aim for. I *will* stay here, and I will not be bothered."

Lois spoke evenly, though her face was blanched and quivering. She watched till he slouched out of sight. Her next movements were fraught with significance. First she went to a drawer and took out a man's belt and holster—the Derbys' last offering; this she fitted to her own smaller waist size and fastened it on, then she hung the big Colt's revolver in place. From this she proceeded to do some carpentry in her sleeping-room. One window she screwed in securely, then nailed heavy boards at intervals across. To the other she fixed a contrivance by which she could suspend her Colt's at night in such a way that the least jar about the window would discharge its load down upon the sill. This was the window she always left open beside her bed. For her door she made extra braces that could be inserted in holders that she fixed on the frame.

It was sundown by the time her work was completed. Her eyes were heavy with fatigue—but triumphant. She was safe against surprise by night. And once awake, her rifle stood loaded by the head of her bed where she could reach it in an instant.

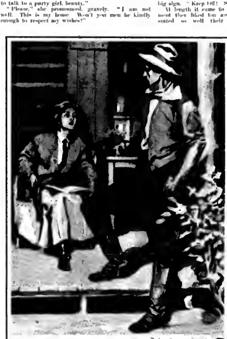
She slept soundly, and waked still grimly determined to fight the "wolves" in the gulch till they left her little plateau in peace. That was all she required. She would stay on her own preserves, the strip of land a fourth of a mile long and fifty feet at the widest point. There was no gold there; they had looked every foot of it over for signs the first day, while she stood beside her squawking chickens, gun in hand.

The days that followed tried her patience and fortitude almost beyond her physical endurance. Like a sentinel she walked the length of the plateau or around and about her shack. Every head that appeared on her place was occasion for a bang from her gun. But not without notice. She had roughly painted a big sign. "Keep Off! Shot Upon Sight!"

At length it came to her that this was an excitement they liked too well ever to give up: that it suited so well their reckless natures to take chances that she was really affording them entertainment. Yet what could she do, she asked herself, despairingly. She did not want to injure them. Her girlish heart shrank from giving pain—not to them, but to some one "at home" to whom they were not "wolves," but brother, husband, son. She had aimed always at some mark near them, just to show that she could shoot true, and to frighten them into not advancing farther. At the end of the week she took aim a little nearer, and neatly clipped a lock from the straggly hair of a Mexican half-breed. Still they came, often evading her vigilance, almost inside her cabin before she saw them. And always the noxious compliments, the coarse jesting, even as they retreated before her rifle they continued their fulsome love making.

But the old fighting blood of her frontiersman ancestors made her grit her teeth afresh each day and vow anew—not to be driven away. With it all there was a blissful thrill in her heart at the new evidence of her regained health. Despite her worries she gained flesh and strength, and slept as peacefully as a baby. Not once did the old cough attack her.

"I'll stay my two months longer," she cried, vehemently—"stay till I *know* I'm well, *truly* well, even if—yes, if I have to wing one of them!"



"We shall not intrude upon you any more. If we do, shoot us—to kill"

Flushed with wrath, tired from her constant walking about, she sat on her veranda, her eyes turning from her book every few minutes to rove over the place in search for intruders. Yet one was at her elbow before she saw him, a new face and form.

"Pardon me." His voice was calmly conversational. "I have merely come to tell you that we shall not intrude upon you any more. If we do, shoot us—to kill. Don't forget—to kill."

As he spoke his gaze traversed her face critically, then scanned her sharply from head to toe. And Lois stared at him, and found him different from the others—somehow. His face was not devoid of dissipated lines, the eyes were cynical, the mouth rather bitter, and he wore the miner's rough garb, yet she felt that he was a person of importance, that he was a master of men. She liked the way he held his tall, sinewy body; she admired his coolness, his resonant voice.

He waited a moment for her to speak, his eyes resting in half-hungry tenderness on her girlish face. He raised his cap.

"Remember—to kill," he repeated, and walked lightly down the trail.

The day following, and the next, and the next, and on till the days were weeks, she was left strictly alone. At first she could scarcely believe it. But at length she rested content, even enjoying to look down on the excitement in the gulch. There was a bush behind which she could sit and look through her field-glasses unobserved. She found that the Man—that appellation always meant her last visitor—lived in the Derby shack. It pleased her to know that he, and not one of the others, was in the place where her friends had been. Her first impression that he was a leader grew as she watched; not a leader by any extraneous authority, but a leader by an inherent power that made men obey him unwittingly.

She was a little perturbed, though, when she found that the Man had her under a fairly constant—was it espionage—or what? Again and again she saw him at some point where he could look directly down upon her. Once, when she ventured to climb a little way up the mountain, she ran upon him. He did not speak, only raised his hat courteously, and passed on, with a lingering gaze on her flushed face. She turned swiftly to follow after him, overmastered by a desire to have him speak to her again. Then she found her heart beating wildly, and she stopped, shivering with an unaccountable dread.

That night she sat in her barred and bolted room, her hands moving restlessly in her lap, her thoughts busy with the future. She was well. If she stayed longer it could only be because she loved the mountain wildness too well ever to leave it; that, or— The hot blood flooded her face, her gaze dropped to the floor in violent embarrassment under the revelation that came like a blinding flash.

Then she heard the hoarse cries of men; a furious knocking beat against her door; a voice wild with fright entreated: "For God's sake let me in! They're going to string me. Open! Open!"

Caught while her mind was in a daze, the words acted hypnotically. Mechanically she sprang to the door, unbarred it, and flung it back. A tall form stumbled in. In a glance she saw that he was little more than a boy—and consumptive? He crouched behind her, while the mob, cursing loudly, leaped forward.

"Back, you wolves!" she shouted, her pistol levelled upon them.

The light from the big lamp fell upon the motley crowd, their eyes glaring, their hands outstretched for their victim. In the lead, standing in the doorway, his arms across it, holding back the others, was the Man.

"You!" she cried.

"Stand aside, please." His words were gently spoken. "We shall take him if it is over my dead body."

"Wait!" she demanded. "What has he done? Tell me that!"

"Tell her, by G—d!" shouted a husky voice. "The damned Easterner guyed us 'cause we ain't been able to get next to yne, an' he said—"

"No more, Dave!" rang out the Man, sharply.

"Then I will," sounded in another key. "The skunk said he was goin' to spend the night with—"

"*Stop!*" It was the Man again.

Lois fell back a pace. "Wait a moment," she cried, and turned and bent her eyes on the crouching creature behind her. His cheeks were ashen, the eyes starting from his head, his lips parted, as he gasped for breath. It was a boy's face, and wofully emaciated. And to string a sick boy to a tree! To help these "wolves" to vent their own spleen and disappointment on a boy!

She turned back.

"I wanted to see if you had harmed him before I let you go—unscarred," she uttered, evenly. "He is my husband—not a creature to be proud of, truly, but—he has a right to say what he pleases, a right to be here. Will the—rest—of you please go?"

She flushed under the Man's pitying eyes. He bowed gravely. "Forgive us. And if you need anything, a doctor or medicine (he is not well) please call on us to do your errands. You need not fear us, madam. Come, boys."

She closed the door and leaned weakly against it, her eyes filled with loathing for the cringing wretch on the floor. A spasm of violent coughing shook him. In swift pity she got him a glass of water, then helped him to a chair.

"I was only joshing 'em," he uttered, between coughs. "I didn't think they'd take it up—that—way. They wouldn't but for the cool one, damn him! He said it was the law of the gulch that no one could harm you or try it—and live. He made me swear to leave. I left; only—I came back just to get—a glimpse of—you. I wanted—to see how you looked. They followed me, the vermin! I'm almost done for, anyhow, but I didn't want to die like—that."

Another paroxysm of coughing, then his lip trembled weakly. "I'm a goner. All I can do is to wait till it bowls me over."

"No, no!" she cried. "You're not doomed if you'll take the right care of yourself. If you will only—"

A crash of thunder drowned her words; then rain came pelting down in great drops, sounding like fine hail as it beat upon the tin roof.

The boy shivered, and crouched lower in his chair. "It is not fit out for a—dog," he cried, his sunken eyes entreating hers.

"I'll not send you out in the storm," she answered, simply. "Drop the back of the chair a few notches, and put your feet on the foot rest. You may be able to sleep a little. The storm won't last long. There's a train that stops at Gulch Crossing at midnight to take on water. You can reach there without going through the camp. It is only three miles; if you get started by ten you can make it easily. Now get what rest you can. Those coughing spells are nasty things, I know."

She got a pillow for his head. Soon he was asleep, his face turned so that the light fell full upon it. It was a boy's face, but a ruffian's as well. The weak sensual mouth was marked by lines of cruelty and unbridled passions. A crimson flush suffused her cheeks. No wonder the Man's eyes had been pitying when she claimed this vile creature for her husband. The "cool one" the boy had called him. Her pride rose as she remembered that she, too, had been cool, retaining her poise through an ordeal that would have sent the Lois Frazier of six months before into violent hysterics.

And the boy—was it impossible that he should be metamorphosed? Perhaps the lesson of tonight would frighten him into better ways of living. The repugnance faded from her eyes. She put him up a box lunch to carry, and found an old heavy cape for him to wrap about him to keep off the dampness. Then she sat down, to rest till time to waken him.

The patter of the rain seemed to beat in rhythm with the ticking of the clock and the short breaths of the sleeper. She sighed heavily and her head dropped wearily against the back of the chair. The excitement of the past hour had grown deeply on her vitality. She felt a sudden inclination to tears, and closed her eyes tightly to combat them.

Her book fell to her lap. Then—dreamlessly she slept. Only toward the last she dreamed that a bear had climbed through the window and was trying to choke her. She gasped and tried to tear herself from his horrible clutches. And waked—to find the hot breath of the boy on her face. Yet—not a boy now, but a brute, with a brute's strength and ferocity and cunning.

She left him lying where he fell, a limp, dark mass, the blood streaming across the floor. Groping through the blackness of the night, sliding upon the wet earth and rocks, stumbling, falling, her hands torn and bruised, she reached the gulch. No poise now was in her bearing. Her wet hair streaming, her frock draggled and torn, her bosom heaving with the wild palpitation of her heart, she waited for an answer to her knock. Then she pounded with her fists, raising her voice in shrill entreaty, sobbing loudly in her terror.

The Man, partially dressed, not fully awake, stared at her stupidly by the yellow flare of his lantern.

"Your husband is sick—you want a doctor—is that it?" he questioned.

She clutched his arm.

"He was not my husband. . . . He was a boy and sick. . . . I wanted to save him from dying—that way. Now—he is dead . . . up there. . . . I shot him."

The men came straggling from the shacks, carrying their miners' lanterns, dressing as they came. Almost before she finished speaking, the fifty or so miners were crowding about her. She still clung to the Man's arm.

"I shot him. . . . But it was—to save—myself. . . . There was no—other way. Will you send for—for—the sheriff and coroner?"

The hoarse howl that followed from fifty throats was as much mirth as boiling wrath.

"Coroner? Sheriff?" they roared in rough irony.

"We don't hold inquests over dead skunks," explained the Man in answer to her startled eyes.

"Right you are, pard," sang a voice. "We'll chuck the carcass in a hole. But first—I'll have to empty my gun in him to ease my feelin's."

"And here!"

"Here, too, by the Lord Harry!"

By the flickering lights from their lanterns their eyes glared tigerishly, and the bay of rage and vengeance that rose was like nothing so much as the wild howl of a pack of animals.

Lois leaped forward, her terror swallowed in a new fury.

"Wolves!" she panted. "He is dead. My gun saved me from him—as its presence has saved me from you. You shall not vent your brutish wrath on that other brute's lifeless body."

The men fell back, an ominous rumble in their throats, a new savagery in their eyes. They gazed sullenly upon the defiant face, wickedly beautiful in the flickering light.

"You're too damned particular," a deep voice growled. "We ain't hroles here, not by a darn sight, my lady. But if you give us the name, then, by G—d! let's have the game, I say."

The Man took a lounging stride.

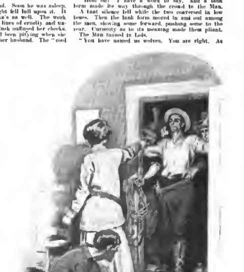
"Who spoke?" he shouted, sternly.

"Hold on! I have a word to say," and a lank form made its way through the crowd to the Man.

A taut silence fell while the two conversed in low tones. Then the lank form moved in and out among the men, shoving some forward, pushing some to the rear. Curiosity as to its meaning made them pliant.

The Man turned to Lois.

"You have named us wolves. You are right. As



"Back, you wolves!" she shouted, her pistol levelled upon them

soon as the bond of law and society removes itself we are brutes. Two thousand years of civilization have left us where we began. And because of this, it is not safe for you to be here alone. Some of us have tried to protect you; you have valiantly tried to protect yourself. But you were not protected. For your own sake you must either leave here or you must do as one of the boys has just suggested—take a husband to defend you. I take it that you have given no man a right to protect you, or surely you would not be here alone.

"Some of the men are married, some don't want to be, some shouldn't be; but there are fifteen or twenty to choose from, as good material for a husband as the average. They all have gold dust enough to keep you as—as you should be kept. This is a rough-and-ready country—it is not the place or the time for convention. There is a preacher among us. I think you would be safer to take a husband blindly than—"

Lois's face had grown ghastly.

"You—you advise this!"

"If a man loves a woman enough he wants her safety, no matter what he may sacrifice. I would give my life to make you happy, Lois Frazier. And there are others here who would do as much."

The moon had struggled out, and shone palely, casting long shadows. The men held their lanterns high beside their faces, forming a half-circle about her, eager, tense, all their sense of humor drowned in the magnitude of the moment.

"Come, let her see the bunch fair and open," cried a husky voice, and a big form bore swiftly down on the shack and brought out a box, poured the oil from his lamp over it, and struck a match. In an instant the flames threw a light that revealed each face and figure clearly. A number were youthful, well featured, even more than ordinarily attractive. And there were

(Continued on page 26)

The Siren of Bull Run

A NARRATIVE FROM THE RECORDS OF THE LATE SECRETARY TO JEFFERSON DAVIS

By the Rev. Michael Clune

In reading the story of the extra session of '61 in Blaine's *Twenty Years of Congress*, I was led to wonder what sinister influences had prevented Mr. Lincoln's fair and generous policy from exerting its due influence upon the generous and warm-hearted people of the South. I little anticipated that in after years, from the South itself, in the person of a great participant in the struggle, I should learn what precipitated it.

In February, 1902, I took passage on the good ship *Celtic* for a tour of the Orient. The voyage was remarkable in many respects. The *Celtic* was the largest ship that up to that time had sailed the Mediterranean. It was an object of curiosity to the inhabitants of the ports and was visited incognito by the King, the Queen, and the Prince Royal of Greece.

The tourists were largely people of affairs who had undertaken the voyage for the preservation or the recovery of health. Among the distinguished voyagers there was none more notable either in appearance, in character, or in experience than Burton Harrison, who had been private secretary to Jefferson Davis during the last three years of the rebellion. Physically, Mr. Harrison was the handsomest man I had ever seen of his years. He had reached what has been beautifully described as the high plateau lying just beyond middle life, where the passions lie vanquished. His character as revealed by his tender devotion to his wife and his manly, cordial bearing toward all, was a revelation of that chivalry which seems to be passing away. It was, however, from the deep well of his experience that the cool waters could be drawn which should quench the feverish thirst for war.

Among the entertainments usual on such a voyage, it was arranged to have an address upon Mr. Lincoln, and later another upon Mr. Davis. I was asked to speak on the martyred President and Mr. Harrison was asked to speak on the Confederate President. My treatment of Mr. Lincoln had made Mr. Harrison feel kindly toward me, and when he had finished his address on Mr. Davis I took a liberty which I would not otherwise have taken.

I said, "Mr. Harrison, you have told us what any one could tell. What we wanted from you is what no one else could tell us." He replied: "I shall go to confession to you and tell you everything." I answered: "If you did go you would not tell everything." From this bantering came an agreement to meet with no one else present and exchange views. In a secluded nook on one of the great decks, and with the Mediterranean sparkling at our feet, and the scenes of Old World battles appearing and disappearing, we exchanged views. I asked what the South thought of Mr. Lincoln. He answered that up to the time of Lee's surrender the South's estimate of Mr. Lincoln was low. It wondered that he held the North together and gave him credit for shrewdness in doing it. There was, however, a brief period before the war when Mr. Lincoln both surprised and pleased an influential and intellectual minority of the Southern people. It was after his first inauguration. His kindly words and his hesitation to employ force made many of the ablest Southerners say, "Let us take him at his word. He promises a constitutional amendment making slavery a matter for the States only. What better would we get after a successful war?" Others said: "We have been preparing for this thirty years. We would be foolish to pause now." Mr. Lincoln was making converts every day. The war propagandists said to Davis, "You must sprinkle blood in the face of the Southern people or the Confederacy will collapse in a month." The assault on Fort Sumter was ordered, and fired the Southern heart so that Virginia was swept into the secession vortex. But the battle for peace did not end even then. The conservatives said: "It is true that the South is united more than it was, but the North is united from the sea even to the sea. The mad assault on Sumter has united twenty millions of whites against eight millions." Then the war party said to Davis, "It is necessary that the first battle shall end in a victory for the South or the Sumter card will have been played in vain."

Now comes the important part that only the secretary could tell. A lady endowed with wonderful beauty left Richmond for Washington with the tacit approval of Davis. She ingratiated herself into the confidence of McDowell's chief of staff. The officer, intoxicated by her beauty, ensnared by her wiles, undreaming of consequences, told her the time of McDowell's advance. She sent the information to Richmond by a trusty messenger, and along all the telegraph wires around Richmond there ran the summons for troops from all adjacent places. The battle of Bull Run was decided by troops from North Carolina who debouched from the cars while the battle was in progress. The Confederate victory was complete. It was made to appear as if gained by fifteen thousand Confederates against thirty-five thousand Federals. The peace party was silenced and grim war was on.

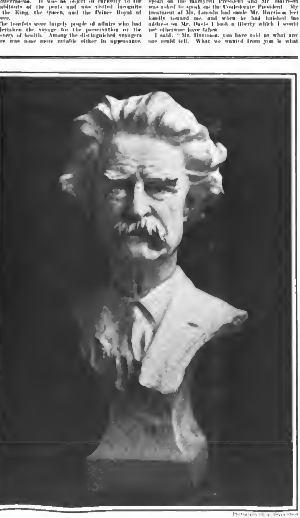
It was the opinion of Mr. Harrison that the cipher despatch of which he afterward had the custody for three and one-half years was the cause of the war. Had not distant troops been summoned on account of it, Bull Run would have been a Union victory and would have strengthened the Southern peace party in preventing the war. I told Mr. Harrison that I considered it his duty to give the matter to the world. He replied that the confidential revelations by secretaries in literature had instructed rather than edified him. I replied that there was no comparison between revelations made to satisfy a morbid curiosity and one that afforded a grave warning against war; that, although he was an Episcopalian and I a Catholic, he should receive my request as the voice of Christianity. Here the chivalry of a Southern gentleman shone at its best. He said that Mrs. Davis was yet living, but that if she should die he would think seriously of what I said and probably would comply with it.

Mrs. Davis outlived Mr. Harrison. He went to his honored grave and made no further sign. He had previously told his wife, however, and his son, Congressman Harrison, when approached upon the subject, knowing nothing of the matter, referred me to his revered mother. That lady recalled the matter at once and gave me permission to publish it.

What lessons flow from the incident! The Civil War was preventable. The issues had been debated for thirty years by able statesmen. On one side preparations had been made over a wide land and distant seas for the combat. And yet the act of a false siren was needed to precipitate the war. Wisdom and fairness were opening the way of peace. If that war was avoidable, what war is necessary? A continent was drenched in blood; millions of men incurred death and disease not because the conflict was, as Seward said, irrepressible, but because a foolish official betrayed a secret to a designing woman.

Did the emancipation of a race justify the war? For answer let us ask ourselves whether the cataclysm of the French Revolution left France as fortunate as the slow development of liberty left England!

All the happy emancipations of history have been peaceful and gradual. Emancipation was foreseen by the South and was only forestalled, as it thought, by the war. The effects of the war were unhappy for black and white. I need mention only carpet-bag rule. The Ku-Klux. That they have not yet ceased the horrors of lynching and its attendant cause bear witness. It is easier to invoke the demon of war than to lay him. Would that this story might help to keep him enchained forever.



Photograph by A. [illegible]

A new bust of Mark Twain

MR. LOUIS POTTER, THE SCULPTOR, HAS JUST COMPLETED THIS PORTRAIT BUST OF THE LATE SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

The Failure of Color Photography

Color photography does not seem to be making the headway that was expected of it a while ago. The discovery of the means to photograph objects in their natural colors created much enthusiasm, but nobody has ever discovered how to transfer these colors from the negative to the printing paper. Each photograph, therefore, necessitates a separate exposure. As this exposure is longer than for an ordinary photograph, it requires a great deal of time. Finally, when the color negative—after several trials to produce a good one—is finished, there must be a special holder to show the picture off. The true effect of the color photograph is not brought out unless the plate is held against a strong light, and any holder has to be especially made and is costly.

The men who have worked in color photography say that there is also a technicality of exposure that is bothersome. No one as yet seems to have obtained precisely the proper light conditions for a studio portrait or picture. By good luck some fairly satisfactory results may be reached, but they are not, by any means, what a true artist in photography would feel contented with.

Outdoors it is a different matter. There the conditions are better and the percentage of success is greater. Portraits, in the stronger outdoor light, are more satisfactory, and they have the added advantage of an infinite variety of garden and other backgrounds. Some beautiful work in this line has been done, and even finer results have been secured in landscapes. One of the men who have been specializing in this line goes around among the better class of suburban places, and has no particular trouble in getting fifty dollars for a set of plates with special holders.

For illustration-work the color negative has found a fixed place, and it will be in increased demand until the photographer's great final problem, the making of a plate that will print any number of impressions in color, is solved. At the present its chief use is as a key or guide to color-printing on the press. Its use in this respect is even now important. Suppose, for instance, a dealer is laying out a nursery or seed catalogue to issue next January and wants half a dozen fine color illustrations in it. The old way would have been to pay an artist a big price to paint the flowers in oil or water-colors and then to turn this picture over to the lithographer as a model. The new way is for the dealer to have a color plate made for a key and also a plain photograph of the same object, at much less expense, and let the maker of the new process-color cuts work it all out for him.

For the lantern slide the color plate has its limitations. It cannot be magnified beyond a certain point with good results. Also there must be a stronger light than usual, to bring out the colors, and in getting the stronger light the operator is apt to crack the glass with the heat. The ordinary lantern slide can be replaced again from the original, but if a color plate is broken that is the end of it unless the operator has gone to the pains and expense of making more than one exposure. Sometimes this is out of the question, for the reason that the necessary conditions cannot be prolonged.

A Siberian Fishery

The Amoor, which separates Siberia from Manchuria, is one of the great salmon rivers of the world. In the spawning season every tributary rill contains great quantities of dead fish which, having forced their way as far toward its source as they could, have perished from exhaustion. At this season bears come down from the mountains and crouch along the banks and shores of the little streams, watching for fish which may come within reach of their paws. A stroke quicker than the eye can follow throws the victim out of the water. It is speedily disposed of, and the animal resumes its vigil. Wolves and dogs likewise feast sumptuously on fish which strand on bars and beaches; while immense quantities are devoured in the river by the hairy seal.

When the Japanese held fishing concessions on the river and along the Channel of Tartary they ran long weirs and trap-nets from shore out to deep water, a distance sometimes of more than a mile. As the fish ran close to shore, in shallow water, comparatively few of them got past. Some of the hauls were enormous, a single net has been known to contain more than six thousand, averaging between six and seven pounds each in weight. The fish were salted down in great ricks, containing hundreds of tons, and when the season was over they were loaded into junks and taken to Japan. These fishermen were so successful with their vigorous methods that the Russian government was finally compelled to rescind the permission to fish here. The Russian residents and natives derived no small part of their subsistence from the catch of salmon. But they were by no means so thorough as the Japanese, confining their operations near to the beach, and such fish as escaped the snares of the latter passed far out beyond the less extensive traps of the former.

The Dziggetai of Job

It is thought that the dziggetai, or Kiang horse, approaches as near to the primitive horse as any now found in a wild state. This is believed to be the animal so graphically described in the Book of Job.

The home of this creature, which formerly ranged farther west, is now the high plateaus of Chinese Turkestan between Lake Lob Nor and the mountainous region of Tibet. This plateau is covered with a growth of short grass on which the wild horses graze. The climate is very cold, the mercury in winter sinking to forty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

The Kiang horse is a shaggy, unkempt looking animal, having bodily somewhat the aspect of a donkey except as to the tail and ears. It is, however, a genuine horse, having rather delicate legs and feet, and ears by no means resembling those of a donkey or mule.

The color of the head and of the upper part and sides of the body is a reddish tan shading to a bay, and, though this color grows lighter from above downward, it contrasts strikingly with the pure white of the animal's belly and the inner side of the fore legs.

Along the spine runs a well defined stripe of thick blackish-brown hair extending to the root of the tail. The hair is long and shaggy and protects the horse against the cold of winter.

The dziggetai, like all the other wild horses, live in bands or herds of one hundred to two hundred individuals, each presided over by an old male. This leader gives the signal when any danger approaches.

These animals are preyed upon frequently by wolves, but their most terrible and dreaded enemy is the ounce or Turkestan panther.

Kentucky's Militia Pig

The annals of the State of Kentucky set forth an odd incident in connection with the invasion of Canada by the Kentucky troops in 1812.

A company of volunteers, destined for Shelby's army, assembled at Harrodsburg and formed a nucleus around which the military recruits of the country gathered on the march to the Ohio.

On the outskirts of Harrodsburg, so the story runs, the company saw two pigs fighting and delayed the march to watch the combat. When the march recommenced it was observed that the victorious pig was following the company, and when the men encamped at night the animal lay down near at hand. Of course the soldiers fed their plump recruit. The next day the pig followed them, and this it did daily on the march to the river.

When the men crossed on the ferry-boat at Cincinnati the pig waited awhile, then plunged into the river and swam across, and when the march was resumed the animal took its place on the flank of the moving column.

The pig now became a great pet and was as sure of rations as the men themselves; and, destitute of food as the soldiers sometimes found themselves, no one even hinted at putting the knife to the throat of their follower.

At Lake Erie the pig went on board the boat with the soldiers, but after reaching Bass Island it declined to re-embark and remained behind in the care of a man who volunteered to look after its wants. When the troops returned to the American side, to the surprise of all, the pig was soon discovered on the right of the line, ready for the return march toward Harrodsburg.

The animal suffered much from cold on this trip, and at Maysville, where the army recrossed the Ohio River, it was decided to leave it in the hands of a farmer. Finally the pig was taken to the home of Governor Shelby, where it passed the rest of its days in ease and plenty.

The Mountains of the Sea

Modern exploration of the ocean bottom has shown that the sea has its mountains as well as the land. Ships sail over these mountains of the sea as eagles pass over the Alps, but, owing to the darkness that reigns in the ocean depths, we cannot look down and see their peaks, slopes, and ranges lying far beneath the keels of our vessels. But we can discover them by feeling as it were: that is to say, by means of soundings that reveal their outlines.

One of the remarkable chains of submarine mountains discovered in this manner lies about one hundred miles east of the coast of Australia. It was found in surveying a track for a cable to Norfolk Island. The sea above the tops of its highest summits is about fifteen hundred feet deep, but around them the plummet sinks to a depth of two or three miles.

A Use for Aluminum Powder

Owing to the property which aluminum possesses of producing a very high temperature when burned with substances that give off oxygen, it has been employed from time to time for making a detonator for firing explosives that do not readily respond to the action of the detonating compositions generally employed.

The aluminum is used in the shape of a powder mixed with the other substances filling the percussion caps or detonators. The sudden high temperature induced by the pulverized aluminum results in a greater mechanical energy than can be produced with compositions not containing aluminum.

Shields for Soldiers

Experiments conducted in England suggest the possibility that shields may once more form an important part of the equipment of an army. Steel shields three millimetres in thickness and about 150 square inches in area have been devised, which afford complete protection against bullets fired from the service rifle at a range of four hundred yards.

The small size of the shield, which weighs only seven pounds, requires that the soldier shall lie prone on the ground in order to be sheltered. Each shield has a loophole for the rifle and studs at the sides, so that a series of them can be linked into a continuous screen. The idea is that by the use of such shields the necessity of digging trenches may often be avoided.

French Billiard-tables

It would probably puzzle the best of American statisticians to estimate even approximately the number of billiard tables in use in this country. There is no such difficulty in France, where the billiard-table is a taxed luxury, and where its relative frequency in districts of all grades of population and wealth is made the subject of calculations as elaborate as they are ingenious. In all France, according to the latest figures available, there are 89,676 billiard-tables, divided among 18,001 communes, and realizing more than $200,000 in taxes.

King George in Law

It is a curious point of British law that the king never dies, or, to put it in another way, it would be useless for any barrister to argue that the ruler's predecessors have really died, since the utmost the law will admit is that there may be a "demise of the crown," meaning, of course, simply that there has been a transfer of the royal authority from one person to another.

It is a maxim that "the king can do no wrong," and, under the laws, he would not be held personally responsible for any crime or "tort" that he chose to commit at any time. At any rate, we are assured by high constitutional authorities that the law should actually and literally be so construed, and that the statutes hold that any injury His Majesty might inflict upon a subject must be ascribed to the king's advisers. One thing seems to be certain, and that is that His Majesty can, under no circumstances whatsoever, be arrested. Nor, moreover, could his goods be distrained or taken in execution should he fail to meet his liabilities.

A quaint feature of British law is that in theory the king is present at the law court at every sitting, though he might in point of fact actually be on the Continent or elsewhere. It follows, therefore, that it is impossible to "non-suit" him as plaintiff should he not put in an appearance when his case is called, since the law specifically states that the king is there. In a similar sense the king is always constructively present in Parliament, though he be, in fact, thousands of miles from its shores.

His Majesty is, under the law, the nominal guardian of all infants, idiots, and lunatics, and to him is granted the sole right to print the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and all Acts of Parliament in the United Kingdom. It has been stated, furthermore, that, should he so desire, the king could forbid the printing of any or all of them anywhere within his dominions.

A Visitor from Rome

Cardinal Vincento Vannutelli will visit America this fall. He has been delegated by the Pope to attend the Eucharistic Conference at Montreal, the Met[illegible]

Cardinal Vincento Vanuutelli

key Celebration in New York, and the great convention of all German-speaking Roman Catholics, which will be held at Newark, New Jersey, from September 11th to September 15th.

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A woman's coffee experience is interesting. "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, also excruciating pain and heart palpitation, and all the time I was so nervous and restless.

"From childhood up I had been a coffee and tea drinker, and for the past 20 years I have been trying different physicians, but could get only temporary relief. Then I read an article telling how some one had been cured by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, and it seemed so pleasant just to read about good health I decided to try Postum in place of coffee.

"I made the change from coffee to Postum, and such a change there is in me that I don't feel like the same person. We all found Postum delicious, and like it better than coffee. My health now is wonderfully good.

"As soon as I made the shift from coffee to Postum I got better, and now all of my troubles are gone. I am fleshy, my food assimilates, the pressure in the chest and palpitation are all gone, my bowels are regular, have no more stomach trouble, and my headaches are gone. Remember, I did not use medicines at all—just left off coffee and drank Postum steadily."

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THE REASONABLE PROMISE OF THE CROPS

By Franklin Escher

MIDSUMMER finds the crops the dominant factor in the situation, with crop considerations coloring every estimate of the market and the outlook. "What do you think of the market?" "Well, I think if the crops turn out all right things will be better in the fall." "How do you figure the money situation—think we're going to have a squeeze later on?" "Well, all that depends on the crops and the position the banks are in when the strain of crop-moving makes itself felt." So it goes—hardly a question concerning the outlook is answered in Wall Street these days without some sort of a reference to crops and crop prospects.

It will be some few weeks yet before the crops are definitely assured, but toward the end of July it becomes possible to make a sort of working estimate of the crop conditions with which the market has to do. In the elaborate reports issued by the government, exact statement is made of the total acreage under cultivation, together with carefully worked-out statements of condition. Too much or too little rain in August may materially affect the indicated yield in specific sections of the country, but by the end of July it is usually possible to tell pretty well how the main crops are going to turn out.

On account of the very serious deterioration in spring wheat noted in the last government crop report and the sensational way in which the matter was handled by a large part of the press, an idea seems to have become wide-spread that the wheat crop this year is something next door to a total failure. Nothing could be farther from the actual truth. The June drouth, it is true, did serious damage to the spring wheat crop, but the whole spring wheat crop, it must be remembered, normally constitutes only about two-fifths of the total wheat raised in the country. So that serious damage to the spring wheat crop, however important in itself, does not necessarily mean any very great reduction in the wheat crop as a whole.

What has actually happened, as shown by the last government crop report, is that the unfavorable weather prevailing in the Northwestern States has so hurt the spring wheat crop as to reduce it materially below last year's high level. An indicated spring wheat yield of nearly 200 million bushels is, however, very far from being a crop failure—the average for the past five years stands at 250 million bushels. There is to be considered, furthermore, the fact that winter wheat after its bad start has "come back" strongly and promises to take its place among the biggest crops on record. On only two or three occasions in the country's history has the winter wheat crop exceeded the one indicated for this season. Last year, for instance, the greatest wheat year the country ever saw, the total number of bushels of winter wheat raised was 446 million as against 436 million bushels at present indicated for 1910. Not much foundation there for reports of failure of the wheat crop."

For the past five years the winter wheat and spring wheat crops combined have averaged 693 million bushels. According to the last government crop report the indicated yield for this year is 625 million bushels. But July weather has been bad and will reduce this.

Turning to the other great cereal crop, corn, a very different state of things is disclosed. Here is no question of deterioration to be considered, no figuring out of how much less than last year this year's crop is going to be. Over an acreage far greater than ever before planted with corn, almost ideal growing conditions prevail. According to every indication the corn crop this year will not only break all records, but exceed the greatest amount ever previously grown, by at least 150 million bushels.

Increase in acreage—that is the sum and substance of the great corn crop promised this year. Nineteen hundred and eight was a year of high prices—the following season the acreage planted with corn jumped 7,000,000 acres, about seven per cent. But in 1909 prices remained up, bringing about a further great increase in acreage. This year it amounts to 114 million acres as against slightly less than 100 million acres three years ago. When it is considered that those 100 million acres produced a corn crop of 2,600,000,000 bushels in 1907, it will clearly be seen why there is every reason for believing that this year's yield will break all previous records.

It seems, indeed, as though the dream of a three-billion-bushel corn crop were at last to be realized. Once—in 1906—that figure was approximated, but it has never been actually reached. This year, however, unless weather conditions become suddenly unfavorable, the three-billion mark is bound not only to be reached, but to be crossed with a rush. According to the official estimate based on the government report of acreage and actual condition, the total yield indicated for this year is 3,114,000,000 bushels.

It must, of course, be borne in mind that this is July, and that corn, being a comparatively late crop, is subject to whatever weather conditions may develop in August—last year, for instance, the brilliant promise of July was fulfilled only to the extent of a good average crop. And yet, while it is true that not until late in August can the corn crop be regarded as assured, it may be said that unless entirely abnormal conditions develop, a record-breaking corn crop is to be expected. It is no more than a legitimate business risk for an investor to consider the question of the cereal crops as settled, and the outlook on that score as highly favorable.

Concerning cotton it is still too early to speak with much confidence, though here again it may be said that the outlook is for a yield well above the average, and very much larger than that of last year. So it is with oats and hay and the other farm products, which, after all, are quite as important to the country as the three great staples—corn, wheat, and cotton, to which so much attention is given.

Aside from spring wheat, then, which is relatively unimportant, the promise of the crops is brilliant—there is every indication, indeed, that the total value of this year's agricultural products will surpass all previous records. Nature has been kind to us during the past few years and we have grown accustomed to the sound of billions being used to measure the value of the harvests, but with business conditions as they are at present, the prospect that so huge an addition to the wealth of the country will take place during the next few months is a factor too important to overlook. With such a force operating on the side of prosperity and the constructive side of things, the man who can take a black view of the business outlook must be either a dyed-in-the-wool pessimist or else be able to see the operation of very unfavorable influences.

A thousand examples might be given of the way in which such crops as are in prospect are bound to stimulate business, but from one general line of thought it will quickly be seen how the effects of a bounteous harvest, like the ripples from a stone thrown into a pond, radiate out and make themselves felt in the most remote corners. Take, for instance, the influence of the crops on railroad business—if a specific instance is required, the influence of a record-breaking corn crop on a road like the Atchison. What will fulfilment of present corn-crop promise mean to Atchison? Large net earnings, in the first place, making it possible for the road to maintain and perhaps even increase its dividends. Corollary to that, strengthening of the road's credit, and greater ability on its part to extend its operations, and in so doing to buy great quantities of materials and give employment to thousands.

Too well understood is this interrelation of industries to require extended comment—it is mentioned here merely to call to mind the very direct connection between the growth of great crops along the lines of the Western railroads, for instance, and the steel industry at Pittsburg. Enough extra carloads of winter wheat or corn or cotton along the line of the Atchison mean bigger earnings and the need of bigger facilities. As a result of the former the latter can be obtained; bonds can be sold and the money thus secured with which to make the extensions, betterments, and additions to equipment. Extensions and betterments mean the direct employment by the railroad of thousands of extra men; additions to equipment mean big orders for cars and locomotives, and thus the employment of other thousands. And so it may be that an especially heavy corn crop out in the Middle West or a 13-million-bale cotton crop down in the Southern belt may be the direct reason for the starting up of idle steel-mills at Pittsburg, and the blowing in of additional iron furnaces all over the country. And how that, again, reacts upon every line of business and exerts a most stimulating influence is apparent enough.

One Burton, in a book entitled *Anatomy of Melancholy*, makes some pretty introspective observations on the reasons for man's pessimism, but would probably be hard put to it to state the cause of the pessimistic view of the financial outlook taken by so many people. At the bottom it, apparently, is the idea that while the crops will strongly tend to stimulate business, a dangerous disturbance of the credit position is apt to take place by reason of the demands which will be made upon the banks for money with which to handle the crops. In not a few quarters, indeed, the opinion has been expressed during the past few weeks that with "conditions as they are" the financing of the crops will result in a twenty-five or thirty per cent. money rate in September and October.

"Conditions as they are" used in this connection means principally that the banks in the interior are already pretty well extended as a result of the speculation in land, and that the demands for currency which they will soon have to make upon their Eastern correspondents is going to result in trouble in the money market here. That, of course, is one way of looking at it, and until October has come and gone it will be impossible to prove that it is not the right view of the case. At the same time, and admitting the disturbing element in the situation, it is to be remembered that there are counteracting influences at work which will very possibly result in so balancing the money situation as to disappoint those who are looking for fireworks this fall.

Of these influences probably the most important is the release of a very large amount of capital accomplished by the decline in the price of commodities and securities, and the slowing down of business. There is none too much "free" capital in the country at the present time, but without hesitation it can be said that there is a very great deal more now than there was two or three months ago. The banks in the agricultural sections are pretty well loaned up on land, it is true, but have their commercial advances well in hand, and may not have to call upon the East for assistance to the extent that some people seem to think. And even though the demand for currency to move the crops turns out to be heavy, the credit position here need not necessarily be upset. Eastern bankers have for some time past recognized the probability that they will be heavily drawn upon in the autumn and have made preparations accordingly—preparations which have been greatly facilitated by the liquidating market we have been having. The West's demand for currency with which to move the crops may be heavier this year than usual, but with the Eastern banks in their present strong position, that in itself presupposes no disorder in the money-market.

It takes money to finance the harvesting and distribution of a crop worth $10,000,000,000, and while the process is going on, a fairly high level of rates would be anything but surprising. That, however, is a side issue. The main thing is the crops themselves and the tremendous stimulating influence they are bound to exert on business from Puget Sound down to the Everglades in Florida.

When a cotton merchant in Memphis or Nashville or any other Southern city ships cotton to Europe, he gets a receipt from the railroad company stating that the cotton has been shipped. This receipt, more often called a "bill of lading," is then sent to the consignee abroad, who, upon presenting it, can get his cotton.

Recently, a whole lot of fraudulent bills of lading were sent to the other side and the buyers of the cotton over there who had already allowed themselves to be drawn on, sustained a heavy loss. As a result of that, the papers have been full of talk and the statement has been repeatedly made that our cotton export trade is bound to suffer seriously in consequence.

By every one familiar with commercial methods it will be realized that not one bale less of cotton will be shipped this season in consequence of what has happened. The whole matter is one of detail, and when the necessary change in the method of issuing bills of lading has been made, little more will be heard about it.

Announcement that very considerable sums of gold have recently been engaged in London for import into the United States has been received with much the same feeling that a drouth-stricken farmer might experience on seeing it rain out of a clear sky. It would violate his sense of the fitness of things, probably, but he wouldn't be sorry to see it rain.

So it is with these present gold imports. Conditions do not favor them, the rate of exchange is too high to admit of gold being imported, from the condition of our foreign trade it would be more reasonable for us to be exporting than importing gold—and yet the precious metal is being brought in. "Special transactions," cryptically remark the bankers concerned, and that is all the information obtainable.

With every indication that gold here will soon be in big demand, it is comforting to see the yellow metal coming this way. Still, there is another side to the question. If these imports are being legitimately made on the basis of existing conditions, well and good. But suppose that this gold is being taken out of the London market for some ulterior purpose, and regardless of the expense. That has been done before and always with the same result. That result is that the bankers in the market from which the gold is being taken at once adopt defensive measures, put an end to the raiding of their reserves, and later on when we really need gold and are entitled to it, make it just as hard and expensive for us to get it as they possibly can.

If, as is asserted by the principal authority on the subject, the curtailment in iron and steel production from the high point reached in February now amounts to fifteen per cent., there is little cause indeed for the pessimistic talk which is going the rounds. Considering that iron production six months ago was running at a rate which broke all records, a recession of fifteen per cent. in the middle of the dull summer season is nothing to become alarmed over.

Reports as to the amount of steel being bought by the railroads are most conflicting, but if anything can be set down as sure it is that the uncertainty over the freight-rate situation has for the time being greatly curtailed the railroads' buying power—or, if not their buying power, at least their disposition to buy. In this regard the settlement of the freight-rate controversy one way or the other will make a great difference. Were the Interstate Commerce Commission to allow a general increase in rates, a buying movement of equipment would set in on a scale not seen for a long time. A decision allowing only moderate increases, on the other hand, would at least result in informing the railroad men as to where they stand and would probably bring in a good part of the big volume of deferred orders. Of all influences tending to check business, uncertainty is about the strongest.

"You Do Solemnly Swear"

By RUTH KAUFFMAN

A WELL-KNOWN statesman and orator once said that an oath is the bond that keeps a state together. But the oath must be so formed as to appeal to the fear of the state in which it is administered. The legal oath that we use now in court, and on bits of parchment and paper outside of court, to indicate our good faith in such matters as mortgages and marriages, is based on the earliest Christian modes of swearing, in belief of an avenging God, by the raising of a right hand or the touching of the Bible.

The native of New Guinea, where the heat of the sun is the most feared and most powerful enemy, brandishes his long knife before it and, in a kind of chant, says, "If I lie, may the sun plunge sickness into my entrails like this knife."

The Nagas of Assam gather in large groups and watch the two men that are supposed to be telling the truth to each other hold, one by the head and one by the tail, a dog or a fowl, while a third Naga-man chops the animal in two, an excellent hint of what will happen to either of the swearers that may perjure himself. Or, for variation, each man stands within a rope, hoping, audibly at least, that he may rot as the rope must rot, in event of his lying. Sometimes he takes hold of the barrel of a gun or a tiger's tooth, and solemnly declares, "If I do not perform faithfully my promise, may I be slain by this!"

The old Scandinavian oaths, recorded in Icelandic sagas, give instance of two large rings kept always on the altar of every chief court. These the priests, or godi, wore at all lawsuits, reddening them with the spilled blood of a bullock, and ordered the witness, touching the rings, to repeat, "Name I to witness that I take oath by the ring law-oath, so help me Frey and Njörd and almighty Thor."

Among the ancient forms of swearing, the most awe-compelling was the mixing, in a gold cup, of the blood of those making the oath, followed by the dipping of swords into this to indicate the kind of death that was sure to follow false swearing. Especially was this method used among the Scythians, who worshipped the sword and its significance more than any other god. Their ordinary oath was made "By the wind and the sword," or, in other words, by life and death.

The old Athenians swore by Zeus, and called on "the ashes of their ancestors to witness them"; the Romans swore as they "wished the gods to be propitious" to them: the French of to-day simply raise the hand and say, "I swear"; and the Scotch lift their uncovered right arm in Calvinistic faith and proclaim, "I swear by Almighty God, and as I shall answer at the great day of judgment." Three sects alone in modern Christendom seem exempt from swearing, and these by what they consider divine command: the Anabaptists, the Mennonites, and the Quakers, who say "Yea" and "Nay."

Most of the river-oaths, in which men swore terribly by the Styx or the Tiber—except the one of the Hindus, who, in this day, call to witness the water of the Ganges, the goddess of which will take everlasting vengeance on the children of any perjurer—have mostly died away, and seem to have lost all their former significance. It would be easier for the modern man to comprehend that knotting of the compact between the Greeks and Trojans when, in their long Homeric warfare, on the occasion of a great oath, wine was poured out by both sides, with the libation prayer to Zeus and the other Olympic gods that the brains of those who might break faith should be poured on the ground like the wine that they drank. Worst of all the oaths, however—except the famous one of Uncle Toby's in *Tristam Shandy*, which he admits he would not call down upon a dog—seems to be that of the Siamese Buddhist, who invokes death upon himself, with all possible tortures of hell, to be followed by the migration of his soul first into the bodies of slaves for as many years as there are grains of sand in the ocean, then, for five hundred generations, within the boundaries of loathsome animals' or dangerous reptiles' skins, and then, for five hundred more generations, into the bodies of eunuchs.

But since Agamemnon took heaven together with the sun and earth and the creatures of vengeance below the earth to witness his intentions, somewhere back in the *Iliad*; ever since Abraham, the Israelite, lifted his hand to Jehovah in token of promise to him; even since, as stated in the twenty-second verse of Genesis xiv, Jehovah Himself proclaimed: "For I lift up my hand to Heaven, and say, I live forever"—since then, the most common method of oath-taking has been the raising of the hand and the pointing of it toward some revered object or god, or the touching with it of some image or symbolic document, to proclaim the truth of a promise or a statement.

INDIA'S NEW VICEREINE

LADY HARDINGE, WHO IS SHOWN HERE WITH HER DAUGHTER, WAS THE HON. WINIFRED STURT, BEDCHAMBER WOMAN OF THE QUEEN MOTHER, AND DAUGHTER OF BARON ALINGTON. HER HUSBAND, SIR CHARLES HARDINGE, HAS BEEN NAMED TO SUCCEED LORD MINTO AS VICEROY OF INDIA.

Time and Chance

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

BORN into life without our permission, and being sent out of it against our will, Time is our one brief possession. Three thousand years ago Ecclesiastes wrote:

"I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but TIME and CHANCE happeneth to them all."

Are we masters of Time? In degree, yes, but the time to secure Life-Insurance is when you can. When life is full of joy, and hope soars high, and, walking hand in hand, we sing the lovers' litany, "Love like ours can never die," then is the time to insure against the evil days to come. ❦ The savage can not project his imagination from the Summer to the Winter. When the sun shines and the South Wind blows, he can not believe that grim Winter will ever rage. There is where the savage differs from the Enlightened Man. The Winter and the snow will come to us all, but we smile with a quiet satisfaction when we realize that we know the worst, and have prudently provided against it. ❦ Time and Chance! We extend the one and disarm the other by the aid of Life-Insurance. Chance comes only to individuals, but in the Law of Average there is no chance. And the stronger your Company the more is Chance put on Time's Toboggan. ❦ Life-Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it provides for the papooses without fail in case of your call. Also it insures your peace of mind, and makes you more of a man—a better, healthier, happier, stronger, abler and more competent man. Thus is an extension placed upon Time, through the checkmate of Chance.

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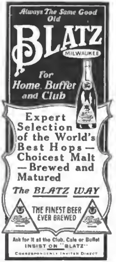

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The Servant Problem in Germany

Among the many domestic problems that Germany has solved to its own satisfaction is that of the giving or refusing of a "character" to a servant. The following statement of the system in vogue in Germany shows how completely it answers its purpose.

Every man or woman seeking to enter the service of another, whether as laborer, clerk, or domestic servant, is under obligation to procure a service book which after purchase must be officially stamped by the police authorities. The authorities enter in the book a description of the holder, having reference to age, personal appearance, and religion.

When a situation is applied for the prospective employer can see at a glance whether the applicant has been in service before and, if so, what kind of work has been done. If the applicant secures the situation the employer writes in the book, "Entered the service of So-and-so of such a street and town," adding the date, a description of the work required, and the wages given.

The employer retains the book as long as the engagement lasts and, on handing it back, makes another entry, "Left my service on such a date," with a few lines as to character and the servant's reasons for leaving.

Thus the character-book goes round and the servant has never the uncomfortable necessity of asking her mistress for a recommendation. Forged characters are practically impossible, since the whole system is under police supervision.

Destitution in old age among domestic servants and the lower class of artisans has become an impossibility in Germany, for within the last fifteen years or so it has been made compulsory for all who earn less than five hundred dollars a year to insure themselves against want after their working lives are over.

The Drinking Orchid

An orchid that has been discovered recently in South America takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty, by letting down a tube into the water. When not in use the tube is coiled up on top of the plant.

One hot afternoon, as the discoverer was seated under some brushwood at the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata, he observed near at hand a forest of dead trees that had evidently been choked to death by orchids and climbing cacti. In front of the botanist, stretching over the waters of the lagoon and about a foot above it, was a branch of one of these dead trees. Here and there clusters of common air plants grew on it, and a network of green cacti twined round it.

Among the orchids the discoverer noted one different from all the rest, the leaves, of lance-head shape, growing all round the root and radiating from it. From the centre or axis of the plant hung a long, slender stem about one-eighth of an inch thick and one-fourth of an inch wide. The lower end of this was in the water to a depth of about four inches.

The botanist at once went over to examine his discovery, and to his surprise, when he touched the plant, the centre stem gradually contracted and convulsively rolled itself up in a spiral like a roll of tape. It was found on examination that the stem was a long, slender, flat tube, open at the outer end and connected at the inner end to the roots by a series of hair-like tubes.

Subsequent observations disclosed the fact that when the plant was in need of water this tube would gradually unwind till it dipped into the lake. Then it would slowly coil round and wind up, carrying with it the quantity of water that the part of the tube which had been immersed contained. When the final coil was made, the water was poured, as it were, directly into the roots of the plant. The coil remained in this position until the plant required more water.

Bolivia's Gold-Supply

It has been known for some years that the interior of Bolivia is one of the richest unexplored gold fields in the world, and experts have prophesied that, once this country is opened up, it is likely to be the centre of the world's gold supply. The immense difficulties, however, that have beset the steps of explorers and prospectors have left these auriferous regions practically untouched by modern miners.

Since the times of the Incas rough trails have existed between the ancient Inca centres of Titicaca and Cuzco and the deep forest-clad ravines of the Eastern Cordilleras which culminate in the important river of Kaka, close to the small village of Guanay. The most important of these precipitous valleys have been formed by the rivers Tepuani, Mapiri, Challana, and Coroico. It is accepted that the ancient trails leading into these valleys were built by the Incas for extracting gold from the immense deposits of gravel existing in every one of them. So thoroughly did the ancients work these auriferous regions that almost every yard of gravel that could be worked by primitive methods, and without the aid of modern machinery, has been worked out. The labor expended must have been immense, and the results astonishing, judging from results in isolated workings in recent times. But no organized attempt, supported by capital, has ever been made to exploit gravels which were beyond the power of the Inca miners to handle. It is difficult to obtain exact figures of the quantity of gold actually recovered by private enterprise. It is sufficient to say, however, that large fortunes were made in a few years, and the rich retired owners refuse to sell their half-worked-out claims for any reasonable sum. It is significant that gold taken out by these fortunate owners is spoken of, not by the ounce or pound, but by Spanish arroba, the equivalent of twenty-five pounds avoirdupois.

The origin of so much gold is still a matter of conjecture. It is probably derived from two principal sources. The first is the many ancient glacial deposits in the high Cordilleras, a large proportion of which carry gold in varying quantities. Nuggets weighing as much as fifty-two ounces have been washed out, and it is on record that a huge mass of gold weighing fifty pounds was taken from one mine in former times by Spaniards.

The second source of gold is in the numerous veins of auriferous quartz that intersect in every direction. These veins are mostly too narrow and patchy for profitable working, but they are both rich and numerous. Many of the larger veins have been worked out by ancient miners, the evidence of whose industry is found in every part.

Freak Treasury Bills

Despite the careful scrutiny given every bill that leaves the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, a number of "freak" notes find their way into circulation from time to time. Such a one was a note that came to the Sub-Treasury at New York. It had the imprint of a twenty-dollar note on one side and of a ten on the other. But inasmuch as the face showed the figure twenty, twenty dollars was the legal value of the bill.

In most cases the "freak" bills that have escaped the vigilance of the bureau's officials are national banknotes, which, like the regular Treasury notes, are printed there. As intimated already, the face value is always recognized when the "freaks" come to be cashed at any branch of the Treasury. The imprint on the back has no lawful status whatsoever.

The notes are printed in sheets. Usually there will be one twenty and two tens on a sheet. They are printed one side at a time, so it can readily be seen that the printer, in turning over the sheet, might get it upside down and thus put a ten-dollar back on the twenty-dollar note or a twenty on the back of one of the tens.

When errors are discovered the misprinted sheet is laid aside to be destroyed. It cannot be torn up at once, for every sheet has to be accounted for. After some formalities, it is ground into pulp.

Almost all the "freak" bills that have been issued in the past have found their way back to the Treasury, there to be destroyed. It is thought that very few of them are now scattered about, and these are for the most part in the hands of curio-hunters.

Making Hats Fashionable

It is said that one De Villiers, a Boer, was the man to introduce hats among the South African natives, and that profit, not philanthropy, was his motive.

It appears that, chancing to come across a consignment of damaged hats in Port Elizabeth, which were offered for a mere song, De Villiers bought the whole lot, packed them away in his wagon, and started for Kaffirland.

When he reached Tembuland he unloaded his stock, opened his kegs of liquor, without which no trade was made at that time, and began business. But he found his venture likely to prove an unprofitable one. The natives did not want hats; they wanted blankets and beads and looking-glasses, and above all liquor, but they looked askance at the hats. Then a bright idea came to De Villiers. He wanted to introduce those hats. He did introduce them. His simple expedient was to refuse to sell anything to a Kaffir unless he bought a hat, too. The Kaffirs wanted his goods, so they bought the hats.

When a Kaffir buys anything he feels bound to make use of it. The natives, therefore, donned their headgear and returned to their kraals. Now appeared the brilliancy of the trader's idea. Fashion rules the world. It is as strong in Africa as in America, and when those who stayed at home saw the travellers return in all the glory of this strange covering they felt behindhand and old-fashioned. Their desire to possess the latest things in hats became intense. They paid De Villiers a visit, and his stock no longer hung heavy upon his hands. The hats were soon sold.

A Colonial Baptismal Basin

Through the courtesy of the Colonial Dames of the State of New York there has recently been deposited in the United States National Museum at Washington a silver baptismal basin which was sent from Holland in 1694 to the first Dutch church on Manhattan Island. This valuable relic is nearly eleven inches in diameter and has a height of about three inches. It bears an inscription in Low Dutch by Dominie Selyns, on the rim, which may be rendered in English as follows:

The basin presented to the United States National Museum by the Colonial Dames

"On the mere water hope of freedom from damnation cannot rest. But on carefully considering the nature and uses of baptism, faith apprehends that Christ, by His precious blood, cleanses us from the guilt and disease of sin, and causes us to live to God by His Spirit."

It is said that among those baptized from this basin were Nicholas Roosevelt, Abraham de Peyster, Gelyn Ver Planck, Robert Livingston, Gerrit Schuyler, and many others famous in the early Colonial history of New York.

The Mushroom Quarries of Paris

To the south of Paris the country is honeycombed with abandoned quarries, some of which are of enormous extent, resembling the shafts of great mines, being from three hundred yards to half a mile in length and lying from thirty to one hundred and fifty feet beneath the surface of the ground.

In these old quarries are grown nearly all the mushrooms consumed in the French capital. Mushrooms flourish in these caverns at all seasons, and they have, in Paris, the reputation of being superior in flavor to those grown elsewhere. The worst enemy of the mushroom growers is a species of fly that swarms through the dark passages in such numbers as sometimes to extinguish the candles of the workmen. The larvæ of this fly destroy the beds before the shoots have emerged above the ground.

"Dust Devils" of the Nile

Travellers in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortions of the sand pillars that whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plain. Even more remarkable are the "dust devils" frequently seen in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two of these whirling columns, gyrating in opposite directions, meet, and, it is said, if they be well matched, the collision stops them and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two combined begin to gyrate alike and then rush on together. Some of these whirls will, it is claimed, strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or twist a goat round and round like a top.

Walnut-fed Bulls

Many of the vessels from Spain that unload in Mexican ports carry cargoes of walnuts from Bilbao and Santander. The nuts are sent to Mexico City and thence find their way to ranches all over the country, being used exclusively for feeding fine fighting bulls.

Our New Infantry Equipment

THE new equipment for the United States Infantry will prove a boon to the soldier in the field. This has been the study of the special army board for the several past months, and a practical test at field manœuvring by the soldiers equipped with the new outfit has thoroughly demonstrated its worth.

The equipment has been devised with every consideration of economy in cost and reduction in weight, and adds materially to the soldier's personal movements, while at the same time means have been adopted for relieving him of that part of the burden from which he needs to separate himself in the field.

The new equipment accomplishes a saving in weight in the burden of the foot soldier of ten pounds. Its principal feature is the pack, which consists of a cylindrical roll of canvas worn vertically on the back of the soldier. This contains the blanket, poncho, rations and so on. It is adjusted so as to minimize the weight, and is affixed to the body in such a way that the "comforts" may be speedily released by pulling a string and leaving that part of the pack on the field, suitably numbered for subsequent identification. All that then remains on the shoulders is that part of the haversack containing the necessaries in the shape of food and water.

Another feature of the outfit is made up of the surplus kit, one for each squad of a corporal and seven men, and containing the extra pair of shoes, a pair of slippers or gymnasium shoes (a new article), the extra blanket, and a combination "mess kit," instead of the individual article. A new bayonet scabbard has been devised and will be carried on the pack, the idea being to take away from the body all dangling articles. The soldier's blouse is to be abandoned, and in its place is suggested a moderately heavy sweater, to be made with an opening for chest exposure. It is claimed that this garment in connection with the short jacket will afford a better facility for marching than does the present uniform.

A Woman Who is Running for Congress

MRS. KATE RICHARDS O'HARE, of Kansas City, Kansas, has accepted the Socialists' nomination to Congress in the second Kansas district. Mrs. O'Hare was notified some time ago of the party's desire that she make the race for Congress. She immediately sent a telegram of acceptance. Then she started out to make fifty speeches in the district. During her campaign she has received $5 a day and her expenses from the Socialist party.

Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare

Eggs that Keep for a Century

WHEN Li Hung Chang made his tour of the world his commissariat carried with it a supply of Chinese preserved eggs for the venerable ambassador's special use. Some of these eggs were exhibited in New York while he was staying here, and a few experts had the temerity to sample them. "They were not so bad, after all," was the verdict of one American connoisseur, "although by their looks you would think they would come under the ban of the pure-food law."

The eggs were encased in clay and when unpacked looked like pieces of pumice stone. They are preserved in this way by the Chinese for a century or more, and Li Hung Chang admitted that the hen which laid the eggs for his morning meal might have been decapitated anywhere from a quarter to half a century before he was born. The process of keeping is very primitive but as effective as it is simple. The eggs are first boiled hard, and then while they are hot they are wrapped in soft clay and packed away.

In this condition the Chinese claim they will keep forever and not lose their flavor or wholesomeness. Indeed, they consider that age improves the flavor. Li Hung Chang's commissariat brought the eggs for his personal use in huge packed in rice husks, but as the clay was hard there was not much danger of breaking them. When opened the "white" was found to be almost black and the yolks green. The flavor, however, was preserved. The Chinese chop these preserved boiled eggs and decorate most of their viands with them. They also enter largely into all their sauces.

Duck eggs are also preserved by the Chinese in somewhat similar fashion. There is a considerable trade in duck eggs of the Peking and Muscovy breed, and many Chinese in this country import them from China in the preserved condition. The duck eggs are boiled and preserved in a paste of charcoal instead of clay.

How Snakes Climb

MANY have thought that snakes accomplish the feat of climbing by wrapping themselves about the tree and following a spiral course upward. Several years ago two wood-choppers, having felled a large oak tree several feet in diameter and very tall, found in its top two common black snakes. After pondering for some time the men arrived at the conclusion that one snake had taken hold of the other's tail, and thus by co-operation they had been enabled to clasp the trunk, and by circling about it had ascended to the top.

Whatever probability may have attached to this conclusion was dispelled by the observation of two naturalists.

A black snake, measuring perhaps a trifle over six feet, was found clinging to the side of a small tree, around which it could have wrapped itself nearly twice had it wished to do so. Instead of this the snake passed right and left at short distances, catching the folds along its under parts over and behind the slightly projecting rough strips of bark.

As the snake rested only five or six feet off the ground one of the naturalists grasped its tail to test its climbing qualities, but so great was the force with which it pulled upward that it proved a difficult task to hold it. Finally, becoming annoyed at this ill treatment, the snake reached down threateningly at the offending hand and, losing its hold, fell to the ground.

Trains as Plant Distributors

IT has been noticed that many plants not natives of the locality are to be found growing in the neighborhood of great railroad yards. Sometimes the seeds of these plants have been brought thousands of miles from their natural habitat. Often they flourish amid their new surroundings and gradually spread over the surrounding country. Thus the trains carry unsuspected emigrants, which travel to and from every point of the compass. In the Mississippi Valley are to be found plants which within a few years past have thus been brought together: some from the Atlantic seaboard, some from the gulf region, and some from the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

Armor-plated Whales

THE remarkable fact that the earliest known ancestor, or primitive type, of the modern whale bore heavy armor on its back, in the form of strong, bony plates, has been set forth by the German paleontologist, Abel. The plates occasionally found associated with the remains of the primeval form of whale, the extinct *zeuglodon*, have generally been regarded as having belonged to gigantic turtles, but Abel has shown that they were part of the skeleton of the *zeuglodon* itself. They resemble in their character the impenetrable bony shells of the huge glyptodonts that formerly inhabited South America. The suggestion is made that, at the time when they carried armor, whales were amphibious creatures, living on the coasts, and needing special protection from rocks as well as from sharks.

The Gold in Iron

A METALLURGIST has calculated the various values that a bar of iron may acquire in being put to different uses. Made into horseshoes it becomes worth $12; into table knives, $180; into needles, $355; into blades for penknives, $3,180; into button buckles, $4,500; into watch springs, $25,000.

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State Laws for Game Protection

Few matters have been made the subject of more regulations and laws than the protection of the wild animal life of the United States from unrestricted destruction. Not only the individual States, but almost every county has its own hunting laws. The Department of Agriculture has also, in recent years, taken much interest in the game question, and has made many valuable suggestions for the restocking of depleted covers and preserves.

During the year 1909 there appeared a very strong movement for the increase of game, several States making provision for the establishment of preserves or game farms. Minnesota and Ontario, acting together, set aside adjoining tracts comprising altogether more than 2,000,000 acres for this purpose. The demand for game birds for restocking was much in excess of the supply, European partridges and pheasants being the only upland game birds that could be procured in any numbers.

The past hunting season was, on the whole, successful, the duck shooting being particularly good. The number of hunting fatalities, however, increased by nearly fifty per cent over the number during the preceding season.

Changes in laws affecting the hunting of big game caused material differences in the bags of several States. In New Jersey and Oklahoma the deer season was opened for the first time in ten years, and for the first time in thirty-three years Vermont permitted the killing of does. The antelope was practically removed from the game list by the closing of the season in the States in which that animal is still found. This is the third big-game animal to receive absolute protection in the United States. The caribou, except in Alaska, was removed from the list in 1905, and the last wild buffalo, excepting those in the Yellowstone Park, was killed in 1897.

Twelve States had no deer hunting in 1909, but the bag in the remaining States was large, the total reported being 57,494, a decrease of about 2,400 from 1908. Maine led with 15,879 head. New York being second with 9,000. Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota each reported about 6,000 deer killed; Louisiana, 5,470; Vermont, 4,736; Florida, 2,021, and Pennsylvania and Mississippi about 500 each. Mountain-sheep seem to be steadily increasing in Colorado. Hunting these animals is permitted in South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, and Washington. They are protected throughout the year in the Southwest.

Quail were found in unusual abundance in their normal range, showing a decided increase in numbers in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin. So favorable was the breeding season that in many localities two broods to the pair were raised. Toward the end of the year heavy snows and cold proved very destructive, and quail will probably be scarce next season. Ruffed grouse are slowly increasing their numbers, and wild turkeys are rather plentiful in the Southern States. Prairie-chickens seem to be gradually disappearing, and even in Illinois, where none have been killed since 1903, the number of these birds has not materially increased. Woodcock were reported as scarce in Massachusetts, but more numerous than for several years in New Jersey, and abundant in Pennsylvania and Illinois. Shore birds appear to continue in normal numbers, and ducks were plentiful in all the large ducking centres. The prohibition of spring shooting in North Dakota has caused a large increase in the number of birds nesting in that State. A satisfactory increase in the number of canvasbacks was noted in Maryland.

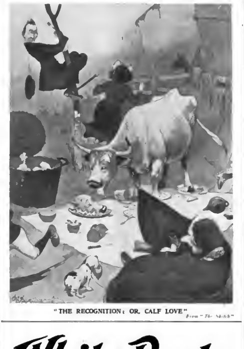
There are now fifty-one Federal bird reservations, besides the national parks and big-game preserves, and on most of these reservations the birds breed. Several million acres of land are embraced in new State and private preserves.

Though nearly half a million live birds were imported by the United States during the past year, nearly 400,000 of these were canaries, and only 37,511 were game birds, mostly Hungarian partridges.

The protection of non-game birds made much progress during the year. On the Pacific coast a growing sentiment has caused the active enforcement of the laws prohibiting the sale of bird plumage. The millinery stores of Oregon ceased to sell the plumage of native birds last summer, and those of Washington agreed to cease handling such goods after January 1, 1910.

Forty-one States now have game commissioners and game wardens, the total number of the latter being 9,210, of which number 6,409 serve without pay. The enforcement of the game laws was strict in almost all sections, and during the year a number of unusually large fines were imposed, a Cincinnati hotel paying $1,000 for having in its possession 900 quail during the close season, while a like fine was imposed on a Pittsburg dealer for a similar offence.

Many States passed alien license laws, and Pennsylvania prohibited aliens from possessing guns. As was to be expected, the constitutionality of this act was at once questioned in the courts. The silencer for firearms is prohibited in Maine, North Dakota, and Washington.



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Be sure to keep a mirror always nigh
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And now and then look squarely in thine
    eye,
  And with thyself keep ever face to face.

And when thine eye doth falter to its
    gaze
  And gives thee back a troubled glance
    of doubt,
Be quick to have a care as to thy ways—
      Look out!

Who cannot stand and face self, unafraid,
Would best quick summon Conscience to
    his aid;
Whose eye doth falter in its own keen
    view
Hath that within that's woefully askew.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE WOLVES

(Continued from page 19)

a careless grace, a charm of daring and reckless bravery.

"You're a gritty one, you are. You ain't afraid to take a feller on a chance," the husky one continued. "I ain't your kind, but there's them here who is. We're all gone on you, to a man. 'Tain't only that you're as purty as a picture, but you've got the grit to face hell itself. You're the kind of pard a feller could bank on."

Lois had seen pictures of wolves, their eyes gleaming hungrily, waiting their chance to spring upon their desired object. To her excited senses these were but wolves, wolves ready to devour. She swayed unsteadily.

The Man caught her arm to support her.

"It is an honest offer," he said, gravely. "If you continue to live in this spot it must not be alone. We are not all bad men—as men go. And the most decent of us have no chance with honor to speak for your favor except this."

Her words came faintly. "I shall go away to-morrow. Now, take me—home, and—get him away. I want him sent to his friends. And—I thank you—all."

The dead body had been carried from the shack before she reached it. Rough hands had straightened the room. It was a mystery to her afterward how she could, yet she slept, the heavy lifeless sleep of utter exhaustion.

She saw the Man and another move down the trail as she opened the windows of her sitting-room in the morning. She knew that they had kept guard while she slept. She had said that she would go that day. But the late afternoon found her there, her things not packed, no hand raised toward preparation.

She walked and rewalked the length of the plateau, her face drawn, her eyes half-tearful, her lips childishly tremulous.

The Man came up the path and watched her gravely.

"It is tearing your heart out to leave the mountains. You love them—they have got into your blood, as they have in mine," he cried, softly. "Poor child! It is cruel to drive you away, yet you must go, go to-day. I shall wait while you pack your satchel. We can send your heavier things to you later. I shall have no peace till you are away from here and safe in the keeping of friends—that is, as safe as a beautiful, unprotected girl ever is," he added, half bitterly.

"I called you wolves," she cried. "I looked upon you men as wild animals—I scorned you—loathed you. Yet—yet—" She laughed, a sobbing laugh. "Centuries of civilization have made no change in, not man alone, but human nature. I killed him, and I am not sorry. I feel only an intense satisfaction that I was able to shoot true." Her hands reached to his. "I cannot go from here because—I cannot leave you—a man whose name I do not know! If I were strong and you weak . . . If I could not get you without being a wolf . . . I should be a wolf. . . . I know it. And I loathe myself."

The kisses the Man showered upon the ready lips were very, very tender.

"Love has treated us pretty well, my dear lady of the mountain," he said, earnestly. "To subdue the wolf in the man and arouse it in the woman—ah! that is a love that will bind us together forever and aye."

Her face lightened. "Forever and aye!" she repeated, blissful. "Forever and aye! And now, tell me your name."

Tributes to Mark Twain

President Taft:
"Mark Twain gave pleasure—real intellectual enjoyment—to millions, and his works will continue to give such pleasure to millions yet to come. He never wrote a line that a father could not read to a daughter. His humor was American, but he was nearly as much appreciated by Englishmen and people of other countries as by his own countrymen. He has made an enduring part of American literature."

Theodore Roosevelt:
"It is with sincere grief that I learned of the death of this great American author. His position, like that of Joel Chandler Harris, was unique, not only in American letters, but in the literature of the world.

"He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher, and his writings form one of the assets in America's contributions to the world of achievement, of which we have a right as a nation to be genuinely proud."

President Woodrow Wilson
"All the world knows that in Mark Twain it has lost a delightful humorist, a man able to interpret human life with a flavor all his own, but only those who had the privilege of knowing him personally can feel to the full the loss of a man of high and lovely character, a friend quick to excite and give affection, a citizen of the world who loved a very wholesome adventure of the mind or heart, an American who spoke much of the spirit of America in speaking his native thoughts."

Dr. Van Dyke
"Those who know the story of his friendships and his family life know that he was one who 'loved much' and faithfully, even unto the end. Those who know his work as a whole know that under the lambent and irrepressible humor which was his gift there was a foundation of serious thoughts and noble affections and desires."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe:
"He was personally highly esteemed and much beloved, a man of letters with a very genuine gift of humor and of serious thought as well."

James Whitcomb Riley:
"The world has lost not only a genius, but a man of striking character, of influence, and of boundless resources. He knew the human heart and he was sincere. He knew children, and this knowledge made him tender."

Booth Tarkington:
"He seemed to me the greatest prose writer we had, and beyond that a great man. His death is a national loss, but we have the consolation that he and his genius belonged to and were of us."

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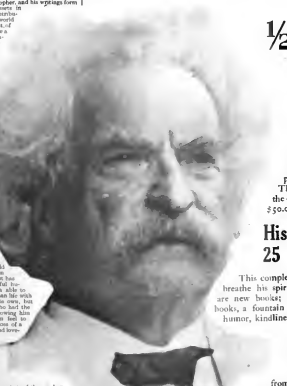

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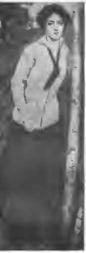

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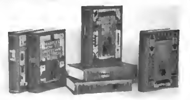

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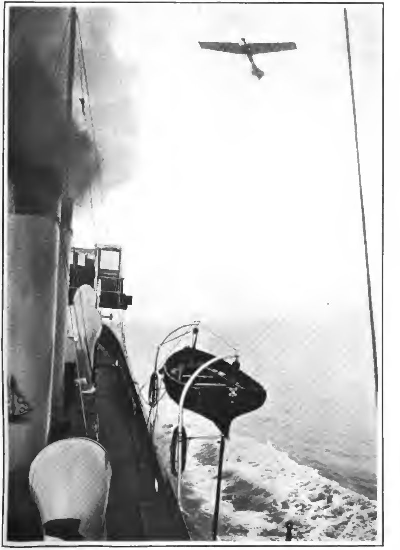

THE MAN-GULL

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Comment

A New Party—Hooray!

That is a fascinating despatch from Iowa to the effect that Senator Cummins is about to launch a new party combining all of "the Rooseveltian Square Deal" and "Jeffersonian-equal-rights-to-all-special-privileges-to-none" elements. Already, we are informed, the energetic Senator has selected those whom he considers "qualified to take the initiative," namely, Messrs. Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, himself (i. e., Senator Cummins), Senators Dolliver, La Follette, Beveridge, Owen, Gore, Bristow, and Money; Representatives Murdock, Hubbard, James, Sulzer, and Poindexter; and Citizens Pinchot, Garfield, and Tom Johnson. It is a great committee—one of, if not *the*, greatest we can recall—and we shall receive its invitation to participate with alacrity. One suggestion occurs to mind. Why not resolve all doubts by naming the prospective candidates hung in the preliminary circular? The official organs, we take for granted, will be the *Outlook*, the *Commoner*, and Harper's Weekly. But we should have standard-bearers to rally around from the very beginning. How would Roosevelt and Ryan do? Or Ryan and Roosevelt? Sulzer is too effervescent to catch the solid citizen, and Money is, of course, impossible. We must have men, real men, men above seltzer, men above money. Give us Roosevelt and Ryan, Senator, and you won't be able to hold us. You can't, anyway. Three cheers for Beverage!

Altruistic Imperialism

Colonel Watterson has been filling two or three columns of the *Courier-Journal* with characteristically and inimitably vigorous English anent a very big topic which some recent utterances in Egypt and in London and in the *Outlook* have brought once more under world-wide discussion. The idea of "benevolent occupation" of weak countries by powerful empires does not appeal strongly to Colonel Watterson's sense of human nature or his conception of history, and he pitches into it with a scorn and heat that are rather contagious. "Altruism," he declares, "may cloak imperialism or temper it, but it will never be the dynamics of imperialism." and he goes on to contend, pretty convincingly, that it was not altruism but self-interest that originally took the English into Egypt and India, the French into Algeria, the Japanese into Korea, the Americans into the Philippines. Certain good results of such instances of the rule of the weak by the strong are freely conceded. Egypt is undoubtedly better off in many ways than it would be if the English had never taken hold of its affairs. So is India; and the same observation may be true of the Philippines under the United States, and even of Korea under Japan. But the general theory that the big brothers among the nations take charge of the little fellows' affairs solely for the little fellows' benefit is rejected as a dangerous sort of hypocrisy, and "occupation" is pronounced a mere euphemism for conquest. The Colonel's view of diplomacy is thus in accord with that of the much-maligned Machiavelli, who also, in discussing affairs of this kind, preferred to call a spade a spade. Colonel Roosevelt, on the other hand, is pretty strong on the duty of the big fellows to take charge of such of the little fellows as do not know how to behave, and apparently believes it quite possible for human nature to rise to such demands on it, so that duty alone may be the controlling motive and selfishness be put aside. Yet when the Republic of Panama came into existence so very opportunely, and sold us the canal strip, people who knew their Machiavelli found some passages in *The Prince* that seemed extremely apposite.

A Practical View

Perhaps it is all mainly a question of terms. Big nations have often ruthlessly conquered little ones and governed them selfishly. Empires extend their limits in various ways, and get possession of new dependencies under all sorts of pretexts—very much as individuals extend and aggrandize themselves at the expense of their weaker fellows. Perfect unselfishness is no more to be expected of the nation than of the individual. On the whole, altruism seems decidedly less common in nations than in individuals. But, on the other hand, there would certainly seem to be situations and emergencies among the nations as well as among individuals that demand control of the weak by the strong, the incompetent by the competent, the disorderly by the orderly. There is need among the nations as among individuals for some kind of police power, and that power may have to extend in some cases even to processes comparable to those of the reformatory. The real trouble—the real backwardness of civilization in this matter—seems to lie in the imperfect development of international law, and particularly of the means to enforce such principles of international justice and equity as are already generally accepted. A supreme court of the world, with ample power to enforce its decrees and rulings, to establish and maintain and terminate guardianships and trusts and the like—that is the true desideratum. There may be, there doubtless is, such a thing as benevolence in nations, but the assertion of benevolent motives should no more be deemed sufficient to justify absolute and unregulated control of one people by another than the law courts would sanction such an excuse for the absolute control of one man by another. The idea of an international tribunal which shall regulate all sorts of interventions and "occupations" may still seem visionary; but what has been done at The Hague in the last two or three decades makes it sound decidedly less Utopian than it did when it was first proposed.

National Currency Associations

Leading bankers are said to be taking up promptly and seriously Secretary MacVeagh's suggestion that national currency associations be formed at once, so as to be ready to supply emergency currency whenever or if ever an emergency shall arise and demand it. Such associations of national banks were authorized by the Aldrich-Vreeland law, confessedly a makeshift measure, intended merely to bridge over the interval until some thoroughgoing plan to reform our banking and currency system should be presented by the monetary commission and passed by Congress. The character of the law, however, is no reason why the banks should not take the action which it authorizes and which the Secretary urges. Neither is it a valid objection to say, what the Secretary, in fact, admits, that there is at present no apparent threat of a panic; for it was the plain purpose of this particular provision to enable the banks to prepare for trouble in time of comparative prosperity. There is, to be sure, criticism of the provision because it does not make plain the precise liability of each member of an association, or how, once a member, a bank may cease to be a member; but these are matters which the banks themselves may be trusted to consider pretty carefully. If the banks do not consider them fatal to the scheme, then by all means let it be tried.

Merely a Makeshift

But we trust that nobody will consider the scheme, whatever merits it may have, as an equivalent of that thoroughgoing and permanent reorganization of our financial system which the monetary commission was formed to bring about. Secretary MacVeagh bases his appeal in part on a reluctant admission that this consummation is "not as imminent as we hoped it would be at this time." That may mean merely that he fears the next House will be Democratic. Or it may mean that the heads of the commission are discouraged by signs of opposition or of apathy. But whatever the source of the dimming of the Secretary's hopes, the general purpose for which the monetary commission exists must not be abandoned. It is simply unbelievable that this great, rich country will end by confessing itself unable, for any reason whatever, to do what practically all the other progressive nations of the earth have done—that it cannot devise and adopt a scientific plan of regulating and protecting credit and providing relief in times of financial crisis. The difficulties in the way of that particular kind of reform in this country are undeniably great. If one wishes to be discouraged, one need only note the way in which any but a very few of our public men approach the problem. Here, for instance, is Senator Overman of North Carolina—a man from whom something better might be expected—dismissing the whole matter, in an address before the State convention of his party, as a movement to centralize the money power of the country by turning the people's savings over to "Wall Street." It would be interesting if he and others who reason like him would tell us where, if not in "Wall Street," the control of our banking and credit is located now. It is precisely the irresponsible leadership of "Wall Street" to which serious critics of our present system or lack of system object, and for which candid and constructive statesmanship must sooner or later devise a responsible substitute. Notwithstanding such childish talk as this of Senator Overman, we will not concede that such statesmanship cannot be found or applied.

Why We Have Panics

How inadequate the present control of our finances has proved in emergencies is clearly exhibited in the recently issued monograph on "The History of Crises under the National Banking System," by Professor O. M. W. Sprague of Harvard. Says Dr. Sprague:

> The same elements of weakness have been uniformly disclosed by the analysis of the experiences of the national banks during successive periods of financial strain. The normal condition of the banks was one of lack of preparation for emergencies. No adequate lending power or surplus cash reserve was available at any time except during periods of trade depression when the banks were unable to find borrowers for all the loans they were prepared to make.

And again:

> Somewhere in the banking system of a country there should be a reserve of lending power, and it should be found in its actual money market. Ability in New York to increase loans and to meet the demands of depositors for money would have allayed every panic since the establishment of the banking system. Provision for such reserve power may doubtless be made in a number of ways. This investigation will have served its purpose if in showing the causes and consequences of its absence in the past it brings home to the reader the need not only of this reserve power, but also of the readiness to use it in future emergencies.

Dr. Sprague's detailed account of the several great crises since the Civil War—1873, 1884, 1893, 1907—amply sustains his general observation. The powers that be in our financial world simply do not prepare in times of security the reserve needed in times of emergency, nor is any man or institution clearly charged with the duty and responsibility of using for the public welfare, when the emergencies come, such reserves as there are. Both in the matter of preparation for crises and in that of the actual handling of crises our system has again and again proved itself wofully at fault. It is high time to mend it, as other enlightened peoples have mended theirs. There is no more pressing issue to-day in this country than the issue of monetary reform. Public men who do not prepare themselves to meet it intelligently will fall of their plain duty. Those who merely play politics with it deserve nothing but contempt.

Better Well Done Than Quickly Done

It is natural that President Taft should be anxious to hear from his tariff commission; but it is impossible that Chairman Emery has as yet been able to do much more than "report progress" and ask for leave to sit some more and report again later. If the work of the commission could have been done in a few months, there would not have been such a clear need of a fully authorized and equipped commission to do it. Getting at the facts of any one big industry in any one country is a good deal of an undertaking. To make sure of the facts concerning many industries in this and many other countries is still more of an enterprise. The commissioners will need time; and they will need a lot of expert help. Such help, it is reported, they are already getting. It is said, in fact, that every single schedule of the tariff will be examined by an expert in that particular line—one of Carnegie's former engineers, for instance, compiling the report on iron and steel. This is decidedly as it should be. The high-protection iniquity, like most others, thrives in darkness. Time and money are not wasted in turning on the light.

An Officeholders' Convention

The Birmingham *Times*, a Republican weekly, prints some facts concerning the recent convention of its party in Alabama which offer a curious illustration of the working of the party system in the lower South, and give further support—if any were needed—to some observations this paper has been making on that subject. At no time, says the *Times*, were there over two hundred delegates present in the convention; yet it appends a list of ninety-nine Federal officeholders who attended, adds four brothers of Federal officeholders and two applicants for the Birmingham post-office, and confesses that, for want of a government blue-book or official register, the list of officeholders and their kin may very well be incomplete. The postmasters and assistant postmasters and postal clerks numbered eighty, or about half the entire convention. According to the *Times*, there are in Alabama a good many Republicans who do not hold offices, but the machinery of the party is entirely in the hands of those who do. They controlled all the committees of the convention, including those on credentials and contests, and thus constitute a sort of close corporation against which, in an overwhelmingly Democratic State like Alabama, little headway can be made so long as it is recognized and sustained by the Republican leaders in the North and by administrations in Washington; yet this Alabama machine, which it would be absurd to call a party, will send to the next Republican national convention more delegates than any New England State except Massachusetts. It is not surprising that a Republican President who wishes to succeed himself or to name his successor usually has little trouble with the delegations from the lower South.

Peary at the Pole

It is almost a year since Cook's first telegram set all the world talking about the discovery of the north pole, and it is only now that the real discoverer, Lieutenant Peary, reaches, in his narrative in *Hampton's Magazine*, the goal of his twenty years of arduous and dangerous quest. The thrill that all the world felt a year ago it can never quite feel again—not even if Captain Scott should, a year or two hence, send word from some far southern outpost of civilization that the south pole also is found. Never again will any explorer command from all mankind such an attention as the now discredited Dr. Cook commanded for some weeks after the first tidings of his return and his claim. It is still the serious misfortune of Commander Peary that it was not he whose name was first associated with the great feat. In spite of all one can do to render him justice and make him amends, the imposture seems still somehow to dim his achievement. But his straightforward, businesslike account of the actual facts of the discovery makes, nevertheless, tremendously interesting reading. It is something to be living in an age which has witnessed two such victories for the human spirit as the discovery of the pole and the conquest of the air.

Parents and the State

Parental responsibility, says the *World*, is breaking down in this country, partly through indifference and neglect, but "largely through the assaults that the state makes upon it." It gives details about these said assaults as follows:

> Through the public-school system the state is assuming complete control of children. It educates them a little. It coddles them roughly a great deal. In various places it buys their books, it washes their hands and faces, it gives them clothing, it looks after their teeth, it provides them with medical attendance, it feeds them, and it carries them to and from their homes.
>
> Through the juvenile courts the state clumsily adjusts family and neighborhood disputes, regulates the employment of children, administers correction to such youths as have transgressed in any degree, lays down rules of behavior, passes upon domestic customs, and instructs parents in their duty.
>
> Thus by degrees the American parent fades away, domestic authority ends, and the influences of the home are extinguished. To be childless is to receive the undivided attention of statesmen, professors, and busybodies. To have children is to encounter a host of officials and sociologists bent on regulating their lives and taking over the responsibilities of the family. Possession of children now seems to be presumptive evidence of one's incapacity to rear them.

Our neighbor says no more than some one else is saying somewhere every day. There is something approaching general agreement among observers that parents are played out as governors of their children. How far is that really true, and in so far as it is true to what is it due? The *World* is speaking, in the main, of life as it goes on in cities. It is in the cities that this state guardianship that it speaks of is most conspicuous, and there is probably no city in which it is more noticeable than this big one in which we live. It is harder for parents to keep the run of their children in cities than in the country. Laws and courts and schools have need to assume more responsibility about the training and behavior of the young in cities than in rural districts. That is true especially in this city, which always abounds in newcomers who are strangers to all American habits and laws and usually to our language, and are very poor besides. Such people often need to have their parental abilities supplemented by all the help the schools and courts can give them. What has been done for children here seems to us to have been done in the main because prevailing conditions demand it. We think, not that the intruding state has made parents incapable, but that the incapacity of parents and the complications of city life have constrained the state to intrude. And as it is here, so it is in more or less degree in other cities.

Times Present and Times Past

But, after all, only a third of the people of the United States yet live in cities; and, after all, parents as a class have not yet wholly abandoned either their duties or their authority. Our manners have softened; the creeds on which our standards of deportment are based have softened enormously in half a century; parental authority is a good deal less positive and possibly somewhat less effective than it was two generations ago. Free will and choice enter into conduct more than they did then; persuasion and influence have to some extent taken the place of command. But parents who possess the capacity to regulate and govern their children still regulate and govern them. No other kind of parent ever succeeded in that work. It takes capacity. When the capacity is lacking the work is not done, and never was done. The chief difference, as we see it, in this particular between times present and times past is that there are more cities now than then, with their special problems of child-raising; there is a larger number, if not proportion, of parents (many of them newcomers) who are not equal to their work, and there is more systematic effort than there used to be to perform neglected parental duties and avoid the mischiefs which neglect of those duties is sure to produce. Of course the State is a mighty imperfect parent, but it may be better than none, and there are parents who are still less efficient than the State. The mass of the children in cities must run in the streets. It is right to make their inevitable environment as safe as conditions and a reasonable consideration for the rights of adults will permit, but in doing so there is room for much exercise of judgment. The state can't afford to have children grow up criminal, or grow up ignorant. It is justified in trying to straighten out children whose need of attention obtrudes, but at best it is a step-parent, and can by no means compete with parents who are the real thing.

The Boy That Was

While the *World* is making note of the wreck of parental authority, the St. Louis *Republic* is croaking about the disappearance of the Boy that Used to Be, and the substitution of a boy that wears glasses, has a scholarly stoop, disregards Indians, and knows about the air-brake and the steam-engine. Yes, we know the new boy. His name is Orville (or is it Wilbur?), and he lives in Ohio, and elsewhere. His father is indulgent, and he is one of the examples of that collapse of parental authority which the *World* so much deplores. We shall have to bear with this new boy somehow, even though, as the *Republic* asserts, he is "not the flat-backed, sturdy sort of lad you once knew," for he belongs to us and our generation, and we to him. What we must hope is that the new boy will be able to adjust himself to the world into which he has been born. It is a world into which changes have come with unprecedented rapidity. Venerable Citizen Rockefeller, leaning on his golf-club, said of it last week: "Everything in life is becoming more strenuous every year. Only those in the best of health can stand the strain." Every year, just now, an increasing proportion of folks hereabouts collapse under the strain, and have to be shut up. Statistics about insanity are very liable to mislead, but nowadays they seem all to point in the same direction and say that insanity is increasing. In Massachusetts the latest report, just out, puts the increase at about six hundred cases a year—a larger proportionate increase than in any other New England State except Connecticut; but they all show marked increase. "Urban centres of population," says the Springfield *Republican*, commenting on this report, "are now the chief breeding-ground of the insane," and it finds in the increase of cities one reason for the increase of insanity, just as above we have found the same cause partly responsible for that collapse of parental authority which the *World* deplores. It is consoling to have Citizen Rockefeller point out that the high cost of living is driving people out of the cities and into the country, the country, thanks to rapid transportation and modern conveniences, being very much more accessible and habitable than it used to be.

A Cartoonist Honored

On Thomas May, cartoonist of the Detroit *Journal*, the University of Michigan conferred, last month, the degree of Master of Arts.

A new departure that, and interesting. John Tenniel, after four or five decades of distinguished service as the cartoonist of *Punch*, became Sir John Tenniel, but, so far as we knew, Mr. May is the first cartoonist to be honored by an American university.

There go many valuable materials into the making of a fine cartoonist—technical skill, humor, imagination, knowledge, and fineness of spirit. To know what to say and how to say it in a cartoon takes a rare combination of abilities. To honor it shows contemporaneousness in the University of Michigan, a quality in which the big Western universities are apt to lead their Eastern sisters.

Brother Brisbane's Flipflaps

Advertisement in the left-hand upper corner of Brother Brisbane's *Evening Journal* of July 9th:

> NEW FIGHT PICTURES
>
> The *Evening Journal* to-day presents more striking scenes of the Jeffries-Johnson battle. The photographs will be found on Pages 2 and 3 and the Sporting pages.

Extract from Brother Brisbane's impassioned editorial on the last page of the same issue of the same paper:

> This newspaper protested against the fight from the beginning. It appealed to the Governor of California to prevent the brutal spectacle in that State—we now appeal to public officials everywhere to use the authority which they undoubtedly have to prevent the exhibition of the fight in moving pictures.
>
> Any public official that favors the exhibition in pictures of the degrading prize-fight or fails to use his authority in opposition to such an exhibition is unworthy of public office and blind to his opportunity and duty.

Brother Brisbane he makes us laugh. Some of the pictures he prints with so much gusto in the paper that he edits are from the very films that supply the moving pictures against the exhibition of which he protests.

And yet, on the whole, we agree with him in hoping that the moving pictures will meet with so much opposition that they won't pay. We don't think they are so bad in themselves, but as part of the means of making prize-fights profitable they are objectionable.

Adjustment

Divorce is increasing, insanity is increasing, parental authority is declared to be prostrate, the boy is not what he was! Surely we must be heading for the bow-wows, and progressing fast.

Not at all. We are merely getting adjusted to the greatest changes in the conditions of human existence that any one generation of men has seen in centuries. And possibly it is true that high prices of food are helping our adjustment by driving some city-dwellers back into the country.

Grasping

Speaking of the recent fiscal complications that befell the Boston *Herald*, Mr. Frank Sanborn said in the Springfield *Republican*:

> The situation of Boston journalism is now what the Yankee rustic declared eating up missionaries to be—"redicklus"; no one journal has an independent policy or an adequate editorial staff, encouraged to print all the news and the truth about it . . . There is no reason in the nature of things why Boston cannot have one good and really independent newspaper prosperous and honest.

"Good and really independent, prosperous and honest," a large contract! What newspapers of what city is Mr. Sanborn in the habit of reading that he should expect so much of newspapers in Boston?

Men and Animals

It is difficult to make out just why at this period of history there should be a sudden multiplication of plays in which the animal and vegetable kingdoms take the chief parts. The *genre* is of course as old as Æsop, but the new century has touched it with a fresh tenderness, a new sense of the kinship of all life. Some day a German doctor of sociology will make research studies and decide what hidden influences are at work. In the middle of the nineteenth century the peasant and the plain man rose suddenly to the pinnacle of romantic attraction. Up to that time literature had concerned itself chiefly with the aristocracy. If the peasant was introduced, it was as a jester, a merrymaker, a laughing interlude. But the tragedies, difficulties, the shining gifts of life, seemed to belong only to those of distinguished social position.

Is it the influx of religious ideas from the East; is it, perhaps, an effect of the renewed interest in the mystic consciousness, "the Call of the Whole," the sense of the unbroken links of life, that has sent the drama itself to the life of the trees and inanimate objects, of barnyard fowl and insects, for characters?

In 1908, about one year earlier than the publication of MAETERLINCK'S *Blue Bird*, J. V. WIDMANN, the German poet, published a drama entitled *Maikäfer-Komödie*, the comedy of the cockchafers. The exact relation of the cockchafer to the May-fly is difficult to trace, if, indeed, these be not two names for the same creatures. The May-flies, it is known, come from running fresh water. The larva is a semi-transparent, brownish creature, clumsy and sluggish, that crawls about the bottom of running streams or hides in semicircular burrows in the bank, where it is sometimes discovered by anglers and is alluring bait for trout. Apparently it remains at this stage of development for about two years or so, when an amazing transformation takes place. It creeps up from its hiding place in May or June, when the weather is warm, swims to the surface of the water, "and suddenly," writes SWAMMERDAM, in his volume on *Ephemeri Vita*, "the winged fly suddenly darts out from the midst of the water. The thorax is split lengthwise, the empty husk is flung back to float on the surface of the water, the May fly glides out head foremost from his own corpse, and then begins the most gyrating dance in the sunshine of what appear to be millions of little gnats." They swim vertically upward for a few feet and let themselves float luxuriously downward on poised V-shaped wings. Their life of bliss is short. They dance, make love, lay eggs, and disappear again.

The analogy is too good to be lost, and one English mystic has already used it to liken to the escape at death from the human body of the winged psyche—only, alas, this is invisible and, we are accustomed to hope, immortal, whereas the May flies are visible and short-lived, and no one has traced a further transformation for them.

It is quite in the nature of the Teutonic genius that while ROSTAND'S play of *Chantecler* deals with the world as the individual cock (in this case) copes with it, and MAETERLINCK'S *Blue Bird* with the individual trying to wrest happiness from brute nature or destiny, taking stock, as he pursues his way, of memory, death, the future; controlling the services of bread and sugar and milk, the dog, the cat, fire and water—the German's so-called comedy deals with the ways of God to gnats!

The play opens on a spring night. The south wind is whispering low to the earth and breathing into every crevice where not death alone dwells but millions of kernels of life stir. Among the May flies there is excitement. From forsaken larvæ armored legions may at any time break forth. The wind's warm caress brings the hope of resurrection even here. The May flies have heard the call and are preparing to rise. A foremost one reminds his fellows of the holy maxims upon which in the darkness they have stayed their souls. "The people who have wandered in darkness shall see a great light." "Verily I say unto you, ye shall not die but shall be transformed." "Blessed are they who, though they comprehended nothing, have yet believed and hoped." One alone of all those summoned to rise in the blue, soft air has no heart for the enterprise. Block Head (Dummerchen) has once seen hands burst through a wall, seize one of his fellows and destroy it, and the imminent change brings but two thoughts to his mind: "The world has hands," and "This is a secret but yet true, we must all die." The king of the cockchafers, who is hero of the piece, is a high-hearted, noble-minded fellow who believes in religion, custom, discipline. He knows that the call to transformation means the bidding into the gates of heaven. The Court Preacher upholds him and knows that what is coming is the reward of virtue. Reps and Kleps are cynics and critics. Sepp is a doubter and is not so sure that the change is to be the door of heaven.

> "I know at least the goods the old life gave.
> I've learned to trust in cool reflection only.
> Doubt is but wisdom's limit set to faith
> And what a man has lived and seen, on that
> Alone is it worth while to build."

The second act shows us the cockchafer folk in the air. The merry dance in the sun's rays has begun. But, alas, heaven has black, deadly knights in the form of swallows who devour May flies. The sun's rays prove intermittent and thunder-showers are disastrous. As Block Head has foreseen, the world has hands, and these are often deadly. The failure of heaven, many of the cockchafers think, is due to the blasphemer Sepp. Reps and Kleps dance and make love. Life, even in heaven, is not perfect, but at least they may make merry for the moment and let the future take care of itself. And when death, plague, and pestilence come in the form of hands and swallows and storms, when their wives are snatched before their very eyes and devoured, they look about for new diversions. The Court Preacher curses God, the world, life, and dies.

The King loses heart from time to time, but Sepp, the doubter, holds out. It is better, he says, the world being what it is, to be a doer than to be a prophet. He encourages the broken King to let the dead past bury itself, to be a realist and save what can be saved, bear what he must, snatch what happiness he can. In the end all are killed, wiped out of existence, save the King and the red Sepp. The King's conclusion and final summing up is that though life is but a magic mask, signifying nothing, yet none who have taken part in the wild dance of joy in the sun would ever wish his life undone. Life bears a double fruit of bitter woe and exquisite delight, and, like MILTON'S Satan, he sums up that none would lose, though full of woe, his intellectual being—his thoughts that wander through eternity.

Though so much less well known than ROSTAND'S famous play, WIDMANN'S poem compares very favorably with it as poetry and philosophy. The Song of the Rain, so unconscious of doing aught but good in exterminating the May flies, the dance-song, the cynical comment of Sepp and Reps and Kleps, the heroic speeches of the King, are all well set forth in flowing and easy verse. The analogy between the life of the May fly and the life of man is closely followed, as in *Chantecler*, and is even more philosophic, pointing undoubtedly in the end to the pragmatic solution. The characters are finely typical—the King a brave idealist, the Court Preacher a dogmatic theologian, who breaks utterly when his dogmas disappear; the Court Physician a narrow minded materialist, the red Sepp a cynic, Dummerchen the average, stupid man who yet has true instincts; and the relations between these and men with their strivings, disappointments, sense-life, dangers, and death are richly handled.

As philosophy it ends with the powerlessness of God Himself to fill with fragrance and loveliness the vessel of the life he has created. This is not so far removed from Chantecler's determination that, since his power to raise the sun above the horizon is but illusion, he will yet cling to that illusion which gives him courage to live. What is the end of the *Blue Bird?* Tyltyl has been through the doors of sleep to the houses of memory and death and futurity to hunt for the perfect blue bird. He comes home to find a new light of beauty resting upon the most commonplace objects, and when he gives his dove to the neighbor's little girl he asks, "Is it blue enough?" and adds: "I have seen bluer ones. But the quite blue ones, the perfect ones—you know—it is vain to try—they are not caught." Even the dove they have flies away, and all Tyltyl can do is to say to the whole world: "If any one finds it, will he bring it back? We shall need it to be happy with, by and by."

There are those who tell us that the day of answers and set philosophies and creeds is waning. Yet here we are, men and fowl and insects, still searching for the meaning of our little moment, still groping after the better life we vaguely dream of. And if all we have found in the great, shifting stream of experience are a few glad moments amid the bitter waste of struggle and strife, a little hope, occasional victories of simplicity and sincerity, like Chantecler's—still there survives the indestructible courage to go on through whatever dark may be for the sake of this intellectual being, this slow enlarging of the consciousness. So far life has given but partial answers to our clutched infinity. But if any one has caught the real blue bird, will he please bring it back? For we all need it to be happy.

Correspondence

ANOTHER "PRANK OF THE SEA"

Long Branch, N. J., July 2, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Recently I read in the New York *Tribune* an extract from HARPER'S WEEKLY entitled "A prank of the Sea," giving account of Captain Hodson's miraculous escape from drowning, with the statement that it was the "only instance on record of a man having been washed overboard and then washed back again."

I wish to add another record of a similar instance, equally miraculous. It happened to my father, Robert H. Gray, and years ago he told me of his strange experience.

It was in the early 30's his father, Rev. John Gray (late of Ghent, New York), was bringing his family to this country, having accepted the invitation of the Home Missionary Society to prosecute his work in New York City. They were crossing the ocean in a "packet" ship. My father was a lad of nine or ten years at the time. Tiring of playing about the deck, he climbed into one of the life-boats hanging from the davits. The sea was very rough, and the vessel was ploughing her way, when suddenly a larger wave than usual broke over the side, lifted the boy out of the life-boat, and washed him overboard into the boiling sea. He thought his end had come, but the next closely following wave brought him back to the side of the ship, and, catching hold of the shrouds, he clung for life, and climbing aboard, terribly frightened, as much for having got his clothes wet as for anything else, he rushed below and hid in his berth, keeping in hiding until his clothes were dry. No one had seen the accident to him, and when he related his strange experience to his parents they marvelled greatly, and thanked God for his wonderful escape from a grave in mid-ocean.

Until reading of Captain Hodson's similar experience I thought my father's involuntary bath without a parallel.

I am, sir,
HENRY TAYLOR GRAY.

AN AUTHOR DISSENTS

HARTLAND, WIS., *July 12, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your correspondent of June 25th addresses me as "Dear author, representative of the new democracy," etc. Allow me to say that I represent nothing of the sort. I do not represent anything. My "light, drab-colored book," as he calls it, simply records some ideas which are new and experiences which are true; that is all. Our correspondent, who must be a person of some status to call for a column and a half, writes with such expressions as "Thank God," "Dear, dear," and "Alas, alas," but I fail to see that I have done anything which should cause so much grief.

L. C. W. (his signature), judging by his allusions to Groton and Hemerton, is evidently an Englishman of an exaggerated type. He speaks slightingly of our public schools, is put out by "social equality," believes in a "special" class of literary priests, and in literature worships only that "style which prevailed in the days of patronesses," a specimen of which toadyism he gives for our edification; and his whole theory of "style" ends with the consciousness of "great great grandmothers." Were his communication to fall into the hands of a humorist he would be an easy mark, for if he is not a certain kind of Englishman he is a most zealous understudy of one.

I am always pleased to know that any one has read my work and been impressed by it. Literary criticisms proper I do not reply to, for they are entirely impersonal, but this communication is in such a vein that one who does not like to be misunderstood is moved to try to explain. In this case a reply is impossible. My critic comes forth in the rôle of an intellectual aristocrat who has conceived me to be a "democrat." Between such there can be no argument, for here is where mere words have always been futile and we have history instead.

I wish to say, however, that I am not the "representative of the new democracy," nor yet of the new aristocracy; my work deals with nothing except what God made. To go about as a "democrat" when there is no occasion for it I consider as vulgar and underbred as it is to be a professional aristocrat.

I am, sir,
CHARLES D. STEWART.

A letter in the WEEKLY of June 25th contained this passage: "What a different atmosphere is this of an opening sentence in a neighboring book. 'I was a roomer—unheated and rather too much alone; the For Rent sign was kept behind the washstand.' . . . Surely when one opens this light, drab-colored book one is in the very midst of our democracy."—EDITOR.

Sit Tight

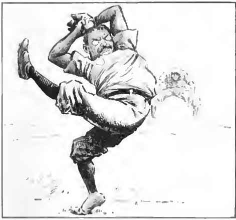
(The departure of Secretary Hitchcock for Europe leaves the government with neither Cabinet nor President in Washington.—NEWS NOTE.)

TAFT is up at Beverly, studying the putt;
Knox is off vacationing—office-door is shut;
Wickersham is wandering, sparing his nerves;
Ballinger is telling how people miss his curves;
Dickinson is dallying in the summer breeze;
Hitchcock has gone hurrying off and overseas;
Nagel takes his ease somewhere, so does Sec. MacVeagh—
        But!
The government goes on in its pleasant way—
Oh, but this is wonderful! Can it ever be
That we do not need a staff in Washington, D. C.

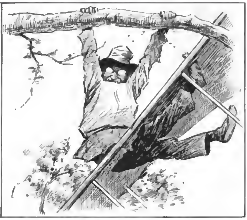
Cannon out in Illinois, seeing if he's spiked;
Murdock back to tell the folks what affairs he liked;
Lorimer upon the lake, a-shouting "Et tu, Brute!"
Clark Chautauquaing and a-raking in the loot;
Big and little Congressmen, aghast at next campaign,
Wondering and blundering, attempting to explain;
Beveridge in Hoosierdom afraid they'll get his goat—
        But!
Still the government's in shape and daily keeps afloat—
Oh, but this is marvellous! We must all agree
That we hadn't missed the help from Washington, D. C.

Not a soul upon the job, and still the country lives!
No committees pouring lovely whitewash through their sieves,
No one pointing now with pride or viewing with alarm—
Just the hustle-bustle in the city, town, and farm.
Let's keep still about it, while the country runs itself,
Crops a-crowding fences, while the folks pile up the pelf,
Capitol deserted by the men of mien and fame—
        But!
The gentle government is going on the same!
Oh, but this is wonderful! Can it ever be
That we do not need a staff in Washington, D. C.

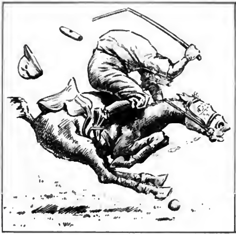
JEFFERSON TOOMBS.



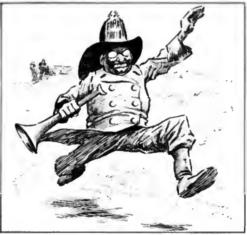
Join the local ball team



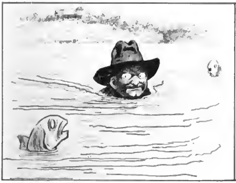
Try the aeroplane



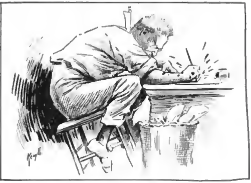
Polo is splendid exercise



Become a member of the local fire company



Try swimming to and from business



Write a few poems on peace

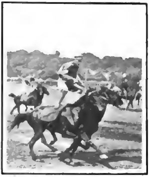
WE OFFER A FEW SUGGESTIONS

"Colonel Roosevelt should quit politics for the present, and for his own good give his attention wholly to recreation of a light and varied character."—*Daily Paper*

DRAWINGS BY E. W. KEMBLE

A detachment of the Eleventh Cavalry charging down the parade-ground at Nashville

Col. James Parker, of the Eleventh Cavalry



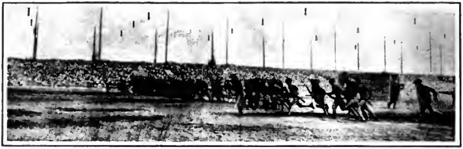
Roman riding by the troopers at Nashville aroused the enthusiasm of the audience

The statue of Sam Davis at Nashville draped with the Confederate flag during the tournament

Practice in bringing in a trooper whose horse has been shot from under him

Major-General Grant reviewing the military and civic parade in Chicago

The Second Squadron of the Sixth Cavalry parading in Michigan Avenue, Chicago



The Second Battalion of the Twenty-seventh Infantry in its final charge after scaling a twelve-foot wall at the Chicago tournament

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENTS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST

IN NASHVILLE AND CHICAGO DETACHMENTS OF THE REGULAR ARMY RECENTLY TOOK PART IN TOURNAMENTS WHICH INCLUDED ELABORATE MILITARY MANŒUVRES AND DRILLS. THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS ATTENDED THE EXERCISES

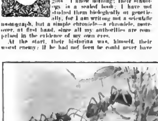
Rome of the Gravel Walk

AN EPIC OF AN ANT-HILL, INVOLVING TREASONS, MASSACRES, AND SPOILS, BUT CULMINATING IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NEW CITY ON SEVEN HILLS

By Garrett P. Serviss

THIS history has to do with a very little people, but a people of a mighty spirit, which should have inspired a Tacitus to record their virtues and their acts. Of their "origins" I know nothing; their ethnology is a sealed book; I have not studied them biologically or genetically, for I am writing not a scientific monograph, but a simple chronicle—a chronicle, moreover, at first hand, since all my authorities are comprised in the evidence of my own eyes.

At the start, their historian was, himself, their worst enemy; if he had not been he could never have known them, nor what they were capable of. Later, he became a sort of Olympian deity watching them from the height of their firmament, occasionally intervening in their affairs with the nonchalant irrelevance of a superior power; often testing their spirit by furnishing opportunities for its manifestation; sometimes, like the intermeddling gods of Hellas and Ilium, exercising a capricious control over their destinies—but ending by becoming their friend and panegyrist, proud to compose their thrilling annals.


"Who goes there?" The challenge with crossed antennae

One day, in the latter part of May, 1910, while walking in our park, on the banks of the little river Tille, in the Department of the Côte d'Or, with sudden malice I delivered three swift kicks to a small ant hill, which had grown up at the grassy edge of a gravelled alley, just beyond the shadow of a towering fir. The well aimed blows cut the hill to the level of the ground, and scattered the débris over the grass. Then I strolled away, with a self-applauding sense of having performed a husbandman-like act, for the general benefit of agriculture and landscape gardening. Ants, I reflected, are a nuisance, and their constructions an eyesore and an impertinence.

Happening to pass the place an hour later, my eyes were attracted to the area of ruin that I had created, and, as I glanced down at it, asking myself whether, after all, I had greatly improved the looks of things, my attention became fixed by an appearance of extraordinary commotion. Curiosity inducing me to stoop nearer, I perceived that a fight of the most desperate description was going on there, and, as all male animals love a fight, I got down on my elbows to watch it.

My cataclysm had replaced the city of the ants with a little valley amid woods of grass, whose shadowing boughs overhung it, and in the centre of this fated hollow, where the bare ground was pitted with half destroyed galleries leading to subterranean chambers, an oblong black beetle, spotted with dull red, and harnessed, like a champion, with a panoply that shone as if composed of polished gun metal, had fallen into the hands of a crowd of mortal foes, with whom he was battling for dear life.

He was as big as twenty of them, but size and strength availed him naught against numbers. The ants swarmed upon him from every side. His armor being impenetrable to their caliper-jaws, they had got him by the legs—of which, in this emergency, he possessed too many for his good. Each of his six legs had, on the average, three of the furious little creatures fastened on it, while scores were hustling to get a hold. A multitude assailed his flanks and climbed upon his back. They tested every joint, but the legs alone seemed vulnerable. His brilliant head resembled a newly furbished helmet, and when he rolled over in the desperate struggle I observed that his under parts were protected by a ridged buckler, equally impenetrable.

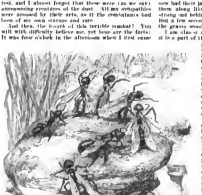
It did not seem probable that such an adamantean creature could be the natural prey of these minute ants, hardly exceeding an eighth of an inch in length, and compunction stung me at the thought that he was paying the penalty for my aggression. My first impulse was to help him, and I seized a bit of stick; but curiosity withheld my hand, and the fight went on. Every instant more ants flocked to the encounter, until, over a space of several square inches, they thickly covered the ground, all apparently infuriated with anger and the spirit of war. The imagination, becoming enlisted, quickly lifted this scene to a plane of interest, which, *a priori*, I should never have believed that it could occupy, and I may truly say that I watched it with breathless attention.

The beetle grappled and wrestled tenaciously with his foes, and they, on their part, charged upon him with the vindictiveness of the avenging devils in a mediæval picture of the punition of the wicked. I can give no idea of the ferocity of the struggle, or the rapidity of its movements. No one would have dreamed that creatures so puny could exhibit such fierce activity. Occasionally the big fellow succeeded in crushing an enemy in his jaws, but his principal care seemed to be to get away. He was like a lone traveller beset by wolves: for every one he killed there were fifty eager to drag him down.

Yet he towered above his assailants like an elephant above a crowd of children, and I wondered at their ability to arrest his progress, until I saw that not only were his movements impeded by the ants which clung to his legs and stretched their own in grasping for anchorage, but that his limbs were also encumbered with bits of earth, mingled with minute fragments of fir leaves which had become incorporated with the ground. These encumbrances slowly increased in size, and I was driven to the conclusion that the ants themselves had contrived them for clogs. How they managed it I have no idea. Was it a novel device suggested by the emergency? That was my impression at the time, but subsequent observation of their proceedings led me to think that it was a regular part of their engineering science in such contingencies—for afterward I saw them capture other beetles of the same species in precisely the same way.

Sometimes, after a long struggle, the beetle would renounce every consideration except that of immediate escape, and then he would plough a way through his enemies, dragging his clogged limbs in a very agony of concentrated effort. But it was in vain, the ants redoubled their rage, pounced upon him in a swirl of brown legs and bodies, and strove furiously to lunge their pincers in his mail. At times he was almost hidden from view beneath their multitude, and then I would see his back emerge, and glance in the sun like the helm of a knight overwhelmed by a horde of paynims. All kinds of battle images flashed across my mind. I likened him to Richard of the Lion Heart fighting in Palestine; to Caius Marcius beset by a hundred foes within the shut gates of Corioli; to Alvarado cut off on the bloody causeway of Mexico! I myself was thrilled with the excitement of the contest, and I almost forgot that these were (as we say) unreasoning creatures of the dust. All my sympathies were aroused by their acts, as if the combatants had been of my own stature and race.

And then, the *length* of this terrible combat! You will with difficulty believe me, yet here are the facts: it was four o'clock in the afternoon when I first came upon the scene, the sun set near eight, and still the fight was raging with undiminished fury. At nine-thirty at night I went out with a candle, to find the battle lulled, but the unrelenting little warriors watching their foe by the light of the stars. Halley's comet was there, too, underneath the lion which looked placidly down upon the well fought field. The beetle was evidently still unconquered, although he had now ceased to defend himself, and was clinging to an anchor of hope in the shape of a short stump of grass-root which rose in the middle of the arena. I satisfied myself that he was not dead, though I believed he soon would be, and left the place for the night, determined to revisit it the next morning—but with slight expectation that I should witness another act of the drama.


A group of winged female ants at play

I rose later than I had intended, and it was after nine o'clock before the god from the human Olympus was once more gazing expectantly down upon the battle plain of Formicarian Troy. To my surprise, and I will add—though it may not be creditable to human nature—to my delight the affair was not ended. It was a sunshiny morning, and there was the beetle, still clinging to his stump, his cuirass glistening, and himself more active than when I had seen him at night, for occasionally he would treat a row of his foes to a wild ride as he waved one of his legs in the air. They hung on, swinging like bulldogs.

Underneath him the suggestive mouth of a new gallery had made its appearance.

"If they can't kill him they mean to bury him alive," I said to myself.

But I fully believed that they were slowly killing, or at least stunning him with some hypodermic, because, notwithstanding his occasional sallies, he appeared to be lethargic and incapable of continued exertion. It was a great misjudgment, as I shall show you.

Determined to settle the question of his condition, I took a piece of grass and dislodged him from the stump. To my amazement, after tumbling on the ground, he sprang up as active and full of fight as ever. But he was dreadfully hampered by the clogs on his legs, which had grown heavier during the night. Four of them he was unable to lift from the ground. Yet he had wonderful heart, strength, and wind, as if refreshed by his rest. He lost not a moment in going for his foes—or rather he went for liberty and took his foes by the way. If he had fought like that at the beginning he could never have been stopped. And the ants went for him, swarming out of their galleries as if a tocsin had sounded. The scene now became more exciting even than on the day before.

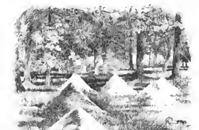
All my battle images came back. With all my heart I wished him success. With his two unencumbered legs he flung off his assailants and lunged ahead. Presently, catching one of the clogs against an obstructing pebble, he pulled it off. In a minute he had another leg loose, and, almost before I knew what was happening, all his limbs were free and he was making for the edge of the terrible valley, forcing his way like a maddened bull. The ants seemed to be confounded by the sudden turn of affairs, and lost control of the situation, skurrying about, and running into one another, while the beetle went straight on his way and began swiftly to ascend the rim. It was evident that he would escape, for only a few of his enemies now had their jaws fastened on his legs, and he whipped them along like rags. A scrambling multitude was strung out behind, in bewildered search for his tracks. But a few seconds more and he would be free—gone in the grassy woods.

I am almost ashamed to describe the next scene but it is a part of this history, and must be told. The only possible justification that could be urged for what I did at this crisis is the fact that, for these creatures, I was Olympian Jove; and I acted out the character. When the true Olympian Jove had not seen enough of a good fight, he simply kept it going, and nobody dreamed of questioning his right. Still, if I could have foreseen the result of my interference I would surely have thrown down my sceptre and allowed the gallant beetle to enjoy his well-earned liberty.

Well, then, in plain words, I flung the escaping beetle back into the midst of his foes! It was as dastardly an act as any god of them all ever performed. Yet in doing this I felt no doubt that he would again get away, after a lively contest, and, as a salve to conscience, I promised myself that I would not interfere a second time. But a bad deed done has a multitude of ways of returning to plague its perpetrator and to fill him with remorse. You shall see how it was in this case.

When he found himself thus cast again into the camp of his enemies, the beetle, as if inspired by pure desperation, rushed straight to the opening under the foot of the grass stalk which had been his refuge for so many hours, and plunged into it, squeezing his way down, hotly pursued. He disappeared in the earth, at the very place where the ants had prepared to inter him, and the enemy thronged in after him. There could be but one end now; he must become food for larvæ! The rapidity of this most unexpected tragedy left me with a pang of regret which could hardly have been keener if I had done a serious injury to one of my fellow men.

I might now have considered that the interest was exhausted, and that my ant nest would afford no more absorbing spectacles but for certain things in the war which I had observed during the long contest and which had stimulated my curiosity. Even at the height of the battle with the beetle I had noticed a considerable number of ants who appeared to pay no attention to the belligerents, but worked away, composedly, at the repairing of their battered city. Some of them carried their household gods (white, limbless, mummy-like creatures, much larger than their bearers) out of broken galleries and deposited them in safer places; and I found time, even amid the excitements of the struggle that was continually swaying all round the scene of these more peaceful labors, to admire the skill of the wiser heads in dealing with the situation when some blunderer got his burden into the hole wrong end foremost. It became evident to me that in antdom there were prescribed ways of doing things, concerning which some individuals might be careless or ignorant, but which the community as a whole recognized and enforced. When at last the fight was over, the unfortunate beetle entombed, and the entire body of the industrious citizens at liberty to resume their ordinary occupations, I noticed some of the ants carrying what I took to be foodstuff into the subterranean chambers. Whether it was that or something else, at any rate it gave me an idea. I knew that they were carnivorous, or at least that their larvæ would be, and I determined to supply them with a fly and see what they would do with it. Accordingly, I killed a house-fly and threw it down by the entrance to one of the galleries. I was anticipating no more entertaining sight than that of seeing the little creatures exercise their engineering powers in burying what was, for them, a monstrous carcass, but unwittingly I had set the stage for another drama of ant life, more suggestive of human analogies than the first. Now I was to be shown "the manhood of a Roman recovery" manifested in a microcosmic world by beings a dozen of whom could have found standing-room on my finger nail.



A group of mound-making ants' nests

A crowd of the ants quickly fell to work about the fly, trying to draw it into the entrance of the gallery. At the same time many began to carry away bits of sand to enlarge the opening. Suddenly a larger ant, more than twice as long as any of the others, and which I had casually noticed scurrying about in the edge of the adjoining thickets, dashed into the midst of the laborers and laid hold of the fly, which he tried to pull away. He certainly possessed the requisite size and strength to achieve his purpose, but he had seriously miscalculated the spirit of those whom he meant to rob. Hardly had he fixed his pincers on the prey when he found himself seized by the legs.

I wonder if I can make you understand how startlingly like a scene out of human life all this appeared to me—the crowd of busy workers striving unitedly to accomplish a purpose that intelligence alone could have formed; the robber darting out of his lurking place in the surrounding forest of grass—does not the idea of robbery itself strike home—going straight to his aim, and proclaiming in every movement the conviction that speed only could insure success; and the instantaneous comprehension of his intention by the others, together with the courageous defence which they immediately organized. Truly my imagination must have been asleep if it had not imparted to all these actors the qualities of a greater world than theirs!

And now began a mill as desperate as it was brief, swift, and decisive. The sharp mandibles of the diminutive warriors must have inflicted torturing wounds, for the robber dropped the fly and doubled himself into a knot. He squirmed and twisted, snapping at his tormentors, several of whom he disabled, but he gave up all thought of securing the prey and concentrated his attention upon saving himself. He was marvellously quick in his motions, and a sudden dash set him free, whereupon he ran for the woods like a whipped dog, with such a craven aspect that onlooking Jove shook with Olympian laughter. It was a spectacle which, unlike the struggle with the poor beetle, awoke no painful and conflicting sympathies, and the stout little fighters had all the honors.

The first scene was ended, but not the whole act. In some mysterious way the news seemed to have spread among the forest outlaws that there was rich booty for the seizing, and within three minutes five or six other robbers, precisely like the first in stature and appearance, made their entry upon the stage. They descended from the thickets on various sides, and, seeing their numbers, and supposing that they would act in concert, I prepared to render super-hymenopteran aid in case my little friends (for as such I now began to regard them) should be too hardly pressed. But there was no occasion for intervention from above. They proved, very promptly, that they were able to take care of themselves and their belongings. The robber ants, except for their superior size, appeared, to an unprofessional eye, to belong to the same species as the builders of the earthen city. They were of the same color—black heads, red waists, and long, dark bodies. But they had more than twice the length, and consequently at least eight times the bulk, of their diminutive opponents. They looked like a file of Goliaths confronting a regiment of little Davids.

Never during the long contest with the beetle had I looked on with an interest so intense as that with which I now awaited the outcome of this more evenly balanced battle. I stretched myself on the grass, and prepared, with a long-focus magnifying glass, to observe the details of the fighting. Judging from what I had read in books of entomology, I expected to see the assailants exhibit some regular order in their attack, but luckily for the defenders they showed no comprehension of military tactics, and each made his assault independently. Now one and now another would run in, darting about with amazing celerity to avoid his little foes, while attempting to reach the fly. But not one got near enough to touch it! There would be a rush, a wild scramble, a squirming and tumbling heap on the ground, and then the aggressor would flee at the top of his speed, not stopping until he had climbed a tree (grass stem) with the agility of a frightened monkey. When he judged that he had got high enough to be safe, he would stay there and nurse his wounds—yes, literally nurse his wounds, for again and again I saw one of the discomfited thieves on his perch of refuge, tenderly feeling his injured members, and if he had had bandages handy I am sure he would have put them on! The crestfallen look of these fellows was funny beyond description.

This fascinating exhibition continued for fully an hour, and, although the defeated robbers, after having administered first aid to the injured, frequently returned to the field, I was just making up my mind to set them all down as essentially arrant cowards, who would never get even a smell of the booty, when there came a heroic interlude, terminating in a genuine tragedy. I had observed that the robbers jumped back and fled incontinently if, while prowling about after the first assault, they encountered a single myrmidon. It looked as though the little fellows had thrown out lines of skirmishers on all sides, whose duty it was to drive off the robbers while their comrades labored to inter the fly, and I believed that this living circumvallation would never be penetrated, when suddenly there appeared upon the scene a big red fellow, who perhaps had had no warning of the stomach that was in this enterprise.

At any rate, to my great surprise, he ran straight through, or over, a crowd of the myrmidons, disabling one or two who attacked him, and, seizing the fly, lifted it clear from ground. I solemnly declare that I felt my pulse leap when I witnessed that rush! If you had seen it, together with all that had preceded, you would have been equally excited. And this fellow was a fighter to the king's taste! The instantaneous counter-attack of the multitude surrounding the fly compelled him to drop his prey, but, unlike his predecessors, he did not run away; on the contrary, he stood his ground and fought. I could not withhold my sympathies from him, and to my excited imagination he loomed as great as Hector. But, alas! he was doomed to meet the fate of Hector. He was seized, as it were, by a hundred mailed hands, and in a minute he was down and on his back. With my magnifying glass I saw his legs for a moment pirouetting in the air, but the enemy were so thick around him that I could not see how they finished him. But finish him they did with terrible swiftness. Then I perceived his big head and red thorax motionless in the midst of them. They began to drag him along. I thrust a spear of grass into the mêlée, but the blood of the victors was up, and they paid no attention to the interruption; they were not afraid now to defy the gods themselves!

They continued to drag their victim, and it was a minute or two before I comprehended their purpose, and when I did it filled me with a strange emotion. They were going to bury him; and that in the very gallery on whose verge lay the fly for whose possession he had fought! Slowly they forced the stiffened form toward its destined grave—they had about an inch to go, which was a considerable distance for them to bear such a burden—and, while they labored at their task, their comrades, busy with the fly, seemed to pay not the slightest attention to the funeral cortège. Not a step in their astonishing proceeding escaped me, and in the course of about ten minutes I saw the unfortunate victim of a too impetuous courage, or a too impulsive greed, disappear in the mysterious underground city, to join the beetle as future food for larvæ.

You will readily comprehend that by this time I had become too deeply interested to quit the scene longer than was necessary to snatch a hasty lunch. I even took the precaution to warn the gardener not to disturb my ants, and as quickly as possible I was again on the watch for events—and events succeeded one another with almost the regularity of stage settings.

When I returned the myrmidons were still in triumphant possession of their booty, although two or three robbers were skirmishing round the outskirts. It soon became evident that the little engineers were having difficulty in handling the fly. Its wings were widely spread, and they were unable to drag it into the gallery. But this did not baffle them; their science was equal to the occasion. Watching with the magnifying glass, I saw that half a dozen of them were very busy at the base of one of the wings, and presently it dropped off, whereupon a single ant seized it and pulled it down the hole. In the mean time others were trying different methods of dismemberment, but they made no headway. Having succeeded in their first attempt, the experienced leaders (for such they seemed to be) immediately attacked the other wing. This proved, for some reason, to be a much harder job. It was one of the most astonishing sights that I had ever looked upon to see the way in which some of them bent the wing to and fro, while others busily applied their nippers to the joint. Sometimes two or three would get upon the wing and depress it on one side, as if striving to break it off. And that that was their real purpose I became convinced when I saw them, in a similar manner, depress the wing to the ground on the opposite side. Thus they continued to bend it back and forth, while those who were laboring at the joint never relaxed their efforts. I actually saw some of the ants stand on their hind legs, reaching up to push the wing over when it was in an upright position. This continued, without intermission all the afternoon, until, just before seven o'clock, the wing at last dropped off and was instantly conveyed underground.

But other things were happening during this exhibition of practical insect mechanics. Scores of ants, not occupied with the dissection and interment of the fly, were opening and deepening other galleries, for apparently the whole of the destroyed city was to be reconstructed with the least possible delay, and every gang of workmen had its prescribed duty to perform. Over all the devastated space the utmost activity reigned. But the strangest interruptions came to distract the laborers from their work. The inhabitants of the surrounding forests seemed to be possessed with an insatiable curiosity concerning this fascinating little valley, where, as in the days of Romulus, fighting and building went on simultaneously, and side by side.

The arrival of food-bearers

Once it was a hunting spider who invaded the forbidden precincts. I welcomed his arrival with lively anticipations, but his stay was short and inglorious. He was instantly attacked, and but for the superior activity of his eight legs I suspect that he would have gone to join the beetle and the robber. Then it was a nondescript creature, with a horny back, and furnished with a dozen pairs of very stubby legs, who came nosing in where he had no business. When the ants pounced upon him something exceedingly laughable occurred. The moment he was touched he rolled himself up into a perfect ball, as round, hard, and smooth as a gray pearl, presenting no point of attack. They swarmed over him, trying to insert their nippers, when suddenly he opened himself out a trifle, like a tiny jack-knife, and, immediately snapping his ends together, caught an unfortunate myrmidon in the cleft. But it was evidently only an accident, as he did not repeat the feat, but henceforth retained his spherical shape, and was rolled about by the ants, until they got tired and left him, whereupon he cautiously unfolded himself, and, finding the field clear, made off at his best speed.

Next, another of the armored beetles, exactly resembling the one whose tragic fate I have already described, came strolling into the vale of doom, his antennæ waving exploratively. He approached an industrious group, as if he contemplated superintending the operations, and in a wink they had him by the legs. Then followed a repetition of the struggle which I had witnessed the first day. As if their former experience had taught them what to do the ants, within less than a minute, had attached clogs to two of his legs. It was amazing to see them flock from all directions to the scene of the fight, until there must have been a hundred attacking him, or trying to do so, for not all could approach him at once. Yet those who were busy with the fly did not intermit their labors. But the battle was not a long one. In a few minutes the beetle broke away and, dragging half a dozen persistent enemies at his heels, disappeared in the woods. A disorderly rout trailed after, but I lost sight of them all in the grass, and, as they eventually came straggling back, I concluded that he had made good his escape.

I should say here that these particular beetles appeared to be either a favorite prey or a source of special irritation to the ants, because, in the subsequent course of my observations, I saw many venture into the valley, and not one failed to draw an immediate attack. But they were hard to conquer, and, so far as I know, only two, besides the first, failed to escape. In fact, the ants would unhesitatingly attack any creature that invaded their ground, but they showed special animosity toward these fellows. The only living things that seemed to be exempt were a kind of miniature fat babies in bright scarlet pinafores, one or two of which wandered at their will amid the busy scene.

Two very large ants, which looked to be nearly half an inch long, and the only ones of their stature that I saw during the whole course of my observations, were also led by curiosity into the valley, and, although they did not even approach the fly, both were attacked without the slightest hesitation. This time I expected to see my friends get the worst of it; but it was not so. In a moment the giants were doubled up in the gyrating tangle of legs and bodies which had now become familiar to me as the characteristic aspect of an ant fight, and, although nobody was killed, so much execution was done upon the impertinent strangers that they lost no time, as soon as they could break loose, in imitating the defeated robbers by climbing trees to dress their hurts.

But to return to the fly. After the ants had succeeded in cutting off its wings they concentrated their attention upon the problem of disposing of the body. They got it into the entrance of the gallery, but by that time it was nearly sundown, and I left them. The next morning the fly was not to be seen, but whether they had succeeded in burying it, or whether the robbers had got it away from them, I do not know. I will now tell you how I came to think that the latter supposition might be the correct one.

At my next visit I supplied the busy citizens with another fly. I threw it down far from any gallery, and near the edge of the valley, hoping, I confess, that the robbers would take a hand in the business; and I was not disappointed. The myrmidons had hardly organized their engineering operations before several of the big thieves began to make dashes for the booty. One of them quickly paid for his temerity with his life, and the rest were driven off in panic. Almost invariably they sought refuge high on the grass stems, and one bore off a myrmidon firmly fastened to a hind leg. Every few seconds he would stop, curl himself up, and bite savagely at his little enemy, but the myrmidon never let go, and, although I followed them for nearly a yard through the "woods," the robber running from stem to stem, when I finally lost sight of them the little chap was still hanging on with unconquerable tenacity.

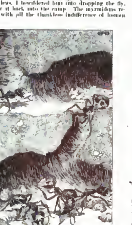
But my chief reason for describing this second struggle with the robbers is because it developed another remarkable exhibition of ant ingenuity. It so happened that the fly lay underneath a leaning sprig of stiff grass, which hung, like a superincumbent beam, within about a quarter of an inch of it. Presently I saw one of the robbers run out on this beam and reach down toward the fly. One of the myrmidons, whether by accident or not I cannot say, came up the same way, and caught the thief *in flagrante delicto*. There was a lively fight, the robber, as usual, getting the worst of it. He fled, but was evidently too much taken with the beauty of his scheme to be willing to give it up for one drubbing. However, in the scuffle, he had lost his bearings, and he was a long time finding them again. There were several other grass stems leaning over the place, and he skurried up and down them with the eager manner of a hound that has missed its scent, until at last he hit upon the right one.

Three or four times he rapidly ascended it and reached toward the booty, and then, as if seized with a sudden panic, turned and ran down again. It was one of the most amusing things that I have ever witnessed to see the anxiety and excitement of this fellow. Nobody can convince me that there was any sort of "tropism" governing his actions; and there was much more than what we ordinarily mean by "instinct" in them, too. He certainly thoroughly appreciated both the danger and the advantage of his position. He wanted that fly, and he had found a good way to get it, but he had painful recollections of the attack in the rear. At length he screwed up his courage and, poising himself on the end of the beam, stretched down to almost his full length, and fastened his jaws on the fly.

"Now, my fine fellow," I thought, "you'll take a tumble and there will be another dead outlaw in the larder."

But he knew his powers better than I did. To my great surprise he actually lifted the fly from out of the crowd of the myrmidons, and, to use a figure of speech, threw it over his shoulder and ran with it, like the wind, along the beam and down to the ground. In an instant he was up another erect grass stem, with the booty in his possession. He was now fairly in the woods, and with great judgment he kept as much as possible aboveground, making his way from branch to branch. This time it was my friends that I had to laugh at. Their stupefaction was in the highest degree amusing. They had not the faintest idea what had become of their fly, and they ran about, antennaing one another, in the wildest confusion.

However, I did not care to see them deprived of my gift, and, concentrating a burning ray on the robber with my lens, I bewildered him into dropping the fly, and threw it back into the camp. The myrmidons received it with all the thankless indifference of human


An ant nursery for the young

beings toward the kindnesses of the overlooking powers, and immediately resumed their efforts to detach the wings, as if the fly had never been out of their possession. Evidently the ant mind does not trouble itself with speculation about miracles.

I had observed that, while the robbers seldom failed to attempt the abduction of a fly which had been given to their little rivals, and often succeeded through some momentary inattention of the latter, they never interfered when a battle with a beetle was going on. This fact, together with the ease with which they were put to flight, led me to regard them as a cowardly race, and I wished to discover their stronghold in order to put them to a test. The standard of ant courage that I had set, based on the conduct of my little Romans, was a high one, and I did not believe that the others would measure up to it. For a long time I failed in my search, and the final discovery of the home of the outlaws was due to a clue given by one of themselves while running off with his booty. Seeing him drag it swiftly along the gravel walk, I kept at his heels. He led me a chase of about eight yards before turning sharply off into the grass. Here I lost sight of him, but, following the new direction of his course, my eye was led to an eminence of fresh earth heaped up in the grass and almost concealed by it. A moment's examination showed me that it was the fastness of the brigands.

They were loitering about the entrances to their den in no great numbers, and to call out their forces I shook up the nest. Immediately they swarmed out like angry bees. Then I dropped a beetle, of the familiar species, into the midst of them. As I had anticipated, instead of attacking they avoided it, and seemed glad when it had scrambled out of sight. A similar invader in the home of the myrmidons would not have taken three steps before being assailed by an army. Still, I thought that beetles might be distasteful to the robbers, and I cast about for another test. Only in the crude soul of a heathen god, or of a small boy, perhaps, could there be found an idea of so pure a strain of *diablerie* as that which now entered my head, and which I at once proceeded to put into execution. But I was in search of knowledge, which is usually regarded as a sufficient excuse in all such cases.

Collecting a large number of myrmidons on the many petalled head of a composite flower, I shook them down into the excited city of the outlaws. I felt that, at the worst, there was a kind of wild justice in my act, since it afforded the robbed a chance to get even with the robbers, though no doubt I was applying a principle not familiar to the ethics of ant life. At any rate, the result was instructive as well as diverting.

My little champions did not disappoint my expectations—far from it! They were not more numerous than the enemy, and individually the latter outmatched them beyond comparison in size, physical strength, and activity; yet, in less than a minute the giants were put to flight. They fought, it is true, but only when cornered. If one of them met a single myrmidon he turned and ran like a frightened deer. There were, nevertheless, many fierce struggles, but, so far as I could see, the myrmidons were always the aggressors, and invariably victorious. There were no slain, and in a very brief time the robbers were either "up a tree" or out of sight in the woods, while the invaders held possession of a large part of the camp, exploring the ground and running in and out of the galleries. It is only fair to the robbers to say that after their first terror they returned, rather timidly, it seemed to me, and resumed their labors. In the mean time most of the myrmidons had disappeared—in search, perchance, of their native city, which I trust they eventually reached—but those who remained had nothing to fear; they were always masters of the field wherever they might be.

To complete the experiment in relative fighting qualities, I afterward dropped a company of robbers into the city of the myrmidons. The result was exactly the opposite of that which had ensued in the other case. The idea of flight evidently never occurred to the little fellows, nor that of aggression to the robbers. The tocsin must have sounded in the streets of underground Rome, for her defenders poured forth in multitudes; but there was no need for their reinforcement—those who were on the spot sufficed, and the unwilling intruders fled in panic, several, as usual, having hurts that needed attention. My mind was now made up about those fellows; they were all Falstaffs! During all the time that I knew them I never saw the myrmidons run from any kind of an enemy or interfere with any property but their own, while the others were thieving continually, and would never fight if they could run.

The reconstruction of the city, a work which was never entirely intermitted even during the most exciting interruptions, interested me hardly less than the warlike episodes that I have described. Nature itself seemed to turn against the ants, as if to test to the utmost their powers of recovery. There came on a long series of violent thunder-storms, accompanied by hail and deluging rain. The little valley would swim with water and the newly raised mounds would be beaten level with the ground. Every morning I would find the tireless burghers removing what were, for them, huge beams (bits of dry fir leaves), and pebble boulders, which the torrents had drifted into the galleries, and by noon they would have the work in shape again, and every afternoon the hail and rain would descend, battering everything to pieces once more.

How much reasoning the ants may have done upon ultimate or proximate causes I do not pretend to know; but I am not disposed to set it down either to accident or to "instinct" that, after these meteorological vagaries had gone on to a point where human patience would have been exhausted, the plan of reconstruction underwent a change. The ants abandoned the low ground which I have called the "valley," and began to erect a circumvallation of mounds in the shelter of the grass, and on the more protected slopes. The exposed gallery openings in the low ground were apparently filled up, and new ones appeared in the fresh mounds. In the human world such things are recognized as the product of mind. Are they other in the world of the ants?

As I write the skies are blue again, and my little workers have had a long period of favorable weather to finish their labors. The new Rome, if not completed, is in a fair way soon to be so, and, like the city of the Tiber, it stands on seven hills.

Till Night Shall Come

By Gardner Weeks Wood

"How breaks the day?" you ask with patient eyes—
Cold bounds the earth, no breath along the skies.
 The hills yet watch the paling planets tread
 Their rutted paths; but o'er the long lake's head
One faint [illegible] star concedes its sacrifice—
 So close your eyes awhile till night is dead.

"How runs the hour?" you breathe with fevered lips—
White noon is here. The drifting bee that sips
 Its [illegible] inclines the wing. Along the shore
 The timid wind sings low; and ever lower
The lazy wave among the rushes slips—
 So drowse again till dusk shall touch your door.

"Is night yet come?"—thin fingers on your breast—
The clamoring rooks drop down the amber west
 Where veiled fields their praying hands uphold.
 Again the fireflies swing their lamps of gold,
And white moths flicker in unceasing quest;
 So rest you softly now—your day is told.

Morals and Moving Pictures

THE INTERESTING WORK OF THE NEWLY ESTABLISHED BOARD OF CENSORS WHICH PASSES UPON THE FILMS INTENDED FOR EXHIBITION IN THE 7,500 MOVING-PICTURE HOUSES WHERE FIVE MILLION AMERICANS SEEK THEIR CHIEF THEATRICAL DIVERSION

By William Inglis

The National Board of Censorship of Moving Pictures

THIS BOARD, ESTABLISHED BY THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK, AT THE INSTANCE OF THE EXHIBITORS OF MOVING PICTURES, PASSES UPON THE FITNESS OF THE FILMS FROM THE STANDPOINT OF PUBLIC MORALS. THE FOURTH PERSON FROM THE LEFT IS MATTHEW P. ADAMS, SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS FOR THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY; AND IN ORDER TOWARD THE RIGHT ARE, WALTER STOREY, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE BOARD; JOHN COLLIER, EDUCATIONAL SECRETARY OF THE BOARD; MRS. P. SEXTON, OF THE WOMEN'S MUNICIPAL LEAGUE, AND MRS. JOSEPHINE REDDING

GO into the upper gallery of any American theatre—no matter how successful the play may be—and look for the "gods." You will not find them. They are gone. The crowds that used to fill the seats to overflowing, stand in rows at the back and hang far out over the front rail to hiss the villain and cheer the ever-persecuted hero on his way have utterly vanished. There may be a few scattered relics of the old enthusiasts here and there among the empty benches, but their presence emphasizes the mournful vacancy about them. What, then—is vice no longer booed nor virtue applauded? Has the drama lost its hold upon those who formerly squandered upon it their warm emotions and hard-earned money? Not at all. In spite of the empty benches, the play's the thing still for the delectation of the gallery gods, but they get their play in a different form. The silent moving-picture drama has come to rival the living, talking actors. It affords infinitely greater variety, is equally moving, and is much cheaper. Moreover, it is educational, and lately it has been transformed into an uplifting influence by a curious revolution.

Can any one imagine all the plays of all the theatres in the United States submitted to a national board of censorship before being produced? The mind cannot conceive of such a vast undertaking as supervising the entertainment of so great a multitude, covering, as it does, a field so extended and including so much complexity of detail. Yet the theatrical entertainment of the vastly greater multitude that daily and nightly throngs the moving-picture shows of all North America is governed and guided by the National Board of Censorship, established recently by the People's Institute of New York City, with the hearty co-operation of the companies that make the picture-drama. The work of censorship is carried on briskly, smoothly, without fuss or friction, and so effectively as to amaze the observer who comes in contact with it for the first time.

It is a fair supposition that not one-third of the readers of this page really know the moving-picture show in its present stage of wonderful development. Many of us probably know moving pictures as a clattering, rackety performance, carried on in semi-darkness at the end of a vaudeville show, displaying a dashing spectacle of some sort on a glaring white screen in a series of pantomimes that hurt the eye with their dazzle and dancing, spark-like effects. Or possibly he has witnessed the pictured reproduction of some famous boxing-match.

But this is not it at all, not the real state of the enterprise. Let us for a brief while look at the thing, consider its actual status, its size, what it means, what its influence is upon the minds of one-fifth of the people of this country, and how its activities are made a means of educating and upbuilding these people by intelligent philanthropy working hand in hand with enlightened self-interest. The theme is insinuating. The statistics as to its scope are staggering, yet they are the result of careful tabulation by conservative experts.

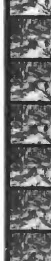
Five millions of Americans daily visit moving-picture shows in seven thousand five hundred theatres or places especially devoted to this form of entertainment. Two thousand five hundred vaudeville theatres also use the pictures. The price of admission varies from the modest fee of the nickelodeon to the ten, twenty, and thirty cent theatre, but ten cents is the prevailing charge for a programme of silent but vivid comedy, tragedy, and melodrama that occupies about an hour and a half. If by some inconceivable chance the moving-picture business should be suddenly stopped, sixty thousand men and women, at the most conservative estimate, would be thrown out of work. As for the capital invested, fifty millions of dollars is also a conservative estimate. A tremendous growth all this signifies since those primitive times, little more than twenty years ago, when Eadweard Muybridge first succeeded in catching on photographic plates instantaneous pictures of a trotting horse in the various phases of his stride. Those early pictures were little more than silhouettes. To-day every shade of human emotion as well as action is faithfully reproduced by the moving-picture machine, which at the rate of (two pictures per second) records the entire pantomime dramas played by well-trained actors and projects the action upon the screen with every appearance of life itself. Not one shade of emotion is missing. The spectators gulp, giggle, or guffaw as the effective points are scored just as they would in the presence of living actors. They hate the picture villain as heartily and cheer the picture hero on his virtuous way quite as earnestly as they did in the real theatres. Indeed, they have their favorite actors among the pantomimists, and when they appear in a moving-picture scene they are greeted with a hearty round of hand-clapping. There can be no doubting the firm and lasting hold this inexpensive and moving drama has on its gigantic public or the need of keeping its influence wholesome.

[illegible] the Biograph Co.

A section of film (exact size) from "The Unchanging Sea," suggested by Charles Kingsley's poem, "The Three Fishers." This film is 952 feet long

It is only within the last five or six years that the moving-picture industry has become sufficiently widespread to require regulation. Improvements in the methods of taking the pictures of men and animals in motion and reproducing them in life-like perfection suddenly launched upon an eager world an entirely new form of amusement. To maintain a theatre requires a house of special build, a mass of stage scenery, an orchestra, a company of actors, etc. To maintain a moving-picture show requires only a long, vacant room, easily darkened, with a clear wall space some nine feet square at one end, and rows of chairs or benches to accommodate the spectators. The capital required is small. The manager need not have had any previous experience. As soon as these facts were discovered there was a rush for this easy way to make money. Thus it came about that the early history of this popular amusement gave rise to many wretched incidents. Dull, ignorant, or vicious men, hungry for money and unscrupulous in the getting of it, flocked into the new enterprise. They were not in the majority, but they formed so large a proportion of the whole that they gave the business a bad name, which still persists in many places, despite the great improvement made of late. There were physical as well as moral risks. The awful Charity Bazar fire at Paris, in which so many women were trampled to death by cowardly men, had its origin in the fall of a spark upon the celluloid film of moving pictures which had been reeled into a basket. In Canton, China, six hundred Chinamen were burned to death last year in a moving-picture show fire, and in Quito, Ecuador, last February, fifty men and women lost their lives in a similar catastrophe. In the United States only the eternal vigilance of the fire departments of various cities has prevented like tragedies. Indeed, a leading organ of the moving-picture trade brought this indictment against the trade:

"The moving-picture business got started wrong. Instead of struggling along on the wrong road it should be given a start on the right road. Much time, money, and trouble will be saved by so doing. The majority of so-called picture theatres in this country to-day are what are termed store-shows—that is, ordinary store rooms in large mercantile or tenement buildings, primarily intended for saloons, grocery stores, etc. The ceilings are low, the ventilation is bad, and the exits are in many cases inadequate. It has been a fight from the beginning against avarice and greed, but the authorities have succeeded in reducing the possibility of danger to a minimum, although there are still many places that are merely obeying the letter of the law."



[illegible] the Biograph Co.

A section of film (exact size) from "The Mountaineer's Honor, a Story of the Kentucky Hills." This film is 977 feet long

The greedy showmen in New York City had a hard time. Their places were licensed as "common shows," on the same plane with merry-go-rounds, etc., and paying a small fee; but petty politicians saw that the showmen were making good profits, so they made the showmen pay rich tribute to them. Extortion, of course. The graft was very profitable. After an investigation of the License Bureau by the Commissioner of Accounts, many of the employees therein were put out of office and two of them were sent to prison. Mayor McClellan in his first burst of indignation, tried to revoke all moving-picture-show licenses, but that could not legally be done; yet one hundred and fifty of the shows were exterminated. The whole business was in a muddle. The nickelodeons were ordered out of all tenement-houses on account of fire risks.

and there was still much clamor against the character of many of the shows and show-places.

Then one hundred and fifty concerns engaged in the business of exhibiting the pictures in New York City called upon the People's Institute, when the hostile agitation was raging, and asked its officers to undertake the task of censoring the films before they should be distributed throughout the United States. The companies that made the films joined in the request. Why did they turn to the People's Institute? To any one who knows the principles of that unique organization and the history of its achievements the answer is obvious. Founded chiefly by the efforts of the late Charles Sprague Smith, who gathered around him a group of workers of great zeal and ability as well as financial sponsors of the highest standing, the People's Institute has been for years one of the most powerful influences in all America for the upbuilding of good citizenship. In a word its mission has been to help people most effectually by teaching them how to help themselves, not only physically and mentally, but morally and economically.

By courtesy of the Biograph Co.

One of the incidents in "Leatherstocking," a free adaptation from the tales of James Fenimore Cooper. It shows Big Serpent, who is about to kill a child, being shot by Leatherstocking. This story is full of dramatic action, and closes with Uncas standing alone on the brow of a hill, the last of the Mohicans

The People's Institute made a careful investigation. The searchers found seven hundred moving-picture theatres in New York City alone attended daily by no fewer than one quarter of a million of persons. Mere numbers but feebly represent the bulk of this vast army of spectators. Ranged as closely together as possible in single file, they would form a column fifty miles long. Or if they should be arranged in marching order on Broadway, New York, from curb to curb, they would form a procession extending from the Battery to Central Park. This great army was then and is now made up largely of the raw material of citizenship—young boys and girls and immigrants not long in the country, all quite as impressionable and as responsive to the spirit of the picture drama as they are eager to be amused. In half a dozen public schools selected at random from among the most crowded neighborhoods in New York City the investigators found that fully three-quarters of the children went to a picture show at least once a week—many of them oftener. In many cases the five-cent picture show was the only theatre all the members of a family could afford to visit together. The investigators gathered opinions as well as figures. A Western writer declared that the shows were "breeders of crime and immorality; they are fleeting, shallow, and destructive of relish for strong, deep, continued thought is quiet." A critic in a New Jersey mill town wrote: "While there is nothing morally degrading about them, there is nothing inspiring or elevating. The places are an education in mediocrity, and while not harmful to the grown person whose tastes are of a cheap order, it is too bad that school children should become delighted with the same cheap show." Another Western observer declared: "The beginnings of crime are developed here, and the absence of parents from the shows causes downfall and ruin." An observer in western New York declared that the shows stimulated boys to a career of theft, and that the darkened show rooms were resorts for vicious persons.

All of these indictments were true in many instances, and yet they were far from presenting an entirely truthful picture of the business. Mixed with the evil influences were a great majority of good ones. Professor Simon N. Patten, after much study, gave his opinion that the nickelodeons were "the first cheap amusement to occupy the economic plane that the saloon has so long exclusively controlled. . . To close the moving-picture theatre would be to leave the five-cent pleasure-seekers with no alternative but the saloon or the street."

The officials of the People's Institute found that there was in the moving-picture show a great deal of good that could be extended and strengthened, as well as a certain proportion of evil, originating in stupidity rather than in vicious intent, that could be eliminated. The enterprise had grown so suddenly from tiny beginnings to gigantic size that it was spotted with imperfections, yet these were easily removed and on the whole the prevailing influence in the business was for good.

The National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures was soon organized. Its governing board was made up of representatives of the Charity Organization Society, the Children's Aid Society, the City Vigilance League, the Ethical Social League, the Federation of Churches, the League for Political Education, the Neighborhood Workers' Association, the Public Education Association, the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and the Woman's Municipal League.

The moving-picture trust companies as well as the independents all voluntarily submitted their films to the inspection of the censors. There are a few picture-makers scattered here and there—ten per cent. or less of the whole number engaged in the business—who do not bring their pictures before the censors, but most of this small remnant will probably join the movement very soon.

Three or four times a week in a large room in Fifth Avenue especially adapted for the purpose the Board of Censorship meets. New moving-picture dramas—comedy, tragedy, farce—all are projected before them for inspection. Each member of the board has a card before him, or her, marked A for approved, D for disapproved, and ? for that which is questionable. After each exhibit is run off each member of the board ticks off A or D or ? with a pencil and the cards are collected. From these a report is prepared and sent to the manufacturer next morning. If anything grossly wrong is shown, the members of the board explain to the representative of the manufacturer—these men are always in attendance—just why the feature is wrong. The objectionable details are always stricken out. Then the revised play is shown again and sent on its way rejoicing. Not once in three hundred times is a moving-picture play rejected. The showing of crime for crime's sake is never tolerated. Moving pictures of a thief picking pockets or a burglar breaking into a building would not be permitted. Yet one of the most thrilling picture dramas shows a gang of counterfeiters at work in their den, every detail as clear as if the spectator were present in the den itself. Also the sword play in *Hamlet* and the smothering of Desdemona in *Othello* are not prohibited. For in all three of these plays the demands of justice are satisfied and there is no incitement to crime. The Board of Censorship sedulously performs two tasks—to eliminate inspiration to ill-doing, and to encourage good impulses and the spread of useful knowledge.

There were thirty local censorships in various parts of the country two years ago. Now there are only two local censorships left—Chicago and Worcester (Massachusetts)—and these find their work reduced to the minimum by reason of the thoroughness with which the National Board carries on its inspection at the fountain head.

By courtesy of the Biograph Co.

An instant in the progress of "The Country Doctor, a Story of the Temporal Deeds that Reap Spiritual Reward." A physician refuses to leave a poor sick child, although besought to return to the bedside of his own little daughter. He saves the poor child, and upon reaching home discovers that his child is dead

Many public and private educational institutions, thanks to the suggestion of the National Board, are using the moving pictures for educational entertainment. The subjects range from historic pageants to the habits of insects and the growth of plants, and although this phase of the enterprise is still in its infancy, the results thus far are satisfactory.

Ready-made Farms for Settlers

By Philip R. Kellar

WITH the arrival of the "ready-made farmers" upon their ready-made farms in southern Alberta, Canada, a new method of colonizing *de luxe* seems to have been initiated. No more hardships, no more uncertainties, no more wondering what crop to plant! Two instalments of these farmers from the British Isles have taken possession of the farms, and are watching their 1910 crops grow. They are pioneer farmers in Alberta but somebody else did all their pioneering for them. When they reached the frontier, after a pleasant ocean trip to Montreal and a journey westward on sleeping-cars, they stepped off the sleepers upon the farms that had been prepared for them.

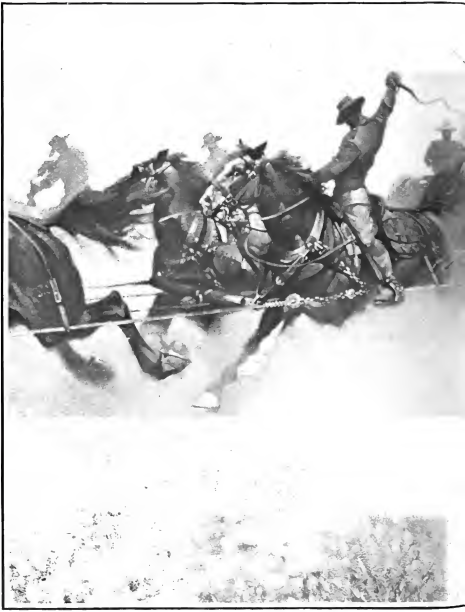
These farms are in the irrigated district of southern Alberta, a part of a tract of a million acres recently opened up. The farms are from eighty to one hundred acres in size. When the colonists arrived each farm was already fenced, had a dwelling-house, a stable, a well, and was stocked with agricultural implements. In addition to this, fifty acres had been broken and planted with the crops which agricultural experts had already learned would be the most profitable. When the crop matures the colonist will have more than enough money from its proceeds to make the first of ten annual payments for the farm. He does not have to pay anything until the crop matures.

There are some restrictions, however. The applicant must have $1,000 capital—that is to obtain only successful farmers. He must be married, have a family, and bring his family with him. For the present he must be a British subject.

Settlers are going into western Canada so fast that the Department of the Interior has found it necessary to erect tents for shelter at various places.

Shelters erected in Alberta by the Department of the Interior to accommodate immigrants

A yeoman settler from England in his new home upon the Alberta prairie



GOING IN

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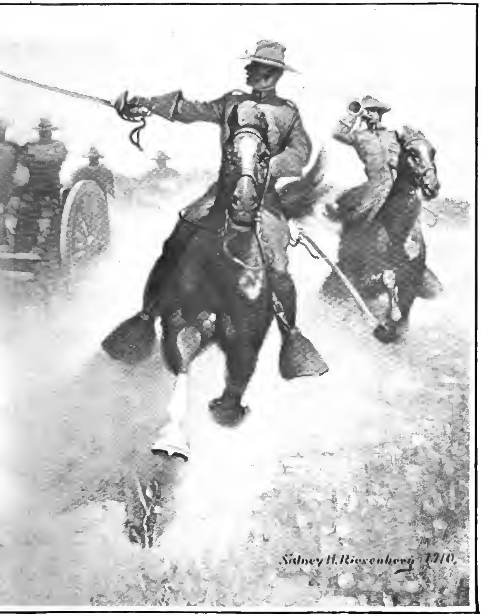
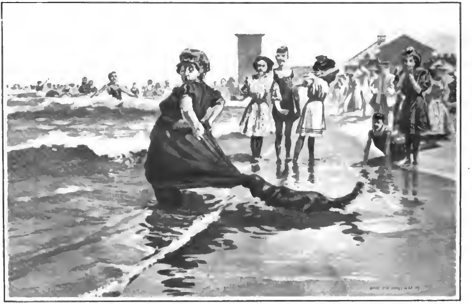

Sidney H. Riesenberg 1910.

O ACTION

RIESENBERG



OUR CANINE FRIEND WHO INSISTS UPON SAVING US EVEN WHEN WE ARE IN NO DANGER

COMFORTERS

A BISHOP of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in poor health, took a carriage drive with his family, in midsummer, among the White Mountains. They stayed over Sunday at Bethlehem, New Hampshire, and as he felt somewhat fatigued, the bishop remained in his room at the hotel during the early part of the Sabbath, his good wife staying with him to minister to his wants; but their bright little girl, Thelma, about six years old, was allowed to attend the service at a neighboring church, with instructions to remember the text for the edification of her parents. In due time the little girl came back.

"Well, my dear," said her mother with a kind smile, "did you remember the text?"

"Oh yes, mamma," replied the little girl with great confidence; "it was an easy one. It was, '*Don't be scared and you'll have a quilt.*'"

"Why, you must have made an odd mistake, dear," exclaimed her mother; "there isn't any such text as that in the Bible."

"That was the text, though, mamma," replied Thelma, in a very positive manner. "I've kept saying it to myself, so as not to forget it."

There was so much controversy and so many conjectures over this remarkable text that the bishop finally went to see the clergyman who preached at the neighboring church, related the story, and asked concerning the text. It was,

"Fear not, ye will have a Comforter."

FROM A PHILOSOPHER'S NOTE-BOOK

The man who hitches his wagon to a star must be a careful driver if he would avoid disaster. Any impresario will tell you that stars are exceedingly skittish.

A coat of arms is a poor possession on a cold night, and under the scorching rays of adversity a family tree, no matter how shady, affords little protection.

When a man demands the earth of you, give it to him cheerfully, but with the understanding that he must go out and collect it for himself.

If it be true that when poverty flies in at the door love flies out at the window, the young married couple who are careful should provide their home with fly-screens.

Many women consider themselves hardly treated when their husbands are not treating them all the time.

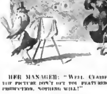
There is no deadheading on the road of experience. The man who does not pay as he goes will have to do so before he gets to the end of his journey.

Girls are called 'lasses' not only because they are sweet, but also because so many of us poor human flies get stuck on them.

Beware of the widow who is on with the new weeds before she is off with the old weeds. She is not likely to remain the widow of the man whose widow she is.

The man who insists upon keeping a skeleton in his closet may be said to make a grave mistake.

If you must cry over spilt milk let your tears fall into the pitcher. If there are enough of them they may make up for what was spilt.



HER MANAGER: "WELL, CLAIRE ST. CLAIRE, IF THE PICTURE DON'T GET YOU FEATURED IN A BROADWAY PRODUCTION, NOTHING WILL!"

Of course Homer nodded. He was too good a fellow not to whenever he met one of his friends.

The man who is looking for trouble has no trouble in finding it. That is where the trouble comes in.

The real truth is that under modern conditions, surrounded as he is on all sides by temptations, it is hard to keep a good man up.

A philosopher has said that discreet women have neither eyes nor ears. It is, however, the unfortunate fact that they have noses, and get there just the same.

Because it is futile to throw pearls before swine is no good reason why you should hide your new necklace from the custom-house inspectors.

It is a mistake to believe that a cigarette fiend is a genius because where there is so much smoke there must be some fire.

ADVICE

"Doctor," cried little Bingle, over his telephone, "my wife has lost her voice. What the dickens shall I do?"

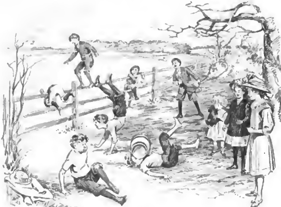
"Why," said the doctor, gravely, "if I were you I'd remember the fact when Thanksgiving Day comes around, and act accordingly."

Whereupon the doctor chuckled as he charged little Bingle two dollars for professional services.

PROOF

"Do you believe, Doctor, that man is made of dust?" asked the student.

"I don't know about man," returned the professor, "but I am sure girls are—they make such a dickens of a lot of trouble when they get in a fellow's eye."



THE DAY AFTER THE CIRCUS

SUPERFLUOUS

The dark world had become rosy and sweet. A new dawn had entered into Harkaway's vision, and it was all gloriously golden. Mabel, as they paced the sands on that wonderful moonlight night, had yielded to his passionate entreaties, in which he had voiced all the aspirations of his ardent nature, and had spoken a soft yes to his question.

"Yes, Harold," she had murmured, with a shy glance at the moon—"yes, dear, I will be your wife."

For a long while Harkaway was silent. He feared to break the spell of the moment with ordinary human speech. So far and away beyond his real expectations had her answer been that it was difficult for him for the time being to realize that it was not all a dream, and who could tell but that the sound of his own voice would awaken him to a lonely reality? Thus they walked on for a brief period, and then summoning his courage to his aid he ventured:

"Say it again, Mabel—let the enchanting accent come once more to my devoted ears that I may know it is true!"

"Yes, Harold," she repeated—"yes, dear, I will be your wife."

He folded her in his arms, and a kindly cloud obscured the moon for a second, as though to hide her blushes.

"To-morrow I shall go to New York," he cried, his heart elate. "What is your father's address, sweetheart?"

"Father?" she repeated. "Oh—father's address—why, it is steen hundred and two Wall Street. What do you want daddy's address for, dear?"

"I am going to ask him to smile upon our—" he began.

"Oh no, Harold," she remonstrated. "I wouldn't do that. Dad's very busy, and we never bother him with little things."

"Little things?" he cried.

"Yes, dear; they annoy him very much indeed," she replied. "I don't think I'm engaged to a single man now who's been to see popper—it makes him so mad when the fall comes and I break it off."

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

NOT THE SAME.

They called the thing a bungalow,
  But when I asked the rent—oh my!
They really wanted so much dough
  It must have been a bungle-high.

Be careful of the girl who drops her eyes, my son. There is no telling where a dropped eye may glance off to at times.

We know a man who says that the closer you try to get to a Bostonian the more distant the latter becomes, but we do not believe it. We did business with a Bostonian once and he was even closer than we were, and that is going some.

Promises are the dust which shifty politicians throw into the public eye.

If you are a pronounced brunette and wish to become a blonde, sleep on the beach. You will arise in the morning with sandy hair.

Mr. Dippy wants to know if the engine of a biplane lets off its steam through a bivalve. If Mr. Dippy will call and ask that question in person we will demonstrate to him the great value of having a safety valve always within reach.

Always address a widow as "Madame," Ikkdad, and never rudely strive to attract her attention by calling "Hay!" in a loud voice. She may be a grass widow.

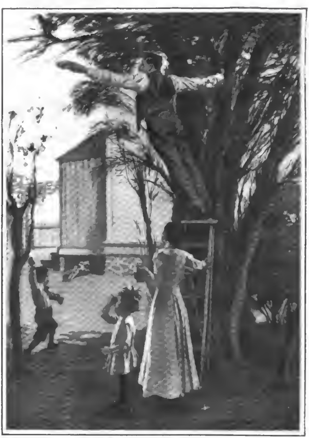
There are none so blind as those who see perfectly well, and won't admit it.

They call them "a litter" of pigs, Asphodel, because the best products of the pen are always of a literary character.

The insurrectionary habit of the suburban commuter as a class entitles him to a newly coined designation,—commutineer, for instance.

If our population continues to increase in the next ten years at the same rate as in the past decade we shall soon have standing room only in Congress.

The curious thing about the man who has his price is that the more worthless he is the surer he is to get it.



"NICE KITTY! NICE KITTY!"

Everything comes to him who waits except first choice.

The chances are that if you investigate the suit of the wolf in sheep's clothing you'll find it shoddy goods, after all.

According to the dictionary, "to tip" is "to upset," but we have seen many a waiter who was very much upset because he had *not* been tipped. All of which goes to prove the marvellous elasticity of the English language.

Since the announcement of the Rev. C. W. De Lyon Nicoll that investigation shows only sixteen persons worth mentioning in real society in New England, Boston common has fallen off eighteen points. No wonder New-Englanders are said to be cold! You can't expect to get much heat out of a social register of that size.

ARCADY

Started out for Arcady,
  No one knew the way,
Wandered onward wearily
  Through the dreary day.
Lost my bearings, lost my chart,
  Troubles round me pressed,
Footsore, weary, faint of heart,
  Spirit sore distressed.

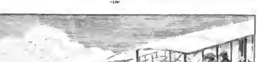
Road to Fame was sweet indeed,
  Road to Wealth was bold,
But the laurel turned to weed
  And the gems were cold.
Wealth and Honor are a goal
  Fit for chivalry,
But they never lead the soul
  Into Arcady!

Suddenly across my path
  Flashed a pair of eyes—
O such eyes as Polly hath,
  Soft as summer skies—
Flashed like stars of summer nights
  O'er the summer sea.
Quoth my heart: "These are the lights,
  Lights of Arcady!"

Came the note of Polly's voice
  Sounding through the dark
Singing numbers rare and choice
  As the morning lark.
Fled away the darkness all
  As it came to me.
Quoth my soul: "This is the call,
  Call of Arcady!"

At my threshold, waiting there,
  Radiant with grace
Glint of gold upon her hair,
  Smiles upon her face,
Dancing gayly as a gnome
  Arms stretched forth for me—
It was then I knew that Home,
  Home was Arcady!

John Kendrick Bangs.



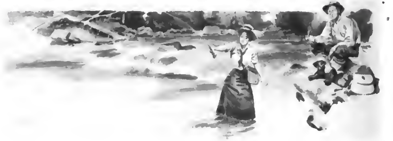
THE BELL BUOY

NERVOUS PASSENGER: "Great heavens! What's that?"
AERONAUT: "Bell buoy—sky scrapers about, I guess."

Truant Disciples

By Henry S. Watson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



I LIVE in the upper West Side; that is, I don't exactly *live* there, I stay there in the winter months and work. The apartment is cozy and comfortable. I *live*, in the warm months, out in the country; I *live*, even in the cold spring and autumn storms, in the country, when for three days I am an abject slave to open fires.

On an evening in May, when the windows stood wide open and the thermometer marked summer heat, I leaned out of my back window for a breath of fresh air. Something in the starry night, the scent of sachet-powders wafted from boudoirs on the next street, inspired me with a desire to write a fish story; perhaps it was the first breath of spring and the call of the tamed and trained wild I have in my system that awakened, and naturally it turned to fish and woods. Now in late October, with a smell of gunpowder in the air, it would not have been fish, I am certain.

I took another big breath of the May night air, mixed with sachet, pulled my head in, announcing to Juliet my intention. The minute I had unburdened myself I saw it was the wrong time for my statement to receive proper sympathy and encouragement, for a gown had come home from the tailor's just before dinner and had been tried on—a gown that comes home from the tailor's is always wrong. You can hook and unhook and make wild statements in regard to it as you smooth out a place where it draws in the back, before the glasses are adjusted to the right angle; you like it and it will be all right after it is worn once or twice, but if you wish to live comfortably, forget yourself until it has been worn in public and other women have turned to look at it with envious expressions, then give rein to your ideas, be just as childish and as human as you like.

Juliet dispenses advice and criticism; sometimes each blow is as sure as the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer. Then again the blows get wild and the head flies off the hammer. She looked at me, and suddenly I was conscious of the fact I had no coat on. Without any preamble and still looking at me as I put on my coat, she inquired if I thought there was anything new to write on fishing, any new kind of fly to wrap or a new sort of cast to make, or a new pickled bait that would catch them, even on off days. As for the philosophy of it, her father had ten editions of Izaak Walton, differing only in abstruse introductions and a large variety of pictures with violent imaginations on the part of the artists.

Her questions seemed unanswerable, and my silence and comfortable position in a Morris chair were incentive to advice, so I was told that the story must have a wonderful girl in it, either a country dryad that was an utter impossibility, or a well-bred city girl that would look well in an illustration; but that kind didn't know bait from a fly and hated to eat off the ground, or I ought to "get in" some country boys, but after *Huckleberry Finn* I might strain my imagination a little. Then again, I might rave over the birds and introduce their songs; they filled up pages very well and looked intelligent. Or botanize along the brook as I caught four-pound trout incidentally, and brought fifteen home in a medium-sized creel. It sounded to me like an old and well-trained grave-digger throwing in the clods of dirt.

We moved to the country for the summer. The place was about a mile and a half from a village that hibernates for the winter months—at least, the people look it; but if you do any business with them, you know they have not slept a second overtime or probably not at all. They have stayed awake to scheme how they can "do" the summer people. The price of a postage-stamp is worth hours of whittling.

On the road toward the town, a half mile or so from us, was a house modern—Dutch door, Italian pergola, Gothic windows at the landing of the stair, stucco eaves, and patent roofing—it came out of one of those papers whose cooking receipts always end up 'and garnish with parsley,' I am sure. On the well-trimmed lawn I had noticed several times one of those purely American exports—a girl. Being middle-aged and, I trust, fairly respectable-looking, with near-sighted glasses I treated myself to several impolite stares, when I was alone. When driving by with Juliet I suggested jig-saw work in various corners of the house or a well sweep on the lawn to add to the effect. One day we met the girl face to face on horseback on a narrow country road as we were driving. We all three stared with a humorous mutual wish in our eyes. After she had passed, Juliet said: "You must meet that girl and take her fishing to write your story. I am too stout to be rescued gracefully if I slipped in a pond; also there are several other reasons." We looked at each other and smiled.

"Well," said I, "I told you the dress fitted and was a success, even if this runabout seat is too narrow for us together."

A day or so afterward, as I was waiting in the Post-office for the mail to be sorted, I saw the girl coming up the street. I stepped out and stopped in front of her, lifted my hat, and said:

"We are sure to meet before the summer is over. You know I could go to the same church you do and accomplish it that way or in various other ways, but I want to meet you now, for I want you to go fishing with me soon, very soon," and I rushed on, while two blue-gray eyes travelled over me with a cold and distant stare, then looked into mine, saw my whimsical wrinkles and bald head, and the eyes grew humorous and softer.

"Let us sit on the horse-block and talk it over, Mr.—?"

"Just as if you didn't know my name," said I, as I sat down.

"Will you dig the worms, Mr. Childish, Whimsical, Respectable, Married Man?"

"Of course—but why not flies? and what is your favorite name, that I may call you by that?"

"You have waded upstream and breasted the current for so long, why not call me Lorna Doone?"

"Very well, Lorna Doone. I could make excuses, give compliments, state reasons, etc., etc., but this is not the psychological moment, sitting on the horse-block, furnishing the villagers with a scandal. Don't you know that no resident of the village was ever known to sit on this horse-block? It is only we crazy city people that break these quaint village customs. How the village social line will be drawn for us after this I know not, but I suspect the grocer will add a cent a pound to my groceries, making sure I won't notice it—that all my time is given up to trying to keep out of an insane asylum."

"John Ridd, I saw a man sitting here the other day. He was a villager, too."

"Yes, Lorna Doone, I know, but he was awful wobbledy in his walk for broad daylight, and he furnished scandal, I am sure. Or do you mean—"

"No, John, I don't. But tell me about this fishing trip."

"Well, Lorna, can you meet me to-morrow morning under the big oak at daylight, where Swiftwater comes into Indian Run, boots and creel and a lunch for a girl of your size? I will cook breakfast there—bacon and eggs and coffee. Some day I'll tell you why I asked you."

"Good-by, John. I will be there, and each man brings his own lunch, does he?"

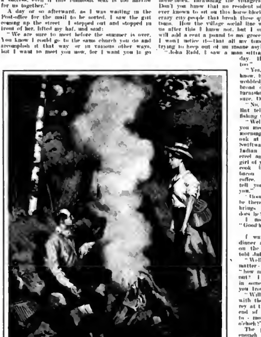
I nodded and said, "Good-by, Lorna."

I waited until after dinner and it was dark on the porch before I told Juliet.

"Well," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "how am I to help you out? I suppose I come in somewhere to rescue you from scandal?"

"Will you meet us with the horse and surrey at the bridge at this end of Paradise Valley to-morrow at two o'clock?" I asked.

The pause was long enough for me to run over several other plans in my mind, but at last the answer came, "Yes," and I was scolded as a matter of duty. I bor-



I straightened up and smiled in my most genial manner rowed her French clock and it was gracefully loaned, and we discussed the time to set the alarm.

The fire was crackling and two washed and scoured tomato-cans filled with bubbling, boiling water hung on wires over it, two melons were in the spring, when Lorna Doone strode down the dewy, woodsy path. I made myself mighty busy around the fire.

"Good-morning," she said, in a rather formal voice.

I straightened up and smiled in my most genial manner.

"Good morning, Miss Doone." I hurried with the breakfast and the cans were safely hidden away.

"Is that your creel, or is it borrowed?" I asked, as we made ready for our fishing.

"Mine. But why do you ask?"

For an answer I reached for it, lifted the lid and smelled and looked inside. "Ah, Sherlock Holmes, you are wondering what I know about fishing. Well, let me tell you you will have to get your own hooks out of the bushes more often than mine, I am thinking."

So we started. She was to whip the pool at the door of our breakfast-room; I was to go up Indian Run a short distance and wade down the stream under the alders with a plebeian worm, for one couldn't cast there. And the story of the worms? When she put her tackle together in a most businesslike manner which made my heart glad, she asked if I had brought any worms. I gave a surprised stare and shook my head. I was withered with a glance. It was the business of fishing now and nothing else. She hunted around in her khaki skirt and produced a tin bait box. "Oh, to be classical!" said I, and produced another, which gave rise to mirth on her part, so we separated.

I was coming down the brook, playing the riffs and catching a kindergarten that had just been let out, putting them all back carefully and staying overlong with the deep places under the roots and back of rocks, but they were all under the limit. Suddenly over the noise of the gladdening, tumbling water I heard a faint noise that didn't belong to the sun-shot valley. I put my hand to my ear and I heard Lorna Doone calling excitedly. I scrambled on the bank, saw that my rod was safe, and dashed toward her. As I got near enough, I called. And back came the answer:

"Oh, Johnny boy! Johnny boy! I have hooked the grandfather of them all and I can't land him alone!"

And as I stumbled over the dry rocks to the pool, she begged and pleaded for me to come take the rod and land him, for she was afraid he would get away.

"Doonsie, you're a dead game!" said I, as I looked things over. "Keep him away from that root. Your rod will stand just a little more. That's a corking rod."

But never a word from Lorna Doone, so I stood back and grinned, and thrice he turned belly up only to fight again, and Lorna Doone was set about the lips, and steely about the eyes, and I was braced to run if he got away. I am not a coward, but I had gambled my all on that one word. He came ashore in a scientific manner; had his neck broken and the lid of the creel had to be lifted to get him in. When it was fastened down, Lorna Doone turned to me.

"You are very welcome for my assistance," said I, quickly. "That is the record fish forever in these parts—over two pounds, I am sure. You did it beautifully. No—no—don't attempt to thank me; I'll go back and find my rod and we will catch more of them." Another sentence with Lorna Doone's expression covering me like a highwayman's pistol and I would have stuttered, I am certain. So I turned and walked away, calling back, "I'll get my rod and finish Indian Run."

As I reached my rod, I was still wondering. I smoked on it, and sat on the bank. Two sandpipers hustled up the brook in their catch-their-breath style of flying, a yellowhammer came along jogging for breakfast, saw me, turned and made off through a glade. I threw my arms up at the white spot on his back and glanced along the gun-barrels of imagination and pulled, to see a fat partridge tumble in a cloud of feathers. Two salamander newts wormed their sluggish way on the edge of the stream; the first breath of the morning's breeze came down the valley singing a song of joy in the tree-tops.

"Gee!" said I, as I jumped to my feet. "She will work it out why I said it." And then I forgot Lorna Doone and all the world, for a big trout dashed out from behind a rock at my worm which was drifting ahead. He scurried back, and I crouched in the shade and carefully pulled the line in and sent it back again. Again he dashed out, full of business; again I pulled the line back, put on a fresh worm only to have him repeat his manœuvres. Then I tried him with a fly drifting, but that wasn't to his liking, either. Everything I had in the shape of a lure went to his front door, and each time he came dashing out like a gossiping old busybody, to rush back and see if his bread was burning—so I decided it was a she not a he—and I left her there for another day—or for a boy with a bent pin. I caught three fair-sized trout and then discovered I was hungry. I wondered if Lorna Doone would be at the luncheon place, and I confess I didn't care. I caught my breath at the thought and mentally came to the conclusion that twelve months of summer woods and fishing would put me back to a cave-man, and I was going over in my mind some wonderful thing I could give her to ease my conscience and to make her understand it all, when I came upon her reading at the luncheon place.

"Lorna," I said, before I could even catch my breath, "I very humbly apologize for what I said this morning."

"John, you are forgiven. You are so old and wise you knew exactly what to say, and I have the fish to prove it."

"Yes, Lorna, I am old and wise, and I haven't any side-combs or powder-rag to make myself respectable for lunch. Have you got silk stockings on?"

"No, Johnny boy, and my excuse is there are no convenient places along this stream for taking one's heels in case of sudden holes."

"Well, Doonie, let us get the lunch."

With her first mouthful, she looked at me in a merry mood and said: "Fie on a man fishing without a flask, and you look just like a man who all the men greet by saying, 'Hello, old man! Have a drink?' It is very bad form to tip your flask in private, also it shows a black heart. Haven't you a flask, or are you a teetotaler?"

"Doonie dear, I will confess to not having a flask, but on this sort of smiling nature trip, I don't care for it. I am not a teetotaler; I love dearly to sit in with several men at the club, evenings, and listen to a doctor and a lawyer telling us how the pyramids were built."

The summer breeze came rushing through the valley almost like a tropical trade-wind, tossing the leaves in mad joy, flaunting their white under-sides to the blue sky, bringing now and then to our ears the noise of tumbling waters. Birds flitted near and darted away; chipmunks and red squirrels gathered in an irregular circle around us waiting until we left for a mad scramble over the leaves for our crumbs.

The fishing after lunch was not so enthusiastic or so good. For several times I caught up with Lorna and she sent me on ahead while she day-dreamed on a mossy bank, and then she caught up to me with my line dangling and my pipe out, watching a mother rabbit with young ones, and we both got down on our hands and knees and crawled closer for a better look.

We drew near the bridge at the upper end of Paradise Valley together. I saw the brass on the harness of a horse glisten as he stood in the shade near the bridge. I stole a furtive look at Lorna Doone which met one from her. Hers was a look of knowledge. It came from behind a bush and it wasn't our horse or surrey; it was a cut-under and Lorna's mother sat on the front seat. She had not discovered us yet, and I motioned Lorna to be quiet while I sat down back of the bush and gave way to silent mirth. When I caught my breath, I asked her how many fish we had caught. She flashed me a smile and said, "Why, of course, that will be the first question—a fisherman's greeting, 'What luck?'" So we emptied our creels back of the bush and counted fourteen trout, my ears straining for the sound of a horse and surrey. It came and we stepped out, and Lorna gave a little "Oh!" as Juliet and our surrey came into view.

As we hurried toward the carriages, Lorna Doone said under her breath, with a most charming smile, "You are a horrid old man and I know all your past."

"I suspected it, Lorna dear," said I.

"Don't you ever dare to call me that again," came back.

Then there was much formal talk, and everything was stowed away in the carriages. Juliet asked me to go over under the trees and gather some ferns for her, and as I stooped over the first bunch I heard laughter and good-byes floated to me. I stood up and two carriages were careening up the hill—much to the surprise of the well fed horses, I imagine.

"I have hooked the grandfather of them all and can't land him alone"

I gave a low whistle, walked out and sat down on the bridge, lit my pipe. Four dusty up-hill-down-dale miles in rubber boots! Pshaw! I wonder whose idea it was. There were three of them. I will eliminate Lorna's mother and that makes two. I will give some one fifteen minutes to come back for me.

Twenty-five minutes, and I started to walk, planning a revenge. I dipped down and around a bend and there stood our horse and surrey tied to a tree, with a note scrawled in lead-pencil, pinned on the seat, from Juliet. It read:

"Hurry home, dear; we are going to dinner to-night in the house with the patent roof, which is only leased for the season, same as ours. I find we are quite well known to the Hastings, through the dear Murrays."

How He Who Runs Must Read

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

In days of yore, how easily
A story could be read,
One turned the page, and then perused
Upon the next, the thread.

But now, the style has changed. Alas!
At foot of page to-day
Are words which to a reader bring
A look of blank dismay.

("Continued on page—so and so")
Looks innocent, I ween,
But ere I reach that far-off page,
How much comes in between!

My mind is made to flutter off
On divers themes to dwell,
Lo,—parts of other tales I see,—
Advertisements as well!

A Page of Fashions,—How to Wield
The Useful Crochet-hook;
And then, forsooth, I pause to see
The Latest Things to Cook.

A Page of Helpful Hints, and one
On How to Dress the Hair,
How Something out of Naught to Make;
And How to Plan a Fair.

And then, advertisements galore,
Again my eye must scan
Before I reach the story which
I long ago began.

Ah! Were I let without a break
To end a tale, I vow,
Oh, Gentle Reader, I should be
As gentle too as thou!

But times have changed. Alas, with thee
I have no fellowship
For modern editors prefer
To make me run and skip!

"The smallest waist in France"

MME. POLAIRE, THE FRENCH PANTOMIMIST AND DANCER, WHO RECENTLY MADE HER FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE AT HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA. MME. POLAIRE IS PROUD OF HER REPUTATION AS "THE WOMAN WITH THE SMALLEST WAIST AND THE HOMELIEST FACE IN FRANCE."

A scene from "Girlies"

A GROUP IN ONE OF THE NEWEST OF THE SUMMER SHOWS, NOW ON VIEW AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. IN THE TOP ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): JULIA MILLS, EDNA MAYO, DOROTHY ESTEP, ERMINIE CLARK. (LOWER): NELLIE DUPREE, MILDRED BRIGHT, CORINNE FENELTON, PAULA PAULINE

THE PLAY AND THE PLAYERS

AMONG THE WARM-WEATHER SHOWS ON NEW YORK STAGES

The Gentler View

FELLOW ARTISTS, ETC.

By Florida Pier

When an artist was an artisan and a member of a guild, he may have preferred the company of his fellow artists to that of people who regarded his craft with respectful ignorance, but it seems very doubtful. In time the guilds dissolved because of internal dissension and other reasons, and out of the wreckage was saved the wholly absurd belief that because two people are interested in the same work they are interested in each other and will amicably and instantly discuss their various achievements and theories. This having never been known to happen, except in rare cases where hero worship and a kindly leniency toward young disciples met and blended, it is remarkable how stubbornly the idea is clung to by the majority of minds. Hostesses, even in these enlightened days, smile ecstatically: "You are both sculptors. I know you will have so much to say to each other that I am going to leave you together in this quiet corner," and she hurries away confident that at least two of her guests are happy, amazingly blind to the blank antagonism with which they are silently eyeing each other, unaware of their desperate horror at being left alone. The truth of the matter is they have nothing to say to each other. They either know each other's work and think it entirely unimportant or, what is far more harassing, they know they ought to know the other's name and, after a vague, unhappy fashion, do, but cannot for the life of them connect it with any one piece of work and are in terror of blundering into a disclosure of their uncomplimentary ignorance. They dread hearing the daily platitudes of the studio at an evening party, where they hoped for a little diversion and change. They are unattracted by a stranger who feels he already knows them backward, and knows them for an uninspired member of an overcrowded, unappreciated profession.

To meet those who are doing the same work we are, to live with them—colonies of artists are constantly being formed from which, at the moment of their crystallization all the artists flee, to be replaced by brokers who like an artistic atmosphere—is to be understood to the point of exposure, and our lives are one prolonged effort to escape such damaging familiarity. What is generally pleasing to a writer is to meet a horse-dealer, or a sea captain who calls him an "author chap," and looks askance at his teeming brain, while a singer is greatly soothed by the hard-headed admiration of a judge who remarks with subdued wonder that he has never met a singer before. It is childish, but singularly engaging to be asked, "How ever do you do it?" and this question is forever denied one among those of our own profession. They know the wretches perfectly. To be a rarity, if possible, a bit of a celebrity, and this is sweetest of all, a source of wonderment to people high in their own professions, is an experience so refreshing that it is small wonder if the precaution is taken to make one's home among those of a different calling.

Just this precaution as to one's address brings in its trail a multitude of likable moments. One can dilate on the small rewards of one's art and get with hot sympathy from an idealistic young clerk who works twice as hard and gets a third as much. One can work with humility among those who marvellously say, "How do you think of such things?" How do you indeed! It is a marvel to you: the ideas just come; and having stated this, your eyes shine with an exalted gratitude—a question that interpreted reads, "Why should I have been picked out to be so much more talented than other people?" It is trying to have the wrong thing admired. If the thing is very wrong, it is trying to the point of squeamishness, but it is far better than to have nothing admired. It lifts you gently from the low spot where you have fallen prostrate, bruised, and made to bleed by your silently expressed opinion of your own work. It throws a pitiless light on the critical judgment of your admirers, but you find it in your heart to forgive them their ignorance for the sake of their healing enjoyment, and gladly you accept their supporting arms until you have reached a stand where you can endure the sight of your own work. Later, when you adore the sight of it, when you are pugnaciously dancing a dance of triumph before it, you could bear the approach of a fellow artist, but these fortified moments come at such rare intervals.

Men have the most unreasonable dislike of a direct question. It is not an objection to the subject. They will tell you all about a thing at length if only you do not question them. So rabid do some of them feel on the matter that a drawled (you really do not want to know), "Where did you dine last night?" brings a laconic and sternly repressive "Out." It is as though they felt their dearly prized freedom consisted of a right to do things without being questioned, and that every sentence ending with a rising inflection threatened their manhood, made them appear no better than a woman. One partly understands their nervousness, but it is not really a sign of weakness on their part to admit that they are going to the theatre. A response does not of necessity make us cease to respect them. When they come home from an affair of interest we know they want us at home, and we amicably ask the question they might be supposed to wish, but the first interrogation closes the amazing creatures up, as though they were willing to give up their bounty only on the condition that no demands are made of them.

The trait is so perverse and unreasonable that women given to thinking the best of men, no matter how slight their encouragement, ask questions over and over again in the hopes that this time they will answer as, of course, they are most anxious to do.

"Well, was it interesting?" she asks, lightly.

"Ummhum, interesting enough," his tone one of patient martyrdom.

"Any one there I knew?"

"Not that I remember."

"Wasn't Tom there?"

"Oh yes, he was there."

"Well, did he make a speech?"

"Ummhum."

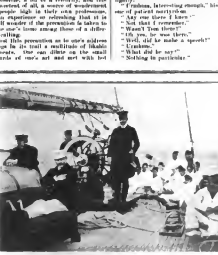
"What did he say?"

"Nothing in particular."

"He must have. Can't you remember the gist of it? Was it a success?"

"Yes-s-s." And so on for a maddening ten minutes until the leaden soul has shown that he does not have to tell unless he wants to, and that questions are no more to him than futilely buzzing flies, such is the large, unswervableness of his rightful reserve.

It is so surprising to uncover these deep-seated, primitive feelings with such a small weapon as a question. One has great difficulty in getting accustomed to the avalanche of masculinity which rolls upon one at the least jarring of interrogations. All apology one backs away, gasping: "I beg your pardon. I had forgotten you were a man. I thought you were a human being." A woman does not mind being talked to as an intelligent member of the opposite sex, but a man is so hotly sensitive of his calling—which is, first and above all else, masculinity. He is so jealous for its perquisites and furiously gasconades if one takes a short cut to him and forgets the formal salute required by his principal trait. One would think that by this time they would have become accustomed to their funny selves and have ceased to demand punctilious observance of their idiosyncrasies, but, if anything, they are getting worse, and they now resemble services in Latin so old that the meaning is quite forgotten and the respect a matter of indulgent habit.



WHEN THE KAISER TAKES HIS EASE AFLOAT

EMPEROR WILLIAM ON BOARD HIS YACHT "METEOR," TAKING PART IN THE KIEL REGATTA. THE EXTENDED COUCH INDICATES THAT HE HAS NOT WHOLLY RECOVERED FROM HIS KNEE TROUBLE

Bells for Grazing Animals

Most of the cow bells, not to speak of bells for sheep and for grazing horses and mules, are manufactured in New England, and it is claimed that one little town in Connecticut furnishes by far the majority of cow bells made.

The metal for the bells is received at the factory in large, flat sheets of thin iron direct from the rolling mill and is passed under a steam-driven cutter that turns out the properly shaped pieces like patterns for a double-bladed axe. Then a ring for a clapper is fastened into the centre of each piece, and it is spanned with a little iron strap for a handle. Finally the piece is bent down into the familiar bell shape and its sides riveted together on the anvil.

The next step in the manufacture is to impart tone and color to the bell. These are gained by a coating of brass and a bath in a fiery furnace. In nests of four or five the bells, ranging in size from the little three-inch sheep bells to the seven-inch cow bells, are placed, with a mixture of charcoal and brass filings between them, in plumbago crucibles, the lids whereof are held in place by a plastering of wet clay. These are then immersed in the fire.

Within the crucibles the brass spreads itself in a thin coating over the imprisoned bells and the bell obtains its clear note. All that remains to be done is to burnish the bells, a process which consists in throwing them, with a few leather scraps, into a big revolving cylinder.

Bells for the great cattle ranches of the West have been tuned in sets of an octave each, so that the bell-bearers among the shifting herds might answer one another in musical chime. Ranchmen are authority for the statement that bells, echoing in tones across the plains, deter wolves from attacking the herds.

Blessing the Beasts

A quaint ceremony is that still obtaining in some parts of Normandy—the *bénédiction des bestiaux*.

The oxen, the asses, and the draught horses are assembled in front of a church. There may also be a bullock or two and perhaps some cows. The procession of peasants, clad in their very best, issues from the church to the sound of a chant that is droned by the priest. The venerable curé sprinkles a few drops of water on the heads of the beasts, and when all the animals have received the benediction the next feature of the ceremony is to place at the pedestal of the cross facing the church certain bundles tied in coarse linen. These bundles contain bread and salt, which are to be given to those beasts not able to attend the ceremony.

The Dwarf Trees of Japan

It is the northeastern part of Japan that is celebrated for its success in dwarfing trees. There for centuries it had been deemed the highest taste on the part of householders to display about their dwellings such trees, forming miniature patches of exquisite landscape.

For some years the American taste for Japanese dwarfed trees has been increasing, and those imported from the island empire bring good prices. At one sale six hundred trees brought nearly ten thousand dollars. A maple about forty inches in height was sold for one hundred and seventeen dollars.

Pines in Japan are considered to be the most important of dwarf trees and great care is taken in their cultivation and preservation. They are generally grown from seed. It is said to take about ten years for the effectual dwarfing of a pine. From the second year, when the trees are about eight inches in height, the training into the desired shapes is carried on. The plants are tied with rice straw to bamboo canes and are bent into different forms. Not until the seventh year is this process varied. Then the trees are potted, the pots being about a foot and a half in diameter. Great care must be taken for the next three years to keep young shoots pinched back.

American gardeners, studying the Japanese method, have, it is said, evolved a system somewhat of their own, and one experimenter has asserted that he could grow a whole forest in a bedroom without crowding the furniture.

While the Japanese confine their efforts largely to evergreens, Americans have dwarfed deciduous trees.

A Log Raft Five Hundred Feet Long

Water and rail are brought into closest competition by the lumber dealers of San Diego, California, and the country tributary thereto. The season's supply is brought from Puget Sound forests in the shape of giant rafts towed by tugs. Half a dozen of these, navigating the 1,500 miles of ocean during the summer months, will meet all demands of an extensive business. In June the first raft of the season, containing over 7,000,000 feet of logs, bound with thirty-one tons of chain, arrived in San Diego Bay in tow of a tug. The raft was cigar shaped and measured over 500 feet in length. It drew twenty feet of water.

The Dugouts of Chesapeake Bay

Dugouts are usually associated with bygone days, but they still figure in Maryland navigation. A few are even being made to-day. This dugout is the Chesapeake canoe of the Eastern Shore oystermen. It is made by placing three pine logs side by side and fastening them together with wooden pins. Then the inside is dug out with an adze and the outside similarly shaped. The result is a non-sinkable craft, with bow and stern alike, that is rigged with two sails and sometimes a "jigger" as well. From these boats the oysters are taken up with tongs. When the oyster season is over these canoes are painted and aquatic races are indulged in by the oystermen.

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WISE WORDS

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Finance

THE RAILROADS AND THE GOVERNMENT

By Franklin Escher

FOR the fact that the best dividend-paying railroad stocks in the world can at present be bought at a price to net the buyer 6½ to 7 per cent., the feeling among investors that a great change is going on in the railroad world is primarily responsible. Just what this change is and just how it is going to affect things few investors are prepared to say. The feeling is, rather, that a great change in the method of doing railroad business is in progress, and that whatever its ultimate influence on securities and the market, departure from a condition of things so long established is apt to be accompanied by uneasiness and disturbance of confidence.

The day that President Taft's signature went on the new railroad law, did, it is true, mark the dawn of a new era in railway finance. The Interstate Commerce Commission had been in existence for twenty years, but, with an authority purely nominal and a jurisdiction highly circumscribed, was utterly unable to cope with existing conditions or to exert that regulatory power for which it was originally constituted. During the last few years under the old régime some little headway, it must be admitted, was made, but in spite of the bettered conditions as to rebates, secret agreements, etc., there remained room for vast improvement. What was really happening was no more than what has happened in England and Germany and the other older countries where the great development of the railroad industry has made government supervision a necessity.

Be that as it may, and whatever individual opinion as to the necessity of government supervision may be, the fact remains that the summer of 1910 has seen the change brought about and the inauguration of conditions greatly at variance from those which have so long prevailed. By the new railroad law which has just been put on the statute-books the formerly impotent Interstate Commerce Commission has been resurrected from its condition of desuetude and, clothed with plenary powers, made able to do the work it is supposed to do. A Commerce Court, having for its sole object the facilitation of law business arising from the transaction of interstate business, has, in the second place, been brought into existence. Furthermore, provision has been made for the creation of a special commission to investigate questions pertaining to the issuing of stocks and bonds by railroad corporations.

With these three government appointed bodies exerting their influence on interstate commerce it is evident that in railway methods and practices a great change is bound to take place—a change more important than any, perhaps, that has ever taken place in the history of our railroads. In the opinion of a good many people it is the beginning of the end, the first step toward the passing of the railroads from private to public ownership. That, however, seems a rather radical view to take of it, supervision—even close supervision—being a very different thing from actual control. At the same time the importance of what has taken place must fully be realized. In its bearing on the future of railroad share values it is a factor of absolutely dominating importance.

A very little of comparison of conditions then and now is all that is necessary to bring out into strong relief the change which has taken place. Take, for instance, the Interstate Commerce Commission. For twenty years that body has been working along, rendering now and then a decision of some importance, but most of the time hopelessly enmeshed in a net of litigation from which it had not the organic strength to free itself. Without even the power to investigate freight rates on its own initiative, the commission found itself well-nigh helpless, and while, under the spur of the last administration, it made every effort to correct the more flagrant abuses, its assertion of authority resulted in little more than in making the railroads more "careful" about what they were doing.

Vested with its present authority, however, the Interstate Commerce Commission is an entirely different proposition—that has been demonstrated already and in a very unmistakable manner. The whole question of freight rates is to be taken up and sifted to the bottom, the freight rate situation from the Atlantic to the Pacific thoroughly overhauled. It is not to be a question of inquiring into the justice of this or that rate or of deciding the right and wrong of this or that dispute. The whole structure of freight rates as it has been built up by the railroads is to be gone over inch by inch, to be left alone wherever it is found all right, but to be remodelled with a strong hand wherever that is found necessary. Where rates are too low they are to be raised; where they are too high they are to be cut down.

With the commerce commission endowed with such power, it becomes a vital question from the stockholder's point of view as to what is going to determine the commission in establishing what a fair rate is. Suppose, for instance, that between any two given points there are a number of competing lines—with reference to which one is the reasonableness of rates to be determined? The establishment of freight rates between New York and Buffalo, for example, on the basis of Lackawanna's known earning power would mean bankruptcy for some of the other lines. How is the commission going to handle a case like that?

By arranging rates, not with reference to the weakest or the strongest of competing lines, but according to the needs of each individual situation as it comes up. That that is the method the commission intends to follow has been made plain on a number of occasions, notably in the original decision in the Spokane rate controversy. In that case the rights of the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and the Great Northern were involved. Great Northern, having been declared by the commission to be the most economically and honestly constructed, the city of Spokane contended that rates should be fixed to allow a reasonable return on the capital invested in Great Northern, regardless of what the effect on the other two roads might be. The commission decided otherwise—that every railroad had a right to a fair return on its investment. "The city of Spokane," ran the decision, "could not develop if served by the Great Northern Railway alone; nor can we look wholly to the interest of Spokane. The whole territory served by these dependent lines must be considered, and the existence of all these railroads to that territory is absolutely essential. These railroads cannot exist unless rates are established which will yield a fair return upon their property. We must, therefore, in fixing these rates, have regard not altogether to one particular road, but to the whole situation, and must consider the effect of whatever order we make upon all these defendants."

More recently, too, in its decision regarding the Reno and other inter-mountain freight cases, the commission plainly expressed itself as determined to fix rates not with regard to any particular line, strong or weak, but with regard to the needs of each particular situation as a whole. The rights of all roads concerned are, in other words, to be fully considered, and no ground whatever exists for apprehension that rates made in accordance with the earning power of strong roads with a low capitalization will put the weaker roads "out of business."

The magnitude of the task set before the commission in going over the whole existing system of rates is some measure of the time which is bound to be consumed in the change from the old conditions to the new. Steady progress is being made—revised schedules of one sort or another are being announced almost every day—but so complex is the situation with regard to freight rates and so vast is the amount of detail involved, that it will be many months before the commission can hope to see daylight. Shippers, it is true, have in many cases joined hands with the commission and, by coming to open agreements with the railroads, done everything in their power to facilitate the work, but even at that the commission has a job on its hands which will occupy its attention for a good while to come.

In the meantime the Commerce Court which the new law provides for will have been organized, and a great change effected in the way litigation arising from the conduct of interstate commerce is handled. Instead of the cases being allowed to rot on the overcrowded calendars of the circuit courts, it will be possible to bring them to trial within a reasonable length of time. Creation of a court for the purpose of handling this sort of business exclusively will put an end to the time when shippers with serious grievances preferred to put up with them rather than involve themselves in litigation which they knew would not possibly be settled for several years.

Important, however, as are the pending changes with regard to freight rates and the handling of railway litigation, the findings of the commission which the President is to appoint for the purpose of investigating the issuance of stocks and bonds may be even more important in their bearing on railway finance. The provision for this commission, it will be recollected, was embodied in the recent railroad law as a substitute for the "physical valuation" idea. Instead of assuming that the demagogic talk about the railroads being overcapitalized and the public being compelled to pay exorbitant freight charges is founded on fact, it has been ordained that a commission of experts be appointed to look into the matter and report on conditions as they actually are.

Railroad men will await that report with equanimity—hail it, in fact, as a relief from many of their troubles and as an effectual stop to the ill-informed talk about the "overcapitalization" of the railroads, and the ill-advised attacks continuously being made upon them on that score. Nor in the way in which the railroad men are courting the coming investigation is there anything of bravado or of "bowing to the inevitable." They are very confident of their position. They know their properties have the value and in many cases couldn't be duplicated for twice the amount of their capitalization. They will be only too glad to have a commission of experts, headed by such a man as Arthur Twining Hadley, investigate "conditions pertaining to the issuance of stocks and bonds."

Years ago such an investigation would have been looked at very differently by the railroad men—the conditions under which the issue of Alton bonds in 1899 was made, for instance, would hardly have stood investigation. But the day of that kind of thing is over and has been over for several years. The history of stock and bond issues during the past half-decade contains no duplication of the "Alton deal." On the contrary, the record is one of enormous issues of stocks and bonds, most of them sold at par and many of them at a substantial premium. Among the better known properties about the only example of stock sold at less than par during the past few years is the $5,000,000 of common offered by the Big Four to its shareholders at 90 back in 1907. Not much ground for talk about overcapitalization even in that.

The railroads are not overcapitalized. They were when they were built and subsequent stock and bond issues served to keep the water in them, but all that was before the big commercial development of the past ten years. There are still, perhaps, isolated cases of overcapitalization to be found, but on the whole the railroads have "caught up" with their capitalization. The railroad men know it now. When the railroad commission makes its report the country will know it too.

The past few years have seen great revision of old-fashioned ideas concerning the economic importance of a favorable balance of trade, but it takes more than a different way of looking at it to change the fact that when you sell more than you buy you gain on balance and are bound to have the difference placed to your credit somewhere. Offsetting expenditures in no way alter the fact that when, as a nation, we export more than we import, we gain just that much wealth from the outside.

In June, the last month of the fiscal year, the balance of trade was slightly in our favor—just about enough to emphasize how conditions have changed and how much less the excess of our exports over our imports is than it used to be. For the full fiscal year the record of our foreign trade makes a sorry showing. The excess of exports over imports was 187 million dollars. That compares with 351 millions last year and 666 millions the year before. It is, in fact, the smallest balance in our favor since 1896.

A glance at the trade figures is all that is necessary to see that exports held up pretty well and that it is the great increase in imports which is responsible for what has happened. For the first time in our history imports went across the billion-and-a-half-dollar mark. To be exact, we brought in $1,557,834,854 worth of merchandise last year, which was 246 million dollars more than in 1909, and 363 millions more than in 1908. These are big figures. They explain why, in spite of the way exports have kept up, the balance of trade in our favor has almost reached the vanishing point.

To so large an extent has our commercial prosperity of recent years been predicated on the highly favorable state of our foreign trade, that in the long-range view of the situation there are few things more important than this question as to whether imports are going to keep on increasing at last year's rate. If so, it means the end of the big favorable trade balances which have meant so much to us in the past, and a consequent readjustment of our financial relationships with the outside world.

Predicting the way imports are going to run is about as safe a business as predicting the course of the stock market, but there is one straw, at least, which shows the way the wind of our foreign trade is turning. High prices for commodities were the one great cause of last year's big imports, and commodity prices have made a big recession during the past few months and appear to be still on the way down. The movement won't have to go much further before this will cease to be the best market in which to sell merchandise. And when that happens imports will quickly enough go back to normal figures and the favorable balance of trade be re-established.

Present market conditions are anything but satisfactory to the man whose stocks stand him in at much higher prices, and yet for the ultimate good of the situation the present inactivity is the very best thing that can happen. Faced as we are with so much uncertainty as to how the banking position is going to be able to stand the strain of moving the crops, the present piling up of bank reserves, even as a result of stock-market stagnation, is a circumstance far from deplorable. Signs are not wanting that during August and September extraordinary demands will be made upon the New York banks. By the preparations which the quiet financial markets are enabling the banks to make, the danger of trouble in the fall is being greatly lessened. And all the while there is drawing nearer and nearer the time when the great uplifting influence of the crops will make itself felt on business and finance.

As long as underlying conditions continue to improve as they have improved during the past few weeks the investor can well afford to keep his stocks and wait.

Japan's Firefly Industry

In Japan fireflies are an adjunct to all grades of social festivity, from the private garden-parties of nobles to an evening at a cheap tea-garden. Sometimes they are kept caged, sometimes released in swarms in the presence of guests. To supply this demand there are a number of firms in Japan employing men to catch the fireflies.

At sunset the firefly-hunter starts forth with a long bamboo pole and a bag of mosquito-netting. On reaching a suitable growth of willows near water he makes ready his net and strikes the branches, twinkling with the insects, with his pole. This jars them to the ground, where they are easily gathered up. But this must be done very rapidly before they recover themselves enough to fly. So the skilled catcher, sparing no time to put them at once into the bag, uses both hands to pick them up and tosses them lightly into his apron, where he holds them unharmed till he can hold no more, and only then does he transfer them to the bag.

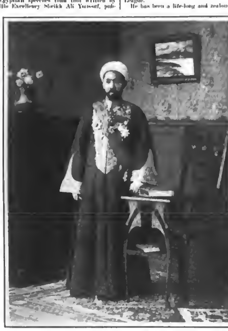
His work lasts till about two o'clock in the morning, when the insects leave the trees for the dewy soil. He then changes his method. He brushes the surface of the ground with a light broom to startle the insects into flight, then he gathers them as before. An expert has been known to gather three thousand in one night.

Besides being a business, firefly-catching is a sport in Japan. Little girls pursue the insects with their fans, boys with wands to which a wisp of yarn is fastened; and they sing an old folk rhyme as they follow the glistening insects. Nor do their elders disdain to join the sport. They organize festival parties to visit certain spots, long known and famous, to witness the beautiful spectacle of the fireflies swarming.

His Excellency Sheikh Ali Youssuf

It would be difficult to imagine a more convincing reply to Colonel Roosevelt's Egyptian speeches than that written by His Excellency Sheikh Ali Youssuf, published in *The North American Review* for June. Sheikh Ali Youssuf is the founder and political editor of *El Moayad*, a journal of much influence in Cairo, and President of the Constitutional Reform League.

He has been a life-long and zealous advocate of the cause of Egypt for the Egyptians, although he does not believe in going to extremes.



Sheikh Ali Youssuf

Asphalt Lumber

The term "asphalt lumber" is employed to designate a board-like product recently brought to the attention of the commercial world, which, while composed of layers of a special long fibre saturated with a composition of asphalt, can be cut, sawed, jointed, and nailed like wood. This material is designed for roofing and is water and weather proof. The boards are made with a one-inch rabbet running the full length on both sides, enabling the material to be matched up readily and quickly, while a special asphaltic cement applied along the rabbeted joint makes the joints practically a part of the solid board.

Such a material naturally has many wider applications than that of roofing construction and it is available in all building operations demanding a water-proof structure capable of resisting heat or cold and unaffected by the action of acids, gases, fumes, etc. The material is compressed in the course of manufacture to such a solid consistency that it may be classed as a fire retardent, while it may be surfaced with sand, gravel, or mastic, as may be ordered.

Diatomite

Diatoms are tiny creatures that multiply very rapidly until they form a scum upon the surface of water in many parts of the world. They are rarely more than one-hundredth part of an inch in diameter and often considerably less. Their shells are composed of silica and these shells are well known to the microscopist on account of their great beauty.

When the little creatures die the shells sink to the bottom of the stream or pond, where they form a kind of siliceous mud, and there are vast deposits of this material in various parts of the earth. This infusorial earth, as it is called, has been christened diatomite, and it is being used for a variety of purposes under the name *kieselguhr*. It is employed as a vehicle or absorbent for nitro-glycerine, and the resultant paste is dynamite. Diatomite is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and in this capacity it is used for filling the hollow interiors of the walls of safes, as a lining for stoves and furnaces, and as a covering for steam-pipes and boilers. For such purposes as these it has an advantage over asbestos in the matter of price and also of weight.

It can be made into bricks or slabs by the addition of a small quantity of lime or clay, and these bricks can be raised to a white heat without showing any signs of fusion.

Diatomite occurs in great quantities in the United States, in Prussia, in parts of Scotland, in Canada, and, to a lesser degree, in western Australia and New Zealand.

Hanging the Pumpkin

It is a part of the duty of the official picture-hanger of the Société des Artistes Français to distribute the canvases which are offered for the Paris Salon throughout the rooms of the Palais des Beaux Arts. The jurors are then summoned to examine these and commend or condemn as they see fit. The artists are at liberty to appeal to the jurors, and an influential artist can make trouble for the picture-hanger. In this connection a story is told of Vollon the painter of still life.

Some years ago Vollon had painted what he deemed his masterpiece, a luxurious pumpkin, orange in color and heroic in size, such as one sees at an agricultural show. The jurors did not approve the official picture-hanger's choice of a place for it. A second choice also was found for it and condemned.

By this time the pumpkin had become the principal topic of conversation in all the studios of Paris, and the leading artists began to look in at the Salon to make sure that their exhibits were not being injured by an unfortunate contrast. One—Bouguereau—nearly fainted with horror on seeing the pumpkin not far from his pictures. "Take that thing away!" he shouted, "it kills my white and pink nymphs!"

So the pumpkin was removed. But here Cormon objected. He declared that it should not stay in the same room with his pictures. "Its juxtaposition to my lions and bears and tigers," said he, "makes them look like tame cats."

Tattegrain was the next artist to protest. "Don't place it near my work!" he exclaimed, angrily. "What becomes of the martial spirit of my canvases, and what is the use of exhibiting starving garrisons with a big pumpkin alongside?"

So the pumpkin was shifted about till it had passed through fifteen rooms, and not a member of the society would tolerate its presence. Finally the picture-hanger placed the pumpkin in the entrance hall, officially called "Salle d'Honneur," but popularly dubbed the "Chamber of Horrors." Naturally Vollon became the mortal enemy of the unhappy picture-hanger.

A New Way of Coloring Woods

The use of colored woods in the construction of furniture has long been known, the material being stained after the necessary seasoning process. Within the last few years, however, a method of Austrian origin has been employed whereby the wood is colored when in a green state.

By means of heavy pressure in a closed vessel the sap is driven out of the wood and is replaced by the coloring fluid, which may consist of a solution of the more permanent aniline dyes. The best kinds of wood for treatment are found to be birch, beech, alder, plane, elm, and lime: oak, fir, and pine being unsuitable because they do not stain uniformly.

The colored wood is used for furniture-making and for the manufacture of doors and window-frames. It can also be employed for outdoor purposes, in which case no painting is necessary, although a coating of varnish would seem to be a necessity. For the fitting of ships, railway cars, and similar purposes this stained wood appears to be eminently fitted.

Coral Reefs Inland

Mention of coral reefs brings to one's mind a picture of palm-dotted islets girt with white sands in a tropical sea, but geologists find coral reefs in the midst of great continents. These, of course, belong to a past age of the earth's history, but on that account they are the more interesting. Within late years several remarkable reefs of fossil coral have been explored near Bainbridge, on the Flint River, in Georgia. In one case a very large portion of the reef exposed consisted of coral heads, some of which were more than a foot in diameter. Between twenty-five and thirty species of coral have been recognized in these reefs. They are ascribed to the Tertiary age.

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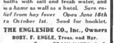

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Mistaken Lenity to Criminals

THE EVOLUTION IN THE SYSTEM OF PRISON GOVERNMENT WHICH, BY SUBSTITUTING KINDNESS AND CARE FOR NEGLECT AND SEVERITY, SOMETIMES ENDANGERS THE PUBLIC SECURITY

By Frederick H. Mills

For thirty years General Agent of the State Prisons of New York

WITH an intimate knowledge of what the prisons of the State are to-day under the operation of the indeterminate sentence and the probation system, my advice to the potential lawbreaker would be to commit his crime and take his punishment before the inevitable reaction comes.

The prison of to-day differs very widely from that of twenty-five, or even five, years ago. The great doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man has so permeated the hearts of all that the amelioration of the condition of the convict in prison has come along with the other and wider developments in the uplifting of the race.

The earliest account we have of a prison under State control for the confinement of persons convicted of crime is the one established in Massachusetts in the year 1805. The convicts sentenced to this prison were confined in solitary cells, and whenever employment was provided it was at some work to be done in their cells. When the convict entered the prison he was blindfolded and led to his cell. He entered it without a glimpse even of his keeper. Once inside, there he remained—one, two, five, ten, twenty years, or even a lifetime. His meals were slid in to him through a wicket cage-door, and he was sometimes allowed to work at something he could do with his hands without instruction or supervision of any kind. Thus every vestige of human sympathy was taken from him. The State literally took over the criminal as hostage for outraged law and held him as we do a wild beast, with no thought of his improvement or rehabilitation. At the end of the time prescribed by the court he was turned back into society with revengeful feelings fully developed and the conviction that he had paid the penalty of his crime; therefore that he was under no obligations to the community. Such punishment took away every chance of betterment that the criminal may have had, and was abundant reason why there was no place for him among law abiding people.

A departure from this system of solitary confinement came with the erection of Auburn prison in this State in 1817, and about the same time the Eastern Penitentiary, conducted on the solitary cell plan, was built in Philadelphia. In Auburn the prisoners were employed by day in association in large prison workshops—to prevent mutual contamination all conversation among them being strictly prohibited. The well meant purpose of each of these systems was the same. Their authors and advocates agreed that crime was contagious, and that the remedy was quarantine. The result hoped for was reformation and the road to reformation was believed to be by way of discipline. In the Philadelphia institution the prisoner was left to his own reflections, interrupted by occasional calls from voluntary prison visitors. At Auburn the prisoner was flogged for talking contrary to the rules.

Odd impressions of the criminal were then generally current. Captain Elam Lynde, the warden in charge at Auburn, held that no large prison could be governed without the aid of the lash. The directors of the Massachusetts State Prison exhorted all its employees to think of it as "a volcano filled with burning lava" and laid down the rule that the discipline "must be as severe as the law of humanity would tolerate, in order to conquer the mind of the convict and reduce it to a state of humiliation." In Connecticut prisoners slept at night with their feet fast to iron bars and their bodies attached by chains around the neck to a great wooden beam. On the occasion of the first religious services held in the Walnut Street Jail in Philadelphia the jailer by way of precaution against riot and to insure the personal safety of the officiating clergyman, had a cannon placed in the prison yard and stationed a guard beside it, holding a lighted match.

Between the partisans of the Auburn and the Eastern Penitentiary systems a furious controversy broke out. The protracted discussion that ensued had the effect of bringing to light the inherent defects and essential cruelties in both systems, but victory rested with the opponents of the Philadelphia plan, which was tried by three or four States and abandoned. It nominally survives in its original habitation to this day, but not in actual fact, since in the Eastern Penitentiary there are now twelve hundred prisoners in eight hundred cells. In fact there are two men in most of the cells and in some of them as many as four occupants.

The development of the Auburn plan in this State is coincident with its development in this country, and practically every step of progress in the separation and classification of criminals in the United States has had its inception here. Through the efforts of a society having for its object the reformation of juvenile delinquents, there was established in New York City, in 1827, the first institution for the care and education of youthful offenders, and the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, keeping well up with advanced methods, still continues the work along this line that was started more than eighty years ago. In the year 1859 there was established at Auburn a Hospital for Insane Criminals, which marked the next step in the separation of the mental defectives from the other criminals. This hospital was enlarged and moved to Matteawan in 1892. A further division of the insane was made in 1900, when the Dannemora State Hospital was erected. The Matteawan institution now receives persons declared by the courts to be insane before conviction for crime and the hospital at Dannemora receives insane criminals.

In a paper entitled *The New Criminology* Dr. Frederick Wines declares that the reformatory prison for adult convicts is the most distinctive American project in prison reform during the last century. The credit for the reformatory prison in this State must be given to a small number of philanthropic Americans led by Mr. Brockway. Many features of the marking system and some idea of parole had been embodied in the prison at Norfolk Island under English rule years before, but the formulating of the reformatory principles into a practicable system that was vitalized and made applicable by the indeterminate sentence and enacted into a law establishing the New York State Reformatory at Elmira, marked the first great step toward the reformatory plan now so universally established throughout the United States. The system of trade instruction and the scheme of scholastic and physical training now carried on, in that institution give the young man committed there for his first criminal offense an opportunity of education and training quite equal to the best technical and military schools in the world.

The population of a prison is largely made up of men and women whose first breath was tainted with the germ of disease. Their whole lives previous to the time they reach the prison have been spent amid surroundings of vitiated air, putridity, and decay. The regular life and plain diet of the prison changes the whole order of development of these subjects. In many instances the dread germ of tuberculosis develops as soon as they arrive. It is a settled policy of the New York Prison Department to transfer all such cases to the new hospital at Clinton Prison in the Adirondack Mountains. The patients are there domiciled in hospital wards instead of stuffy cells, and given the benefit of the most advanced system of treatment in a climate favorable to recovery, under the direction of an expert in tubercular treatment.

Situated as we are, here at the gateway of the Republic, we admit more than a million new people each year. Austria, Russia, and Italy each sent us more than 200,000 immigrants last year. Vital statistics in this city gave us 50,000 births in the same time, only 11,000 of which were of American parentage. It is from this great army, coming from lands of ignorance and superstition, wholly unacquainted with our laws, our language, or our institutions, that we get our prison population. Coming as they do with no preparation for life in a land of liberty, what is more natural than that they should soon run counter to our laws and find their way to prison? Of the 4,320 prisoners in Sing Sing, Auburn, and Clinton prisons on September 30th last, 521 were foreign-born citizens, and 1,091 or 25 per cent were aliens.

This is the problem that confronts the authorities in charge of the prisons: How shall we meet the demands of the present day public sentiment which calls for the training of the adult criminal? The juvenile offender has ever been in the public mind. The training of and care for the young has been the cry for a century—and all praise to the noble men who have heard it! But of what inestimable value is the saving of the adult!

The dominant idea of the officers in charge of the prisons of the State had been to produce a financial result from prison labor, but the adoption of a new constitution in 1898 brought about a change in the system. Since then convicts may only be employed in the manufacture of articles for the use of State institutions. The present superintendent of State prisons came into office at that time, and he has developed a marvelous instinct for the education and training of adult criminals. The entire prison population is divided into groups and grades are based on the convict's conduct in prison and his previous criminal history. The first or "A" grade comprises those serving their first prison term, and these are retained at Sing Sing; the "B" grade is made up of those who have served a previous term who are incarcerated at Auburn; the "C" and "D" grades are constituted of those who have shown by repeated convictions that they are likely to remain criminals for all time, and their habitat is the prison at Clinton.

A system of scholastic instruction has been established in the prisons under the direction of the State Commission of Education, and the convicts are required to attend school a portion of every day in the year, with the exception of Sunday. The eagerness with which the prisoners embrace this opportunity for instruction in the rudiments of education has been remarkable, and the fact that there are no illiterate men in the prisons of the State to-day is a most eloquent testimonial to the potency of this means of reformation. The scheme of instruction comprises the essential features of the common school course, with such changes as are necessary to adjust it to the requirements of the class of pupils it seeks to benefit. The workshops in the prisons are organized and carried on substantially in the same manner as are the great workshops for free workmen. The catalogue of manufactures comprises more than seven hundred articles. There are in the New York State prisons twenty-six separate industrial organizations; seventy-five different trades are carried on, and the convicts assigned to and working at these trades are placed in the same relation to labor and the method of earning a living by their own efforts as they must meet on their release.

The elimination of every extraneous influence from the administration of prisons and the introduction of scholastic and industrial training have produced an almost complete change in the interior routine. A well fitting gray uniform has been substituted for the former stripes, the military for the lock step; shears in place of the old clippers for the convict's hair, that made him look like an ape, whereas he may now feel no loss of self respect on that account. Crockery has replaced the old tin cups and pans in the prisons of the State, prison underwear is numbered so that each man has his own, an oculist and a dentist respectively look after the eyes and teeth of the inmates. An electric light in each cell has replaced the old tallow candle; the paddle, the rack, the ducking-stool, the handcuffs, and all unusual and degrading means of punishment have been abolished. Infraction of rules to-day merely consigns the convict to solitary confinement until he reaches a normal condition of mind and signifies his willingness to conform to discipline.

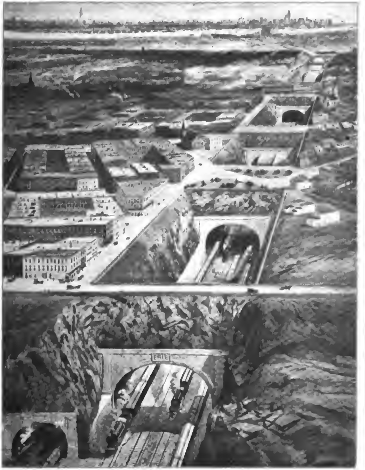
Similarly, the nature of the prison term has been changed, until at this time the indeterminate sentence in some form prevails throughout the State. The population of the prisons and reformatories for adults has not increased in anything like the ratio of the increase of population in the State. The reason for this has been given by many experts, and it varies with the mental attitude of the person giving his opinion. There are those who believe that we have reached a correct solution of the whole question of crime, and that the children's courts, the law that permits a judge to put men on probation and not to commit them to prison until it has been demonstrated that they cannot otherwise be reformed; and the law that gives every offender in prison for the first time an opportunity to go out on parole after he has served a minimum time prescribed by the court, with the rational and humane treatment of the convict in prison, has brought about such a change in the character of the criminals themselves that they are gradually becoming normal and crime is lessening.

On the other hand, we are daily presented with evidence of crimes that shake the very foundations of society. A glance at the daily papers any morning must convince the most casual observer that crime is not decreasing. In an up-town apartment-house recently there were five robberies in a single night. There were more than thirty apartments in the building. It is not remarkable that the five apartments selected by the thieves were those where the families were away for the evening? How could this fact have become known unless some one familiar with the movements of the occupants of that house gave the information to the thieves? How many people who read this article live in apartments, and of those how many know who guards the house at night? The elevator boy or man changes frequently, and I have very often seen men in apartment-house uniform who have worn a more striking uniform in days gone by. The crime of aiding robberies is seldom punished, and the men who commit it feel that it is more or less legitimate.

Under the parole system of the State there are approximately nine hundred convicts set free yearly under suspended sentence, and five probation officers are supposed to keep track of them! Any sort of surveillance is manifestly impossible under these conditions, and, knowing this, the criminal naturally returns to crime. Scores of instances have come to my attention, and I will relate but one of them. A man who had served a prison sentence for swindling a scrubwoman, a widow, out of her life-savings, was again convicted of swindling. Sentence was suspended in his case on condition that he pay back the money he had stolen from the woman, at the rate of five dollars per week, but, although he had money enough to deposit $7,500 cash bail while he was awaiting trial, it is only by strenuous efforts that he is forced to pay the weekly dole to the widow.

In the criminal courts unwarranted leniency is shown to old offenders who are young in years. Four very recent cases within one week have come to my knowledge. One was that of a boy claiming to be seventeen years of age, but really much older, who had served terms in the Catholic Protectory and the House of Refuge, and was convicted for the third time of burglary. Another was that of a man of twenty-five years, who had been convicted of grand larceny for the second time, and had served three terms in the House of Refuge and one in the City Reformatory. The third case was that of a youth who had been convicted of grand larceny twice and paroled each time, and had been found guilty of the same crime. The other case was that of a boy almost twenty-one, who had violated his parole while under sentence for burglary. The superintendent of the House of Refuge appeared in two of these instances to notify the court that the liberation of the young men was not only a menace to their own moral development, but also to public safety. Nevertheless, in all four instances sentence was again suspended.

The Erie's New Open Cut



SOME wise man in the Erie Railroad management has a sense of fitness and seems to have grasped a situation at the proper time. It will be remembered, especially by certain Jersey commuters, that shortly after they were notified of a raise in commuter rates, the Erie Railroad announced the practical completion of its great new cut through the Bergen Hill, in Jersey City.

Being rid of the smoke, grime, and heat of the old tunnel, and able to travel the entire journey with open windows and plenty of light to read newspapers, the Erie commuter was so pleased and so happy that he only sent four letters of objection to the new rates. He announced quite emphatically that the new entrance to Jersey City was worth the additional three cents a trip.

The new cut is being used by the six principal lines which produce the passenger traffic, much of which is suburban business, viz., Main Line, New Jersey and New York Railroad, Northern Railroad of New Jersey, New York and Greenwood Lake Railroad, Newark Branch, and the New York, Susquehanna, and Western, the latter formerly running into the Jersey City terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

These six lines, or branches, converge into three main stems some distance west of the new open cut, each main stem carrying the traffic of two branches, and are known as the Main Line, Newark Branch, and Susquehanna Line. The point of divergence of the New Jersey and New York Railroad from the Main Line is 5.5 miles west of the west end of the open cut; the junction of Newark Branch and Greenwood Lake Line is 2.4 miles, and connection between the New York, Susquehanna, and Western Railroad and the Northern Railroad of New Jersey will be three miles west of the same point.

The approach to the open cut from the east end is over a massive steel trestle which reaches the level at Grove Street, Jersey City, and which spans Erie Street, Jersey Avenue, and Coles Street, rising above the tracks of the New Jersey Junction Railroad, which runs north and south near the base of the Heights. The maximum grade is thirty-five feet to the mile.

The total length of the cut is 4,400 feet and width of roadbed 58 feet. The minimum depth is 45 feet; maximum depth, 85 feet. In order to produce this deep cañon, it was necessary to blast 500,000 cubic yards of blue trap rock and excavate 160,000 cubic yards of earth. The rock represents 750,000 lineal feet of drilling, and it took 250,000 pounds of dynamite to rend it. No fatal accident happened in the building of the four-cut tunnels.

Basing the operation of trains on a four-track line, which will be a fact by autumn, an ingenious method will be adopted in handling them, but it will be maintained as nearly as possible under the three-track arrangement of July 1.

The traffic being practically all inbound during the early morning hours and outbound in the evening hours, the direction of traffic on the four tracks through the open cut will vary according to conditions. During the morning rush, a separate track will be assigned to each group inbound, leaving one track to handle the outbound business of all the groups. In the evening the conditions will be reversed, while in the middle of the day the normal movement will be two tracks for inbound business and two for outbound.

Trains of the Main Line and New Jersey and New York Railroad will be brought in on one track, those of the Greenwood Lake Division and Newark Branch on another, and those of the Northern Railroad of New Jersey and New York, Susquehanna, and Western on the third track, so that there will be three distinct leads to and from the Jersey City Terminal, whereas there are but two at present, as a result of the two-track line through the tunnel, and one of these must be used for trains running in the opposite direction.

Freight trains will not use any of the tracks assigned to the four-track open cut line in the Jersey City Yard, because the ascent over the trestle begins at Grove Street, which is at least four city blocks from the tunnel. This is another distinct advantage which will tend to handle passenger traffic without delay.

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Thirsty Jerusalem

Jerusalem to-day, with its 80,000 inhabitants, depends almost entirely on rain for its water-supply, the rainfall averaging about twenty-seven inches a year. Water thus collected and stored is good as long as roofs and cisterns are kept clean. In the houses of the wealthier classes these cisterns are large enough to store an ample amount of water. With the poorer people the reverse is the case. Most of the cisterns of their houses are small, and the houses are often so overcrowded that frequently, long before the summer is over, the water has given out and a supply has to be purchased at high prices from neighboring cisterns.

Among the poorer Jewish settlers on the outskirts of Jerusalem few are able to own their own cisterns, and large ones are built, generally by charity funds, for a common water-supply. In many cases they are filled with surface water, and the insanitary elements with which the water thus collected is impregnated are held responsible for a large percentage of the fevers and other diseases prevalent toward the end of the dry season. This same condition of the water-supply appears to prevail among all the poorer classes of the city. When there is a shortage of rain a critical state of affairs ensues, and at such times most insanitary water is used.

At various times since the days of King Solomon efforts have been made to secure a water-supply on which the city could depend. About seven and one-half miles to the south, a little by west, of Jerusalem, on the carriage road to Hebron, are three enormous reservoirs known as Solomon's Pools. These were constructed in the bed of a valley, across which heavy walls were thrown and cemented, and are large enough to contain 3,000,000 gallons of water. They were filled during the rainy season with water from the surrounding hills, and this was augmented by the inflow of a small spring a little higher in the valley, known as the "Sealed Fountain," and some other small springs. From these pools there was a masonry aqueduct, said to have been the work of Solomon, which, winding around the hillsides, carried the water to the temple in Jerusalem. At one point this conduit went through a mountain by a tunnel.

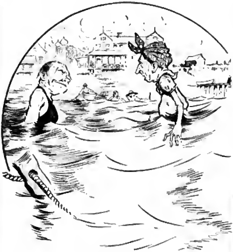
In the sixteenth century of our era the Mohammedans remodelled this aqueduct by replacing the open trough with pottery pipes, portions of which are still in use. In the first century the Romans, probably under Pontius Pilate, began to carry into execution a most ambitious scheme for bringing a large water-supply into the Holy City, but they seemingly were never able to finish this task. Their source of supply was Ain Arroub, a large fountain which is also on the road to Hebron and about twice as far from Jerusalem as the Pools of Solomon, whose water was led into the middle of Solomon's Pools, and also Bir ed Derej in Wadi el Biyar, whose waters were led through a large conduit, through channels cut in the rock, and through a tunnel to a point above the Pools of Solomon. These waters were led to the city by two aqueducts made of solid blocks of stone about three feet square and two feet thick, pierced by a hole fifteen inches in diameter. Each block was made with a shoulder on one side and a flange on the other, by which they fitted into one another and were cemented together. Part of this ancient work is still to be seen, but a number of the stone blocks have been carried away as relics.

In 1901 there was a serious shortage in rainfall, and water had to be hauled by train from a small spring a few miles down the line to meet the pressing demand. This lack of water aroused the authorities to take some steps, and resulted, soon after, in the connecting of the city with the Sealed Fountain by means of a four-inch pipe. From its source to Bethlehem the old aqueduct, attributed to King Solomon and repaired by the Arabs, was utilized, and from Bethlehem to the city iron pipes were employed, the tunnel above mentioned serving as a kind of accumulating reservoir. This water, which is but a trifle compared with the city's needs, supplies some fountains where it is free to the poor. Most of it, however, is consumed at the military barracks.

During the first session of the new Parliament in Constantinople a concession was granted to the municipality of Jerusalem to appropriate the hides of all animals slaughtered in Jerusalem as a tax to produce a fund with which a water-supply for the city could be secured. The municipality proposed to make a loan large enough to enable the city to lay a large pipe from Ain Arroub and to repay the loan and interest thereon in instalments each year from the tax on hides and the money received from the sale of the water.

A Bremen firm hearing of this project sent its director to look over the situation. He made a proposition that his firm would put in a plant to pump the Ain Farrah water into Jerusalem at its own expense, piping the water into each house, and charging for the same 1.25 francs (one franc equals 19.3 cents) per cubic metre, or, to any one paying in advance 1,500 francs, an agreement would be made to give one cubic metre per day for thirty years. Also seventy-five cubic metres of water would be allowed the municipality free for drinking-fountains and street sprinkling, any further amount required by the municipality to be supplied at half price. At the end of thirty years the complete water-works were to be handed over to the municipality.

While the price named seemed high, the general public feeling appeared to be in favor of accepting this proposition rather than to have the municipality carry out the first project of building the water-works and levying a heavy tax to meet the indebtedness. The matter is now in the hands of a committee named by the governor, consisting of the mayor, one member of the city council, two members of the Chamber of Commerce, two engineers of the city and public works, and the mufti, or religious head, and bids have been solicited from all sources.



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Ambassadorial Privileges

In the popular mind—the American mind at least—there is very little difference between an ambassador and a minister, but the former is entitled to very many privileges abroad that are denied to a mere envoy.

For instance, one curious privilege of an ambassador is that he, and he alone, when dismissed, may turn his back to the sovereign to whose court he is accredited. The mode of procedure, generally speaking, is as follows:

When the audience is at an end the ambassador waits to be dismissed by the sovereign. When dismissed the ambassador bows, retires three paces, bows again, retires three paces, bows a third time, turns on his heels, and walks to the folding-doors. But when the reigning sovereign is a woman, still politer methods obtain. To turn his back would be discourteous; to walk backward would be to resign a privilege, therefore the ambassador retires sideways like a crab. He keeps one eye on the sovereign and with the other he endeavors to find the door. By this unique means he contrives to evince all politeness to the sovereign and at the same time retain one of his privileges.

Another privilege of ambassadors is the right of being ushered into the royal presence through folding-doors both of which must be flung wide for him. No one save an ambassador can claim this privilege; the most any non-ambassadorial individual can expect is that one of the doors shall be opened to him.

One privilege appertaining to the ambassador, one capable of causing great inconvenience to the ruler, is the right of demanding admission to the sovereign at any hour of day or night. This was one of the reasons why Abdul Hamid, when Sultan of Turkey, opposed the raising of our mission at Constantinople to an embassy. It was decidedly inconvenient at times to see the American representative at all.

To the European the most important feature of the ambassador's make-up is his sword. There the blade of the sword is a rapier blade with the point blunted. It has been facetiously observed abroad that the use the sword is put to in addition to its trick of tripping up its wearer is usually the harmless one of poking fires. One diplomatist was said to file his bills on his sword when it was not otherwise engaged, and for a long while it was a standing witticism of the *corps diplomatique* in Europe that the Russian ambassadors used their swords to file broken treaties, a circumstance that was held to account for the inordinate length of their weapons.

The Sand-bow

The unusual optical phenomenon of a bow produced by the sun shining, not on rain-drops, but on particles of sand suspended in the air by wind, has been witnessed over a part of the Great Salt Lake.

The colors were very brilliant and there was a secondary bow visible. The main bow was fully double the width of an ordinary rainbow. Only a segment of it was seen. The sand was oolitic, consisting of calcareous spherules of fairly uniform size ranging between the limits of No. 8 and No. 10 shot.

It has been claimed that the production of the bow must be due to reflection from the outer surfaces of the spherules, and that it cannot be explained on the principle of refraction and total reflection generally applied to the explanation of the rainbow.

Tributes to Mark Twain

President Taft:
"Mark Twain gave pleasure—real intellectual enjoyment—to millions, and his works will continue to give such pleasure to millions yet to come. He never wrote a line that a father could not read to a daughter. His humor was American, but he was nearly as much appreciated by Englishmen and people of other countries as by his own countrymen. He has made an enduring part of American literature."

Theodore Roosevelt:
"It is with sincere grief that I learned of the death of this great American author. His position, like that of Joel Chandler Harris, was unique, not only in American letters, but in the literature of the world.

"He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher, and his writings form one of the assets in America's contributions to the world of achievement, of which we have a right as a nation to be genuinely proud."

President Woodrow Wilson:
"All the world knows that in Mark Twain it has lost a delightful humorist, a man able to interpret human life with a flavor all his own; but only those who had the privilege of knowing him personally can feel to the full the loss of a man of high and lovely character, a friend quick to excite and give affection; a citizen of the world who loved every wholesome adventure of the mind or heart; an American who spoke much of the spirit of America in speaking his native thoughts."

Dr. Van Dyke:
"Those who know the story of his friendships and his family life know that he was one who 'loved much' and faithfully, even unto the end. Those who know his work as a whole know that under the lambent and irrepressible humor which was his gift there was a foundation of serious thoughts and noble affections and desires."

Mrs Julia Ward Howe:
"He was personally highly esteemed and much beloved, a man of letters with a very genuine gift of humor and of serious thought as well."

James Whitcomb Riley:
"The world has lost not only a genius, but a man of striking character, of influence, and of boundless resources. He knew the human heart and he was sincere. He knew children, and this knowledge made him tender."

Booth Tarkington:
"He seemed to me the greatest prose writer we had, and beyond that a great man. His death is a national loss, but we have the consolation that he and his genius belonged to and were of us."

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Mark Twain himself wrote a preface to this edition. Brander Matthews has written the biographical criticism of Mark Twain and his work. There are portraits of the author from photographs and paintings taken at periods when the different books were in process of writing. This edition includes his later collected writings, such as "Eve's Diary," etc., etc.

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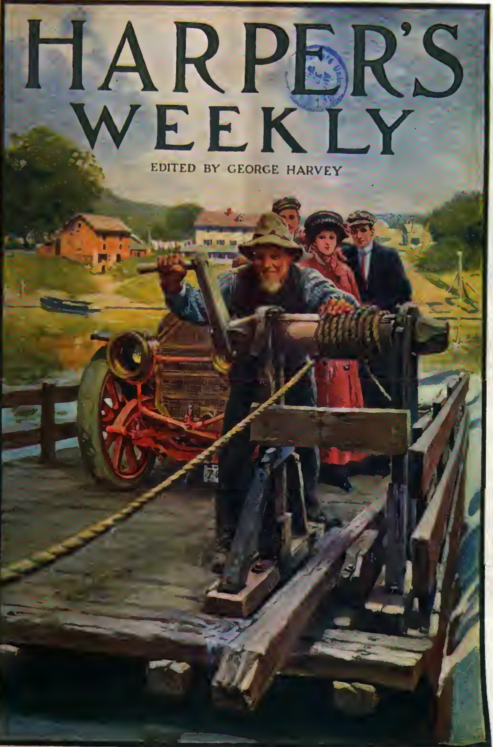
EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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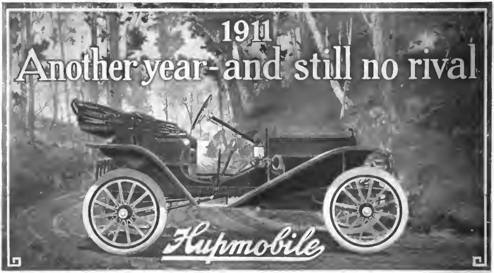
1911
Another year - and still no rival
Hupmobile

4 cylinders, 20 H. P.
Sliding gears
Bosch magneto

$750

(F. O. B. Detroit)
Including three oil lamps, horn and tools. Top, speedometer, trunk rack, gas lamps and tank extra.

For 1911 the Hupmobile will be a continuation of the 1910 car. Five thousand owners have proved that the 1910 Hupmobile is right — that we could not improve upon construction or design.

There are two or three cars in this country which have succeeded simply because the owners *got what they thought they bought.*

One of them is the Hupmobile, which has made good because it *is* good.

The third year of the Hupmobile is here — without a hint of real rivalry in its class.

Its owners are not merely pleased in a passive sort of way — they are whole-hearted and positive in their approval.

Ask any of its five thousand owners how they feel about the Hupmobile. In every instance you will find that they have not had a single moment's dissatisfaction or cause for regret — that their cars have been all they have expected them to be, and more.

The Hupmobile has made good with men who have owned two, or three, or half a dozen cars; and with men who never before possessed one.

They like it because of the facility with which it is handled in crowded traffic, slipping through and around where a larger car could not pass; because of the time and energy it saves a dozen times a day.

They like it because of the pleasure it brings to their leisure hours.

The Hupmobile has won by rendering continuous, unvarying service; and because of the absence of parts which, in even the costliest cars, require much attention and frequent adjustment.

For instance, it carries no batteries.

The ignition source is a Bosch high-tension magneto—and the engine starts every time on the magneto spark.

The elimination of batteries does away with extra weight, a coil, a commutator, and a mass of wiring.

The complication of water pump and fan are missing, because the cooling is by the natural circulation of the thermo-syphon system; and the fly wheel carries fan blades.

The same virtues which make the Hupmobile the constant companion of hundreds of men have endeared it to women everywhere; and added to these other virtues is the extreme simplicity of its operation.

Write for the literature, and we will put you in touch with the local Hupmobile dealer.

One lever and two pedals drive the Hupmobile

The lever governs the speeds through the sliding gear transmission.

Pull it back—as in starting—and the car travels on low speed.

Push it forward; the speed changes to high.

Halfway, it releases the gears and the engine runs free while the car stands at the curb

When the left-foot pedal is pushed forward it disengages the clutch; released, the clutch slips smoothly into place and the car is off and away.

Pressure on the right-foot pedal applies the brake for slackening speed and stopping.

Hupmobile Coupe a handsome, handy 1911 car

The price $1250, includes [illegible] dash and tail lamps, and interior overhead light; batteries and wiring; [illegible] single drop seat from dash; 31 x 3½ inch rear tires. The upholstering is the finest. Front, door and side windows of plate glass can be raised and lowered at will.

Hupp Motor Car Company, Dept. L, Detroit, Michigan

Licensed under Selden Patent

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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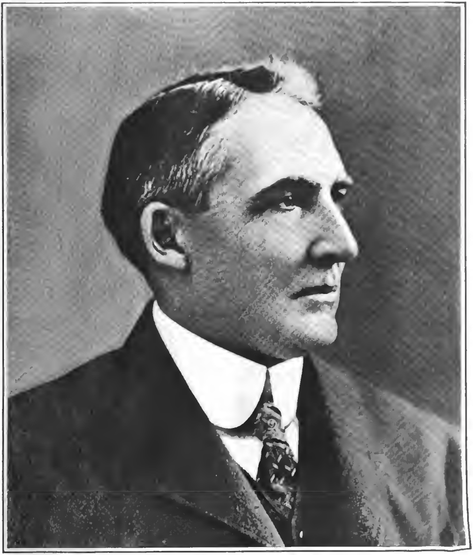

OHIO'S REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

Warren G. Harding, of Marion, former Lieutenant-Governor of his State, and at present a newspaper proprietor at Marion, was nominated for Governor of Ohio last week by the Republican State Convention in session at Columbus

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-TWO PAGES

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Comment

The Effect of a Candidacy

> THE governments that are best regulated and have most vitality are those which, by means of their institutions, can renew themselves. And the way to renew themselves is, to bring the government back to its original principles.

This was the utterance of a statesman who lived centuries ago.

> I want to find the best man for the office, the man who is most acceptable to the rank and file of the Republican party and the independent voters.

Or, as revised for publication, in view of certain criticism:

> If I am consulted, my position is that we must find, not only the best man for the office, but the man most desired by the great bulk of the Republican and independent voters.

This was the utterance of a politician of the present day.

The two modes of procedure thus indicated are wholly divergent. With respect to the making of political issues, the one upholds reversion to principle; the other subserves expediency. Applied to the selection of candidates for public office, by the one character is considered the prime requisite; by the other, availability. It matters not to the directive politician what may be the real purposes of a nominee, so be it he has given no offence to one or more of various classes, and consequently, upon grounds of negation, can be expected to catch the votes of all. The sole aim is success at the polls, and all means, however disingenuous and seemingly discreditable, are held to be justified by the end in view. *Per contra*, to the mind of the patriotic statesman, triumph upon such terms seems unworthy and is consequently undesired. The ultimate effect of precedent established by the adoption of wrongful methods is reckoned more harmful than the temporary gain thus acquired, and no hesitation is felt in putting the burden of rectification of temporary error upon the better understanding of the future. But, we are informed, concept such as this is idealism, and attempt to apply it in an intensely practical age would be futile.

Surely, if this be a statement of fact, thoughtful citizens must regard the immediate future of the Republic with no little foreboding. But is the premise correct? Is the assertion true? Admit conditions whose existence cannot be denied. Grant that an ignorant and selfish charlatan, by virtue of his attractive personality, appealing eloquence, and helpful environment, has virtually controlled one great political party, to its infinite hurt, with respect to both principle and policy, for sixteen long years. Grant that another adventurous spirit, by exercise of sheer daring and matchless cunning, has, in the same historic interval, achieved unprecedented personal ascendancy in the dominant organization. Grant that a rapacious clique thwarted an honest Chief Magistrate's best endeavors to lift some of the burdens of taxation from the shoulders of a long-suffering people. Grant that, in many States, notably in our greatest, the best intentions of high-minded Executives have been rendered nugatory by jealous party leaders, drunk with obvious power derived from secret sources. Grant that corruption continues to be the silent partner of politics in scores of municipal and local governments. Must we, therefore, assume that the American people have definitely renounced their allegiance to ideals, have forfeited their self-respect, have parted with their common sense?

We hope not—and we have reason to think not. The reason is this:

For a score of years an important Eastern State has been misruled by satraps of a party whose authority has been sustained by official patronage—Federal and State. The people have chafed under such dispensation and have craved a change; but the sole alternative offered by the opposition, promising no better, was not acceptable.

So the matter rested, with every prospect of yet another disheartening campaign involving a choice between candidates named by two trading "machines," until a certain recent day, when suddenly there appeared, like a meteor in the sky, the announcement that a fully equipped and most eminent citizen would accept his party's nomination if it should come to him unsought and without entail. His message was simple and direct. He had no wish for the place; he had other work of the utmost importance in hand; he did not say, but all knew, that his election would involve great personal sacrifices; he would prefer immeasurably to remain at the head of a great university—*but*, all his life, he had preached the duty of citizenship, all his life he had lamented the tendency to evade public responsibilities, all his life he had urged subordination of personal inclinations to public service. If, then, as so it seemed, a large number of his fellow citizens sincerely believed that the occasion demanded him as his party's candidate, he could not fail to heed the call, regardless of the result at the polls, without giving the lie in practice to all that, as an educator, he had preached.

Behold the effect! Immediately the managers of the party in power awoke to the necessity of revising their calculations. The "average" candidate would not now serve. They must find a man of the highest standard to cope with such a one in opposition. Their most outspoken public journals emphatically declared the State to be "already lost" in the event of their failure or refusal to do so. Immediately, too, provisions were changed throughout the State with respect to candidates for the Legislature. The opposing party at last beheld a chance to win under inspiring leadership if only they should nominate their best men. To offset this sentiment of encouragement, the party in power foresaw the need of naming *their* best. The entire face of State politics was changed and the standard of fitness for public position was raised overnight by the simple declaration of a conscientious citizen.

Beyond the boundaries of the commonwealth, moreover, the effect has been no less marked and gratifying. New life has been injected into the decrepit and apparently decaying old party of the masses, demands for sane platforms and strong nominations have been well-nigh universal, a higher level is sought throughout the country, and a higher level will surely be attained, by the one party in the hope of scoring at last, and by the other as the only possible means of holding its own.

WOODROW WILSON may not be elected Governor of New Jersey. He may not even be nominated. He is not really an "available" candidate. He has offended Capital. He has offended Labor. He has rebuked Bigotry. He has condemned License. Practically every class, whose favor the modern politician quoted above would cultivate, has fallen under the ban of his unreserved and unwavering judgment. We ourselves have the honor of differing with him to some extent respecting American government of the Philippines. His very nature forbids trimming sails to catch popular breezes, and no power or ambition could, in our judgment, divert his adhesion a hair's-breadth from the statesman's utterance quoted above:

> The governments that are best regulated and have most vitality are those which, by means of their institutions, can renew themselves. And the way to renew themselves is to bring the government back to its original principles.

That is not Radicalism. It is not Reactionism. It is prudent Progression. Upon that broad platform, if any, we suspect, WOODROW WILSON will stand or fall, as the case may be, with the perfect serenity of one who has satisfied his conscience by expressing his willingness to perform a civic duty.

That the election of a man of such undoubted ability, courage, and character would be stimulating and a Godsend to the entire country is, we believe, beyond question. But the most important achievement has already been wrought. The resounding plaudits that have greeted his expression of willingness to become—in the old-fashioned phrase—a true servant—not a wilful master—of the public, proves conclusively that the American people have been fooled this time as long as they can be fooled, and await with eagerness opportunities to show that they have *not* renounced their allegiance to ideals, have *not* forfeited their self-respect, have *not* parted with their common sense.

So much at least has been accomplished.

Here in New York

The right programme for New York Democrats may not be quite so simple, because the right man is not quite so easy to choose; but there are a number of men of the right sort, the chance to win is universally conceded, and, what is better still, good and sensible work has already been done in the way of making ready to profit by it. Mr. OSBORNE, who has taken the lead in this work, is naturally mentioned as one of the men whom it would be fit to put forward as the leader of the party in the campaign. Judge GAYNOR's extraordinary record as Mayor makes it impossible not to consider him. Judge PARKER is talked about; so is Mr. EDWARD M. SHEPARD—both men entirely of the sort that ought to be considered. Another man with obvious points of availability is Judge MORGAN J. O'BRIEN. The encouraging thing is that so far only men of this type seem to be considered at all. Sensible Republicans are meanwhile conceding candidly that they enter the fight under a clear disadvantage. Strenuous efforts will be made on that side to get together, to find the right candidate, and to find means to placate an offended public opinion. Let there be no doubt about that. The stake is a big one, and the party in New York cannot have lost completely that sense of the main chance which has guided it to so many victories. The best politician in the country has taken hold of the situation; and Mr. HEARST's propensity for injecting himself into all sorts of situations, usually to the damaging of Democratic hopes, is probably, on the other hand, not at all exhausted. There will be a real fight. But on a broad view we adhere to the opinion that if the Democrats of New York do not this year regain lost ground for themselves and put the Empire State once more in the place it held so long in national politics it will be their own fault.

More Cheer for Democrats

It is much to be feared that the views of the Nebraska Democrats on county option have less interest for the rest of the country than their view of Mr. BRYAN. With all the experimenting we are having with the liquor problem, all over the country, it does not seem transcendently important that any particular State should be trying any particular one of them. That the Nebraskans simply will not have the county-option arrangement is nevertheless interesting; for it may indicate a trend of opinion in that part of the country to the effect that it is best to have prohibition only in those communities which want it, and in which, therefore, it is likely to be reasonably well enforced—or, in other words, that the only desirable kind of prohibition is the kind that will really prohibit.

But that Mr. BRYAN fully committed himself to county option, and undertook to commit his party to it, and that the party repudiated both the policy and Mr. BRYAN's leadership—unmistakably, overwhelmingly, and with quite as much emphasis of rejection on the man as on the policy—this was something that the whole country sat up to take notice of. We have no desire at present to say unpleasant things about Mr. BRYAN. Our impulse is never to hit anybody who is down, whether temporarily or permanently. But from the beginning of the movement to revitalize and regenerate the Democratic party it has been clear that Mr. BRYAN's influence and his ambition, taken with his past record and his habitual flightiness, constituted the chief obstacle. As he showed no disposition toward conciliation and compromise with Democrats of a different way of thinking, but kept an autocratic, rule-or-ruin attitude, it became clear also that the only effective way to deal with him would be to break his power and destroy his prestige. This the Democrats of his own State have taken a long step toward accomplishing. But it must be conceded that they were mightily helped in the matter by Mr. BRYAN's own propensity for getting squarely on the wrong side of public issues and his singular gift for misreading public opinion. It is worth noting, too, in this connection, that nowadays an editorial advocating the continuance of Mr. BRYAN's leadership hardly ever comes to hand. Even the papers that have hitherto supported him seem to have seen the handwriting on the wall. One opportunity is, however, left to

Mr. Bryan—the opportunity to sacrifice completely an ambition which is no longer reasonable and to render a return in loyal and unselfish service to the party to which he owes so much and for which he has done so little.

Affirmative vs. Negative

So far, so good. In the matter of the choice of leaders the party seems, all over the country, to be turning toward the light. Choosing the right kind of leaders also means, no doubt, in the long run and in a general way, turning toward the light in the matters of policies. But on this point we agree with His Honor Mayor Gaynor, that to win the confidence of the country the party needs to put forward something in the nature of a definite programme. For the country is in a mood to demand something positive, something constructive. There is a feeling everywhere that our industrial development, and particularly the extraordinary development of the principle of combination in practically every part of the industrial field, has brought us face to face with issues that cannot be evaded; and our people are bringing a lot of common sense and a lot of independence to the consideration of the policies proposed to them. It will not do for Democrats to fall back on time-honored phrases which have lost their significance, or indulge in platitudes, or content themselves with mere criticism of the other side. The people want to know precisely what they themselves, if they come into power, propose to do about the tariff, about the railroads, about the trusts, about the reform of our currency and banking. Conferences about candidates and about organization are excellent. We are glad to see them. They augur well. But we should like also to see some conferences about programmes and policies, about the issues; and we should like to see more Democratic leaders coming forward with plain statements of their views, such as the insurgent Republicans have been making. Sometimes manliness and candor are not only good in themselves, but good politics as well.

Making the Automobile the Goat

Bankers have declared war on the automobile—bankers of the East as well as of the West and South. Orders have been issued quite generally to loan no more money to be used in purchase of cars. The reason assigned is that motoring has become "an extravagant, wasteful craze," which must be checked or the country will go to the bow-wows. Maybe so; but we don't believe it. No doubt a good many people buy automobiles who cannot safely afford to do so. A few perhaps, as the horrified bankers say, have mortgaged their homes to pay for them. Others have failed to take into account the cost of upkeep. Grant all that! They will learn, won't they? And if their experience proves to be dear, they are the ones who will have to stand it, aren't they? To argue that money-tightness is due to the great sums invested in cars is nonsense. The dollars paid go to the manufacturers, and by them are distributed among their workmen and disbursed for materials. They neither leave the country nor go up in smoke. They merely change hands, and find their way through various channels from one bank to another. Nor is it true that, as a rule, the motor is a luxury. A vast majority of the 200,000 machines made this year go to farmers, small tradesmen, doctors, and lawyers throughout the country. They supplant horses because they are more efficient. They earn and save money quite as often as they induce the squandering of it. Probably three-fifths or more are cared for and operated by their owners, who buy cheap gasoline instead of dear oats. Quite likely they have not yet attained their full value in economies. That takes time. But they are getting there, and are bound to reach the goal as certainly as the steam-railway car supplanted the stage-coach. Best of all, better even than the commercial advantages derived from their use, they are fetching comparatively isolated folks into contact with their fellows. The curse of the country, everybody allows, is the constant migration from farm to town. Well, what causes it? Lonesomeness. We are a gregarious people and don't like to live alone. It *is* clear that whatever contributes to strike at the root of this baneful tendency by making for contentment on the farm is a good thing. The telephone has done wonders along this line. The automobile is doing more. It ought to be encouraged, not cut off like a sore finger. But can the farmers afford it? Probably not in all cases. Many may buy a little ahead of time to please the children. But the American farmer is not a dunce. He knows what he can afford as well as the banker, who is the real profligate, with his runabout and brougham and touring-car and two chauffeurs. No, sir! Reliance can be placed upon the common sense of the farmer, the doctor, or the tradesman. He may get nipped once, but not twice or thrice. Wholly aside, then, from the gross injustice of attacking a manufacturing industry which has grown to enormous proportions, it is unfair, short-sighted, and mean to make the automobile the goat for all of our pecuniary difficulties, general depression, and other ills. Let the bankers go West on vacation instead of to Europe, where they *do* leave wads and wads of good American money, and it is dollars to doughnuts they will change their doleful note to a tune more patriotic.

Mr. Morawetz Discusses Wall Street

A great many doctors, amateur and professional, want to know what is the matter with Wall Street. It is a pretty sick street. There are no fears that it will not recover, but opinions differ very much about the probable duration of its illness and the number and severity of the fits that it will throw before it really begins to mend. Folks go down daily and feel the patient's pulse, and many others look on from afar, and diagnose and prognosticate. An observer of the latter species is Mr. Victor Morawetz, well known to be a thoughtful and informed man, who came home the other day from a long visit to Europe, and talked to the *Times*. The trouble in Wall Street, he thought, is not much due to poor crops nor to speculation on the bear side. It is due in some degree to impairment of confidence in railroad and industrial securities because of recent legislation, which will last until the courts have made some final decisions. Much more, however, it is due to enormous expenditure of capital in the last ten years in construction work of all kinds, resulting in increased prices of labor and commodities. The low price of bonds indicates scarcity of available free capital. Mr. Morawetz says we must accumulate more free capital and must be content to pinch a bit until we do. Fresh from inspecting Europe, he says that all of us except the very rich live on a much more expensive scale than the corresponding Europeans; that we waste far more than any Europeans do, and that if we used as much judgment in expenditure as they do, we could live as well as we do now on much less money and save the difference. Meanwhile, and right away, while we are busy saving up some new capital, Mr. Morawetz wants to avert the danger of serious future financial disturbances by correcting the defects of our banking and currency system.

This sounds like very sensible talk, and in a way it is reassuring and consoling in that it traces Wall Street's ailment to natural causes, and prescribes reasonable remedies such as we ought to be glad to take.

If any one wants to realize acutely how capital has been expended in late years in this country, there is no better place to begin with than this. Let him go and see as much as he still can of the two large holes in the ground that have been dug, one on the west side of this town at Thirty-second Street, and one on the east side at Forty-fourth Street. Then let him walk up Fifth Avenue and observe the new buildings. Yes, the country has spent a power of money in the last ten years, but, happily, it has spent a great deal of it wisely in very durable and necessary improvements. It is hard to pay for them, but most of them are worth more to us now than the money they cost.

Mr. Howells and Mark Twain

The world of readers will be thankful that Mr. Howells is writing the recollections of Mark Twain that are now appearing in Harper's Magazine. No one else could do what he is doing, and he himself could hardly have done it unless he had outlived his old friend. What may be written about a man who is still alive differs in its quality from what may be written of the same man when his account has been closed. In writing about himself Mr. Clemens was obliged to forego this advantage which Mr. Howells has. He could only write of himself as a still-living person.

Reading what Mr. Howells has set down makes one feel that, after all, Mark Twain was not so very well known. The outside of him was universally known, and so were certain qualities of his mind; but there was a great deal more, and some of that Mr. Howells gives. It is a very unusual piece of good luck that we have Mr. Howells to talk about his forty years of friendship with one of the most remarkable and interesting Americans of his time. Writing about one old friend of American readers, he has to tell us more or less about another—himself—and whether it happens to be biography or autobiography that consumes his page matters little, for when one is not reading about Clemens he is reading about Howells.

Felicitations to a Brother

We cannot agree with those who profess to think that the Colonel is not making good as an editor. True it is that we do not get as excited as we had supposed we should when the postman whistles of a Thursday morning, but that was to be expected. Glorious anticipations are seldom fully realized. Moreover, only those who have tried to do it know how difficult it is to produce a thrill a week. Nevertheless, the Colonel is an able writer. His thoughts are real and his style is easy. Anybody can understand what he writes. Only yesterday we heard a man comment most favorably upon his versatility. The praise was well deserved.

Let us see! We cannot recall all of the articles that have been manufactured by his sturdy pen, but several of the masterpieces stand forth fearlessly in the eye of the mind. There was the piece, for instance, about the duty of big nations to rule little ones for their own good. True, the doctrine thus jabbed home seemed a bit out of place in an *Outlook* that was once a *Christian Union*, and it did not quite jibe with the views of the Fathers who flouted England, but it was a manly document, full of virility and bristling with pudgy peduties. Then came, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the one about English song-birds. It was very instructive. Nobody really knew much about English song-birds before. We know that we were such a tom-noddy that we couldn't have told a dabchick from a peri. But the Colonel had them all at his tongue's end. And his was no mere book knowledge, either. He put in nearly two hours of valuable time walking energetically through the venerable new forest and conversing personally with as many varieties of the *turdus musicus* as Mr. Heinz makes of pickles. And the quickness with which he distinguished one from another as he wandered o'er the hillock or plodded through the syrt. It is wonderful. We can't see how he does it. Some persons would have bragged in a foot-note or somewhere over their ability just to spell so many queer names correctly, but there was not a sign of gossemmling in the Colonel's article. It was as natural as could be and just as easy—which, to our mind, is the true beauty of an editorial.

Then there was the one on prize-fighting. Before considering the inherent merits of this conservative piece, pause for a moment and reflect upon the timeliness of the utterance. Mr. Johnson had just licked Mr. Jeffries, and everybody was more or less het up over the ethics of the ring in general. Here was an opportunity for the promulgation of what they call a last word by a recognized authority, one who had won his own spurs while yet a slick, slim, slender sapling. And the word was spoken calmly but firmly. Prize-fighting is all right, but it mustn't go too far. That was the gist of the argument. We regard this as one of his best. Followed a brief but replete biography of General Wood. The Colonel thinks well of the General, and when a colonel thinks well of a general, why shouldn't he say so? Is it not indeed his manifest duty? We think so. And we are glad he did it. We held a good opinion of General Wood before, but it is comforting to know definitely that we were right. If there is anything we hate, it is to be wrong. We are like the Colonel that way.

Those are all the editorials we can recall just now. But they suffice to demonstrate our proposition that the Colonel is doing good work. His grammar may be a bit awry upon occasion and his diction somewhat sophomoric, but these are minor defects which will yield finally to the ministrations of practice and Brother Mabie. What we do insist upon is that, for a beginner, the Colonel is editing nicely, very nicely indeed. How he finds time to indite at all while vivaciously entertaining an endless bread-line of cheap skates we cannot, for the life us, comprehend. But he doth because he is a doer. And he doeth all things well, or at least as well as he can. Angels doeth no more. How could they?

The Lower Regions

As a matter of fact, there is little reason to doubt that Mr. Roosevelt is overjoyed at the President's successes and that he will do his best to pave the way for their continuance.—*London Times*

Same old paving for same old place.

The Grace of Poverty

Is it altogether a sad reflection that nine-tenths of the world is poor and the remaining tenth weighed down with superfluities? St. Francis prayed for the grace of poverty for himself and the brothers minor, and praised personified Poverty as the lady of highest excellence—doubtless St. Francis knew. In the course of the world's history there have been a half dozen ethical geniuses, and when they spoke of a thing as good, it was eternal truth they spoke.

Perhaps St. Francis had in mind the fact that life's worst miseries are never concrete and external. Deprivation is uncomfortable, but not tragic. Broken hearts and despairing souls are not for those who have had to renounce the world's goods, but for those whom the great trusts of life have betrayed, those who, looking back upon the record of the years in which they have been silently and secretly heaping up impressions, can find no affection stable, no principle unshaken, no faith firm. Despair comes when the ethical structure of the universe seems as fluid as the physical; when the Eternal itself moves with the earthly pageant so that literally nothing abides.

But in a world where all is slight and temporal and transitory there is a certain refinement, a certain stoical adjustment of oneself to the tone of the universe in poverty. To be rich and not overloaded with tawdry things is almost an impossibility; but poverty leaves wide scope for austere choice of the rare and the beautiful.

One goes often to houses where private picture-galleries are hung with the good, the bad, the indifferent. But fine pictures lose much of their quality by rubbing elbows with tawdry ones. In the midst of a desert waste of sand, between two wide arms of the sea, sat a small, low-roofed home. As one stood on porches and looked about, there was only the stretch of glassy sea, white sand, cactus plants, and thorn trees. But in the big living-room, green and tan, with low windows giving upon the scene, was one large picture. It was a picture of lush bending grasses, a wheat field seen from below with poppies and daisies growing among the waving, green blades. It was a picture of the wind, for the tops of grasses were rippled and bent, almost one could see the motion as the breeze passed over. It lent just the touch and suggestion that the bleak outlook from the windows needed; the note was sounded of peace and security in fresh and fertile meadow lands. It was a French picture, not supremely great, but beautiful in kind and in the perfect setting. It was there not as a superfluous decoration, but as the right man in the right place.

There are tiny huts in out-of-the-way places, giving upon wonderful, extended views of distant hills and layer upon layer of azure cloudland, that furnish more beauty than Lambeth Palace and Versailles together. For the spiritual quality of human living somehow pervades and colors an entire locality. Intangible perhaps and yet perceptible is the atmosphere of habitually directed thinking and considerate living. The choice of silence and loneliness and spirit rest in the place of the vulgar dissipation of human noise bespeaks the spirit's strength.

It has been authoritatively told us how hard it is for the rich man to enter into the peace of spirit which is the kingdom of heaven. Nor does poverty, in itself, make the approach easy. It is only one degree easier because poverty is a hard taskmaster and a grim trainer. The difference is mainly that the rich man is still at large in the playground of life, but the poor man is in the school-room facing his task. To hold smilingly still in the lap of our deprivations and look on at ease and luxury in philosophic training—willy-nilly it sets us balancing weights and judging values. A fine young girl was offered, not long ago, the inheritance of two million or the companionship for life of a man she loved; she chose the millions because the advantages were so obvious and so tangible, and the advantages of a real companionship so uncertain. To tell the truth, there is so little of it, in the whole world, that very few folk have ever even caught a glimpse of it. It was quite a small boy, who had seen a good deal of plump prosperity and experienced a good deal of daily renunciation, who said: "I wish I had an automobile. If I had I wouldn't have to bother about anybody. I'd just go off and enjoy myself. But if you haven't got motors you have to have friends. I notice very rich people don't have many real friends. I know a boy with three or four millions of his own and a big country place and he wouldn't give away fifty cents as easily as I, and he doesn't care a jot for anybody. Perhaps no one person can have everything, and if you have to choose between motors and friends, I'll take friends." It was the balancing of the spiritual against the material. To turn back to the revaluing of all things, it is still a higher, a more upbuilding, a more spiritual experience to break one's heart than to break one's back.

Life leans to the spiritual or the material side almost imperceptibly. "The tiniest incidents of the daily routine are as much a commentary on racial ideals as the highest flight of philosophy or poetry," says a recent book on Japanese culture. To know the habits and customs of the Southern States, the hospitality of the people, their tribal instinct, their good humor and light handedness, their deftness of speech and manner, is worth more for historic reconstruction of that waning period than all the dates and facts and battles and policies. The old histories were the records of kings, but the new histories are the customs of a people. In the volume quoted above the author says, "Tea with us became more than the idealization of the form of drinking, it is a religion of the art of life. The beverage grew to be an excuse for the worship of purity and refinement. . . . The tea-room was an oasis in the dreary waste of existence where weary travellers could meet to drink from a common spring of art-appreciation. The ceremony was an improvised drama whose plot was woven about the tea, the flowers, and the paintings." The ceremony of tea-drinking in Japan was a haven where serenity of mind and harmony of conversation must be maintained. There is a spiritual quality in erecting a place, in this desert of turmoil and misery, for harmony and beauty. The Japanese tea-room is the Japanese protest against the ugly and destructive order of the universe. The Southerner's gay manners and light talk are a protest against the overwhelming seriousness of life. The picture of the meadow grasses hung in the room in the desert was just a personal protest against a barren outlook. An old Japanese proverb says that "Each one must build anew his own sky of hope and joy." This is the drama of life. Somehow over the shifting scene of our hopes and failures we have to stretch a canopy of hope from horizon to horizon. Alas! when we think to have done, we are most like to look up at a tattered rag, full of gaps and learn where the old-time miseries yawn. It is the poor man's sole advantage that he cannot cover them up with tawdry and tinsel decorations. If he mend them at all, he must manage to patch with spiritual cloth, since he has no other at command.

Yet, such is humanity's indomitable courage, there lurks hidden in each of us the vague surmise that if we bear out, working at the tattered web to the last instant before the long, last sleep, we may wake somehow to find it, after all, complete from horizon to horizon, stretching from the spiritual dawn in the East, over the hot, tense periods of mid-strife, to the dying glory of the West. And seeing it at last from the right side the pattern may be more beautiful than we ever dreamed when with bleeding hands and fainting hearts we drew the threads through the web.

Correspondence

DR. WOODROW WILSON

Saranac House, Pa., July 19, 1910

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The most hopeful movement in this time of Democratic opportunity is that started to make Dr. Woodrow Wilson Governor of New Jersey. Dr. Wilson is a great American, and if elected Governor of New Jersey, would be far in the lead for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912, especially among the independent thinkers, whom the leaders cannot afford to ignore. Who stands to-day as a stronger exponent of real Democracy than Dr. Wilson?

I am, sir,

H. P. Ford

IN A DRY TOWN

Westerly, R. I., July 18, 1910

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I am most heartily in accord with your attitude on the liquor question as a general thing, and especially in your view of a certain organization of well-meaning but wrong-headed and harm-working women. But in this, as to most questions, there is another side.

This town is proudly placed in the "dry" column, no liquor being sold legally, but the sight of four drunks in five minutes within a quarter of a mile must give even the W. C. T. U. some little food for thought. We have no saloons, so the socially inclined resort to clubs, members of which gain admittance with a latch-key and a sheepish air. In case a smile is detected on the face of the passer-by the air changes to one of injured innocence—very elaborate. Why should the members of an exclusive social organization be subjected to the ridicule of the mob when seeking rest and relaxation at their club?

But in spite of this, the liquor is sold only to those who seek it out. They who will drink anyway drink in some out-of-the-way loft and not in their homes, which they would do if the clubs were raided and closed. Those who would not drink unless it was placed before them, do not drink. Our women and children can go from one end of the town to the other without being brought into contact with any open intemperance. (The other kind can never be stamped out by any kind of system.) Farce though the enforcement of the law largely is, our town is better and cleaner for being no-license. Here the drunkard has no excuse. It is his own fault and his alone. He cannot hide behind the old familiar whine "My neighbor, he tempted me."

I am, sir,

Joseph Kerr

GOVERNOR HARMON'S AGE

Indianapolis, Ind., July 8, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The national Democratic party will do well, it seems to me, to consider a point of advantage or disadvantage that will affect the votes in the next Presidential campaign—the ages of the respective candidates. The tendency in recent years has been toward younger men. I believe Harmon's age practically disqualifies him as a candidate—if elected, he would be over sixty-seven years old at the time of the inauguration in 1913. Only one President in our history has been of that advanced age—William Henry Harrison, who was sixty-eight. Since Buchanan, who was sixty-five, no President when inaugurated was as old as sixty years, though Harrison was fifty-five, Hayes was fifty-four, and Taft fifty-one, the others being under fifty. Governor Marshall is fifty-six, and therefore has several years the advantage of Governor Harmon. If Harmon succeeds in the election next fall, as he probably will, he will be a formidable candidate for the Presidential nomination. As a vote-getter, however, in the race between the parties, I believe he would be at a disadvantage. More energy and greater initiative are now expected from a President than formerly, and ten years might make the difference between a Republican and a Democratic incumbent.

I am, sir,

Albert Brown.

MONEY, MONUMENTS, MILK, ETC.

Westerly, R. I., July 21, 1910

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—A daily paper states that some $50,000 have been subscribed toward a memorial to Mr. Cleveland, and a like amount probably will be raised in the near future. In another part of the same paper a memorial to Mark Twain is mentioned. Although no sum is mentioned the amount will probably be $25,000 at least, say in all for the two memorials $125,000. After it is all collected it will be carefully tucked away into a couple of monuments which may give momentary pleasure to a few hundred people each year.

In the meantime, in our cities, in the homes of the poor, the babies will be dying for lack of fresh air or a little pure milk; the newly made mother may be dying for lack of skilled nursing, even for lack of medicine or food; the little children are becoming stunted, body and soul, for lack of means to escape, even for a brief week or two, from the crushing conditions in which they are forced, often from no fault of their own, to live.

The money which is so carefully to be buried in these memorials, properly invested, would yield a yearly income of some $6,250. That sum would give a week's vacation to about 2,500 poor, overworked mothers or to 1,200 babies, each with its ten-year-old "little mother." It would give one-day excursions to some 25,000 women and children.

Contrasting the two ways in which to expend this memorial money, it does not seem difficult to choose the latter way. Neither is it difficult to decide which course would be chosen by the two men in particular whose memorials are mentioned. Can any one doubt for one instant where the money would go if its direction were left to those two great hearts Grover Cleveland and Mark Twain?

I am, sir,

Joseph Kerr

A great monument to a great man is a very valuable inspiration to the people who see it. The fact that the income of a hundred thousand dollars can be well spent every year for women and children seems to us to have no bearing on the project to spend that sum on a monument to Grover Cleveland.—Editor.

Popular* Song of the Day

(Heard in the Political Vaudeville)

I strolled along the nation's halls
Where men have rose to fame.
And there I heard some pleading calls
Like from a man in pain.
It was a gallant regular
Who took Joe Cannon's side;
The crowd insurgents yelled for war,
But he to them replied:

CHORUS:
(With deep feeling)
Don't tie a can on Cannon!
Though wickedly you plan on,
Remember he is standing on the platform that you ran on.
Don't put that awful ban on
This man you put your seal on—
Strike if you must my faithful breast, but—
(Lachrymoso et pathetique)
Don't tie a can on Cannon!

Insurgents rose with bitter face
And cursed the tariff law.
And vowed 'twould be a vacant place
That once had Cannon saw.
But boldly still the regular
Stood barring up the way,
And in a voice that echoed far
He this to them did say:

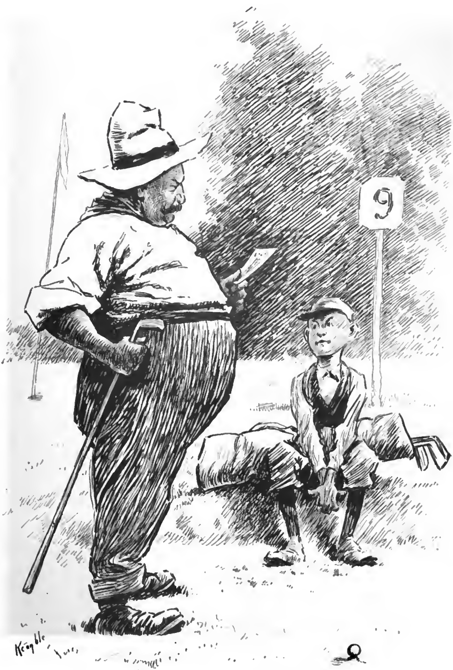
CHORUS.
(With pink lights)
Don't tie a can on Cannon!
His cheek has honest tan on;
Remember he is standing on the platform that you ran on.
Don't bring the moving van on,
Place him no frying pan on—
Insurgents, if you're gents at all—
(Molto appassionato)
Don't tie no can on Cannon!

And then the harsh insurgents turned
And wept with bitter tears,
While all the crowd when this it learned
Rose up with joyful cheers.
And though they live for centuries
These words they'll not forget,
For in the sweetest melodies
They linger with them yet:

CHORUS
(Repeat first chorus with moving pictures.)

Jefferson Toombs.

* In regular Republican circles



A PARALLELOGRAM

PRESIDENT TAFT: "Fifty-four. That's pretty bad."
CADDY (*hopefully*): "Never mind, Mr. President. P'r'aps you'll go in better'n you come out."
(N. B. – The President hopes so.)

A Diana in Africa

THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES CONTAINING A RECORD OF A HUNTING EXPEDITION THROUGH SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA, ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS, MANY OF WHICH WERE TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

By H. R. H. Hélène de France, Duchess of Aosta

Lake N. E. Kasoma, February 15, 1910.

WHEN we left Lekondivi our road led through a field of tall bracken, so high that it met above our heads in a dense hedge, and the path was so narrow that the air was stuffy and close. Then came a little wood, followed by wide grassy spaces covered with water.

February 18th, On the March.—The near neighborhood of Lake Bangweolo becomes more and more apparent. For some days the marches through water have been longer and more trying, the ground treacherous and uneven. Now the water, hitherto from eight to twelve inches deep, suddenly becomes waist-deep. There are many birds in these marshes, especially a number of black and white spur-winged geese, which are as handsome as they are excellent to eat.

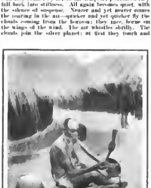
Kasoma, Lake Bangweolo, February 20th.—To reach this place one has to cross country covered by the waters of the Luapula. When one sees Lake Bangweolo, and becomes penetrated with the fascination of the place, one begins to understand why the river is so loath to leave the scene of its birth. It tries every means to avoid going away. For a long way after its issue from the lake the gradient is almost imperceptible, and does not allow of a rapid flow, so the Luapula is slow and placid, impassive and silent; its sleeping waters inundate vast fields, and repose there indolently.

Not a ripple on the water, not a breeze in the air—a luminous, sunless day. As far as the eye can see the surface is level, and clear as a crystal. On the right is a little island, a heap of dark-red rocks crowned with trees and green bushes. A promontory of perpendicular rock above is hidden by vegetation; huge trees, tall and bushy to their roots, surround the village of Kasoma built at the summit of the little hill. Then there are gardens, and below, along the lake, a beach of white sand that reflects the light. There our tents are pitched.

All around grow bushes with little green flowers, grasses, and yellow-flowered acacias. Before us lies the vast expanse of water, to the left more vegetation, trees, and yet another sandy cove, and farther on a high wooded point stretching out into the water.

This evening all was calm in an infinite languor, bathed in the silver waves of the moon, who, happy in the empire of her cold beauty, was softly and surely finishing her cycle. The level waters of the lake were a silver mirror, in which she complacently reflected herself—not a wrinkle defaced her image. Not a breath! all seemed entranced; the earth, and all that lived, slept.

But—an almost imperceptible sound comes to our ears. It comes from far, far away in the air. It is not an earthly sound, it is above us, and comes from an invisible source; we look up, but nothing is visible. Then the horizon darkens, refusing transparency to the moon, a cloud appears, and the distant murmur becomes more intense. Another and then another cloud, and yet one more appears, and they rise in a mass. At first stationary, as if hesitating, at the edge of the luminous circle, presently they flee before the wind. A moan seems to rise from the earth, a shudder seems to run through the plants, because, attached to the soil, they cannot fly before the tempest; powerless, they fall back into stillness. All again becomes quiet, with the silence of suspense. Nearer and yet nearer comes the roaring in the air—quicker and yet quicker fly the clouds coming from the horizon; they race, borne on the wings of the wind. The air whistles shrilly. The clouds join the silver planet; at first they touch and pass her, then they surround and finally cover her, plunging all that was light into darkest night. The tempest is here! The wind has doubled; it is lower down and fills the air; the trees sway under its powerful breath, the tall grasses bend to earth, the rushes beat the waters. The lake, that was so calm in the peaceful light, becomes rough, it roars and foams; its bounds seem too narrow for its wrath. The wind storms and eddies round the tents, and whirls under the roofs and even inside. Then, suddenly, it drops, it subsides, tired with its long race; the clouds melt, and a soft rain comes to refresh the earth. In the sky the moon reappears, cold and triumphant.



Kasoma has a beautiful pipe that he loves

February 25th, Lake Bangweolo.—"Sultan" Kasoma is a great chief—his village is big and the houses large. I noticed a little vegetable garden round one hut, protected by a net; this is a great refinement. There is much cultivation round the village.

Kasoma has a big pipe, a beautiful pipe that he loves, which is the delight of the elders of the village. It is beautiful. The mouthpiece is ivory, the tube a gourd, and the bowl of wood—carved by his son, he tells me. I covet possession of it, but, with a noble gesture, Kasoma refuses to sell it. It is an old friend, and he cannot spare it. To appease the white woman's wrath, Kasoma calls for his five young and pretty wives, and sends for his "historic" tom-tom. Surrounded by his family, he beats the serpent-skin vigorously, and it gives out a deep sound that the waters echo from afar.

February 28th.—The sun was red when it set to-night, and the whole horizon was colored; the dying rays tinted the clouds, and their reflection made the still waters of the lake appear all pink. Only our canoes made dark patches on the water. Almost without a pause night descends around us. Our paddlers begin to sing in the dark silence, their voices accompanied by the muffled rhythmical sound of the paddles as they strike the water. Their voices glide over the waves and are lost in a distant murmur.

March 2d.—The morning is still gray and chilly when I come shivering out of my tent at 6 A.M. The sky is low, near the earth, and the horizon is close, the clouds touch the water. My cockle-shell is already loaded with my gun, camera, overcoat, and with provisions, and now I have to find room for myself among all this apparatus on a low native stool, placed ready so that I shall avoid sitting in the water which always fills the bottom of a canoe. It does not do to be nervous in a Watwa canoe. One's knees press against the sides and are higher than the edges, which are on a level with the water; one hardly dares breathe. But one gets accustomed to everything, even to the unsteadiness of a canoe.

Without a sound we double the point of the little island and frighten some black Venuses from the village disporting themselves in the fresh waters of the lake. They hurriedly run to shore at sight of us, and hastily put on the little all that suffices black modesty. We tack about, following the windings of the coast; we glide over a bed of tender green leaves. A cloud of ethereal dragon-flies follows the canoes, flying backward with spotted diaphanous wings. Our passage through the rushes disturbs the little red-legged green frogs, which fall and swim rapidly underwater, and then quickly return to the surface. We pass by tall clumps of papyrus, among which gigantic daisies have thrust their heads. Bushes grow on the slope which forms the basin of the lake, and in places huge majestic trees of the cedar tribe rear their imposing forms. On one of the highest branches an eagle is perched, his head lifted proudly. King of the air, he gazes at the sun, defying with his double eyelid the blinding light. Others soar so high overhead that they are only imperceptible specks, passing and repassing with so much regularity that they appear to be dancing an aerial quadrille. A point stretches out into the lake—a promontory of rocks piled one upon another and covered with vegetation. The trees bend down over the boulders, hiding and protecting them with their shade, and sending their branches down toward the cool waters. The flat, clinging roots of the ficus interlace and encircle the rocks; the branches are encrusted with parasite orchids; mosses and ferns are everywhere. Farther on a cliff pierced with the holes of animals rises perpendicularly from the water, followed by a pile of rocks bristling with points.

On the reefs cormorants sit, with wings outspread.

A black Cupid carrying his father's bow

The black babes are delightful. (Find the baby)

A very small child naked in the sunlight

Women bear baskets full of flour or manioc

In the most improbable attitudes. Inside little bays, on high, bushy trees, one catches sight of long snake-heads peering out among the leaves like motionless scouts. At the least noise their bodies appear, and then they take flight. Pelicans, white herons, Goliath herons, white egrets, brown ibis, innumerable kingfishers, black and white, red, or very big black, brown and white ones, populate the edges of the water. On the banks are turtle-doves, green pigeons, and guinea fowl, whose unpleasing clucking one hears without seeing them. Flights of hornbills make harsh cries through their big beaks.

March 3rd.—Four hours in the boat that the South African company has kindly lent us take us across the lake to the village of Kevendemushi. There the women are particularly elegant. Big antelope-skins, checkered with red on the inside, the hair next to their skins, cover their backs from head to heel. Innumerable glass beads threaded into ropes make their necklaces and belts; their arms and legs are covered with bracelets of copper or ivory; in their short, woolly hair are plaited glass beads, forming caps or ornaments. At the entrance to the village two men are making cloth from the bark of the ficus tree. One of them first places the bark between a split log of wood held flat on the ground. Then he takes off the rough gray exterior and smoothes it with an axe-head, which he uses as a scraper. The other man, kneeling before a log on the ground, spreads out the bark thus prepared, and beats it with a wooden hatchet made for the purpose, the edge of which is grooved, until he has pressed out the fleshy, juicy parts, leaving only the reddish fibre. The pieces being but small, he sews them carefully together with dry grass, forming designs with his long stitches. Some old women were very busy husking red and black seeds, which they subsequently crush to extract the oil.

Facing the village is the island of Ilowmala. On the southern side of the lake the shore is low, and vast fields of papyrus cover the banks, surrounded by water-lilies, through which we paddle—water-lilies whose blue, almost mauve, petals are surrounded by a brown corolla, with a red one inside. Large green or red and brown leaves grow so close to one another that from afar one takes them to be a strip of solid ground.

We are in the country of the Watwa, a nomadic people who feed on fish and appear to live almost entirely in the water, patiently awaiting the fish they stand on one leg, with the other leg bent back, and the foot resting against the thigh.

March 4th.—Our camp is pitched on the track between the village of Kasoma and that of Kilongwa, and we watch the coming and going of women with jars full of water held steady on their heads. Others carry baskets full of flour or manioc roots for our caravan or, for our personal use eggs, peanuts, pumpkins, etc.

All wish to be paid with cloth, salt, or else beads, which are a much-prized medium of exchange; but our stores are limited, and they have to content themselves with shillings or matches. Besides their load they usually carry a child tied upon the back by a cloth or a skin, and are followed by a crowd of brats of all sizes. The men go fishing with nets in canoes, or else they go hunting. They are armed with short, strong spears, the finest ones ornamented with iron rolled round the shaft; they have also long bows, often bound with snake-skin. Their arrows are made of reeds with iron heads.

To-day a tiny child passed on the beach, carrying his father's bow—a black Cupid, with a bow twice as big as himself.

March 5th.—The elders of the village tell us a legend of the country: At the beginning of all things came a man all covered with hair—Luchelle was his name. He had a large rock in his hand, called Makumba, which he threw upon the earth. Men came and tried to touch the stone, but they died. The legend continues to say that one piece of the great stone fell in this country, three days' journey away. It is a magnet, and draws all things to it; things placed by it disappear: if offerings are made to it, it disregards those of some persons, and swallows up those of others.

Lake Kitambulu, March 9th.—The lake by which we are camped is separated from Lake Bangweolo by two points, or narrow peninsulas, that nearly meet and divide the two lakes. To-day we forsake the road, to do a stage by water in the shaky canoes. I spend my time making superhuman efforts to keep my cartridges and camera dry. It is a difficult problem, for the "sea" is rough. To ripples have succeeded real waves, which tilt the light skiffs like feathers, and let them fall with great splashes that drench us. Or else we cut through a wave, which comes in by the bows and deluges us. The baggage caravan travels by land. It is fine and warm. We coast along the shore, which is much populated. Almost every mile there is a big village, whose inhabitants crowd to watch our passing, and to greet us. We see many fishermen, men and boys, who fish from their canoes with rods and lines just such as we used to make when we were children.

In the villages the women are crouching grinding the corn or manioc for flour. The black babies are delightful little animals that hop and jump like so many frogs. Creeping stealthily round a hut, I have time to photograph one before he sees me and throws away his pestle, yelling—a very small child in the act of solemnly trying to lift the heavy piece of wood that serves to pound the grain. He is all alone, naked in the sunlight in the middle of the village, and very busy. But directly he sees me, he runs off, screaming, "Mamma! Mamma!" What white mother's heart is not moved by these simple syllables—the same that little loved ones have murmured against her shoulder? Is it not a touching fact that all over the world, in every tongue, children give this same name to her who gave them birth?

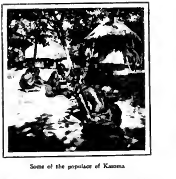
There are sometimes faces full of character among the old men, on whom Time has left his mark, and whom Death has forgotten in the premature harvest that he reaps pitilessly among a black population.

Vamabala, Lake Bangweolo, March 11th.—We have now arrived at the end of our journey round the lake. To-morrow we cross it from west to east. Its waters here beat against a high horseshoe-shaped shore surrounded by swamps. From our camp we overlook a plain of marshy green streaked by sleeping water. It looks no longer like a lake, but like a quiet river. The natives appear to consider it as such, and give it the name of the Lipauki.

The habit of command is shown on the faces of those who exercise it. Black women all have the timid look of beasts of burden, and the frightened eyes of beaten dogs. They run away and conceal themselves in their huts, or hide their faces when the white man passes. Here we find a sultana reigning—she is on the spot when we arrive, and comes straight to us, and begins a long conversation interspersed with much hey! hey! and noddings of the head. When we sit down, she squats near us with great unconstraint. Her manner and voice are full of authority; she is pleased with the compliments I make her on her belt and necklaces of beads, and still more pleased with a frightful cotton cloth of a glaring blue that I give her.

Isambwe, March 11th.—This morning a snake glided under the carpet of my tent—a slim, long, brown snake. The porters all ran away when they saw it, and only came back to their work when we had caught it and placed it in a jar of alcohol.

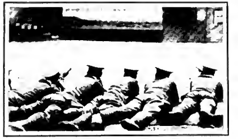
Our departure is difficult and noisy; we have to cross the lake with bag and baggage, and this latter is numerous and heavy; we have also over two hundred men to transport. All the canoes that have been collected are insufficient, and are narrow and small for our needs. All that is strictly necessary is sent off, and the rest will wait till to-morrow. Who can say how much will be shipwrecked by the way? We also start by a winding channel through the uneven grasses, full of water flowers and towered over by reeds. Then through an endless field of water lilies—there are blue, white, and pink ones, and their big leaves touch one another, making a many colored carpet whose shades melt harmoniously. We glide over it, hardly seeming to touch the water below. Then the channel becomes larger and gives place to wide stretches of deep water, clear of weeds—a still mirror. Having crossed this, we enter another channel, but a wider and straighter one, edged with taller grasses, and some groups of papyrus, and of flowering canvas, whose corollas are white and petals mauve. There are also any number of other flowers—pink, yellow, and white. On nearly every plant is coiled a fat caterpillar, with long gray and black hairs. Then only reeds appear, rising dense and stiff, straight out of the water, and finally again a wide space shut in by the two points of the two sides of the lake, facing and almost meeting each other. Beyond these two points is open water as far as the eye can see. It is once more calm, smooth Bangweolo.



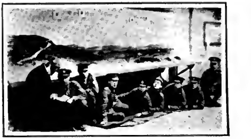
Some of the populace of Kasoma

We leave the shore and go straight to the village of Isambwe, but to reach it we have to plunge through grasses again, and, though at first they are scanty and thin, they become thicker and closer, until at last there is hardly a wide enough passage for the narrow canoe; its bottom scrapes the ground; often checked, it ends by stopping altogether, and we have to get out and do the rest of the way on foot. This is real bog. If one can manage to step from one tuft of grass to another, one is only wetted; but where there is no grass one sinks into the soft black mud up to the knees.

We reach camp to find the tents pitched, but wet and empty—no boxes, no sacks. The many canoes have followed different channels, and have landed—who knows where! As I write, some of the boxes are just arriving, but my bag—the treasure of the caravan, containing the cash—is still missing.



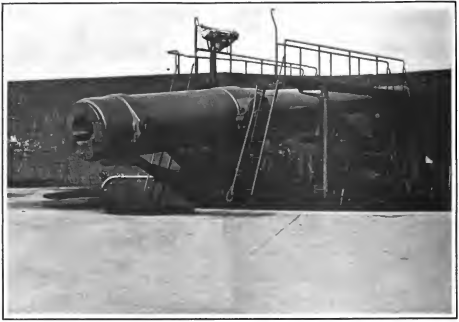
The Hampshire Royal Engineers Territorial Corps firing at their target, representing the Portsdown Hills, which was painted for them by Mr. Wyllie



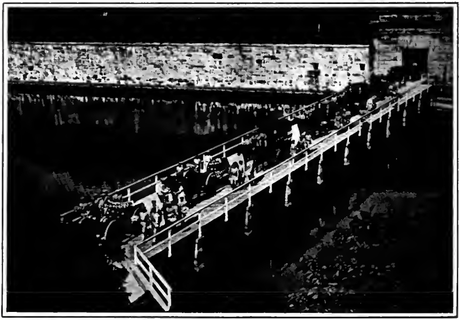
Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R. A., giving lessons to his company sergeants and non-commissioned officers in military topography in front of his target

A PAINTED BATTLEFIELD FOR ENGLISH MARKSMEN

MR. WYLLIE, A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN AND FAMOUS MARINE ARTIST, HAS PAINTED A VIEW OF THE PORTSDOWN HILLS, IN HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND, FOR USE AS A TARGET BY THE TERRITORIAL CORPS OF THE HAMPSHIRE ROYAL ENGINEERS. THE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW THE TARGET AS IT APPEARS UPON THE RANGE



The gun as it appeared after the explosion. The breech-block was torn off and hurled into a creek, but the projectile remained in place



The funeral cortege crossing the bridge over the moat with the bodies of seven of the victims on the caissons and in the hearses

WHEN A GREAT GUN GOES WRONG

TEN SOLDIERS WERE INSTANTLY KILLED AND FIVE SERIOUSLY INJURED AT FORT MONROE ON JULY 22D, BY THE PREMATURE EXPLOSION OF A CHARGE OF POWDER IN ONE OF THE TWELVE-INCH RIFLES, WHICH FLEW FROM THE BREECH IN ALL DIRECTIONS. THE BREECH-BLOCK WAS TORN OFF, BUT THE GUN WAS OTHERWISE UNINJURED. THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN THE PREMATURE PULLING OF THE LINE WHICH IS USED TO DISCHARGE THE PRIMER

Making Doctors Practical

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF ONE OF THE MOST BENEFICENT IDEAS IN MEDICINE AND SURGERY

By William Inglis

In an address entitled "A Medical Student in 1867," delivered at the New York Academy of Medicine, before the Association of American Medical Colleges, held March 29, 1909, the president of the Academy narrated a personal experience which was of more than ordinary interest, since it not only described the unsatisfactory methods of medical education which prevailed in his earlier student days, but disclosed the reasons which led to the origin and establishment of the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, the pioneer organization for post-graduate medical instruction in America.

Referring to his Alma Mater, he said:

"The Medical Department of the University of Louisville was in 1867 one of the oldest and deservedly best known of the medical colleges in the United States. The course of study and the standard of requirements then prevailing at this school may be taken as typical of medical education in the United States at that period. There was no preliminary or entrance examination. Any white male who could read and write and who had mastered the rudiments of English was eligible. Neither Latin nor Greek was essential.

"The requirements for graduation were a satisfactory examination at the end of two college terms of seven months each. The division of subjects was anatomy, physiology, surgery, medicine, obstetrics, chemistry, and materia medica.

"Anatomy was thoroughly taught and the didactic course was supplemented by dissecting room work of a high class. While material was not over abundant, there not then being the same liberal construction of the law relating to the disposition of the unclaimed dead which now prevails, the activity of our dissecting room janitor kept us in a sufficient quantity of cadavers. How he got them we did not know, and it probably was just as well that no inquiry was instituted. His name was Peter. Students inclined to disrespect spoke of him as 'Old Pete,' but those who had been brought up under the influence of the Westminster confession baptized him 'St. Peter,' the rock upon which our anatomical church was founded, and to whom it was said the keys of Cave Hill Cemetery had been given. In physiology there were no laboratory exercises; no practical demonstrations of the living structures and of the functions of the normal organs.

"The teaching of surgery and medicine was almost wholly didactic. When an operative clinic was given, the students witnessed it at such a distance from the subject and with so many interruptions of vision that it was impossible to follow closely the details of technique, without which the lesson of a demonstration is valueless. Not once in my two college years did I enter the ward of a hospital or receive instruction by the bedside of a patient. In the lectures on medicine we were told that the cause of malarial and yellow fever was a miasm emanating from decaying vegetable matter subjected to a temperature of from eighty degrees to ninety degrees (Fahrenheit) for about thirty days, and that those who slept upon the ground floors of buildings suffered most, while those who occupied the second, third, and higher floors escaped the baneful effects in the direct ratio of their elevation. The same comparison was used in the discourse upon yellow fever, citing the fact that in the Louisville epidemic few, if any, persons sleeping upon the upper floors of houses were affected. Knowing as we do now that the mosquito is not prone to fly high, that he infests the lower floors of houses, seldom reaching the third or fourth floor, we can understand readily the error in etiology on the part of our professor of medicine.

"The teaching of obstetrics was wholly didactic. In my two terms of study I examined only one gynecological case, while in chemistry and materia medica the instruction was in the lecture-room to the whole class instead of with working sections in the laboratory, and there was no course of study in microscopy or urinary analysis.

"I was graduated in the spring of 1869. I had been looking forward to the day when I should receive my diploma and start out on my career as a practising physician and surgeon, but I can never forget the sinking feeling that came over me when I unfolded this sacred document in the privacy of my room and realized how little I knew, and how incompetent I was to undertake the care of those in the distress of sickness or accident. However, like Macbeth, who was so far advanced in blood that it was as easy to go ahead as to recede, I felt that I might just as well do as my predecessors had done and let the world take its chances.

Dr. John A. Wyeth

FOUNDER OF THE NEW YORK POLYCLINIC MEDICAL SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL

"In my native village of northern Alabama I put out my sign, but two months of hopeless struggle with a Presbyterian conscience convinced me that I was not fit to practise medicine and that nothing was left for me but to go out into the world of business to earn money enough to finish my education. I felt the absolute need of clinical experience and a conviction which then forced itself upon me—that no graduate in medicine is competent to practise until he has in addition to his theoretical, a clinical, and laboratory training—was the controlling idea in my mind when in later years the opportunity offered and it fell to my good fortune to establish in this city the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital."

The New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital

In our own day the conditions for undergraduate medical instruction are greatly improved. The standard of requirements for admission is higher, the term of study twice as long, and the passing examinations more severe, but with all this the undergraduate medical colleges can never give to their students that practical bedside and operating-room training which is essential and it is this fact which must commend the Polyclinic system to thoughtful persons, since the health, usefulness, and life of every individual, and at times the welfare of entire communities, are dependent in large measure upon the practical knowledge and skill of the well trained doctor.

To make the graduate a safe practitioner, two ways are open. The first and better method is an apprenticeship as interne in a hospital under the immediate instruction of the visiting staff, who, as a rule, are men of ripe experience. In order to do this, he must pass a competitive examination, and being successful, reside on active duty in the hospital for a term varying from one year and a half to two years.

It is estimated that of the 4,460 doctors graduated in 1909 from all the medical colleges in the United States not more than one of every ten found a place as interne in a well-equipped general hospital.

The second method upon which the remaining ninety per cent. of graduates must depend is a course of practical study under competent specialists in the various departments of medicine and surgery, in a school attached to a hospital, a dispensary, and a laboratory for bacteriologic and analytic work. In such an institution the large number of patients gratuitously treated furnish the means of demonstrating by the medical staff the most modern methods of diagnosis and treatment. The hospital, dispensary, district visiting service, and the thoroughly equipped laboratories are utilized for this method of practical instruction.

The Polyclinic has carried on this work without interruption for more than twenty-eight years, and has had in attendance upon its various courses of study 20,000 practising physicians, and in its clinics have been treated annually, free of charge, from 25,000 to 30,000 cases of disease and injury.

The latest development in this splendid work is the purchase of the property from 337 to 351 West Fiftieth Street, upon which a fine hospital building ten stories high is being erected. It will accommodate three hundred patients and a training-school of one hundred nurses, while the dispensary department will provide for the care of fifty thousand persons each year. There will be separate pavilions for typhoid fever and tuberculosis cases.

The medical staff is composed of one hundred and seventy-five physicians and surgeons, some of whom were members of the original organization in 1881. They give their services free. More than one thousand physicians every year will receive practical instruction from these experts in diagnosis and the medical or surgical treatment of cases. The hospital, dispensary, district visiting service, and the thoroughly equipped laboratories will be utilized in this method of practical instruction. The tuition fees paid by the doctors for their post-graduate course are all applied to the maintenance of the charity patients.

For the construction of the central building, which is to be ready for occupancy by October, 1911, and will cost $650,000, there is available $417,373. It is significant of the devotion of the physicians connected with the institution that of this amount they have contributed $53,460, although their professional services to the charity patients are given free of charge. The sum of $232,627 is needed immediately, so that no delay may be caused by the lack of funds.

Motoring Over European Roads

ORGANIZED FACILITIES AND GOOD ROADS HAVE MADE THE CONTINENTAL TOUR AS SIMPLE AND PRACTICABLE AS ANY IN THIS COUNTRY

By W. F. Bradley

OFFICIAL figures show that last year 2,000 American touring parties, representing more than 12,000 persons, entered France under the *triptyque* system, bringing with them their own American automobiles which had done daily service over the highways of States as distantly separated and as widely differing as Florida and Michigan. The figures ignore those—and they are numerous—who slipped in without the use of the convenient *triptyque*, who came as railroad travellers and took their own automobiles out of winter storage in London or Paris, and those who, owning automobiles neither in the New World nor in the Old, hired them after landing on the east side of the Atlantic.

A Sunday afternoon scene on the road from Paris to Versailles

The stockbroker who, after seven consecutive annual trips to Europe, boasted that he had never been inside a European train is by no means an exception. There are hundreds who have made more than one trip without becoming acquainted with a European railroad, and they have lost nothing by their ignorance.

Lack of organized facilities made it undesirable a few years ago for any but the very wealthy to tour Europe by automobile. Where cost was no consideration, it was not uncommon for an automobile to be bought after the landing in Europe, used for three months or three weeks, and then sold, at a substantial loss, before the return home. At present there is no reason why the family automobile should not be taken across the water for the annual vacation. It will run just as well upon the boulevards of Paris as on the smooth asphalt of Fifth Avenue; it will be just as reliable on the scientifically graded highways in the Pyrenees as on the rougher roads in the White Mountains. If it gives satisfactory service at home, it will give equally satisfactory service in Europe.

The fear of a breakdown with an ocean between the disabled vehicle and the nearest spare-parts depot has kept many a man from taking his car into Europe. Realizing this, some of the leading manufacturers have established touring bureaus in France, from which any part that may be needed can be despatched within an hour of the receipt of a telegram. Even without this aid, it is not necessary to fill the tonneau with spare parts in order to make a foreign trip with an easy mind. Provided they are in good condition at the start, most American cars can make a six weeks' trip through Europe without a hitch.

It required only a little organization to make the entry of an automobile into Europe as easy as the passage of personal baggage at the frontier station. Thanks to touring associations having no other object than the encouragement of foreign travel, it is possible to deposit the amount necessary to cover customs duty on your car with your New York banker, and to receive the amount in full upon your return. A three-fold piece of paper, known as a *triptyque*, is all that need be presented, and with this "open sesame" you are free to enter without formality. Transportation companies can undertake to pack your car within twenty-four hours and to deliver it at the same time as yourself at the port of arrival, together with the necessary car and driving licenses permitting you to run free and unfettered over the broad highways of Europe.

France, being the nearest country of approach, the one possessing the most liberal regulations and the finest highways, is generally selected as the starting point of a tour through Europe. A fair ability to read French is all that is necessary to organize an automobile tour. As a road guide, take the Continental or Michelin handbook—this latter is now printed in English as well as French—and follow them faithfully as regards both roads and hotels. Good road maps are procurable anywhere, so that it is not necessary to obtain advice as to selection. If a journey is to be made over well-travelled highways, the Continental routes will be found valuable, for, being compiled by automobilists for automobilists, where a choice is possible the better road is selected. The American unacquainted with the French system of highways must be prepared to find more complexity than at home. The country is so cut up with a network of main roads that at times it is necessary to pay strict attention to avoid slipping off the route. Happily, sign-posts exist at all cross-roads, and all the main highways have their distances marked off by large stones, with easily read figures, at every kilometre, and by smaller stones at every hundred metres. The system is as perfected as that of a railroad. With a stop-watch alone it is possible to time the rate of travel accurately as you bowl along over these broad, well-kept military highways. The only difficulty that is likely to be met is in passing through the small and medium-sized towns, for it frequently happens that the streets to be followed are old and crooked and that the instruction posts are placed in inconspicuous positions on the walls of buildings. The best help in these cases can be found in the guide-books of the tire companies, which not only give plans of the towns, but name the streets to be passed through.

The American automobilist will have to deal with two classes of natives: one official, the other civil. The former will provide him with his driving and car registration licenses, the other will minister to his personal comfort, or otherwise, in hotels and garages. If the visitor is wise, he will take advantage to the full of all facilities offered by the various automobile-touring associations in order to simplify formalities at the customs and to obtain driving and car licenses with the least delay. So well is this managed that it is generally easier for the foreign visitor to obtain the necessary official papers than it is for the native. The documents are two: the one a rose-colored card, bearing a photograph of the driver of the car, various details as to his age, place of birth, etc., and type of car he is entitled to drive; the other is the car registration card, a gray ticket, carrying the registration number of the car, its horse-power, manufacturer's number, and other information necessary for ready identification. These two documents must always be ready. They may not be needed on the entire trip, but when they are wanted they are wanted badly. They are good for the whole of France, and for any length of time, a point that is worth remembering if the trip is to be repeated with the same car and the same driver.

Encounters on the road with the arm of the law should be made as courteous as possible on the part of the automobilist. There will be no "held-up" for running the car at the full limit over an open highway free from other traffic. Even in most of the cities no arbitrary speed-limit is imposed, the general instructions being that the driving must be "sane." As to the degree of saneness the gendarme alone is the judge. As instances, it is not sane driving, in Paris, to allow the motor to smoke at the exhaust, to use a siren or other loud-sounding instrument, or to drive at night with the gas headlights burning. If an accident should occur, stop immediately; it is a punishable offence to seek to escape from the scene of an accident, however slight your connection with it.

Although hotel fittings may be less costly and the conveniences of a lower order than those at home, a good bed and excellent food can be obtained in any town upon which the visitor likes to descend. Natu-

The Belgian villagers are not perturbed

Coming out of the Chevreuse Valley

rally, there are degrees of perfection, which could be explained by the experienced traveller, but even the casual tourist, obliged to choose without intimate knowledge, will everywhere obtain food and wine equal to the best procurable at home, and at much lower prices.

In nine cases out of ten there will be a garage attached to the hotel, and no charge for its use beyond the tacit understanding that the chauffeur buys his gasoline at the establishment. In Paris, the storage of the car will be undertaken under the same conditions as in New York, and at practically the same price.

Owing to the intensity of motor traffic on all French highways, necessary accessories can be obtained almost anywhere. Gasoline, which is put up in five-litre sealed cans (1 1/10 gallons) can be had everywhere. Outside Paris its price will vary from 30 to 42 cents the can, but it must not be supposed, because the hotel garage sells it at 40 cents and a dealer on the roadside a mile away at 36, that you have been "done." It is probably the octroi or town duty that makes the difference. Its quality rarely varies. The same applies to lubricating oil, with the exception, however, that the commoner brands are often pushed by the dealer, instead of the slightly more expensive and better grades.

Tires are naturally in the metric system, and on that account it is advisable to find out the metric equivalent for your dimensions in inches. A similar remark applies to the capacity of your gasoline tank, as it is a convenience to be able to state offhand the quantity required in litres, instead of gallons. If a fuel gauge is carried it is easy to work out in advance the equivalents in the metric system of all the markings.

There are a few conveniences common to Americans that will not be found in Continental Europe. Thus, there will be no difficulty in obtaining compressed air tanks for tire inflation, but one will find no compressed-gas tanks for the headlights, the authorities having an absurd idea that they are dangerous. If the gas supply brought in with the car becomes exhausted there will be no means of replenishing it, and recourse will have to be had to a generator.

Tire-chains cannot be bought on the Continent, although they are known to the supply houses in England. Unless work is going to be done on snow bound mountain roads, they will not be needed, for on the improved French roads the layer of mud is of such a superficial nature that steel-studded tires offer the best prevention against skidding. Owing to the hard surface of the roads, chains, indeed, are apt to be destructive of tires. Brakes should be given very close attention before setting out, if it is intended to pass through mountainous districts. On these military mountain roads, all so scientifically graded that it may be necessary to hold the car in continuously for half an hour or more, brakes that have been designed for American conditions and will do all that is required of them on the unevenly graded American mountain highways, are apt to prove faulty. To be free from danger it should be seen that there are two effective independent brake systems, thoroughly adjusted, and each capable of holding the car in hand on a long down grade.

Automobiles taking in supplies of gasoline outside Paris

If you have a chauffeur with whom you are satisfied, bring him with you. He will be handicapped by his lack of linguistic achievement, but he will prove more satisfactory than the average European "expert" to be found around Parisian garages, who knows all languages superficially and all cars still more superficially. Good men are to be found, but the visitor is much more likely to become acquainted with the undesirable variety than the satisfactory type. For the man who loves driving, the trip is quite possible without a chauffeur. Modern cars do not need to be constantly "tuned up," and with a quarter of an hour's attention every morning can be relied upon to cover long distances without trouble. If more extensive adjustments or repairs have to be carried out, expert help can be secured in all towns of moderate size, and for the man who must have a clean car every morning a washer will be found in every hotel. The only occasion when a chauffeur's presence is likely to be welcome is when tires have to be changed. But here demountable rims have wonderfully simplified the task, and compressed air tanks, obtainable anywhere, make it unnecessary to toil with a pump.

Boston's Three Treasures in Marble

By F. L. Bullard

THREE marble heads in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are so beautiful and so rare that experts insist there is no exaggeration in placing upon them a valuation of a quarter of a million dollars.

M. Rodin, the French sculptor, has lavished praises upon the marble known as the Chios head. Henry James, a few years ago, found in Boston but two things which he was able to pronounce "worth while": the sky line of Park Street and the head of Aphrodite in the Art Museum. The trio of marbles is completed by a head of Homer, which is the equal of the famous portrayals of the blind poet that all tourists go to see in Naples, London, and Potsdam.

It was in 1887 that Professor Studniczka saw in the island of Chios this Greek head of Parian marble, which the owner said he had found while excavating for building material at the time of the Crimean war. His published references to it led to its acquisition in England, where it was exhibited by the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1904. It was then acquired by Mr. Nathaniel Thayer and by him presented to the Boston Museum.

The presence of a tenon in one shoulder suggests the fact that it was not unusual for Greek sculptors to make marble statues in pieces and to set the head into a cavity in the body, sometimes adding a veil or head-dress in a separate piece of marble. The sharp angles at the top of this head were covered probably by a veil, and the unfinished back was screened by it, the tenon holding it in place.

The neck is stouter than a modern sculptor would make it, the nose larger and flatter on the ridge. Mr. John Marshall, in the year book of the German Archaeological Institute for 1909, printed a very interesting comparison between this head and heads of the school of Praxiteles. "The stout neck, the broad nostrils, the firmly set mouth, the eyes with each end set rather deeply and with such delicate eyelids, the complexly simple treatment of cheeks and forehead, all show striking similarity to what we must expect in a head by Praxiteles."

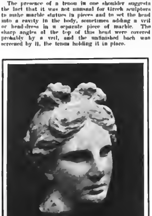
It is difficult to name the person whom the head represents. Is it woman or goddess, human or divine? It is not a portrait, for all its genuine human personality, nor a mere genre head, idealized as it is. It is best to call it a goddess, for the divinities of the Praxitelean age were most human in their divine nature. If it is a goddess, it might well be the veiled Persephone, daughter of Demeter, who was snatched away by Hades to be his bride, and then divided her time between the king of the dead and her mother, the goddess of the grain.

What is known as the Aphrodite head is made of a marble of large grain and slight translucency, peculiarly adapted to the aim of the sculptor. It is impossible to conjecture what may have been the rest of the statue. The style is that of the fourth century B.C., and the character of the head suggests more probably the goddess Aphrodite than any other subject. Praxiteles and the other artists of his time tended to represent goddesses in human form, and it is, therefore, impossible to be certain whether this is intended for woman or goddess, but it is of the goddess type. Many things in this suggest the method of Praxiteles. The texture and mass of the hair, the delicacy in the modelling of the face, and the expression of the eyes, are all Praxitelean. The way the lower eyelid is obscured, giving a somewhat dreamy expression, is characteristic of the master, as are also the very high forehead and the suggestion of life and animation from the slight opening of the lips. However, the oval of the face seems somewhat less full than that of most heads known to have come from his chisel. The brows, too, are a little more level and horizontal than most Praxitelean products.

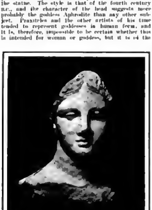
The Homer is to be assigned to a somewhat later date than the other two heads. It belongs to the late Greek or Hellenistic period of art. It reflects two tendencies in the life and thought of that time; the trend toward realism in art, and certain academic interests, seen chiefly in the selection and treatment of subjects. No one has any idea of the actual appearance of Homer. Tradition says the poet was blind. The art of the time being much under the influence of literature, some sculptor made an image of the singer as he imagined him to be, and of course represented him as blind, and, for the same reason, as very old.

But with the suggestion of physical decline conveyed by this head there is joined in a remarkable degree the intimation of intellectual power, of mental vision.

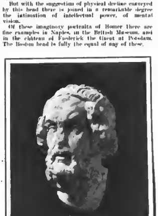
Of these imaginary portraits of Homer there are fine examples in Naples, in the British Museum, and in the château of Frederick the Great at Potsdam. The Boston head is fully the equal of any of these.



The head of Aphrodite, carved in the fourth century before Christ by an unknown sculptor



The Chios head, extravagantly praised by Rodin, probably of Persephone, attributed to Praxiteles

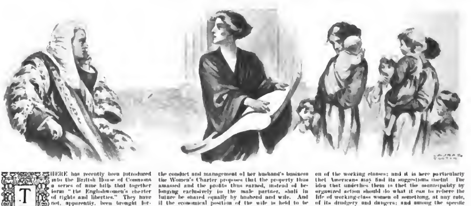


Homer, a combination of physical decline and mental vision, illustrating realism in Greek art

A Women's Magna Charta

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



THERE has recently been introduced into the British House of Commons a series of nine bills that together form "the Englishwomen's charter of rights and liberties." They have not, apparently, been brought forward in the hope of passing them into law either to-morrow or the next day, but rather with the idea of providing a basis of discussion, of drawing attention to women's disabilities in Great Britain, and of codifying "advanced" feminine opinion on the reasons and methods for removing them. The Parliamentary sponsor of these nine bills is Sir Charles McLaren, and their author is his wife, Lady McLaren, a well-known, accomplished, and hard-working champion of her sex.

One of the first points raised by the Women's Charter is the right of wives to maintenance. By the laws of England a husband is bound to support his wife and children out of any money he may have or earn, and a wife is similarly bound to support her husband and his children. But the law, it is claimed, is defective in that it provides no machinery for compelling a husband to work, does not give his wife any direct claim on his earnings even if he do work, and fixes no scale suitable to his means on which a wife should be maintained so long as the two live together. A wife who is inadequately supported, or not supported at all by her husband has practically no resource open to her but to go to the workhouse with her children and trust to the Guardians to sue her husband for her maintenance. It often happens that the Guardians find it easier and cheaper to support the wife in the workhouse than to find and prosecute the husband, who, as a matter of fact, nine times out of ten, has absconded. A large proportion of the able-bodied women now in the English workhouses are deserted wives. The Women's Charter proposes to alter the law so that a wife, without the intervention of the Poor Law Guardians, may apply immediately to a magistrate for an order enforcing maintenance, such maintenance to be recoverable wherever possible—as is done in some parts of Germany—from the employers of the husband out of the wages due to him.

This is a quite mild proposal compared with what the Women's Charter suggests in regard to the division of a husband's earnings. Lady McLaren has discovered the portentous fact that while women work as hard as, or harder than, men to keep the household going, their labor is unpaid. The incomparable services they render as housekeepers are rendered gratuitously. Yet in the ordinary economy of daily life it is not the man who earns, but the woman who spends, who is the vital personage. Almost any man can earn money, but it takes a woman to master the infinitely more difficult art of spending it judiciously; and innumerable women are doing it every day of their lives without receiving—in most cases, I fear, such is the humility of the sex, without even expecting—a single penny in recompense. The Women's Charter proposes to upset the absurd one-sidedness of this arrangement. Henceforward women's work in the home is to possess a money value. A wife who devotes her whole time to housekeeping and the care of the children is in future to have a claim upon her husband during his life, or upon his estate after death, for a sum calculated on a scale not exceeding the wages of a housekeeper in her station of life, provided she has not received any other personal allowance. The Women's Charter does not attempt to specify the precise amount of this sum, but it agrees that it should not exceed half the total saved during the marriage. It proposes that a wife shall rank as a prior creditor for this sum on her husband's estate in the event of his bankruptcy, and shall be entitled, in case the marriage is dissolved or husband and wife are legally separated, to payment for past services on the "housekeeper's" scale. Furthermore, the Charter urges that where the wife is a wage-earner she shall not be legally liable for the support of her husband or of his children, unless her earnings or income exceed the minimum necessary for her support; that no wife who is willing and able to support herself shall be detained in a workhouse at the pleasure of her husband; and that no widow shall be legally obliged to maintain her children if the father's share is sufficient for that purpose.

In the very common case where a wife shares in the conduct and management of her husband's business the Women's Charter proposes that the property thus amassed and the profits thus earned, instead of belonging exclusively to the male partner, shall in future be shared equally by husband and wife. And if the economical position of the wife is held to be unjust and precarious, that of the widow is still more so. The old common-law right of dower has in England been whittled down to almost nothing. At the present time an English husband is at liberty, if he chooses, to will the whole of his real and personal property away not only from his wife, but from his children. Again, in cases of intestacy the law leans heavily to the side of the man. If the wife dies intestate, the husband succeeds to the whole of her personalty and to the life enjoyment of her estates, unless they should be entailed on another branch of the family. If, on the other hand, the husband dies intestate, the wife inherits one-third only of his personal property if he has children, and half if he has no children; the other half, in default of other next of kin, reverting to the Crown. In the case of the death of a daughter or son, the mother inherits nothing from either; the whole goes to the father or to the father's next of kin. The Women's Charter proposes to change all this—(1) by restoring the ancient right of dower, extending it to personalty and making it independent of the husband's disposition; (2) by making the rights of husband, wife, and children to real property, in cases of intestacy, the same as to personal property; (3) by allotting one-half of the real and personal estate of a husband or wife who has died intestate to the surviving widow or widower and by dividing the remaining half equally among the children, or, if there be no children, by allowing the widow or widower to inherit the whole of the property; (4) by permitting mothers to inherit equally with fathers from intestate children; (5) by forbidding any person to disinherit his or her children, by limiting testamentary power to not more than one-half the property of either parent, and by dividing the remaining half equally among the children after payment of dower.

Passing now from the economic to the social relations of women, we find the Women's Charter even more prolific of suggestions for reform. It proposes, for instance, that the wives and children of men who have been sent to prison for assaulting their wives shall be entitled to support, but not as paupers, during the term of the husband's sentence, by a rate levied directly on the locality where they live. It proposes also to make either party entitled to a divorce on the ground of unfaithfulness alone; to render a marriage dissoluble for any of the following causes—habitual drunkenness; lunacy; conviction for grave offence entailing at least two years' imprisonment; cruelty, either mental or physical; or wilful desertion; and to make the local County Court the court of first instance for the consideration of matrimonial causes. By English law the father is the sole guardian of all children born in marriage and can nominate by his will a guardian to act with the mother, and even to override her wishes. The Women's Charter provides that fathers and mothers shall be joint guardians of their children. It puts forward also a suggestion as to infanticide which has come in for some severe criticism in England. The suggestion is that in case of the death of a first illegitimate child, due to the violence or neglect of the mother within a month of the child's birth, the penalty imposed shall be not more than two years' imprisonment, to be followed by a period of two years' industrial training. The Charter goes on to provide that children born to parents before marriage shall be legitimized by subsequent remarriage, and that illegitimate children, on proof of formal adoption, shall succeed in cases of intestacy to real and personal property by maternal or through paternal descent. Furthermore, it raises the "age of consent" to eighteen years, proposes that legal marriage shall not be permitted before that age, calls upon the government to appoint a commission of women to consider the best means of stamping out open immorality, demands that no wife shall be bound to accept a foreign domicile against her will, and insists that the Bishops of the Church of England in Convocation shall, at the request of the House of Commons, draw up a new marriage service "in accordance both with womanly dignity and with legal truth."

The next great department of life with which the Charter deals concerns the conditions of married women of the working classes; and it is here particularly that Americans may find its suggestions useful. The idea that underlies them is that the municipality by organized action should do what it can to relieve the life of working-class women of something, at any rate, of its drudgery and dangers; and among the specific proposals advanced are (1) the education and appointment of qualified midwives; (2) the establishment of crèches and play-rooms for the children, on the model of the German Pestalozzi Froebel House; (3) the provision by the municipalities of a supply of pure milk; (4) the establishment of cheap eating-houses and kitchens, especially of wash-houses; and (5) the establishment of schools in large centres, where instruction shall be given to women and girls at low charges in all branches of the domestic arts. The backwardness of female education in England is, indeed, one of the main objects of the Charter's attack. It demands that the amount of money spent on each girl per head in the public schools and secondary schools shall be equal to that expended on each boy; that an inquiry shall be instituted into all the funds bequeathed for educational purposes with a view to their equal allocation between the two sexes; that every advantage open to boys in the way of technical instruction shall be open to girls; and that all universities, colleges, societies, inns of court, institutes, and public bodies deriving money or authority from the state shall place their facilities at the disposal of women as well as men without discrimination.

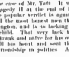
There remain two broad spheres of activity still to be touched on—the industrial and the political. In the latter the Women's Charter urges (1) that the right to vote at all municipal and local elections, together with the power to serve on local bodies, shall be accorded to women equally and on the same terms with men, and (2) that no woman otherwise qualified shall be excluded by sex or marriage from exercising the Parliamentary franchise. In industrial matters the Charter's recommendations are hardly, I suspect, so satisfactory to women reformers in general. There are, indeed, two pretty clearly defined schools of thought among Englishwomen in regard to legislating for women employed in shops and factories; the one school holding, roughly, that all trades and occupations open to men should be open on the same conditions to women and regarding the various restrictions placed by a benevolent legislature upon their hours of labor and so on as a severe industrial handicap, if not as an insult to the sex; and the other school tending rather to welcome these restrictions and to find means for extending them. The Women's Charter rather decidedly favors the former of these schools. Thus it demands that all regulations as to work and overtime which apply to women shall be extended, wherever applicable, to men working at the same trade; that a distinction shall be drawn between juvenile and adult labor for both sexes and that adult women, women, that is, over twenty-five, shall be allowed in certain trades to engage in night work which is now prohibited; that the rigidity of the Factory Acts relating to the employment of women should be relaxed; and that special facilities should be granted for training women in the many skilled trades from which they are now excluded by the fears or jealousies of the men's trade unions. These provisions show clearly enough to which side of the controversy the Charter inclines. Its other recommendations, however, command something like general assent. It is proposed that more branches of the public service shall be opened to women, that equal payment to women and men for equal services shall be the rule in the government offices, that the local education authority shall be forbidden to dismiss female school-teachers merely on the ground of marriage, and that women factory inspectors shall be appointed in proportion to the number of women workers. I have left to the last the most interesting and most revolutionary proposal. The law of England forbids the employment of a woman in a factory during the month following childbirth. The Charter proposes that in every case where the law forbids the mother to continue her occupation before or after the birth of her child the municipality shall be made responsible for her support during the time of prohibition, whether it can recover the charges incurred from the husband or not. This, of course, is a first step and a long one toward that endowment of motherhood which holds a foremost place in every programme of practical Socialism.

Mr. Taft and His Critics

By Edward G. Lowry

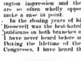
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

PERSONAL popularity should not be a test of the strength or efficiency of a national administration. It is being made so in the case of Mr. Taft. It will be a great tragedy if at the end of his four years the popular verdict is against the President. He is one of the most honest men that ever stepped foot in Washington, and is as lacking in all craft and guile as a child. That very lack has proved a defect. He is too frank and naïve for his own good. He believes with all his heart and soul that there is such a thing as friendship in politics. And no obligation rests more heavily on Mr. Taft's shoulders than the obligation of friendship.

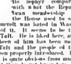


Washington comes to know the Presidents of the United States much more intimately and closely than the country ever comes to know them. The capital learns the motives that influence the chief magistrate. It learns his processes of mind, his weaknesses, and his foibles. It is rather dispiriting, sometimes, to persons whose occupation is translating public men for the benefit of the dear ones at home, that the Washington impression and the country-wide impression are so often wholly opposed. Roosevelt and Taft make a case in point.

In the closing years of his administration Theodore Roosevelt was the best-hated man in Washington. Republicans in both branches of Congress went to lengths I have never heard before or since in denouncing him. During the lifetime of the Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Congresses, I have heard things said about Roosevelt by Republicans in both the House and the Senate more damning in their denunciation than anything Roosevelt ever said about "undesirable citizens," or "malefactors of great wealth." What the insurgents in the House have said about "Uncle Joe" has been as a gentle zephyr compared with what the Republican membership of the House used to say about Mr. Roosevelt. Roosevelt was hated in Washington and liked outside of it. It seems to be the other way about with Mr. Taft. He is liked here, and what criticism there has been of him has been most gentle and lenient. Mr. Taft and the people of the United States have never been properly introduced. He does not know them, and it is quite obvious from much of the outside criticism that they do not know him.



In another respect, too, the attitude of Congress toward Mr. Taft is wholly unlike its attitude toward Mr. Roosevelt. As the contemporary makers of our daily speech would have it, Mr. Roosevelt had Congress "buffaloed." It was afraid of him. It never did anything for him except under the compulsion of fear, and Mr. Roosevelt never hesitated to use his enormous prestige and authority with the country as a lash on the backs of Congress. He would even wreak his vengeance on individual members who opposed and displeased him. Now, there is nothing of this sort in Mr. Taft's make-up. He has not the prestige in the country that Roosevelt had: nobody knows this better than the members of Congress, and that is why some of them have dared what they have dared. Mr. Taft does not know how to drive Congress, and he is not yet sufficiently on his own footing with the national electorate to qualify as a natural leader. Mr. Taft came into the White House with a warrant of authority bearing the signature of Theodore Roosevelt. As yet he has no warrant of authority from the whole people, and he suffers from the lack of it.



Mr. Taft is no politician. It is neither necessary nor desirable that he should be. But he has no political sagacity: and this is a defect beyond any doubt. None of his closest associates and political advisers have any political sagacity. If they had, some things that have been done would have been left undone, and some things that have been left undone would have been done. It is needless to itemize. The President has no instinct for knowing what the people of the country are thinking, nor has he any sources of information; therefore he can neither guide, direct, nor control public opinion.

Mr. Taft has a quick, keen conscience, to which he is immediately responsive. All of his thoughts and aims and motives are high and lofty. He has a splendid intelligence. He would not do a low nor an unworthy thing, nor a tricky thing. He moves forward slowly, trying with all his might and main to do what is best, leaving to the people to find out as best they can what he has done. He won't advertise himself, and he succeeds one of the greatest advertisers the world has ever known. Comparisons are inevitable.

Mr. Roosevelt used to spend a great part of his time in informing himself about what every manner and sort of man in the United States was thinking. In an editorial he wrote in the *Outlook* about his "Pigskin library" he referred to this incidentally when he said: "I have certainly profited as much by reading real good and interesting novels and stories as by reading anything else, and from contemporary ones I have often reached, as in no other way I could have reached, an understanding of how real people feel in certain country districts, and in certain regions of great cities like Chicago and New York."

Mr. Taft does not read much, certainly not so voraciously and omnivorously as his predecessor. He is not interested in a great many things. He has not that insatiable curiosity about people and things, and it seems sometimes to his closest friends that he deliberately turns away from the thousand and one interesting aspects of life which might be disclosed to him did he so will.

Mr. Taft, like the Washington baseball team, has not had his share of luck. Things have "broken" badly for him. Roosevelt luck ended abruptly on the night of March 3, 1909, when it began snowing, and gave Mr. Taft one of the worst inauguration days in the history of this Republic. Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration day in Washington was almost ideally a perfect day. Thanks to Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft began his Presidency with a tariff session. I say "thanks to Mr. Roosevelt," because that astute executive realized that the tariff was full of dynamite, and conscientiously staved off through the years of his administration the demand for a revision of the schedules. Mr. Roosevelt was afraid of the tariff. He didn't know anything about it, except that it would bite, and whatever else he may have done he never put himself in the way of being bitten.

Mr. Taft started off with the wrong foot on the tariff revision. He backed the wrong jockey in the race between the Protected Beneficiary, Mr. Aldrich up, and the Ultimate Consumer, ridden by a political apprentice boy named Insurgent. The Protected Beneficiary won, as he always has won, but the crowd was with the loser. This marked precisely and accurately the beginning of the criticism of Mr. Taft throughout the country. In the beginning of the tariff he kept himself clear of the controversy over the schedules in Congress. But toward the end he changed this attitude under pressure and made certain demands on the framers of the legislation for lower duties, which were granted. He should have pressed for reductions from the beginning and interfered actively in the making of the new tariff law, or he should have kept consistently clear of any participation in it until the end.

The criticism that his course aroused might have been stifled had Mr. Taft been content with saying what he did say when he signed the Aldrich-Payne law and not referred to it again. But he lacked the political sagacity to do this. He went out of his way to identify himself firmly with the new law, which is so undeniably unpopular. He has dared more than the actual makers of the law have dared. Aldrich and Payne and Smoot and Cannon and Burrows and Dalzell and Hale and Lodge and Scott have not gone before the country and iterated and reiterated in one public speech after another that the new law is the best tariff law ever passed. Not they. That job was expeditiously shifted to Mr. Taft's broad shoulders, and because he is unafraid and downright lacking in political sense, and because of the acute sense of responsibility arising from his signing the bill, he has cheerfully gone forth and made himself the sacrificial goat of his party. Therein Mr. Taft has doubly erred. He erred in not forcing Congress to give him a tariff bill which would redeem his campaign pledges; and having failed in that, he has erred again in accepting full responsibility, which did not belong to him.

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Aside from this one thing, though, what has Mr. Taft done since he has become President for which he should be sharply criticised? All of his faults and foibles and weaknesses of good-humor that have been counted and noted and flung at him so often have hurt no one except himself. His sins of omission and commission have not hurt the people of the United States; they have brought no harm to the government; they have not interfered with the orderly processes of governmental affairs. No one has suffered because of anything Mr. Taft has done except himself.

Sometimes we are all very much like a baseball crowd. A popular pitcher steps grandly into the box and we applaud him and shout encouraging cries to show him he has all of our confidence. Presently at a crisis in the game, with two out and a man on base, he gives two men in succession their bases on balls. Instantly there is an outcry: "Take him out!" "Take him out!" and loudly expressed wonderment that such a worthless and unworthy creature should be allowed to play ball with our particular team of demon athletes. While the roar is still ascending our pitcher strikes out the next batter with four pitched balls. Instantly the tone of the cries change and the hero walks back to the players' bench to such an accompaniment of deafening huzzas that he is forced to lift his cap in acknowledgment.

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Everybody has seen that scene enacted time and again. Precisely the reverse of this thing has happened to Mr. Cannon since he was elected Speaker. In the Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth Congresses he was far and away the most popular, the best liked, and the most loved man in the House of Representatives. He seemed to have the applause of both parties. The resolutions of thanks to the Speaker usually passed at the end of each Congress were marked by speeches that were anything but perfunctory. Democrats referred to Mr. Cannon's "extraordinary good sense and his remarkable fund of that most characteristic of all American qualities, a sense of humor." They said, "There is no sham about him, there is no pretence, there is no hypocrisy."

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The Democrats and Republicans of the House even resolved themselves into a joint caucus one session, the first time anything like it had ever happened, and presented the Speaker with a valuable token of their high esteem and good-will. Then without any great and perceptible change in him, the Speaker saw public opinion moving away from him. It began slowly and then moved with almost incredible rapidity. The transition from popular favor to popular disapproval was sudden and dizzying. Popular opinion in the House, which had raised him to a great height, suddenly dropped him. To this day he doesn't understand it.

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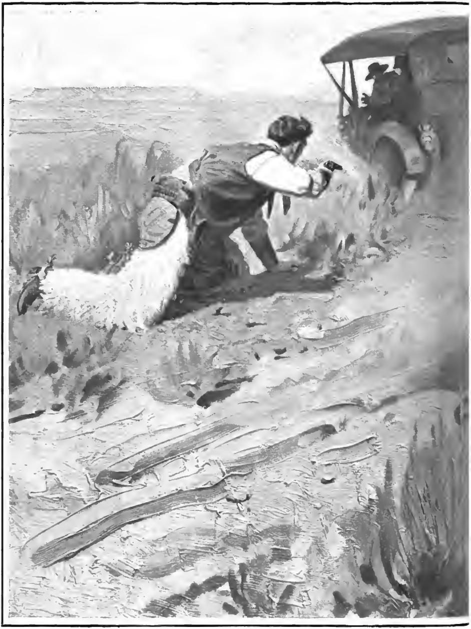
May there not be precedent in this as affecting Mr. Taft? When he came into the White House there was not a more popular man in public life in the United States. He hadn't a single political enemy. Democrats vied with Republicans in expressing their good-will. To-day there is criticism and dissatisfaction based on nothing that is tangible except the tariff messages. Critics say Mr. Taft should "do something", but they don't say what he should do; as a matter of fact, they don't know.

Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin is a keen, shrewd old man. He has a very meagre education, and many of his ways are not the ways of the superior person, but he has a fund of sound, hard, common sense. He is commonly called "Uncle Ike." He went up to the White House not long ago to advise with the President and tell him what he ought to do. He was only one of thousands who have made the same pilgrimage with the same amiable intent. "Look here," said Uncle Ike, "you ain't doing right. You've got to keep the boys stirred up. They have got so they expect it now. Now, who are the two most popular men in the world to-day? Why, Roosevelt and the German Emperor. And why? Because one day they are shouting something somewhere, and the next day they are off yachting, and the next day they are up in a balloon.

(Continued on page 30)



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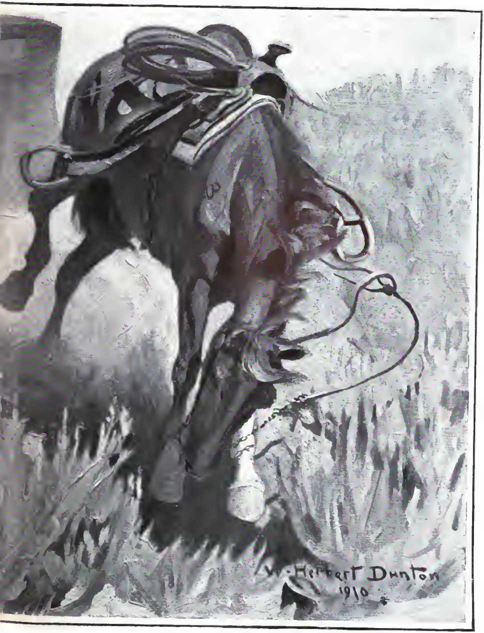
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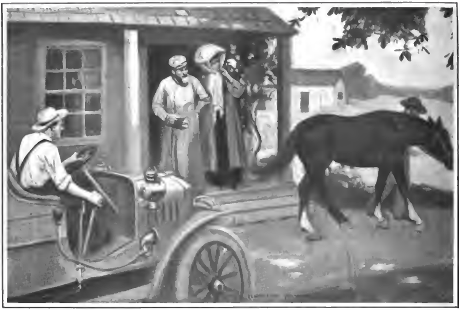


"MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO"

LITTLE SKETCHES BY THE SEA

THE SURPRISE

IT was night. The moon was shining brilliantly in the heavens, casting a golden light upon the beach. In the far distance one could hear the shrill whistle of the evening train approaching Sandymere, and as usual the guests of the famous Wavecrest House were gathered on the piazza awaiting the coming week-enders who would shortly appear. Mabel, a radiant vision in pink chiffon, was smiling sweetly upon Harold, to whom her heart and hand had that day been promised, and, as the poet so beautifully expresses it, all was merry as a marriage bell. Soon up the broad driveway approaching the hotel the chugging of the automobile was heard, and in a moment it stopped. Three young men, alighted and, carrying suit-cases, mounted the steps eagerly, glancing about them as if in search of some familiar face.

"Harry, George, Reginald!" cried Mabel, jumping to her feet, a great glow of happiness lighting her face. "Why did you not let me know you were coming? I should have been at the station to meet you, you dear, sweet boys!"

Harry, George, and Reginald looked at her, and then at one another, bewildered.

"Why," they replied, as with one voice, "we thought it would be pleasant to surprise you."

"You are the dearest things that ever were," she murmured enthusiastically, kissing them all and plainly showing her delight.

"But where is Horace?" she asked.

"Horace?" said Reginald. "Who is Horace?"

"Oh, I forgot," she said. "He lives in Philadelphia—of course you never met him. And to think that you three should have come together!"

"Together?" said Harry. "I haven't come together, Mabel. I never saw these gentlemen before."

"I am sure your friends are entirely unknown to me," said George.

"I shall be glad to meet these other gentlemen," said Reginald.

"Of course you shall," smiled Mabel, with a happy laugh. "Mr. Browne, this is Mr. Harry Jones. Mr. Harkaway, let me introduce you to Mr. Reginald Browne and Mr. Jones."

"And where do I come in?" put in Harold.

"You come in right here, Harold," said Mabel. "My friends, Mr. Jones, Mr. Harkaway, and Mr. Browne, Mr. Banks."

"Happy to meet you," said Harold.

"The pleasure is mine," said each of the other three, eyeing Harold somewhat gloomily, however.

"Dear, dear, dear!" ejaculated Mabel. "Was ever any girl so richly blessed as I am! *To think that, barring poor old Horace, I have all my fiancés here at once!*"

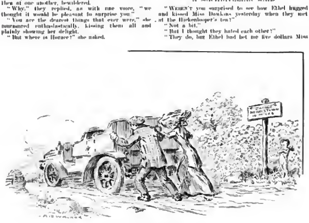
A MACHIAVELIAN MAID

"WEREN'T you surprised to see how Ethel hugged and kissed Miss Dawkins yesterday when they met at the Hickenlooper's tea?"

"Not a bit."

"But I thought they hated each other?"

"They do, but Ethel had bet me five dollars Miss Dawkins's complexion wasn't real, and when she hugged her up she rubbed half of it off on her own cheek."



THE HELPMATE

CUPID: "THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD TEST"

POEMS OF THE YEAR

AUGUST

When the Woodchuck sounds his note
On the breeze,
And the Robins gayly float
Through the trees;
When the Hammock idly sways
Full of happy lasses
Singing gladsome roundelays
At their ease;

When the Arbutus arbutes
In the dell,
And the farmer gathers fruits
For the jell;
When the sweetest notes there be
In all Nature's minstrelsy
For the Hired Man is the
Dinner-bell.

When poor Dad is at his toil
In the town,
While the Mercury doth boil
Up and down,
And Mamma with marcelled hair
In the cool, crisp mountain air
Dazzles all beholders there
With her gown;

When the Truck Horse bold and pert
Doth appear
With a straw hat—like a flirt!—
On his ear,
And we hear the merry honk
Like the echo of a conch
From the Motor and the Donk,
Loud and clear;

When the flutter of the fan
Of the sly
Little Maiden with the Tan
Greets the eye,
As she promises to wed
Tom and Jack and Bill and Ned,
George and Harry, Sam and Ted,
By and by;

When the 'Skeeter 'gins to storm
On the Beach,
And the Candidate gets warm
In his speech,
And the world is just awhirl,
Full of fluff and yellow curl,
Sort of mixture of a girl
And a peach;

When the Katydids dispute,
And the Frog
Sounds his pessimistic hoot
In the bog;
When the Lobster all aglow
Grabs the bather by the toe,
Who is he that doth not know
It is Aug?

CARLYLE SMITH.

SUMMER NOTES FROM THE "WAYBACK WARWHOOP"

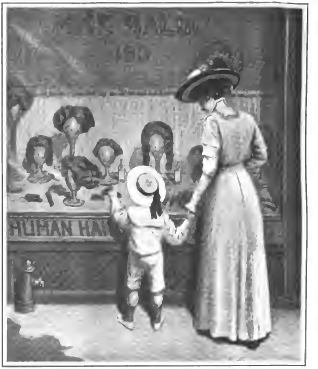
WHY cannot the Chamber of Commerce do something to call attention to the advantages of Wayback as a summer resort? A comparison of the records showing the temperature of Wayback during the summer months with that of other places, is a certain indication to us that if summer resorts anywhere it is here. When the mercury at Yuma, Arizona, is languidly lolling about a hundred and three in the shade, at Wayback it is dancing the Tarentella at a hundred and thirteen. When Reno sizzles with a recorded temperature of a hundred and nine, we are reposing in a hundred and twenty-three, and yet nobody is doing anything to call the attention of tourists looking for a warm welcome to our unquestioned gifts in the matter of incandescence. Wayback should be known the country over as the *sans ça* of summer resorts.

Owing to the extreme heat of the past few nights, the Sheriff has quartered the residents of the county jail at the Wayback Hotel, where several of them entertained their friends with little dinners and in other ways, which have shown beyond peradventure that jail life does not in any way affect good-fellowship. An automobile ride for the sixty-day men is proposed for Friday evening out to the skating-rink and back, with music and a dance to while away the evening.

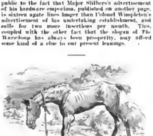
Wayback society is divided on the question as to whether or midsummer pajamas may be considered to come under the head of evening dress. For our own part, we do not see why Wayback should not decide for itself what is de rigger. Just because the so-called smart set of the Eastern cities do not wear their pajamas in public is no reason why we of Wayback should not do as we choose in this matter. Who are the New York Four Hundred, or the Boston Two Hundred and Three, or the Philadelphia Five, that they should dictate to us as to how we shall be clothed?

The proprietors of the Bellevue Hotel on Corbett Square have installed cold showers in all the canopies over their beds for the remainder of the summer season, so that all guests who care to sleep with a cooling stream trickling down over their heads during the night can be accommodated at a small extra cost. This is a great improvement over the old-fashioned electric fans, which, though cooling, have on more than one occasion caused considerable loss to the Bellevue's guests by blowing valuables out of the window.

Numerous inquiries have been addressed to this office asking which of the two candidates for Congress, Colonel Wimpleton of Wayback, or Major Slithers of Peewee Junction, we intend to support. In view of the fact that this journal is and has always been independent in politics, we beg to answer that we shall decide that question when we get good and ready. We are willing, however, to call the attention of the public to the fact that Major Slithers's advertisement of his hardware emporium, published on another page, is sixteen agate lines longer than Colonel Wimpleton's advertisement of his undertaking establishment, and calls for two more insertions per month. This, coupled with the other fact that the slogan of *The Warwhoop* has always been prosperity, may afford some kind of a clue to our present leanings.



"MAMMA, DID THE INDIANS KILL ALL THOSE PEOPLE?"



OLD DOBBIN (*finding horseshoe*): "I SUPPOSE I'D BE LUCKY IF I ONLY HAD A STABLE DOOR TO NAIL IT OVER."

A FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR AUGUST

Be careful, along about the first two weeks of August, of your hothouse boarders. Under the extreme heat of midsummer they are likely to wilt, unless kept in a cool place.

The up-to-date farmer no longer provides his guests with feather beds. That is to say, it is no longer *de rigueur* to call them feather beds, the new fashion being to refer to them always as chanterler divans.

A rather clever method of keeping your summer guests in a comfortable frame of mind is to build a little ice-box directly in the rear of the mercury bulb of your thermometer. This if kept filled at all times will reduce the apparent temperature of the hottest days to a comfortable average.

An inexpensive means of keeping your table up to a high standard of excellence is to gather all your peas and asparagus after the boarders have gone to bed, and place them in a white pine box addressed to yourself as though it had come from the Café Voisin at Paris, after which arrange with the village express company to deliver the same at your front door while all the boarders are present.

Should one of your boarders refuse to pay his bill promptly, an easy way to get even with him is to abstract his Sunday suit from his trunk and substitute for it the last season's lounging suit of your scarecrow. If this does not bring him to terms a little cod-liver oil in the salad dressing will suggest the idea of leaving your house at once, thus requiring an immediate payment in full of his delinquencies.

Do not water your iced milk. Leave that to nature. If you place a ten-pound cake of ice in a gallon can of pure undiluted milk, at least three gallons of iced milk will be the natural and perfectly legitimate result, and your conscience will be entirely free from misgivings as to the propriety of your act.

Be careful not to overcharge your boarders for what you give them, but make a careful estimate of the cost of everything you provide, and charge accordingly. For instance, in estimating the value of a huckleberry pie, take the first cost of the ingredients, add the cost of the kitchen range upon which it was cooked, the wages of your chef, the cost of the tin plate upon which it is served, and the cost of the knife with which it was cut. Add to this ten per cent. for your legitimate profit, and dividing the sum total thus reached by the number of wedges into which the pie is cut, you will have the amount to be charged to the account of the consumer.

In advertising rooms for summer boarders during August make your offer as generously attractive as you can, stating that there will be no extra charge for heating, and that the golf links are at all times open for the use of guests gratis. In the event of your advertising the links it will be well to set aside a portion of the cow-pasture large enough to accommodate one hole at least. This can be inexpensively made by sinking an old tin cup two inches in the ground, and keeping the grass immediately around it close-cropped.

Strive to give as much variety to your table as you possibly can. For instance, if you serve lemon pie for breakfast, provide apple pie for dinner, and rhubarb pie for supper. It will be well also to look after the complexion of your pastry, seeing that it is not too pallid. A pleasantly browned effect can always be got by mixing a pint of boiling chicory in with your dough. Bluing should be avoided since it only serves to intensify the pallor of the pastry. A cupful of starch will crisp the roof line of a pie very materially.

Farmers in all parts of the country are warned to consider carefully the capacity of those who apply for board and lodging during the vacation on a basis of working out their expenses. It should be definitely arranged beforehand that the working hours are from 3 A.M. until noon, and from 1 P.M. until midnight. Otherwise the boarder may attempt to renig, basing his views upon the curious ideas prevalent in our cities that a day's work is only eight hours in duration.

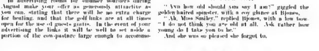
We omit the weather prognostications for August, since the new agriculture, which is based entirely upon the renting of rooms and the care of boarders, is not dependent upon weather of any kind, and prophecies as to the probable appearance of heat waves, thunder-storms, and belated frosts have no bearing upon the farmer's needs.

A DIPLOMAT

"Now how old should you say I am?" giggled the golden-haired spinster, with a coy glance at Bjones.

"Ah, Miss Smiley," replied Bjones, with a low bow, "I do not think you are old at all. Ask rather how young do I take you to be."

And she was so pleased she forgot to.



THE LATEST FROM UTAH—THE AUTO-MORMONOBILE.

The Stirring of Deep Waters

By Gardner Weeks Wood

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W J DUNCAN

It is rather odd that on this harsh, blustery March morning I should be writing beside the fire in my quiet library. It is not that the act of writing is in itself unusual, for that is a more than occasional diversion of mine; but this is essentially a story of summer and its reflected moods, and I have always been insistent that the telling of a tale should be done in its appropriate season—the locusts of August should be throbbing hotly outside my window to-day, and the green hills be touched with misted blue.

However, as a newspaper reporter might say, this incident in Jim Chamberlain's life has a winter "end"; and that, perforce, must be my excuse.

I have been wondering about Jim Chamberlain for a long time because Jim is an old, old friend of mine and I am very fond of him—probably because of our great contrasts. He is big, hearty, unimaginative, and practical. Jim makes a great deal of money every year—I am what he calls a "business outcast." To Jim the vista of a cross-street lined with brick and fire-escapes is wholly satisfying. I prefer a fair hill slope and a tumbling brook. Jim dreams of margins—I of marginalia.

Perhaps I would be more exact in saying that this was the man of a year ago—I'm not quite sure what he is doing now. In March last, just after the terrible Surdam Bridge railroad disaster, Jim started for the West. To investigate irrigation in Arizona was his alleged reason; but I believe that he went away with no other motive than to be somewhere alone and to think. One letter I have had from him, and it said nothing of irrigation, or of anything else, for that matter. I have found Jim's reticence at times to be singularly illuminating.

I am beginning to be puzzled by his absence—I want to see him again and find out whether the same comfortable look has returned to his eyes, if his laugh is as full and deep and his hand as hearty as it was when I first knew him.

My inclination is to tell more about Jim, for he is a man one would want to know; but it would be useless. Even if I tried, I should fail to picture him accurately—Jim is simply an honest, single-hearted, straightforward citizen, who has fought his way through the world and achieved some fame, a great fortune, and an abundant self-reliance. Not until he met—but that is my story.

Of course, Jim had met many women. At various times my wife had attempted to marry him to several nice girls she knows, but she could not get him interested. He never had time to consider marriage. I firmly believe he has cherished a little resentment against Marie and me ever since we married, and my wife insisted on a country home. Whenever he came out to see us I knew that he was regretfully turning back in memory to our old-time, pajama-clad, Eighty-ninth Street Sundays, and to memories of a room filled with men, tobacco smoke, and Sunday supplements, and an atmosphere of poker and personalities.

To Jim, "business" was both the means and the end of existence. His days were mad steams of excitement from the moment he entered his office until the electric lights began to glow. Then at his club, or some one of the big up-town hotels, each night brought its necessity for plot and counter-plot in the great war of business.

Jim loved a fight with all the fervor of his bulldog nature. Perkins, who had just lost a bitter struggle to dislodge Jim from his board of directors, struck pretty close to the gold. Said he, "I believe Chamberlain thinks he's Napoleon and sits up all night sticking pins in my railroad maps."

Jim did sit up too many nights planning and plotting. He smoked too many strong cigars. He burned too many candles before his gods of the market—the only gods he worshipped.

Over a year ago I could see a change. Jim was becoming irritable. His constant good humor disappeared. His iron nerve sometimes failed him. Worthing, an old-time friend of ours, told me that Jim had dined with him not long before. Midway the dinner Jim had fainted.

"There's something the matter with the man," said Worthing. "He ought to ease up, but I can't do anything with him. He amiably tells me to go to the devil when I suggest a rest.

"Why don't you get after him, Ted?" he added. "He'll listen to you."

I did get after him, and he laughed at me.

"You're crazy, Teddy," said he, "like all the others. I'm not sick; and if I were, do you think I can get away from my business?

"I suppose Worthing or Evans put you up to this," he continued, "because I was a little tired the other night. That's no reason at all why I should take a vacation. There's no excuse for that, anyway. I've never wanted to take a vacation and I'm not going away. I can't stop working, and you know it."

And he didn't stop; the voice of the money-changers was a siren song.

I did not see Jim for several weeks after that incident. One day late in May he telephoned, asking me to call on him in town.

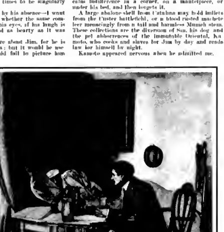
I promised to be on hand; and five o'clock of the next afternoon found me at the door of Jim's apartment. He calls it his "bungalow," commemoratively; because he got the idea and the means to crystallize it when he bought a tract of land in southern California and changed it to a neatly trimmed and populous "addition."

Central Park not being available for bungalows, Jim placed his at the extreme top of a many-storied stone pile wherein he saw possibilities.

Gradually he had filled his place with interesting things, for in an abashed way Jim is a collector. If something strikes his fancy, no matter what it is, he buys it, takes it home furtively, and places it with calm indifference in a corner, on a mantelpiece, or under his bed, and then forgets it.

A large abalone-shell from Catalina may hold bullets from the Custer battlefield, or a blood-rusted machete leer menacingly from a tall and harmless Munich stein. These collections are the diversion of Sin, his dog, and the pet abhorrences of the immutable Oriental, Kamoto, who cooks and slaves for Jim by day and reads law for himself by night.

Kamoto appeared nervous when he admitted me.



"Rattle the spoon and ice around in it so I can hear it"

"Mist' Cham'blin sick," was his greeting; "he say you come in."

I followed Kamoto to the bedroom and found Jim propped up on pillows, hair a-tumble, and in an evident ill temper.

"Sit down near the window, Teddy," he commanded; "light the strongest cigar you can find and blow the smoke this way; throw your packages on the floor where that heathen will have to pick them up; kick the dog into the hall; and then humor me a bit."

My lesson had been learned from long experience; I obeyed. Jim sniffed hungrily at the smoke for a time.

"Now have a drink, Teddy, a fine, long, cold one," said he.

Kamoto brought it.

"Now," said Jim, "set it down on that table where I can see it and then rattle the spoon and ice around in it so I can hear it very plainly."

I did so for a long time in silence.

"Well?" I asked, finally.

"Oh, it's the fault of that fool doctor of yours," he complained. "He's got me at last. He says my nerves are right on the point of unravelling and insists that if I smoke another cigar he won't be responsible. He has ordered me to go away somewhere to a quiet spot and rest! What do you think of that, Teddy?" he snarled. "Rest! Simply because my heart thumps are out of tune once in a while.

"Think of it, Teddy!" he implored, plaintively. "Picture me sitting day after day on an open-work veranda with a lot of crocheting women!

"'No newspapers,' says that fool doctor, 'no telephones, no drinks, no cigars—*nothing* for three months!'"

I knew that Doctor Evans had given the verdict.

"He's right, Jim," said I, "you must do it. Go away somewhere and catch a little fish in a little river—you'll like it."

He turned his face to the wall. "Well," said he, "that's the last straw. I had hoped for better things from you, Teddy, but if you are all organized to hound me out of town I suppose I'll have to go. The Lord only knows what will happen to my business," he added, "with those Broad Street fellows busy as bloodthirsty pirates while I'm spending the summer talking to the little flowers—but I'll go."

While we were consulting time-tables, Jim remembered that several years ago a friend of his father, a Mr. Graydon, an educated and travelled gentleman, had grown tired of metropolitan turmoil and built a home in the heart of the northern wilderness. Thither he had taken his wife, and there they were still living an isolated but happy life.

"If I have got to do this outrageous thing at all," said he, "I'm going to try to do it right."

Accordingly, he wrote to Mr. Graydon. The reply was a letter saying that Jim's father was delightfully remembered, and that his son should come immediately and stop as long as he wished with them.

"You will honor us by coming," wrote Mr. Graydon, "and my wife and daughter join me in bidding you welcome to our woods."

"Daughter, eh," mused Jim, "that's a little more than I had bargained for; but—let it go. I may be able to escape from one girl. I couldn't from a hotel veranda cluttered up with 'em."

I went with Jim to his train and saw him off. Jim didn't look pleased, but he was taking his share in the unpleasant thing with earnestness and determination.

Only one letter from Jim reached me during the summer. He wrote briefly, as usual, and merely to say that he was better, that his hosts were hospitality personified, and that he was to return about the middle of August.

It lacked only a few days of September when Jim wrote that he had returned. I dropped in unannounced a day or so later and found him at home.

The few days in town had made no impression on his thick coat of tan—I remember how white his collar looked when I found him at table just at the evening's edge.

Jim rose joyously to grasp my hand. I knew he was well by the way he did it.

"Jim, you ruffian," said I, feelingly, "you're fit again."

"Fit?" he laughed. "I should say I am! I never felt so keen in my life. Nothing but bone and muscle, Teddy. Heart as steady as a clock. Wish I were going to play tackle on the old team again this fall. I'd crumple 'em up!"

"I believe you would," said I with conviction; "but how did it all happen? Did you enjoy yourself? Did you catch a little fish?—and did you manage to keep out of the young lady's way?"

It was dusk in the room and quite impossible to see distinctly, but I thought I detected a change in Jim's expression. His answer was impressive, but none the less evasive.

"The Graydons are the Lord's own people, and I never had so bully a time in my life."

He settled back in his chair.

"Have a cigar?" I asked, "a big strong cigar?" I held one out temptingly to him.

"No, I don't seem to care about smoking," he replied, "but I will have a little Scotch with you."

Kamoto brought Scotch, and under its soothing influence Jim became philosophical.

"Teddy, you've always been right," he confessed. "There is no place like the big outdoors! I've been a fool long enough and I'm going to take life easier hereafter. This town can go hang for a while every summer now. I learned a lot of things in the woods—but the biggest lesson was that the stock-market doesn't count for much when compared to a shadowy lake at evenfall."

This kind of talk from Jim—practical, unimaginative Jim!

"I'd like to tell you all about it to-night, Teddy, but I can't. You will have to wait. I've got to take some packages up to Mrs. Graydon's sister on Eighty-ninth Street. Odd, isn't it? Same block where you and I used to live."

As I was leaving him, Jim said: "I've been down-town to-day, and the way those beggars have been tangling that Central Sun proposition is a crime. They took advantage of my being away to win over those wooden-headed Dutch stockholders, and now I've got the problem of my life to handle. I'm going to make them curl up, though, before I get through with 'em. I'll teach 'em not to meddle with my affairs."

"Did you," I inquired, maliciously, "get these benevolent ideas in your talks with the little flowers?"

"Now, Teddy, don't get nasty," said he; "you know I can't let those fellows trim me. This is the last big scrap I'm going into—after this one, things are going to be smoother. Just now, though, I'm too strong to be standing around loose. I need action."

When I got home that night I told my wife about him.

"Something has happened to Jim," said I. "He is as husky as a truck horse, but, on the other hand, his soul seems filled with an ineffable glory. He spoke slightingly of Wall Street, and he mooned about 'a shadowed lake at evenfall.'"

Marie looked at me in blank amazement.

"Theodore," she cried, "he didn't!"

"Those were his exact words," I assured her, "and moreover, he is crazy about some girl. He has her picture in his watch. It is the same as a new one on his mantelpiece, and she's a beauty, too. Add to this that he is so robust and happy that he is going to kill a few financiers tomorrow for diversion."

"Theodore," said she, "if I didn't know you so well, I'd surely believe you were losing your mind. As it is, I think Jim Chamberlain ought to be investigated.

"Now, you must find out who she is," my wife continued, "and if you can't, I will."

She failed, however, just as I did.

Jim came to dinner and gave us the story of the summer, except the one thing we really wanted to know. Repeated hints and deft questioning were of no avail, and finally we gave up.

Autumn came; the financiers proved hard to kill, the wooden-headed Dutchmen singularly stolid. Jim had the fight of his life, as he had wished, and did not win out until late in November. Then something went wrong in copper, and he plunged into that like a warring Goth.

I saw little of Jim during this time, and whenever I did there were fewer reminiscences—finally no reference at all to the past summer.

The business lust was on him again and a deep, troubled look settled into his eyes—something that had never been there before.

There were strange moods on the man.

Winter fell upon the land and roared up and down its streets and byways in a rage of triumph.

I vividly recall the bitter day when Jim called me up.

"Please come in this afternoon," said he, "prepared to spend a day."

Night had come to the city as I creaked through the crisp, snowy streets to Jim's apartment. Few figures were scurrying, muffled and shivering, to belated dinners. In Jim's room, as Kamoto admitted me, there were no lights, and my friend was standing alone by the window looking out across the frozen square toward the fiery cross that blazed on the church tower opposite. He turned as I entered, and I saw that his face was white in the pale reflection. Curiously enough, the memory of his return from the country months ago flashed through my mind. I remembered the white contrast of his collar that night against his sun-tanned throat. Now it was different. Jim's buoyant manner had disappeared, too. His face was grave, his eyes troubled, as he greeted me.

"I am glad you could come, Teddy," said he. "I shall have something to tell you directly. Here are cigars and whiskey. Make yourself comfortable, for I want to talk to you slowly and understandingly. It may take a good bit of the night."

We sat down before the low wood fire. Subdued sounds from the other rooms betokened Kamoto; and Sin, the dog, lay outstretched on the rug, nose between paws, eyes fixed sleepily on the embers, dreaming his dog dreams.

Finally Jim began without preface.

"I want to tell you, Teddy," said he, "an incident of my vacation trip last summer that I have never alluded to before.

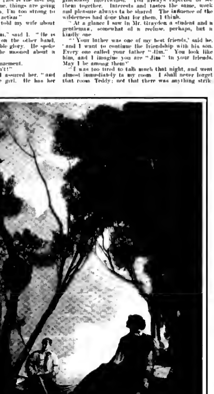
"The Graydon home lies at the end of a long wagon trail through the forests. I reached it two days after I left you in New York, and I imagine I must have looked pretty well used up to the woodsmen who met me. Canadian roads are picturesque, but they are not macadam, and my nerves were certainly in bad case before we reached the house. The last hour of the trail came at the end of the long northern gloaming. Mr. Graydon and his wife welcomed me from the lamp-lit doorway of their home."

"I have known a lot of people in my life, Teddy—men and women; but there is a rare couple. It is hard to speak of them separately, their lives were so graciously intertwined. You always expected to see them together. Interests and tastes the same, work and pleasure always to be shared. The influence of the wilderness had done that for them, I think.

"At a glance I saw in Mr. Graydon a student and a gentleman, somewhat of a recluse, perhaps, but a kindly one.

"'Your father was one of my best friends,' said he, 'and I want to continue the friendship with his son. Every one called your father "Jim." You look like him, and I imagine you are "Jim" to your friends. May I be among them?'

"I was too tired to talk much that night, and went almost immediately to my room. I shall never forget that room, Teddy; not that there was anything striking about its interior or its comfortable fittings, but it had four low windows that were perpetual delights. The breath of the pines was always drifting through them—sunrise and moonlight flooded them. That night, before I turned in, I caught from one of them the reflection of a big star in sleeping water" (the poetizing of Jim had evidently been thorough).



"This is my world—I love it," she said

"Because I was an invalid, I suppose, my breakfast was sent up to me the next morning—a new luxury in my case, for I hate being coddled, as you know.

"From my table by the south window I got my first definite idea of my surroundings.

"Before the house lay a broad sweep of lawn and Mrs. Graydon's beds of old-fashioned flowers—it was good to see the marigolds and the tall hollyhocks again—then a path leading down through the tall trees to a lake—a lake that was part of the wilderness. Rugged, pine-swept shores; deep, silent bays; rock-ribbed islands; long, blue stretches of water. In the far distance of the lake I saw a dot of red and the quick flash of a paddle.

"Back of the house and on all sides rose the forest-clad hills glorious in green.

"The house bore every evidence of the fact that a man of adequate means had lived there and built as he chose. It was a low-roofed structure, broadly verandaed, stout, to resist winter and invite summer.

"Inside and out, the place was powerfully attractive to me. It seemed to awaken something within me that I had never suspected—I had always wanted this thing, but had never realized it before.

"It did not occur to me as strange—finding such an establishment as this in the midst of the forest. It belonged there. Its perfect harmony with the things of nature made it a part of them.

"Its windows opened upon a new world, Ted, and the evenings we spent in the huge inglenook of its low-studded living-room revealed a new life to me."

Jim paused in reflection—Sin stirred uneasily in his sleep before the fire; the tall cathedral clock in the corner smote the soft silence with its count of the hours; an ember fell, flared crisply, striking a ruddy glow upon the brass of the andirons. I smoked while Jim's big body slouched more solidly into his deep chair—face in the shadows, hands white on the chair's arms. His eyes were fixed on the hearth, but they looked beyond it.

"I found Mrs. Graydon among her flowers my first morning," Jim resumed, quietly.

"'You are better already, Mr. Jim,' said she, as she straightened up from her bed of marigolds; 'I can see it. In a week you will begin to enjoy our life here, unless you are hopelessly metropolitan.'

"I'm not often given to fine words, as you know, Teddy, but I was able to assure her that my few hours had already convinced me of that.

"'I have only one request to make,' said Mrs. Graydon, 'and that is that you will do as you please here. Our happiness will be in seeing you win back your strength and in enjoying yourself as you wish.

"'Mr. Graydon is in the rush of finishing his new book, and as he thinks I am necessary to him we shall be busy much of the time.

"'My daughter, though, will teach you the ways of the country if you desire it. She knows our wilderness and its language, but if you wish to learn them alone we shall not interfere.'

"It occurred to me then, Ted, that I had entirely forgotten the daughter, and I'll have to acknowledge a sinking of the heart when she was mentioned. You know how I dislike 'sweet' girls. I am a clod in the presence of chiffon.

"I lied courteously, of course, and Mrs. Graydon explained that Marjorie had gone up the lake in the early morning in her canoe.

"That explained the dot of red I had seen in the distance. At the same time I was relieved to know that her name was Marjorie. If it had been Pearl I think I should have fled incontinently.

"I was idly watching Mrs. Graydon busy with her sweet peas when a long, clear, 'Hallo!' floated up from the lake.

"'Ah, there she is now, Mr. Jim,' said she. 'Shall we go down to meet her?'

"At the lake's edge lay a boathouse and a solid little wharf. The girl in the red canoe had just drifted in."

For an interval Jim fell silent, and I, too, was still.

"You have seen her picture, Ted," he resumed, "but you have not seen her.

"'This is my daughter Marjorie,' said Mrs. Graydon.

"I looked into a pair of frank brown eyes and felt a firm, small hand in mine.

"'So this is Mr. Chamberlain,' said she. 'I am very sorry to know that you have been ill, but I am sure you will soon be strong again here.'

"I don't know what made me do it, Teddy, but before I realized it I was saying to her, 'I am sure of it, too, Miss Marjorie, if you will help me.'

"I cursed myself instantly for a fool, but it was unnecessary. About her there was none of the self-consciousness of the girl that would have suspected flattery.

"'Indeed I will help,' said she, earnestly, 'if you wish me to.'

"Whatever I may have expected," continued Jim, "I had not thought to meet in that far country such a superb creature as she. No colorless photograph could show you the real Marjorie.

"I had to look down but little to meet her smiling, level eyes. Her rough blouse and short skirt strove vainly to conceal a supple figure, soft with youth, yet strong with a surprising vigor. Her cheeks were aglow with the pulse of young blood. She stood straight-limbed as one of the pines. Its perfume was in her hair. I remember her standing that morning with the sunlight sifting down through the trees upon her head. I could not decide whether it was bronze or brown. There was a brightness in it, anyway; and always, in the wind, stray, careless strands were blowing across her face—Diana, but more than that; a woman.

"A new life began for me that morning, Teddy—a summer with a girl as its constant factor."

The room had been growing chill as Jim paused in his tale. I threw more wood on the fire and we watched the flames creep slowly up to catch anew at the logs.

Sin woke, stretched lazily, and went to thrust a cold nose into his master's down-hanging hand. It was unnoticed as Jim continued.

"Mr. and Mrs. Graydon," said he, "were urgently busy with their book. That left Marjorie and me largely to ourselves. Their confidence in her was complete—they knew her; the shackles of a false convention had no place in that country.

"By day we sailed the lake, explored the hidden rivers, fished the brawling brooks. Evenings—the slow, northern twilights—we spent under the brightening stars, and on days of rain we read and talked together in the sheltered verandas or by the fireside.

"I grew strong rapidly in our long tramps over the trails of the wilderness, and one by one we conquered all the hills.

"She came to know me thoroughly as you do, Teddy; my commonplace, uneventful life; the demoralized condition of whatever finer ideals I may once have cherished; my worldly outlook; my materialist's world.

"I think from the first her sympathy was aroused.

"It was hard for her to understand how I could have kept my hands away from the good things of life.

"'I am really sorry for you, Mr. Chamberlain,' said she, once; 'sorry that such a man as you should have fallen into such a narrow life—and yet—yet, I am glad, too!'

"'Why?' I asked. 'Why?'

"'Oh, it is selfish of me, perhaps, but I had been afraid before you came that there would be nothing for me to do—nothing in which I could help.'

"I was like a child, Teddy, getting its first sight of the country. It was a drift back to the fur days of boyhood.

"On the pebbled shore of a bay, tree-locked against the sun, we would build a fire and cook our camp dinner. Marjorie's deftness with paddle, sail, rod, or gun was a perpetual delight to me. On our lake excursions I was sometimes lucky enough to shoot something eatable—always to her pretty amazement.

"My abilities began to seem exceedingly small and worthless up there, Teddy, and it was not only Marjorie's kinship with the woods that emphasized it, but her gentle womanliness, her fineness and tact, the delicacy of her nature, the rarity of her understanding.

"Perhaps you think it strange that such a girl could exist under like conditions, but you must remember that she was the daughter of remarkable parents, and that from the time she learned her childhood lessons at their knees she had been their constant companion and pupil.

"Her father's library was at her fingers' end; she knew writers old and new, but the great out-of-doors was her favorite book: the trail of the padding fox, the whirl and dip of the kingfisher, her pictures.

"'This is my world—I love it,' she said, stretching her slim arms to the north.

"Do you wonder, Teddy, do you wonder any longer that this girl grew upon me as the days drifted by?

"Days became weeks and her unconscious appeal to me grew stronger. I tried, I tried desperately, not to let go of myself, and in the main I succeeded. I don't know why I struggled, but I suppose it was my instinctive resistance to the shock of having the habits and ideas of a lifetime overturned in a moment.

"It was fairly easy in our early acquaintance when there was but friendliness in her clear, sweet eyes. But finally came a day when in them I saw—isn't it strange, isn't it almost unhuman, to think of me, Jim Chamberlain, being able to see what lies in a woman's eyes?—but there came a day when in Marjorie's eyes I saw something new. Maybe it was because I was hoping for it. There was a look not quite of fear, for she knew no fear; but a self-questioning; and I caught, another day, a dash of tenderness in her face when I had been telling her some incident of my life—it has been a lonely one, Teddy, as you know. Up there I saw clearly that I had never been really happy before."

Again the silence of the room; the fire's red wavering; the thin smoke hanging in the still air; Jim's eyes closed in retrospect.

"We had been out in the little red canoe one moonlight night," he continued.

"After I left her that night I knew the balance had turned. Perhaps it was the witchery of the moonlight, or Marjorie's exquisitely tender face that had been lifted to mine a half hour before. Perhaps I was over-impetuous. I don't know.

"At any rate, I realized with a quick shock how near was the time of my leaving and how empty my existence would be without her. I couldn't bear the thought of it. I knew at last that I loved her, and that nothing else mattered until Marjorie Graydon promised to be my wife.

"The next day was one of intermittent showers, but at night it grew colder and the rain settled down to a steady beat.

"As our custom had been after the evening meal, the four of us sat for a time before the fire; just such a fire as this one, Teddy. We talked as usual; at least Mr. Graydon did. I had not much to say, and there was a pensiveness in Marjorie's face as she half reclined on the bear skin before the fire.

"But Mr. Graydon's book clamored for completion, and soon he and Mrs. Graydon went to his study to work.

"I shifted to the low leather seat of the inglenook, where I could see Marjorie's face touched stealthily by the flicker of the logs. Her eyes were wonderful that night: deep, still, and shadowed.

"'Well,' said I, 'a week from to-night will find me back in old New York.'

"I attempted an easy tone, but it was a failure, and quiet fell upon us both.

"Marjorie's eyes were fixed upon the fire and her slender hand was slowly caressing Sin's head as the dog lay beside her.

"Suddenly she looked up at me, and I saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"I bent toward her.

"'Marjorie, Marjorie dear,' said I, 'I love you. There is nothing in my world but you. Is there—is there any chance that you—?'

"'Ah, Jim!' she cried, and lifted her arms up to me. The tears were still dim in her eyes, but there was something else in them—something else."

Jim had been talking as one in a half trance. Now he roused himself quickly and walked over to the window.

The full moon hung over the cross opposite, dimming its radiance and striking a million diamonds on the frosted trees below.

"That's the same moon," said he after a while, and turned back to the hearth.

"The next day," he continued, "I told Mr. Graydon and his wife, and asked their consent.

"'I knew your father, Jim,' said Mr. Graydon, 'and if you are like him, I think Marjorie will be happy with you; but it is hard to give her up! You may have her, Jim, but—don't be in a hurry.'

"I promised reluctantly to be patient for a year—the next summer I would come back to the woods for my girl.

"The next few days were days I cannot tell you about. They belonged to Marjorie and me—our last days together before I came back to this cursed town—wonderful moments.

"At the end of the home trail we parted, her arms about me, my lips in her hair.

"'I can live,' she whispered, 'because you are coming back to me—Jim, my Jim! Come soon, soon!'

"You saw me just after I got back here, Teddy," he continued. "I wanted to tell you about it then, but I couldn't. It was something too sacred to share even with you.

"You saw that I was happy. I had to work hard so that I wouldn't be too happy. You remember the mix-up in that railroad merger. It was a bad one, and I worked day and night for weeks like a foundryman.

"Every night, however, my letter to Marjorie started north and each morning brought one from her. I noticed, though, that in the stress of business my letters grew shorter. It had to be so. I didn't have a minute's peace until December.

"One day in the rush of that campaign a letter lay on my desk. It was from Marjorie, and I put it in my pocket to read later. I forgot it, Teddy, until the next day's letter reminded me of it. Two weeks afterward I found in my coat two unopened letters of the week before.

"And I—my work was driving me, and I made it an excuse to myself—days came when I was too weary to write, and later they became days when I *forgot* to write, days when I even forgot *her*.

"The little things I had cherished because they told me of her began to slip from me—a ribbon that carried the scent of her hair, a bit of birch bark which she had fashioned into a tiny canoe for me, a pair of dainty moccasins I had taken without leave because they were hers—these things that I had loved were losing their meaning. They were gathering dust.

"You noticed her picture on the mantel, Ted, but you didn't ask about it, so I didn't tell you. Well, one night on reaching home I chanced to notice its absence.

"I asked Katsuto about it because he had had his orders never to touch it. He knew nothing about it, and only after a considerable search I found it back of my desk where it had fallen and had lain unnoticed and forgotten for a week!

"These were perhaps trivial things, but they set me thinking when I summed them all up. I was overwhelmed with remorse at my thoughtlessness, and the result was a long and tender letter to Marjorie.

"Ah, Teddy, the letter I had in return! I read it over again to-day and wished that I had never been born.

"'Thanksgiving and you are coming, dear,' she wrote. 'Each day I count good because it is past and you are nearer to me. Our woods are leafless now; but you, sweetheart, are unchanged—your letter is next my heart—come to me, my Jim!'

"And where did I spend Thanksgiving? At a Broadway hotel with a man named Smith!

"Don't you see now—can't you see, Ted, where the trouble lay?

"I was forgetting her, forgetting the girl who had promised to be my wife.

"Doc Evans, Bill Worthing—all that old crowd at the club and down town were reasserting themselves—unconsciously enough, to be sure, but persistently. Wall Street and Broadway were at their work again.

"Marjorie's face was growing dim; the memory of her lips was fading. Marjorie was passing out of my life.

"But I would not acknowledge it to myself nor to her. I *would* not. My bull-headed determination has carried me through a terrible winter; but I deserve it—I deserve it all!"

Jim's voice trembled as he spoke.

"Marjorie does not suspect," he said. "I have not allowed her to read a line in my letters that could shake her faith in me. She believed the reasons I gave her for not going to her at Thanksgiving or the holidays. She accepted my excuses—and my excuses to her were lies. I *lied* to Marjorie Graydon!"

The beaded perspiration was standing on Jim's forehead and his fingers were clenched tensely about the arm of the chair. Then he rose and moved blindly about the room.

"I wouldn't get excited about it, Jim," said I. "You're overworked again and this affair is magnifying itself to you. The chances are that you are not as deeply involved as you imagine. Probably you will never see her again, and her infatuation for you will die out in time!"

Jim's face went livid and distorted with anger. He leaped across the room and leaned threateningly over me.

"Why—why; you smug-faced Pharisee, you!—how dare you say such things to me? You know me, don't you? You know I am telling you the truth, even if I haven't told it to her! Look at this."

I took the oblong paper he thrust toward me, and by the firelight I read this telegram:

"I am coming to you. It is too long to wait. Aunt Harriett's, Friday night.

"MARJORIE."

"Now what have you to say?" asked Jim. "What am I to do? Marjorie Graydon's happiness, her life, lies in my hands—I know it. She is living for me as she thinks I am living for her.

"What right have I to go into her home and win her love, unless I know I can give in return? Can I make her happy? I have been letting things drift because I did not know. Can I marry her without the full conviction I had last summer? Can I, through a lifetime, which I would gladly give, blind her to my deception? Shall I tell her the truth and break her heart, or shall I live a life-long lie?

"Shall I learn, when I see her, that love can be born again? Will this winter's doubt vanish as I touch her lips? Ah, how I despise myself!"

He stopped with head dropped on his breast.

And to-morrow night Jim would have to know his mind.

In the morning he said to me with a drawn face, "Teddy, I don't know yet." In the afternoon the same: "I can't tell; I don't know; I'll have to wait until I see her."

The night was crisp and brilliant as Jim took his cab. The booming cry of newsboys calling a special "collision extra" fell on deaf ears.

At the corner of Eighty-ninth Street he dismissed the cab and walked the remaining half-block alone.

A maid answered his ring. She recognized him and started forward eagerly.

"Has Miss Graydon arrived yet?" he asked, abruptly.

The little maid gave a quick gesture of horror.

"Why, Mr. Chamberlain!" she gasped. "Didn't you know? Haven't you heard? Miss Harriett sent for you over an hour ago."

"What—what for? What do you mean?" interrupted Jim, hoarsely.

"Why, Mr. Chamberlain," said she, "there's been a terrible accident to the train and Miss Marjorie was—was killed!"

Jim gazed at the trembling little maid for a full minute before he went, stumbling, down the steps.

It was then that all his questioning was answered.

A view of the Llahoase canyon, looking west

The railroad emerging from the mountains at Quiquijana

PIERCING THE BACKBONE OF A CONTINENT

THE RAILROAD ACROSS THE ANDES MOUNTAINS, RECENTLY COMPLETED, MARKS THE CONCLUSION OF ONE OF THE GREATEST ENGINEERING FEATS OF THE DAY. NINE HUNDRED MILES IN LENGTH, IT UNITES VALPARAISO, CHILE, WITH BUENOS AIRES, THE CAPITAL OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, MAKING POSSIBLE IN THIRTY-SIX HOURS A JOURNEY THAT FORMERLY OCCUPIED FIVE DAYS AT LEAST BY SEA. THE ANDES ARE SECOND ONLY TO THE HIMALAYAS IN AVERAGE HEIGHT

Why there is Only One Self-Cranking Motor

These Inside Facts were Never Before Published

The Winton Six is the only motor that cranks itself.

People ask: "If self-cranking is so desirable, why don't other manufacturers make self-cranking motors?"

Chiefly because the self-cranking system is our own invention, and we prefer to give Winton Six buyers the exclusive right to enjoy freedom from the cranking annoyance and hazard.

Also because the self-cranking system teaches a great lesson of the relative values of motor cars.

Hard Cranking Means Merit

The better a motor is, the harder it is to crank.

Motors that can be whirled around with three fingers don't amount to a great deal in the quantity and quality of their driving power.

Six Has No Dead Center

The marvelously beautiful operation of the Six motor is due to *continuous power.*

The Six has continuous power because it is *never*, as a unit, on *dead center.*

Having no complete dead center, it has both continuous power and continuous compression, and this *continuous compression* offers a resistance that prevents easy cranking.

Only One Moving Part

It would be unfair to the superior Six to have hard cranking charged against it as a fault.

So we evolved our self-cranking system.

A system that has only one moving part, and is wholly free from clock springs and complications.

Not Like "Spark Starting"

By means of this system the driver, seated behind the steering-wheel, presses a button, which causes air to push the pistons until the motor starts working.

The pistons are *already moving* when the spark occurs.

Which is the only natural method of starting a gasoline motor.

And altogether unlike starting on the spark.

Spark starting is both uncertain and violent.

Uncertain because the motor will not start unless gas happens to be in the right cylinder at the right time.

Violent because, if the cylinder does happen to contain gas, the whole force of that charge of gas is shot against pistons that are standing dead still.

The shock thus sustained by the entire train of pistons, the crank-shaft, and the bearings is one that no law of mechanics would ever excuse.

Sprinkling Salt on a Bird's Tail

The Winton self-cranking system would not start a four-cylinder motor.

Because the four is on absolute dead center 2000 times on every 1000-crank-shaft revolutions.

And when on dead center no power in the motor itself can push the pistons over dead center. Even our air system would fail.

That's why fours must have heavy fly-wheels.

So that, when the four is producing no power these 2000 times, the fly-wheel can be used to push the pistons over dead center.

Which can be illustrated this way:

If a locomotive encountered dead centers, as the four does, it would require 2000 pushes from behind—say by the tender—in order for that locomotive to keep going with any semblance of evenness.

And that corresponds to catching a bird by sprinkling salt on its tail.

No Remedy for Four's Faults

The unfortunate thing about four-cylinder motors is that *there is no remedy* for their 2000 dead-center, fly-wheel-push, jerky-power fault.

When we came face to face with that fact, in 1907, we quit making fours.

And have made sixes continuously and exclusively ever since.

Because the six is *the only motor* that has no dead centers, needs no gigantic fly-wheel, and produces continuous power.

What Continuous Power Means

Thus, in addition to the only self-cranking motor, Winton Six buyers get continuous power.

And continuous power means:

Quiet, velvety operation, and absence of vibration.

Gasoline economy, and minimum tire expense.

Widest possible flexibility without shifting from high gear—from a man's walking pace to extreme speed.

Majestic hill-climbing.

Freedom from wear and breakage. Evidence: the Winton Six holds the world's lowest upkeep record—77 cents per 1000 miles.

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The 1911 48 H.P. Winton Six sells at $3000. To find its value compare it with cars that cost $4000 to $6000.

Our catalog tells a plain, forceful, easily-understood story. Send coupon for copy.

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118 Berea Road
CLEVELAND, OHIO

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CLEVELAND . Huron Road at Euclid Ave.
DETROIT . . 738-740 Woodward Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS . 16-22 Eighth St. N.
SAN FRANCISCO . 300 Van Ness Ave.
SEATTLE . . . 1000-1006 Pike St.

Finance

THE GIST OF TWO IMPORTANT REPORTS

By Franklin Escher

THE machinery of the average man's mind is not geared up to the point where it will work readily with figures running up into the billions. The Comptroller of the Currency issues a statement showing the condition of all the country's banks—the report with its huge totals seems so formidable that the investor, even though he is sure that it contains information he would like to have, is afraid to tackle it or does so only in a half-hearted way. The report on the country's foreign trade for the year comes out, but here again an array of totals running to ten figures repels pretty much every one but the man with the kind of a disposition which takes him to the very bottom of things. These reports, most of us are apt to reason, are all very well and probably do contain a lot of useful facts, but life is too short to spend much time digging them out from among so great a mass of irrelevant information.

Of most of the elaborate reports being continually issued on all sorts of things and conditions that is undoubtedly true, but not of the two reports mentioned above, the one on the state of our foreign trade and the other on the condition of the banks. Both of them have a direct bearing on the trend of things and that makes them important to everybody who cares what the trend of things is going to be. Just now the business men of the country are lying awake nights trying to figure out which way the cat is going to jump. The complete answer isn't contained in either the foreign trade report or in the report on the banks but between the lines of both of those documents there can be read things which are bound to give the man who knows them a very distinct advantage over the man who doesn't.

Let us consider first this question of our foreign trade, the report on which for the fiscal year has just come out. What is this that meets the eye at the first glance at the statement—an excess of exports over imports of less than 200 million dollars? Why, that's only about one-third of normal, according to this column showing comparison with other years, it's less than in any year since 1896. How in the world are we going to settle the 500 million dollars' worth of debts we run up abroad last year, out of a balance of trade in our favor amounting to a scant 190 millions? At the very outset—haven't we depended for years past on a big balance in our favor, and isn't its loss likely to prove a serious matter?

Loss of our favorable balance of trade?—that would indeed be a serious matter. But does the statement issued show that the favorable balance has been lost? Last year, it is true, it shrank to small proportions, but that in itself by no means proves that the favorable balance is a thing of the past. On the contrary. Analysis of the figures for exports and imports leads inevitably to the conclusion that special circumstances largely governed the course of our foreign trade last year and that it is apt to be a long time before such results again are shown.

Looking first at exports and comparing them with other years, it will be seen that only twice, in 1907 and 1908, have last year's figures been exceeded. Agricultural products made an indifferent showing, but manufactured goods more than made up the difference, bringing the total value of the merchandise sent out of the country far above the average of recent years. Here, evidently, the cause of the small balance of trade is not to be found. To get at that, it is necessary to turn to imports: $1,557,934,854 worth of merchandise—$123,000,000 more than the record—brought into the country in the twelve months ending with July—there we have the whole story of the decimation of the trade balance. The trouble is not that we have sold too little, but that we have bought too much. Still, it is far better that way than the other way around. For a nation as for an individual or a firm, control of purchases is far easier than control of sales.

Considering this question of imports from the standpoint of its bearing on the future, it is perfectly plain that a combination of circumstances caused an undue rise in imports in the last fiscal year not likely to be duplicated for a good while to come. A year ago at this time, it will be recollected, merchandise was being rushed into the country from every part of the world in anticipation of higher tariff rates, the movement continuing all through the summer and increasing the normal volume of imports by many millions of dollars. Next there must be considered the fact that during three-quarters of the last fiscal year prices of every description were at top notch, making the United States the best market in the world in which to sell goods, and thus greatly stimulating the volume of imports. Lastly, there was the fact that great prosperity and activity in business, coming after the 1907–1908 period of depression, put the whole American nation into a spending mood and caused a purchasing movement of foreign luxuries greater in extent than any ever seen before.

Between them, these influences did, it is true, bring about a record-breaking inflow of merchandise during the fiscal year just ended, but just what ground there is for believing that the inflow will continue, it is difficult to see. The tariff influence, which was responsible for a good part of last year's imports, is no longer operative. There has been a very great letdown in commodity prices and the American market is at present very far from being as favorable a place in which to sell goods as it was six months or a year ago. Our purchasing power, furthermore, through the decline in security prices and the slowing down of business, has been very much diminished. All of which seems to indicate that the current year will see no such purchases of foreign goods by us as took place in the fiscal year just ended. Imports, on the contrary, are likely to show a decided falling off. The chastened spirit and realization of the need for economy of which the moralists have been telling us so much of late, are not, it must be confessed, greatly in evidence, but there is greatly in evidence the fact that the country hasn't the money to go on buying foreign goods as it has been doing and so will have to stop it.

The foreign-trade figures making it so plain that exports are all right and that the whole trouble has been with imports, reduction to normal volume of our purchases abroad will prove the solution of the whole matter. The matter won't be solved to-day or to-morrow, but with exports of manufactured products steadily on the increase, it is only a question of time before the balance of trade in our favor goes back to normal proportions. Disturbances in the mean while may make this foreign-trade factor appear very much more harmful than it really is, but to the investor who has given thought to the matter it must be plain that the influence is a purely temporary one—a condition which the vast manufacturing and agricultural resources of this young country are bound soon to correct.

The other report recently made public, and well worth the careful investor's attention, is the Comptroller's statement of the condition of all the national banks. Four times a year the call goes out from Washington to every national bank in the United States for a full statement of loans, specie holdings, etc. Because of the large number of State banks and trust companies doing business, and which are not included, the report is not an absolute statement of prevailing banking conditions. It is, however, a most valuable indicator and by all those interested in large affairs is regarded as such.

Always more or less interesting, these statements of bank condition at times assume peculiar importance. Just now, for instance, with the period of financing the crops at hand and the impression widespread that the Western banks have allowed themselves to become very much extended in land speculation, a true statement of conditions as they actually are is of the utmost importance in attempting to make a reasonable forecast of the future. Before this last report on the condition of the banks was issued, it was only possible to guess with what sort of banking conditions the markets would have to reckon. With the figures of the Comptroller's report to work with as a basis, a reasonable estimate, at least, is possible.

Steering clear of the many items in the statement which, while important enough, are of technical interest only, and coming at once to the crux of the whole matter, it is seen that since the March report the loans and cash holdings of the banks as a whole have stood practically still. During the past quarter, it is true, there has been a gain in reserves of about fourteen million dollars, but when it is considered that there are 7145 banks involved in the report, it will readily appear how inconsiderable is that sum. As for loans, the change from the figures reported in the March statement is too unimportant for mention.

Comparison of loans and reserves with those reported in March brings that statement into the question. In March, it will be recollected, the banks showed an amazing increase in liabilities with absolutely no increase in reserves. Over the figures reported in January the increase in loans amounted to no less than 202 million dollars, while for the year it was 400 millions. The March statement was much commented on, the extended condition of the banks shown by it much deprecated. With all due allowance for the part expanding trade must have played in bringing about the phenomenal increase in loans, it was fully realized to how great an extent the swollen loan account had been caused by the speculation in land. This thing is all very well for March, said conservative commentators at the time, but if trouble is to be avoided this fall there'll have to be a radical scaling down of those loans in the near future.

To bring this about bankers in the central reserve cities made every effort. "We're going to scale down our own loans," they told their "country" correspondents, "and you've got to reduce yours." "That's only fair," replied the Western and Southern bankers. "We've got the land speculation well in hand now, anyway, and it will be easy for us to cut down our loans and get ready for crop-moving. The next Comptroller's statement will show us in a much stronger position."

"The next Comptroller's statement" is out, but utterly fails to show the promised improvement. On the contrary, there has been a further increase of $62,000,000 in the loans of the "country" banks. Loans of all the banks reporting do, it is true, show a decrease, which, however trifling it may be, is a decrease, nevertheless, but for that the reduction of loans in the reserve cities is entirely responsible. The banks of New York City, for instance, in the interval of three months between the two reports, cut down their loans by $32,000,000, while the reduction in all the reserve cities combined amounted to no less than $64,000,000. Had the country banks done as much, the situation would have been very greatly strengthened. Instead of reducing their loans, however, they have increased them by just as much as the city banks have reduced theirs. The net result is that the loan account of all the banks taken together remains unchanged.

The country banks, in none too strong a position at the time of the last Comptroller's call, have been further weakened by loan increase, while the banks in the reserve cities have been steadily fortifying their position—that is the situation in a nutshell. To what an extent it is responsible for the liquidation in securities which has been going on, it would be interesting to know. Much of this liquidation has been forced by the banks—the selling out of collateral "at the market" has been a feature of the trading of late. On the surface it seems astonishing that with money as cheap and apparently plentiful as it is, liquidation of this sort should be forced by the banks. The surface, however, is a pretty poor place to look for motives. Going down a little deeper, we come upon the unsatisfactory state of banking conditions outside of the reserve cities, and, in the need of applying a strong corrective, one of the principal reasons for the present condition of the markets.

So varied are the influences bearing on security prices that a well-informed market observer can at any given time make out a strong case for either side of the account. One of Wall Street's true sayings is that most men don't become bulls or bears on the strength of their perception of the favorable or unfavorable influences in the situation, but that, having become a bull or a bear, a man will study out all the influences that bear favorably on the side he has chosen and range them all in his mind in imposing array.

In the business of dealing in securities, about the most important thing is to be able to get the various influences bearing on prices in right perspective—to be able to judge their relative importance, and, in the jangle of conflicting factors, to be able to distinguish the dominant note. The man who can do that can tell enough about the trend of the markets to make a good deal of money buying and selling securities.

Ever since the coup in National Lead when a sudden reduction of the dividend dropped the price of the stock twenty points in a day, investors have been looking more carefully into the "book value" of the securities they hold. By "book value" is meant the actual amount that the shares would be worth in case the company were to liquidate and distribute its assets among the stockholders.

In the case of a bank or other financial institution the fact that the surplus consists of cash makes the book value of the stock readily ascertainable, but in the case of an industrial company the process is less simple. With patents and good will capitalized at all sorts of prices as they are in so many industrial balance sheets, and with plants and machinery carried on the books at arbitrary figures, the "surplus" shown is often very far from being a cash asset. Only too often, when the liquidation of an industrial company takes place, investors find that out to their sorrow. "Book value," when it is to be made the basis of investment, can hardly be figured too carefully.

Just before sailing for Europe, Mr. James A. Patten in an interview let fall a few pearls of wisdom concerning the advantages of speculation and the importance to the country of the corn crop. On the first-named subject the country will give Mr. Patten more attention when he has had his money longer. On the subject of the importance of the crops, the country believes Mr. Patten to be a very well-informed man and listens attentively to what he has to say.

The term "corn crop," as Mr. Patten points out, means very much more than the mere number of bushels of corn produced. One of the principal uses of corn being to feed live stock, upon the corn crop the price of meat is largely dependent. And meat is only one of the many things whose price corn governs. A first-class crop of corn this year would do more to solve the cost of living than any number of committees and investigations.

These are the days when investors in convertible bonds have good cause for patting themselves on the back. In the smash in prices, "convertibles" have not come out unscathed, but in most cases they have suffered far less than the stocks into which they were convertible. "They are bonds, after all," the owners of such issues as the Atchison fours and fives have complacently told themselves as the price of their bonds, approaching par on the down tack, has hesitated and halted and then held firm, while the stock has kept on going down.

A good bond of this sort, convertible dollar for dollar into stock and selling at the same price up above par, is about the nearest thing to a "heads I win tails-you-lose proposition that the market holds. Assume that the stock and the bond are selling together, say, around 110. The stock starts to go up. Point by point the bonds follow. Then comes a time like the present and the stock declines violently. For five points or so the bonds decline violently too, but that brings them down toward par, and at that point their nature as bonds begins to assert itself. The stock may keep on going down indefinitely, but the bonds have a definite and fixed value. They represent an obligation on the part of the company to pay them off at face value, 100 cents on the dollar, and are not likely to sell very far below that price.

For the popularity of convertible bonds as investments there is good and sufficient reason. All the possibility of profit which may come of a rise in the stock—a risk on the down side very much limited—small wonder that among investors this form of security is coming more and more into favor.

Dangerous Birds

Usually we do not look upon birds as dangerous, but in many zoological gardens there are confined birds which are far more dangerous in an open attack than many of the mammals which we have been accustomed to regard with great fear. An ostrich or cassowary is a formidable antagonist in a small enclosure, and keepers are not disposed to trifle with either when made angry or ugly by some incident. Fortunately, expert keepers know the peculiar weaknesses of these birds. The ostrich, for instance, when rushing a keeper, can be held by catching the bird's neck between the tines of a pitchfork covered with ordinary garden hose. The neck is the sensitive part of the ostrich, and all his anger evaporates when he is caught by it. The cassowary when angered is easily confused and frightened, and the keepers, by a little shouting or beating of a tin pan, can cause them to run around aimlessly, kicking right and left instead of attacking the one at their mercy. The cassowary is a dangerous bird. It leaps upward in the attack, and the kick starts from about the height of a man's face. And behind that kick there are often two hundred pounds of muscle and bone. It is needless to say that the kick, if it strikes home, is pretty sure to kill.

In the London Zoological Gardens two male cassowaries got into a fight during the breeding season one year, and the way they kicked and boxed made the spectators stare in wonder. The keepers, fearing that the birds would permanently injure each other, tried to separate them. But this work from the outside of the enclosure was impossible. One of the keepers entered the place and tried to "shoo" them back to their respective corners. Instead, the birds turned upon the keeper. Before he could run or duck, he received a powerful blow in the shoulder from one, and the other, coming up from behind, delivered a blow in the back. When the rest of the keepers reached the man he was more dead than alive, with both arms broken, a crushed chest, and serious internal injuries. But the birds had forgotten the cause of their anger by this time, and a child could have fed them without risk of danger.

Another dangerous bird found in many of our zoos is the Canada goose. If angered in the breeding season, a big Canada gander can deliver some blows that would make a prize-fighter envious. More than one keeper has had his arms broken by the powerful wings of the gander. The gander fights desperately when angered, leaping at his foe when five or six feet away, and clinging with its beak while it strikes repeatedly and viciously. Hawks and the larger owls can cripple a man, and many a hunter can testify to their viciousness in the use of beak and claws when cornered.

The Birds of Laysan Island

Surveys by American naturalists, under government auspices, have revealed some interesting facts with reference to bird life on Laysan Island.

The government investigators were amazed by the great number of the Laysan birds and by their surprising tameness. All kinds of birds thrive in Laysan. There are terns and albatrosses, booby-birds, curlews, finches, and man-o'-war birds, in densely populated colonies all over the island, and beyond protests, such as bill-snapping and sidling away when attempts to handle them were made, they took little notice of the bipeds who went among them.

The naturalists had no trouble in securing as many photographs as they needed of the feathered inhabitants of Laysan. One of the most characteristic of the birds of the island is the gray-backed tern. It lays a single egg on the sand, and sometimes on the bare rock. When the chick is hatched one of the parents stands sentinel over the nestling. Approach of the investigators would cause the guardian of the nest to spread wing slightly, tilt tail, and walk around in a circle. Unlike our own tern, those of the far Pacific islands hold their bills straight out, as a gull does, when flying.

Study of the white tern, or love-bird, disclosed the fact that the parent in feeding its young brought two little fishes in its bill. It was always two, a circumstance that was a puzzle to the scientists, who wondered how the provider for the tern household captured the second fish without unbeaking the first.

Whenever the investigators approached the nest or young the white tern arose and hovered in front of their faces, peering intently at them, as if trying to divine their intentions. Just out of reach they would flutter, turning their heads from side to side and occasionally uttering a droll and wheezy little cry. They did not offer to peck at the intruders, but seemed content to stare and wheeze.

Terns on the wing at some distance would, on catching sight of the men, change their courses and fly close to investigate. Terns standing guard over a nestling would make no attempt to fly when approached and stroked on the back.

An Unmanned Lightship

There is stationed off the island of Islay, on the west coast of Scotland, at the Otter Rock, an interesting lightship.

It is unmanned; yet it can be relied on to display the warning light to guide the mariner on this dangerous coast. It is a very ingeniously constructed vessel and the only one of its kind. In its two steel tanks sufficient gas can be stored to supply the vessel for several months.

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The light is visible at a distance of from eight to twelve miles. The lightship also has a bell, which is made to ring automatically by means of an ingenious device that utilizes the gas as it passes from the tanks to the lantern to work the bell-clapper.

Underground Mountains

A curious result of operations by the Trigonometrical Survey in India was the conclusion that there was, in the middle of India, an underground, or buried, mountain range, a thousand miles in length, and lying about parallel with the chain of the Himalayas.

This conclusion was based on the singularities of the local attraction of gravitation in Central India, the plumb-line being deflected southward on the north side of the supposed subterranean chain and northward on the south side, leading to the inference that a great elongated mass of rock of excessive density underlies the surface of the earth between the two sets of observing stations.

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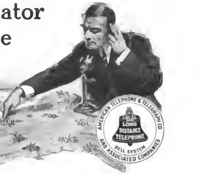

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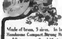

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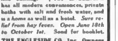

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The World's Mail-bag

Of all the letters that pass through the post-offices of the world, two-thirds are written by and sent to people who speak English. Roughly speaking, there are over 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially one or another of the ten or twelve chief modern languages, and of these about thirty per cent. speak English. About 90,000,000 speak Russian; 75,000,000, German; 55,000,000, French; 45,000,000, Spanish; 35,000,000, Italian; and 12,000,000 Portuguese. Thus, while only a little more than one-quarter of those that employ the facilities of the postal departments of civilized governments speak, as their native tongue, English, two-thirds of those who correspond do so in the English language.

This situation arises from that fact that so large a share of the commercial business of the world is done in English, even among those who do not speak it as their native tongue. There are, for instance, more than 20,000 post-offices in India, the business of which in letters and papers aggregates more than 300,000,000 parcels in a year, and the business of these offices is done chiefly in English, though of India's total population—say, 300,000,000—fewer than 300,000 persons either speak or understand English.

Though 90,000,000 speak or understand Russian, the business of the Russian post-office department is relatively small, the number of letters sent throughout the Tsar's empire amounting to less than one-tenth the number mailed in Great Britain alone, though the population of Great Britain is considerably less than one-half the population of Russia in Europe.

Pigments from Strange Sources

The ingenuity of the makers of pigments for the use of artists has been drawn upon so heavily that the manufacturers have been obliged to employ for the purpose all manner of animal, vegetable, and mineral substances. Even the mummies of ancient Egypt have been utilized by the color-makers.

The corpse of the old Egyptian was preserved in the finest bitumen, and the remains thus treated in the centuries gone present, on being unwrapped to-day, an appearance quite like that of light colored leather. Now it has been found that, when the bitumen and the leather like remains are ground down by machinery, there may be obtained therefrom a beautiful brown pigment, especially prized by artists who paint portraits. This pigment is particularly effective in depicting certain shades of brown hair.

Among the other colors obtained from strange sources may be mentioned Prussian blue. This is made by fusing the hoofs of horses with impure potassium carbonate.

Sepia is the dark fluid discharged by the cuttlefish to render the water opaque for its own concealment when attacked by its enemies.

The cochineal insect furnishes crimson and purple, lake and carmine; while ultramarine is obtained from the precious metal known as lapis lazuli.

Raw sienna is natural earth from Sienna, and, when burnt, becomes burnt Sienna. Gamboge is the yellow sap of a tree that grows in Siam.

Platinized Glass

Platinized glass consists of a piece of glass coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum and then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form an odd kind of mirror.

The glass has not really lost its transparency, and yet if one places it against a wall and looks at it he sees his image as in an ordinary looking-glass. But when light is allowed to come through the glass from the other side, as when it is placed in a window, it appears perfectly transparent, like ordinary glass.

By constructing a window of platinized glass, one could stand close behind the panes in an unilluminated room and behold clearly everything going on outside, while passers-by, looking at the window, would behold only a fine mirror or set of mirrors, in which their own figures would be reflected, while the person inside remained invisible.

In France various tricks have been contrived with the aid of this glass. In one a person, seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror, approaches it to gaze upon himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure that had been hidden behind the glass.

A Mine-boy's Heroism

THE plan to equip coal and other mines with pipes for introducing fresh air and food to save the lives of men imprisoned in cave-ins, recalls an experience in the coal-fields of Illinois many years ago, when almost a counterpart of the present scientific method was used. It was an impromptu arrangement, but it worked successfully. A serious cave-in had imprisoned some of the miners, and a rescuing party was instantly organized. It was found after considerable pummeling and digging that there was some six hundred feet of broken rock and coal seams separating the prisoners from the outer air. But there was a small opening which no man could crawl through, which might close at any moment.

The foreman of the rescuing party tried to crawl through, but it was impossible for any man to do it. But there was a small, undersized boy who worked on the dump. The foreman sized up the youngster at a glance, and then asked him if he would risk his life by crawling through the long hole to carry a flexible pipe to the imprisoned miners. No attempt was made to minimize the danger to the boy: in fact, he was cautioned to move carefully or the coal would settle down and kill him. The boy consented to make the effort. He took the end of the long pipe and began his slow crawl of six hundred feet through intense darkness. For a long time it seemed as if he could never reach the other end, and many times the pipe stopped altogether; but eventually the lad reached the miners, and his success was called back in a faint whisper through the pipe.

There were sixty-odd miners in the cave-in, and for a week air, milk, and water were pumped through the long pipe to them. The supply was kept up so well that when the men were finally rescued not one of them was much emaciated as the result of his experience. The success of the experiment demonstrated the feasibility of the new idea of equipping mines with pipes which could in an emergency feed imprisoned miners. The boy who first put into use the idea was rescued with the miners, and he was later publicly thanked by the Governor of the State of Illinois. The question was put to him, "What can I do for you?"

The boy's answer sounds almost like a sentence from a modern boy's novel. "I'd like to know how to read."

He learned to read at the expense of the State of Illinois, and when he got his education he went into farming, and he is to-day a successful agriculturalist in Central Illinois. Now, after a lapse of many years, it seems as though the scheme which he demonstrated to be of a practical nature at the risk of his life will be taken up on a larger scale and made a feature of every mine equipment for saving human life.

The Army Pack-mule Goes to West Point

THE old song says that the army mule never dies—he just dries up and blows away. The army pack-mule is prepared for this happy translation by the great amount of cinching he undergoes every day. The great straps and ropes that bind his load fast upon his back squeeze him into the narrowest possible compass, yet somehow he thrives on compression and carries his burden of two hundred and fifty to two hundred and eighty pounds without a murmur. Moreover, he thinks nothing of covering fifty miles a day over rough and broken country, in which there are no roads and where it would be impossible for a wagon to move. The army mule travels over territory accessible to no other vehicle than the aeroplane—and he's much more reliable.

Cowboys loading one of the new pack-trains at West Point. They can load 13,000 pounds on fifty mules in fourteen minutes

Colonel Hugh L. Scott, superintendent of the United States Military Academy, has recently had stationed at West Point the first modern army pack-mule train ever seen in this part of the country. This is one of the best in the regular army, and it has done valuable service during the second occupation of Cuba by the American troops. With its modern organization and equipment, it is used in instructing the cadets in the practical management of a pack-train in the field. This train consists of fifty line pack-mules, fourteen riding-mules, and one "bell horse," the leader. The Chief Packmaster and ten genuine cowboy packers are in charge of the train.

When Lord Kitchener visited West Point recently the fifty mules were loaded with thirteen thousand pounds of guns, ammunition, equipment, etc., in just fourteen minutes. They were then ready for the march. "K" showed lively interest in the "canaries," as they are sometimes called because of their gift of song.

A Marine Mystery Solved

SAILORS' trousers are probably the strangest that are to be found in use by any class of men in the world. The gradual increase in size between knee and ankle produces a strange flaring-out effect that seems inexplicable, yet there is a very good reason for the apparently superfluous cloth that flaps about the shoe with every step.

In the old days, when many harbors were unapproachable by large vessels, goods had to be transferred to small boats driven shoreward by the sturdy arms of the ship's crew. The beaches upon which they landed were often shallow, and it became necessary for the sailors to step out into the water and drag the boats up on the shore. Their trousers became very wet indeed as a result. Close-fitting trousers, after drying, were apt to shrink and impede the free movements of the wearer. Moreover, in their wet state they clung to the limbs in a very clammy and disagreeable fashion. But wide-bottomed trousers can very easily be rolled up above the knee. Hence the sailor's trousers as we know them to-day.

A Mahogany Bridge

AN American furniture manufacturer, who counts his genuine mahogany boards as a jeweller counts his stones, would probably burst into tears if he should go to the state of Chiapas, in Mexico, and contemplate a bridge which spans the Rio Michol, for this entire structure, which, with its approaches, is one hundred and fifty feet long, with a width of fifteen feet, is built entirely of solid mahogany.

The bridge is used both by teams and by foot passengers, and, though roughly constructed, is very substantial. None of the massive timbers were sawn, as there is not a sawmill in the region, but all were hewn out with the axe from the logs. On a New York valuation, at least two hundred thousand dollars' worth of material was used in the construction of this rude country bridge.

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By their clean-cut, sweeping victory in the **1910 Glidden Tour,** Goodrich Tires not only fulfilled the prophecy, quoted above, but gave the most impressive and conclusive **Proof** of tire superiority ever shown.

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Goodrich Tires equipped the **Premier No. 1, winner of the Glidden Trophy.**

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Goodrich Tires gave **less trouble** and required **fewer replacements** than others:—

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The Automobile and the Dinner-pail

By WILLIAM HARLEY PORTER

They will tell you in Detroit that the automobile, more than any one other factor, stood between the city and the panic of 1907. That normal business conditions persisted longer, and, after the squeeze, were resumed earlier than in any other city of its approximate size in the country, solely because of the good hard cash which flowed into Detroit's coffers from the sale of automobiles.

They should know what they are talking about over there, because with her nearly 38,000 employees of the automobile manufacturers and from 15,000 to 18,000 employees of the accessory manufacturers, Detroit has some 55,000 workmen drawing their daily bread and butter directly from the automobile industry.

It's quite the fashion nowadays—especially on the part of non-motoring folks—to characterize the automobile as the visible sign of the maddest, most extravagant craze of the last century as well as the present one—thus far. But is it? Let us see who benefits most by this expensive adjunct to our complex life. Let's be honest, and while acknowledging that the new game demands dollars, suppose we see how those dollars are distributed. Let us form some idea, unpleasant though it might be, of what would be the result if that golden stream were dammed up, or diminished in any considerable degree.

This is a question so tremendous, and the welfare of the entire nation is so bound up in it, that it is almost beyond comprehension that the ablest economists of our time have not given it the attention it rightfully deserves.

Are you incredulous at that reference to the welfare of the entire nation? You cannot have looked into this matter very carefully if that is your attitude. Here are some leading facts that are easily verified. And there are some byways leading from the main thoroughfare of this story with more facts strewn along them that mean countless millions of money, though they cannot be tabulated in cold figures. But every merchant, banker, and manufacturer who reads these lines is in touch with at least one of the side lines that shall be mentioned, and with that knowledge as a yardstick he can shrewdly estimate the broad scope and enormous total of the business which is absolutely dependent upon this mighty industry.

Michigan during this present year will turn out over sixty per cent., approximately, of the motor-cars in a completed form which will make up the United States output for 1910, which has been estimated at 200,000 cars and can be very conservatively placed at 140,000 machines. Michigan employs directly in this industry 50,000 persons who are classed by the manufacturers under the head of Productive Labor. This will give us, by adding the number required to build the other forty per cent. of cars made in the United States this year, an army of 75,000 at the least.

And this is well-paid labor. It begins to draw from $1.75 to $2 per day from its first induction into the factory—raw, untaught, but willing. At the other end of the scale are men making $5 or more, and the average daily wage in Detroit factories is $2.40. This accounts, therefore, for annual wages to the tune of $54,000,000. Again the figure is conservative. An estimate from a leading banker puts the weekly wage bill for Detroit alone at $1,000,000.

Workmen must be directed, their product handled commercially, and this necessitates a great corps of well-paid office help. The rule seems to be that one office man or woman (including company officers actively employed) is needed for every eight workmen. Their average salary is very modestly estimated at $1,000 per year, which swells our distribution of wages to the rather impressive total of $64,000,000.

Here is something to ponder over: The automobile and its allied industries have done more to solve the age-old problem of the unemployed than anything that has happened since the first railroad was built.

Of course, in such a city as Detroit, the effects are more pronounced—more easily recognized. The literal truth is that every other industry in that city is suffering for want of the labor, or rather the class of labor, that has deserted to the automobile. As an instance of the way one trade has suffered, there are twenty-three barbers in a single factory, who are making more money as rough mechanics than they can at their regular work.

On a Detroit street-car the other day an old employee was breaking in a new conductor. The elder man remarked to a passenger who noticed the tutoring process, that he had been with the company thirty years, but that in the twelve months past he had taught more new men than in the entire twenty-nine years previous.

“The fact is, sir,” he went on, “I have taken in enough men in this one year to man the whole Detroit street-car system anew.

“Where do they go? Why, to the automobile companies, of course. The company's rule is that new men must work ten days without pay. But before we can round up that far they find out that the factories' rate is higher and off they go.”

“Yes,” said a packer, “I am being stung the same way. I used to have a lot of good German helpers—but they got wise to the higher wages. Now I have Polish. Not that I have anything against the Poles; they're good workers. But I have to take raw men, who have not been here long, and so I must use interpreters and lose time generally.”

But Detroit doesn't complain. She can't. Barring possibly her wholesale drug-houses, it seems that every other industry in the city is indirectly affected, and immensely helped, by a connection of some sort with the automobile industry.

However, this is not a Detroit story, or even a Michigan epic. We have only gone a short distance along the main highway upon which the completed automobile alone has been disporting itself. There are interesting and instructive cross-lines leading in every direction.

Thus far we have merely accounted for a beggarly $64,000,000 paid out to labor in the automobile factories alone—which happens to be twice the entire appropriation made by Congress for legislative, judicial, and executive purposes in these United States last year. We have taken no account of the cost of material, either raw or in a finished state, which is embodied in our 1910 cars.

But before reaching that factor—and it's a tremendous one—hear this from a Michigan automobile manufacturer: “We are putting enormous sums into betterments, because we have an abiding faith in the future of the automobile. This is an era of building *for* the automobile rather than one of automobile building. I believe that for every man who is working in an automobile factory this year there is a busy workman in some one of the building trades, and that the aggregate wages paid out for these building operations for 1910 will duplicate the wages paid for our own workman.

Here, then, is a hostage to fortune of sixty odd millions more—a fair sized wager that the business will not only be good, but better next year and the next and the next. But in any event the men in the building trades are getting their good dollars, in hand paid, every Saturday night. That money is safely launched upon its journey through the tills of the butcher, the baker, the provision dealer, and the outfitter—through the jobber and the wholesaler—out to the workers of raw material, creating new products of every sort, touching in its travels the uttermost corners of this big country. Detroit already has seen invested in her automobile factories by the twenty-three companies operating there, $10,000,000.

Many dollars will come back to buy automobiles, by the way, of this money which once went to buy other automobiles. Does that sound like raising a country's per capita by the boot-strap paradox? It isn't, in the least. Every blow that is struck with a hammer in an automobile factory, every shovelful of dirt that is thrown out to permit a foundation stone to go in, adds to the real wealth, to the actual values that are daily being created by this industry, just as truly as though there were suddenly added to Uncle Sam's great farm a new empire of fruitful crops whose sales would pour into his coffers more than half a billion of dollars a year. More, that is, than half the amount needed for the entire annual running expenses of this nation, including the sum to be spent in the next twelve months on the Panama Canal.

But, you may say, this is all very well for Detroit, and Michigan as well. How about the rest of the country? Is it simply paying tribute to our Wolverine neighbors?

By no manner of means. Automobiles are built in Indiana, in Minnesota, in Ohio, in Tennessee, in Kentucky, in Illinois, in Missouri, in Kansas; to name only a few of the Western States. They are doing well, also, in those fine old manufacturing strongholds, New York, Maine, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Delaware, to say nothing of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and other States in the East. There are one hundred and ninety-five automobile factories in this country, one hundred and fifty of them in operation in July of this year.

The principal trade paper of the automobile and allied industries lists in its Buyer's Index two hundred and sixty-four business classifications, exclusive of com pleted automobiles, of the parts, equipment, and tools required by automobile owners and builders. These things range through a long list, from acetylene and aluminum to voltmetres, wind shields, and wrenches.

Twenty-five States contribute to this list, and while Oregon, Colorado, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Texas manufacturers are listed in this advertising matter, it is doubtless true that there are many concerns of prominence along the Pacific States which do not, for obvious reasons, patronize a trade paper published on the Atlantic tidewater.

For the making of these various articles that are advertised, including complete cars, New York shows one hundred and seventy three establishments to Michigan's eighty-three. Ohio has seventy five, Pennsylvania sixty four, Indiana forty nine, Massachusetts forty-four, and New Jersey thirty-nine, to speak only of those States that are in the forefront of the procession.

The mere cataloguing of these various concerns would extend this paper beyond its allotted length, and a summary of the more important ones must be deferred.

But you have seen that the magnitude of this mighty industry, the enormous sums it is distributing, the incredible number of dinner-pails that it is filling, is already plainly foreshadowed. Like a mighty forest oak, its great trunk and vast shade first appeal to the eye. But a business, like an oak, grows only by extending the young and tender tips of its branches. And its increasing foliage typifies not only greater magnitude of trade, but greater distribution of wealth to those who furnish the bone and sinew. A frost which would check the growth of a tree at its uttermost tips would find its counterpart in a chilling of commercial conditions, and those dependent upon an industry who are least able to withstand the raw blasts would naturally be the first to suffer.

Making an Imitation Cyclone

Any one can make the exact counterpart of a cyclone if he so desires. Of course a cyclone is caused by the air over a big area getting warm and light with small pressure. This air consequently tries to rise almost in a body and leave a partial vacuum behind, but the outside cold air rushes in from all sides. Now, it is a scientific and mechanical truth that when a fluid runs in from all sides toward a central point it causes a whirlpool, or rotation, of the fluid. The exact analogy of a cyclone, then, although with the fluid water instead of air, is seen when the stopper is pulled out of the bottom of a basin full of water. An almost perfect vacuum, as far as the water is concerned, is caused by the water immediately over the stopper's running out. The rest of the water rushes in from all directions and a whirlpool is the result. There is one difference here from the air cyclone. In the air the force with which it rushes toward the centre greatly compresses the air whirling at that point and makes it very dense, so dense, in fact, that a straw carried in the central whirl can be driven into a big block of wood without bending. Of course in a whirlpool the water is not compressed, remaining practically the same in density all the time. That is one highly important property of water, it is practically incompressible. Nevertheless, it is very interesting to see the whirl form in a basin and know that the mechanical laws are the same as in the formation of a cyclone many miles wide.

The News by Windmill

In certain parts of Holland births, marriages, and deaths are frequently announced by the windmills, instead of in the newspapers. When a miller gets married he stops his mill with the arms of the wheel in an oblique position and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests often do likewise with their mills, in token of the ceremony.

To indicate a birth, the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage, and with the two upper sails unfurled.

Should a miller die, the sails of his mill are all furled, and the wheel is turned round until the arms assume an upright cross, in which position they are left until after the funeral has taken place.

A Chemical Explanation of Insanity

Some specialists explain insanity as the result of an alteration of the chemistry of the blood in action on the brain. All forms of dementia, weakness of judgment, the delirium of fever, as well as the nervous excesses of the alcoholic subject, are said to be results of the same cause, or the action of blood upon the brain. The theory is an ancient one, but still persists,

Go to a HAYNES Dealer and See This 1911 Car

Another Remarkable Haynes Car

In 1910 we startled the motor world by placing the Haynes "Model 19" 5-passenger touring car on the market at the astonishingly low price of $2000.

The effect upon the trade and public was instantaneous. Within 30 days from the time our first announcement had appeared in the National Magazines we had **definite, advance-payment orders** for more cars than we could make.

This new model not only appealed to the man who was considering paying $3000 for a car, and who saw in this Haynes an opportunity of saving $1000 on his purchase.

But it appealed to the man who found that by paying only $500 more than the cost of a **temporary** car of common quality it was possible for him to get a car of **known** quality and reputation that would prove a **permanently satisfactory investment.**

Probably no other car that has ever been put on the market has been so critically examined by experts as was this new Haynes.

Other manufacturers of high-grade cars were anxious to know what manner of car this "Model 19" was, and the one criticism that was made was that *it was practically impossible to put out a car of the Haynes "Model 19" quality at $2000 and make a profit.*

They predicted that either it would be necessary for us to reduce the quality or increase the price.

We have done neither.

Aside from minor **improvements**—a wider roomier tonneau, longer wheel base, etc.—the car remains unchanged, and it also remains the most remarkable automobile value ever put on the market.

The Haynes "Model 20" for 1911

This is the latest model of the car that marked a **new** era in the purchase price of high-grade cars.

It has 35-40 horsepower.

It has a longer, roomier tonneau than last year's model.

It has 114-inch wheel base.

It is not only **fully equipped,** but the equipment is of **the best grade obtainable.**

For example every car will be supplied with the well-known Warner Auto Meter—costing three times as much as most of the speed indicators that are put on cars. (Only a speed indicator of this quality is entitled to **be put on a car like the Haynes.**)

All other equipment is of like character.

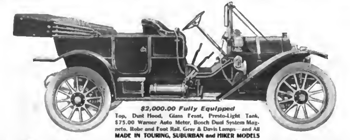
Last year's phenomenal response to our announcement of a **Haynes at $2000** convinced us that the large majority of buyers prefer a car of **known** quality if it can be had **at anywhere near** the price asked for common-quality cars.

And the fact that the 1910 Haynes was the first serious attempt to meet this demand gave the car a decidedly enviable place among better grade cars.

This year's "Model 20," with its **added refinements,** is the best possible evidence that we propose to **maintain the Haynes supremacy.**

Orders are already in for early Fall deliveries on these cars, and we strongly advise those who are contemplating the purchase of a **permanent** car of **known** merit and reputation to communicate with us or our local representative at once.

We will also put out a limited number of big seven-passenger palace cars, with fifty-horsepower, for those who prefer a car of this size.



$2,000.00 Fully Equipped

Top, Dust Hood, Glass Front, Presto-Light Tank, $75.00 Warner Auto Meter, Bosch Dual System Magneto, Robe and Foot Rail, Gray & Davis Lamps—and All

MADE IN TOURING, SUBURBAN and HIKER MODELS

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, 140 Main Street, KOKOMO, INDIANA

Club Cocktails

Taste right because mixed right—to measure, not by guess.

Simply strain through cracked ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London

The Club
MARTINI
Cocktails

THE estimation in which American-made electric vehicles are held throughout the world may be judged by two foreign orders recently received by the Waverley Company, of Indianapolis. The first of these came from the distant island of Java, in the Dutch East Indies, from a Mr. J. E. Court, of the town of Cheribon.

The order was for a Waverley four-passenger brougham, the most expensive car built by the company, and was accompanied by London exchange for the full value of the car and extras.

The customer mentioned the fact that he had seen a Waverley advertisement in a copy of HARPER'S WEEKLY that came to him, and placed his order on the strength of this ad.

The second order referred to was for a Waverley two-passenger coupé for the firm of Wm. Barbour & Sons, Ltd., the well-known linen-thread manufacturers of Lisburn, Ireland. With the car goes an additional leather top, to be used in summer in place of the coupé top, this interchangeable feature being one of the special advantages of the Waverley coupés and broughams. *From the Edison Monthly.*

If the World Turned Faster

CONJECTURE has often been made as to what would happen if the earth were to rotate faster upon its axis than it does. Of course if it went eighteen times as fast as it does now bodies at the equator would weigh nothing—a person would jump up into the air and fail to come down again. A man might weigh two hundred pounds at the poles and nothing at the equator, while his weight would vary for intermediate points. If he approached the equator he would get lighter, and if he receded from it he would get heavier. A man could carry a house on his shoulders very near the equator, while near either pole he could only carry what one can now. On this account labor would be very dear near the poles and very cheap near the equator. It would certainly be interesting to know which section of the earth would be more populous—whether every one would go north for good wages or go south for cheap workmen. The railroad problem would be momentous, unless the railroads all ran east and west, when a uniform rate would obtain on any particular east-and-west line.

Journeys to the south would be even more popular than they are now, for they would make every one feel better and in buoyant spirits, more springy, too, so that people would walk farther without getting tired, and could jump over any obstacle that presented itself without coming down with too hard a thump.

There is no planet now known that has such a rapid rotation as is pictured here, but there are several where man would weigh a great deal less than on the earth. On the moon a man would weigh only fifty or sixty pounds and could jump as many feet without suffering serious discomfort. But this state of affairs obtains over the whole planet, because it is due to absence of gravitative force and not to centrifugal, as would be the case on the rapidly rotating earth.

Where Gravity Decreases

A MAN falling from a three-story building in New Orleans will not fall as fast as he would if he were in New York City. In fact, in hardly any two places will he fall with the same speed. This is because as we go toward the equator the force of gravity gets less and less, and consequently the acceleration of a falling body becomes less, and the force of impact is therefore less.

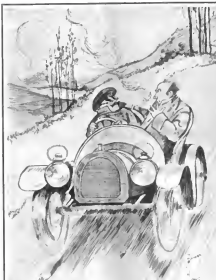
While it does not make very much difference in the injury to a person falling from a height, it does make a difference in other things. Take a rifle and fire it exactly horizontally, and, if the gun is sixteen feet above the ground, say at New York, the bullet fired from such a rifle will strike the ground in exactly one second after it leaves the rifle. If the bullet has a horizontal velocity of a thousand feet per second it will strike the earth exactly one thousand feet away. Let us take the same rifle to a place where the force of gravity is not the same as at New York, but a good deal smaller, say two-thirds smaller. We find that, if the gun is placed sixteen feet above the ground as before, and absolutely horizontal, the bullet will not fall the sixteen feet in one second, but will take over one and a half seconds to fall, thus enabling the bullet to be in the air during that length of time. Therefore it will strike the ground about one thousand six hundred feet away. Thus it is seen that the range of a rifle is increased as it is taken toward the equator.

Of course there is no place on the earth where the force of gravity is two-thirds smaller than at New York, but there are many places where the difference is considerable enough to affect slightly the range of rifles.

Distilled Gold

THE investigations of a French chemist show that gold in the electric furnace boils freely at a temperature of 2,000 degrees Centigrade. In two or three minutes, it is said, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty grams of gold pass into the state of vapor. In condensing upon a cold body, this golden vapor forms filiform masses and cubic crystals. At the temperature of ebullition gold dissolves a little carbon, which, at the time of resolidification, is deposited in the form of graphite.

In an alloy of gold and copper, copper distils first. In an alloy of gold and tin, the tin distils more abundantly than the gold, and, when a large quantity of these mixed vapors is taken, the tin burns on contact with the oxygen of the air, forming oxide of tin, colored purple by a fine dust of condensed gold. This is one method of preparing the color known as "purple of Cassius."



AMBIGUOUS
"Where does this road lead to?"
"I'll tell you when we strike the bottom."

This car holds fast at 45 degrees with a normal pressure of the foot

The Detroit Electric

Thomas A. Edison

The **Detroit** is made entirely in our own shops with infinite pains as to choice of material and mechanical harmony.

The **Detroit** literature tells of fifty practical advantages resulting from its flawless construction.

For instance, take the vital item of your safety.

Five braking surfaces, 80 inches more than any other electric, contribute to your absolute control of the car under every condition of driving.

There are foot brakes to each rear hub; one to the motor, operated by the controller; one to each end of the counter shaft, *tested to operate on a grade of 45 degrees* with a normal pressure of the foot.

A series of official mileage tests are being made by a **Detroit** equipped with an **Edison** A-6 Battery.

These runs start from the **Edison** factory at Orange, N. J. They cover routes over country roads and hills through New Jersey.

The DETROIT has already made several of these runs, ranging from 100 to 131 miles on a single discharge of the battery.

The final results of these tests will prove conclusively the dependability of the **Detroit** and the superior mileage of the **Edison** battery.

Get the **Detroit** Electric and the **Edison** books and learn about this splendid car and its wonderful battery.

ANDERSON CARRIAGE CO., Dept. H M, DETROIT, MICH.

MR. TAFT AND HIS CRITICS

(Continued from page 15.)

and the next day they are off raising hell somewhere else. You have got to do something like that."

But Mr. Taft is not that sort of a man. Popular criticism is trying to prod him into doing things that are entirely foreign to his personality and nature. The relation of public men to the national constituency is always an interesting study. When "Big Tim" Sullivan was in Congress from his Bowery district, he said, "I represent my district better than Daniel Webster could have done it." There is truth in what he said. Mr. Roosevelt was one of those fortunate beings in public life who seemed to be absolutely immune from popular criticism of his personal actions. He violated every precedent and tradition of the Presidential office that he could find out anything about, and instead of suffering he was exalted in the public esteem. He wrote letters of congratulation to prize-fighters when they won a battle, and the country grinned appreciatively. Poor Mr. Taft goes to two or three baseball games and there is much sad shaking of heads and muttered comment about his frivolities. One would almost think that he was paying the penalty of the long abstinence from popular criticism enjoyed by the preceding occupant of the White House.

Here are two pieces of newspaper criticism taken from the *World* and the *Evening Post* of New York, which are so obviously intended to be fair and friendly as to make it difficult for the almost friends of the Taft administration to refute them. First, from the *World*: "Mr. Taft has tried to be everybody's friend, and as usual in such cases he has not succeeded in fully pleasing anybody. The public knows that he is honest and sincere and patriotic, but it is not sure that he measures up to the full requirements of his office. It would like a little more independence, a little less partisanship, a little more reliance upon his own common sense, a little more courage, a little less veneration for the elder statesmen of the Republican party, and a little less organization politics. In short, there would be less unfriendly criticism of the Taft administration if the President would follow more closely the example of executives like Governor Hughes and Mayor Gaynor. They seem to have the secret that he has missed."

And this from the *Evening Post*: "The peculiar weakness of Mr. Taft as a directing force, the peculiar deficiency he has exhibited in respect of political sagacity, has never been more conspicuous than in this complacent view of his own defeat. After staking his prestige on a particular issue, after identifying himself with a legislative programme in such a way as to leave no doubt that he regarded its adoption as indispensable to the success of his administration, he seems ready to accept defeat as a thing for which he cannot justly be held in any way accountable. . . . He has shown a certain mechanicalness, a certain want of that vital touch without which a powerful hold on public affairs is impossible. . . . A large part of the influence that a President can wield, through the pressure of public opinion, comes from the fact that the nation listens to him as it listens to no one else. But the retention of this position of advantage, the continued possession of this great leverage bestowed upon him by his office, is dependent on his husbanding of his resources. If he is ready to speak every day in the week and to pour out his thoughts or feelings just as they happen to come, he will soon find his audience wanting . . . A want of perspective, a lack of the feeling that some things must be done and that others are best left alone, has been no small part of the cause of Mr. Taft's troubles."

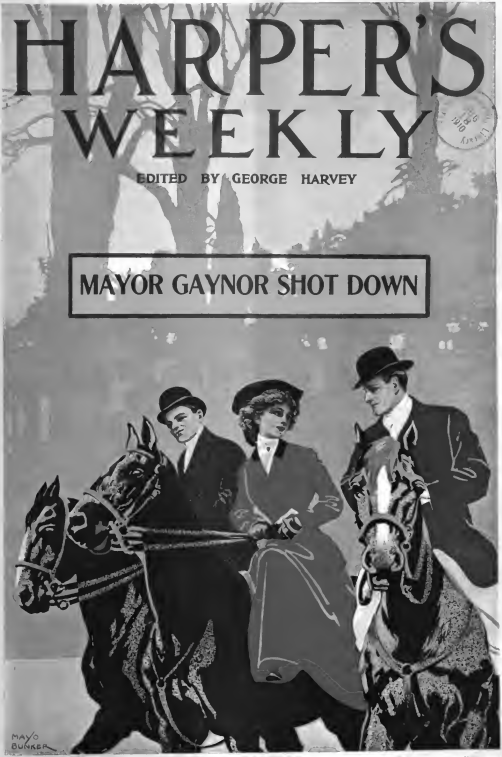
I have chosen to reprint here these two acute comments because they fairly represent the intelligent position of the criticism in which Mr. Taft is now being subjected. The President has none of the salient traits that mark out and distinguish natural leaders of men in the field of politics and elsewhere. He came into his present office on the strength of the political prestige and authority of Theodore Roosevelt, and he received a larger vote then was ever cast for any other President of the United States. He is what he is, and what he has always been, a courteous, high-minded gentleman who had proved his competence in every public task he had undertaken, who possesses wide experience in public service, and who has a trained intelligence. He is doing the best he can in the most difficult, trying, and responsible job in the country. He has no other desire than the best interest of the United States. He is doing the best he can, and while he is making mistakes, nobody suffers more than (I had almost said but) himself.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

AUG 18 1910 Library

MAYOR GAYNOR SHOT DOWN



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IT is curious that a writer should have two personalities — two opposite sides — curious and most unusual. Here is Rex Beach whom we know only as the author of splendid stories of outdoor life. Now he comes before us in a new and surprising role as the writer of one of the funniest stories ever written. It is rollicking, galloping, scintillating, sparkling fun from beginning to end — and withal clean and sweet as a girl's fresh laughter. Trouble arises from the fact that the hero has led his friends to believe he is an athlete, when, as a matter of fact, he never did anything more athletic than lead the cheering for others. If you mind slang, keep away.

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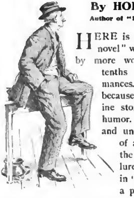
The Big New Novel

The RAMRODDERS

By HOLMAN DAY

Author of "King Spruce," Etc.



HERE is a so-called "man's novel" which is being read by more women than nine-tenths of the spring romances. Why? Simply because it's real—a genuine story of power and humor. "Interest as keen and unwavering as that of a hunter awaiting the coming of a horn-lured moose is aroused in 'The Ramrodders,' a powerful, important narrative." This is the opinion of the *Boston Globe*, which adds: "And not since David Harum days has such genuine, smile-making, back-on-the-soil humor been found between the covers of a book."

With Frontispiece. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.50

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"It trains the hand and mind of the boy constantly along lines of permanent value."—*N. Y. Evening Post on the Outdoor Book for Boys.*

"It ought to be in every school library, and wherever else there are boys who like to make things." —*The Independent on the Indoor Book for Boys.*

"It is distinctly of the 'How to Make' character, not the least merit being the extremely clear drawings of electrical apparatus." —*Electrical World on the Electricity Book for Boys.*

"It is a thoroughly practical handy-book, full of pictures and diagrams that make its teachings easy to follow."—*Chicago Record-Herald on the Electricity Book for Boys.*

"As a book telling of machinery in a language easily understood, this volume will be read with interest by any boy of an inquisitively mec [illegible] turn of mind."
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E [illegible] e fully illustrated from photographs, drawings, and diagra [illegible] orm in appearance and size. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1.75 each

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIV. New York, August 13, 1910 No 2799

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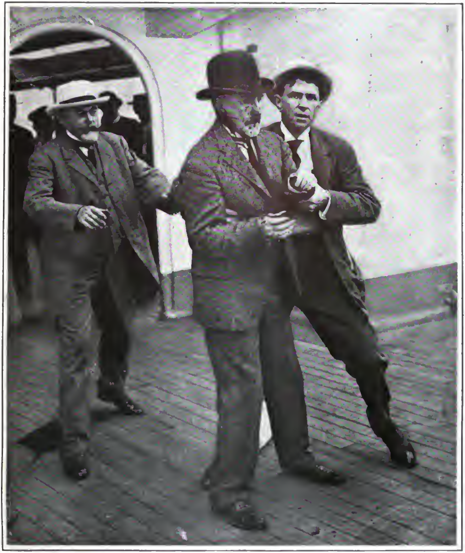
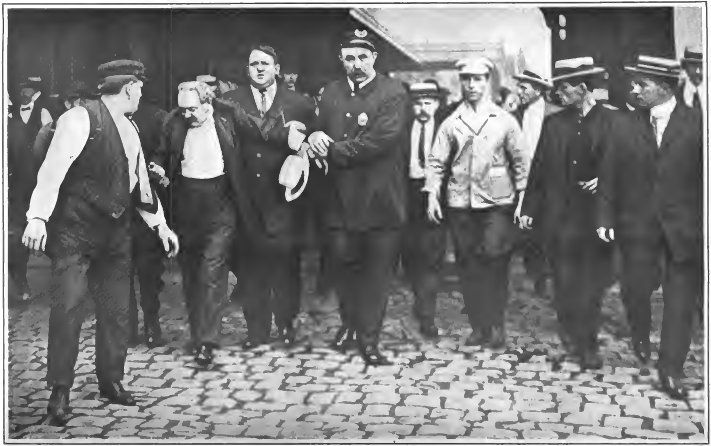


By courtesy of the New York *Evening World*

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MAYOR GAYNOR

This dramatic picture was taken by a staff photographer of the New York "Evening World" three seconds after the Mayor was shot by James J. Gallagher, a discharged New York City employee, on the deck of the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," on which Mr. Gaynor was about to sail for a vacation in Europe. Gallagher fired a revolver point blank at the Mayor. The bullet entered his head on the right side behind the ear. The man supporting the Mayor is Benjamin Clarke Marsh, Secretary of the Committee on Congestion of Population in New York, who was one of the group bidding Mr. Gaynor good-by



By courtesy of the New York *Evening World*

MAYOR GAYNOR'S ASSAILANT BEING TAKEN FROM THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING

GALLAGHER, THE DISCHARGED DOCK WATCHMAN, WHO SHOT THE MAYOR FOR A FANCIED GRIEVANCE, IS HERE SEEN, GRAY-HAIRED AND HATLESS, AND IN THE GRASP OF "BIG BILL" EDWARDS, NEW YORK'S STREET-CLEANING COMMISSIONER. MR. EDWARDS WAS BESIDE MAYOR GAYNOR AT THE MOMENT OF THE ASSAULT, AND IT WAS HE WHO KNOCKED GALLAGHER DOWN AND DISARMED HIM, RECEIVING A BULLET WOUND IN THE ARM DURING THE STRUGGLE

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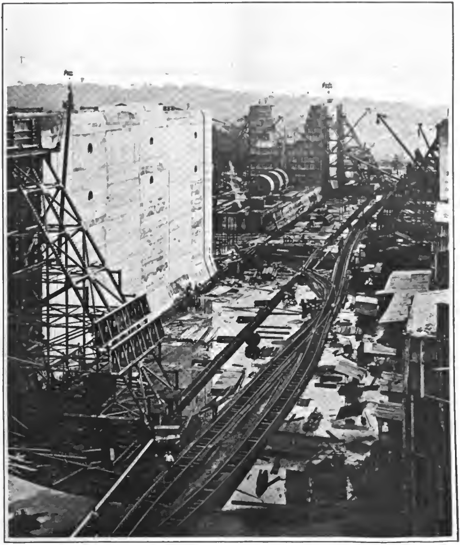

GETTING ON AT PANAMA

This view, looking north from the top of Auxiliary Dam, shows the remarkable progress that is being made on the eastern lock of the great Gatun Dam, and gives some idea of the tremendous task that is being undertaken by the Isthmian Canal Commission

HARPER'S WEEKLY
Vol. LIV No. 2799

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 13, 1910

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Comment

Honor to Whom Honor is Due

DEMOCRATIC revival and regeneration are good—altogether good. HARPER'S WEEKLY would be about the last journal in the country to underestimate their value and timeliness. Away back last autumn we began to preach and pray for them and to argue for them with the doubting Thomases who wouldn't even admit that they were possible. Now that even Deacon HEMPHILL, who used to sit by the hour with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, croaking out a mournful "What's the use?" every time we slapped him on the back and urged him to cheer up—now that even the transplanted Deacon is fairly jumping up and cracking his heels over the recent happenings in Nebraska and other heartening developments, we shall hardly be suspected of not feeling decidedly better over it all ourselves. But let us not forget the men and the movement that really made possible what is happening in the Democracy by clearing the whole atmosphere of our politics.

If it is good to see the right kind of men at last brought forward by the Democrats for Governorships and other high places, it is also good to see the insurgent candidates winning Republican nominations out West: good for the same reason, since Republican insurgency and Democratic regeneration both alike mean higher ideals in public service, but good also because insurgent victories are a reward for courage and manliness and faith displayed in a far less hopeful hour than the present. The country should not forget—it must not forget—the little band that first raised the flag of revolt in the special session of Congress and continued, all through those trying and disappointing weeks, to maintain their unequal and apparently losing fight for honesty and decency within their party. That was the real beginning of what has since been accomplished in both parties. It was that which stirred to life and action both the consciences of Republicans and the hopes of Democrats. If American politics are to-day an infinitely more cheerful and inspiring theme than they were two years ago—and so it indeed seems to most of us—then the chief credit for the transformation belongs indubitably to the original insurgents.

The Future of Insurgency

What is to be the final outcome of their movement so far as party politics, party divisions, are concerned? One thing at least is reasonably certain. Insurgency cannot continue indefinitely to retain its present character: that is to say, it cannot continue indefinitely a mere insurrection or revolt inside the Republican party. Considered as a struggle for control and direction of that party, it must either fail or succeed. If it fails, that party will remain the conservative party of the country—the party of property, the party, as the phrase is, of order. If it wins, the character and animus and policy of the whole party will be so changed that there will be a question of whether or not it can still be regarded as the true conservative party of the country. In that case, and in that case only, the true insurgents may be expected to remain in it. For if the stand-pat faction, the ALDRICH-CANNON faction, shall continue to control it and dictate its policies, it is hardly conceivable that men like CUMMINS and LA FOLLETTE and BRISTOW will continue indefinitely to belong to it: for in their warfare against that leadership and those policies they have fairly burned their bridges behind them. They are liberals, and liberals of a radical rather than a moderate sort. In all modern representative governments the permanent party division is pretty sure to be, broadly speaking, between liberals and conservatives. Sooner or later our own party divisions will doubtless take that normal character; and when they do it is impossible to doubt that those Western leaders and their following will be found on the liberal side, while men like ALDRICH and CANNON and their following will be on the conservative side, whatever the mere party names may be. It probably depends largely on the results of the present effort to regenerate and purify the old Democratic organization whether Democracy or insurgency will give form and leadership to the true liberal party in the alignment of the long future.

Down in Georgia

Southern Democrats do not have to look for chances to elect Governors through Republican blunders and divisions. Electing their candidates is easy—too easy. Largely for that reason they are not choosing their candidates with a view to their availability for the Presidency. But that does not mean that there is any lack of interest in the process of making nominations. That process is frequently animated in proportion to the apathetic quality of the elections which follow. Georgia in particular expects a lively five weeks between now and the September primaries, which will determine whether Governor JOE BROWN or former Governor HOKE SMITH, or a third gentleman, who announces himself as a sort of peace-and-harmony candidate, shall be the next Governor. The public issues as between Mr. BROWN and Mr. SMITH appear to be a trifle hazy, although it was once understood that in a general way Mr. SMITH was against the railroads and Mr. BROWN was not particularly against them. But the personal issue is very clear and thrilling. Mr. SMITH turned Mr. BROWN out of the office of railroad commissioner and then Mr. BROWN turned Mr. SMITH out of the Governorship. Also Mr. SMITH is big and strong of voice and Mr. BROWN is little and never makes a speech. No wonder Georgia is excited over the contest.

North Carolina

It is the Southern Republicans, of course—where there are any, outside of the post-offices—who have to look to Democratic divisions and misbehavior for chances to elect Governors and Congressmen. Tennessee and North Carolina are the two Southern States where there are, in fact, enough Republicans to make a showing when such chances occur, but they usually find the chances lessened by divisions among themselves, and the ordinary division may be roughly described as between those who are in the post-offices or other Federal places and those who are not. That division in North Carolina has become acute and is to be fought out at a convention in August which will probably receive little attention from the country, but very close attention from the head of the Republican national machine and from President TAFT as well, for it involves the whole question of the management and headship of the Southern Republicans. The struggle is for control of the State Committee, but the real issue is between the pie-counter and the men who want a party that shall stand for something other than the pie-counter. It is thus an issue between the old machine for nominating Presidents and distributing Federal offices—at present headed by Mr. HITCHCOCK at Washington and in North Carolina by National Committeeman DUNCAN, Mr. HITCHCOCK'S referee for that State—and those North Carolina Republicans who want a real party and not a mere machine. Should DUNCAN be overthrown and a new State Committee chosen, really representative of the hundred and fourteen thousand men—nearly all white men—who voted for TAFT in 1908 and sent three Congressmen to Washington, there will be one Southern State in which the party will have a chance to grow and in which delegates to its next national convention may be chosen otherwise than by a clique of officeholders controlled by a wire from Washington. It is understood that the President is keeping his hands off, but he cannot be indifferent to the outcome. It will have too direct a bearing upon a hope dear to his heart as it was to the heart of his predecessor—the hope of bringing the South into natural and normal political relations with the rest of the country. His own visits to that region, his conduct and speeches there, and such appointments as are distinctly his own have undoubtedly tended to promote that object. On that point the testimony of Southern people and newspapers is overwhelming. Mr. HITCHCOCK'S machine activities have had a contrary tendency. They have tended to keep the pie-counter machines alive and dominant, to perpetuate the old conditions and methods, to discourage the movement for independence and a healthy two-party system in the States so long handicapped by the one-party régime. To convince President TAFT that the HITCHCOCK kind of management of the party in the South has got to go is a principal object of the North Carolina Republicans in the fight against the officeholding clique. If they succeed, it is entirely probable that the President himself will welcome the demonstration.

Progress

> I say that the time has gone by when we can longer insist that Congress shall acquire all necessary information in a few months every ten years or so to properly readjust the tariff schedules. And, further, that the time has gone by when we ought to continue to treat the tariff as a whole, and not touch one part of it without touching all. . . . The great trouble with the present system is that it is altogether too haphazard. It offers too large opportunities for divergent interests to form combinations and, by the time-honored method of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you," to succeed in securing or maintaining excessive rates of duty; duties which serve no good public purpose.

This sounds like excellent tariff-reform Democracy, but it is not an extract from a speech of GROVER CLEVELAND or JOHN G. CARLISLE or WILLIAM E. RUSSELL or any other of the Democrats who talked tariff reform so well and effectively two decades ago. You may not believe it, but it is from a Republican speech, and a Republican "key-note" speech at that, made by a Republican who is not an insurgent, but rather a conservative—Hon. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, temporary president of the Ohio Republican convention. And he declared, too, that he believed he was speaking for a majority of the thinking men of his party; and the convention did not hiss and howl; it applauded.

Here is certainly a great gain for righteousness. If anybody thinks the renewal of the old tariff fight was not worth while, let him read this speech and be comforted. When a regular Republican talks like this—when he feels that he *must* talk like this—it is pretty clear that the appeal to the sense and conscience of the country has not been in vain.

And Harmony

Yet here, on the other hand, is an extract from the platform of that same Ohio convention:

> It (the PAYNE tariff) affords no more than adequate protection to the industries of the nation, and is fair alike to consumers, laborers, and producers.

Evidently here is something of a difference; or else, by an extraordinary piece of luck, the system which Mr. LONGWORTH admitted is so faulty has somehow turned out at least one perfect product. But that is hardly the right explanation. The managers of the Republican party in Ohio perceived that in their present emergency harmony among themselves was extremely desirable, and they proceeded to arrange it by refusing to disapprove of anything done or proposed by anybody on their side. They approve of the tariff: it is perfect; they also enthusiastically approve of a commission to find out what's the matter with it. The harmony thus attained is, it is true, a little out of key with Mr. LONGWORTH'S key-note. It is also out of key with certain mild intonations from Oyster Bay, L. I. But it's harmony, and that was what the Ohio Republicans wanted—what they simply had to have.

What Ohio wants is another matter. We are rather of the opinion that after considering this Republican offering of harmony the State will limit its order to two syllables.

The Texas Tangle

Texas is justifying our prediction of some weeks ago that the big State was going to have its share of politics this year, notwithstanding the one-sidedness that destroys interest in the ordinary contests of Democrats and Republicans out that way. The prohibition issue affords a lot of variations, but the Texans seem to have got more out of it than any other State that has yet wrestled with it. The anti-prohibition candidate has got the Democratic nomination and will be the next Governor; but he will have on his hands a prohibitionist Legislature and a mandate from the same primaries that nominated him calling for the submission to the voters of a State-wide prohibition law. The chances are that such a law will be submitted, and that the new Governor will have to content himself with appealing to the people to defeat it. State-wide prohibition in Texas would be wide indeed. For Galveston to be voting on the question whether there shall be saloons in El Paso would be a good deal as if Boston were allowed a voice concerning the liquor laws of Cleveland or Chicago. Adherents of the local-option principle should be able to find convincing illustrations in Texas if anywhere; for if, on the other hand, the State-wide policy can be made to work over that vast area it could be made to work everywhere. Yet we believe Rhode Island shows little disposition to adopt it.

The Democratic Advance in England

Nothing seems to be truer of modern democracy than that its advances are wave-like, intermittent: not a steady progress, but a series of gains and losses, with gains, however, always in the long run outmeasuring the losses. Signs are not wanting that this may be the character of the most recent advance of democracy in Great Britain. There has been a real advance; so much is certain. The LLOYD-GEORGE budget of 1909 made, indisputably, an assault on privilege; and now the budget of 1910, made up on the same principles, carrying practically the same taxes, goes through so easily that the cartoonists are moved to mirth over the contrast in the histories of two measures so very much alike. The uprising against the Lords has not yet run its course; but it is impossible to doubt that it has already had its effect on the temper of that body, even though no change in its composition or express lessening of its powers is yet accomplished. The Lords themselves evidently feel that to take any step of an aggressive or defiant character would be unwise, foolhardy, probably fatal. On the contrary, they have manifested an impulse to make concessions, to try and placate, instead of boldly antagonizing, the forces arrayed against them. The sum of those forces is democracy; and thus democracy has won something already. The sea has gained upon the land.

Its Limits Probably in Sight

But it may well be that the advance, if it do not stop here, will find at present a limit considerably short of the goal at which it was aimed; that the "reform" of the Lords which the present movement will accomplish will not be either a radical transformation of the chamber or a radical curtailment of its share in lawmaking. Not only would that be in keeping with the history of democracy, but it would be in keeping with the history of England and the established character of the English. For English revolutions are not carried to the bitter end. That is why their results are so lasting. Because they do not sweep on remorselessly and logically until all they seek is won, much that is won is kept. The reaction, if there is one, is less and less effective. The exception makes plain the rule. The Puritan revolution of the seventeenth century was thoroughgoing; and the reaction was equally thoroughgoing.

In the present instance, the Liberals and Radicals having made such clear gains for their cause, and an interval of quiet having somehow come about, the temporizing spirit, the spirit of compromise, may be expected to come very effectively into play. The new kind of budget, the democratic budget, with its land tax, its high whiskey tax, its insistence that the wealthy and privileged shall bear a greater share of the common burden, has been tried, accepted. The Lords, who at first rejected it, have yielded. They have been warned, threatened, apparently intimidated. The gains, in fact, are all on one side; and that side is still in power, in office. Well, let us stop here, and see how things will go with these changes accomplished. There will be time enough for others if they seem desirable.

This would be a thoroughly typical English way of taking the present situation. We should not be surprised if it should appear that this is, in fact, the way England is going to take it.

Presidential Peripatetics

The various places President TAFT was going to visit this autumn are naturally sorry he has changed his mind, and are sending committees to Beverly to get him to change it again. But protests from the rest of the country are not forthcoming. Not only does the country acquiesce in his decision to spend less time in railway journeys, but it also seems to approve the sentiments of his Rockland speech about the propriety of a President's talking politics in his journeys about the country. Undoubtedly the people like to have a chance to see and hear their President, and to have him "in their midst"; and that is a desire which within reason it is well to gratify. But the Presidency was meant to be an office of very great dignity. Not only that, but the powers and prestige of it depend in great measure on the way its dignity is maintained. That dignity is certainly not heightened by incessant running about the country in response to all sorts of calls, nor by entering unreservedly into party controversies. The vogue of these practices is new, and we are very decidedly of the opinion that President TAFT does well to turn from the example of his immediate predecessor to the older and finer tradition.

Coasting

The Maine coast is mighty attractive in summertime; there's no doubt about that. The number and the kind of Americans who take their vacations down there are proof positive of its charm. Artists and men of letters and college presidents and even bank presidents and others of the millionaire class have long been in the habit of spending two or three months there every year they don't go to Europe. Nothing more natural, therefore, than that the President should want to cruise along the coast—particularly a President who plays golf; for at practically all the Maine resorts there is golf as well as nature. Besides, that northeastern corner of the country happened to be almost the only corner the President had not personally explored, and which had not personally explored the President. So there was justice as well as propriety in the cruise. Then, too, there was the opportunity to make speeches without any politics in them. What a relief!

Yes, come to think of it, the Maine election *does* come first this autumn, and it *was* Maine that started such a rumpus sixty years ago when

She went hell-bent for Governor KENT,
And Tippecanoe, and TYLER, too.

Yes, and there *has* been talk of the sighting of insurgents on the edge of the Maine woods, and Democrats, too; and there is a good deal of a tussle over the succession to Senator HALE's place in the Senate. But of course these things have nothing to do with the beauties of the Maine coast. It was just a fortnight's sailing and golfing and getting away from politics. Confound politics, anyhow!

Very Good Politics

There was not a suggestion of politics in the President's speech.—*New York Times.*

He made the speech at Bar Harbor; not to the summer colonists, but to the townspeople on the village green. Recalling that his father, a hard-working lawyer, thought that two weeks' vacation was all a man should need, he said:

> But the American people have found out that there is such a thing as exhausting the capital of one's health and constitution, and that two or three months' vacation after the hard and nervous strain to which one is subjected during the autumn and spring are necessary in order to enable one to continue his work the next year with that energy and effectiveness which it ought to have.

Considering that he was talking to the people of a village whose chief stock in trade is vacations, and in a State that sells millions of dollars' worth of vacation to all comers every year, we think Mr. TAFT should be credited with making a politic speech. The Colonel could hardly have done better.

Sugar Worse than Rum

New sins are invented daily, the latest being the exhibition of prize-fight pictures and inspection of them. Also new causes of human depravity are daily brought to light, the latest being sugar. At the State dental convention in New Jersey, last month, a doctor from Hoboken told the dentists that the human race is fast going to pot along of sugar. Its low price, he declared, had caused degeneration among the people, and he said:

> The loss of energy through the consumption of sugar in the last century and the first decade of this century can never be made good. Alcohol has been consumed for thousands of years, but has not caused the degeneration of the whole human race.

It is news that sugar raises such hob with us. Perhaps the painful things that happened to the Sugar Trust were a consequence of human degeneration brought on by too intimate an association with sugar. Will the W. C. T. U. please look into this new peril?

And Still They Come

A few weeks ago it was general stores in New York City; now it is the biscuit-manufacturers all over the country. The trust plan of organization continues to conquer, and it is getting to be a question whether a single industry is going to be left on the old basis. In a book on American trusts, published in 1904, Mr. G. H. MONTAGUE, a Harvard economist, seemed to find the impulse toward forming such combinations subsiding. About that time a number of the newest and biggest appeared to be in trouble. Several of them passed their dividends, their stocks went down, and the investing public got timid and distrustful. But it is now evident that the reaction was only temporary. The movement seems to have set in again, stronger than ever.

What is to be the end of it? What form will industry, and society in general, finally take as a result of the process? Only the socialists are quite confident that they can answer these questions, and most of us still decline to accept their answers, because we cannot see how their general scheme is going to work without some radical and inconceivable change in human nature. But some things seem already so plain that we all have to admit them.

One thing is that attempts by Congress and the State governments to restore competition where it has once yielded to the principle of combination fail pretty generally, if not universally. A great many of the combinations—not all, perhaps, but certainly a large number, probably the larger number—have evidently come to stay. They have proved their case, economically speaking. It would appear, therefore, to be high time for the lawmakers to stop legislating on the theory that the old conditions in those industries can be brought back, or ought to be brought back.

On Smoking and Lacing

The general secretary of the Young People's Civic League sends out to members this "call":

> DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE,—It seems opportune that your attention be called to the nation-wide publicity which is being given to the attitude taken by Mrs. ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH in regard to the cigarette-smoking and the use of intoxicants.
>
> Mrs. LONGWORTH's open declaration of her addiction to the habit of smoking and her defence of it is not in itself important, but the eminence of her family and position socially makes her attitude a dangerous example to thousands of young boys and girls.
>
> That statement that Mrs. LONGWORTH has championed smoking among women presents a situation which must be met at once by our league and similar bodies throughout the country.
>
> We would be pleased to receive personal letters from every member of the League and its affiliated bodies, telling his or her opinion of the example set by the daughter of a President and what he will do to spread a sentiment to counteract her precepts.
>
> This matter will be brought before the executive board of the League Monday, and we would be pleased to receive an expression from as many of the societies as possible before that time.
>
> We would be pleased to receive a report of the proceedings of the first meeting at which the matter is discussed.
>
> (Signed) MRS. MARY F. BALCOMB,
> *General Secretary*, Y. P. C. L.

Does Mrs. MARY F. BALCOMB wear corsets? If so, it seems to us highly "opportune" that the attention of the dear young people should be directed to the banefulness of that practice and of the example thus set by one holding so conspicuous a position as that of general secretary of the Y. P. C. L. The mere suspicion that she champions corset-wearing presents a situation that must be met. With this laudable purpose in mind, "we would be pleased to receive personal letters from every member of the League and its affiliated bodies, telling his or her opinion of the example set and what he will do to spread a sentiment to counteract her precepts." Mrs. BALCOMB may consider this appeal to the civic leaders impertinent. So it is. But is it any more so than hers? Is smoking any worse for one than lacing? Who is to be the judge as to whether it is or not? And if it is, whose business is it? That of the person who indulges in the practice or that of a meddlesome outsider? No question of morals is involved, any more than there would be in querying a woman's right to wear a rat in her hair. Far less, in fact, for wearing a rat is deceitful. Does Mrs. BALCOMB conceal one among her tresses? We wonder. Whether she does or not, where, let us ask, does she find moral authority for singling Mrs. LONGWORTH out of thousands of women who smoke, for special reprobation? We have only to add further that Mrs. BALCOMB's disingenuous innuendo—not plain assertion, mind you!—that Mrs. LONGWORTH approves and is addicted to the use of intoxicants is the basest insinuation of absolute untruth that we have ever heard of being uttered by one assuming to be a gentlewoman.

Correspondence

THE COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR WHO GOES WEST

Indiana, July, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—When a man goes to live among the Indians or the Eskimos, he generally tries to conform to their customs and habits. But when an instructor from a college east of the Alleghanies goes to a Western college, it seems never to occur to him that he is going among a people who have not only a different accent from his own, but have different customs and conditions of living and somewhat different habits of thinking and acting, as well.

Usually, if one takes the trouble to inquire into the record of the young professor, one learns that he has been trained at some denominational college, where he has made a good record; then he has spent a year, or perhaps two, at Yale, Harvard, Columbia, or Johns Hopkins in acquiring a degree; and again his record has been excellent, for which excellency he has been given a tutorship or instructorship at the institution where he has last been studying.

At any of these older Eastern universities, the young instructor seldom makes any palpable impression either socially or intellectually, for the atmosphere is traditionally chilling, and he is given little encouragement to reveal the powers of which he feels himself possessed. On the contrary, he has had some quiet, obscure work to do, which he has tried to do well, and he has been content to have it commended as honest and thorough. Furthermore, he reassures himself that he should be grateful for small returns, since these are his years of apprenticeship, and he is content, and always a little doubtful, though hopeful of his powers and possibilities.

Then comes a promotion to a Western college, and forthwith the outlook for his future begins to expand. He is already prepossessed with the idea that people west of the Alleghanies have made little progress toward civilization, and immediately his imagination sprouts with ideas and projects for their improvement.

The Western college is usually in a small city or town, and on the new professor's arrival he is received with a hearty cordiality and lack of conventionality to which he has never been accustomed. His colleagues treat him as an equal; homes are thrown open to him with an alacrity which astonishes him. "Yet why not?" he probably says to himself. "Should not my credentials from one of the old-established institutions in the East put me on a footing with any one west of the Alleghanies?" Besides, he is apt to have misgivings as to whether there can be any cultivation among men whose houses are thrown open with such freedom and whose manners are so cordial and democratic. At any rate, he is persuaded that he has made a striking initial impression, for already he finds himself on a social and intellectual level with any of his colleagues.

Sometimes this new professor makes a fair appearance of modesty at the outset, but not infrequently his missionary zeal becomes so great that it soon breaks through his veneer of modesty, and he feels it an urgent duty to speak out and uncover the shortcomings of the institution and of the community of which he has become a member.

George Eliot has described a prig as "a fellow who is always making you a present of his opinions." This definition often describes the Eastern instructor who goes West, for in all likelihood, within ten days after his arrival, he can give you a complete digest of the people, their tastes, habits, and customs—a judgment formed largely from having been promptly admitted to perhaps a half-dozen different households. And invariably the import of his first comments is that the manner of living is crude and primitive—his colleagues call it simple.

Most Western professors live in small cottages furnished with a view to comfort, and not uncommonly with some artistic design, which may be so inconspicuous, however, as not to be observed upon first inspection. Professors' wives, moreover, rarely have servants; they do their own housekeeping chiefly, raise their children, and even then find a little extra time to do some serious reading or studying.

"Will you kindly tell me," recently inquired a new professor during his first call, "whether people here actually prefer to do their own housekeeping and live so cramped and unsettled, or whether it is a matter of necessity?"

I told him frankly that conditions among us are such that simplicity reduced to its lowest terms has come to be the standard for every professor's household, since servants are so rare and expensive as to be practically prohibitory on a professor's income. "After all," I reminded the newcomer, "we have not the vast numbers of foreigners coming to us constantly, as you have in the East, from whom you can replenish your ranks of servants. The servant problem may be a difficult one with you, but with us it has practically ceased to be a problem. We must simply manage to do without servants. That is why many of us who have been able and foolish enough once to possess large homes have disposed of them for smaller ones."

"But do these people not give social functions or entertain their friends?" was the next question put to me.

"Yes, but necessarily with the utmost simplicity, and without ceremony," was the reply.

I then told him the experience of the president's wife at one of the largest State universities in the Middle West, who had had such difficulty in obtaining kitchen service that she gave up finally in despair. Instead of having large formal functions intermittently, she and her husband decided to place an extra plate or two upon the table nearly every evening, and to invite one or two guests to dine with them. In this way they could dine with each member of the faculty at least once a year. And I added that it seemed to me that this arrangement offered a better opportunity for becoming acquainted and for satisfactory conversation than large functions.

But my interlocutor shook his head and smiled deprecatingly.

Another fact which unfailingly impresses the new professor is the small number of books which most of his colleagues possess. Obviously he says to himself, "How can a man be learned or achieve anything with so few books?" And forthwith he adds this observation to his verbal comments.

"Professor Jones seems to have the only really substantial library about here," was another comment of the above-mentioned new professor during his first call. "As nearly as I can judge, he seems to have about as many books as most of the other professors combined."

"Most men have their workshops at the university," I replied, indulgently, "or obtain books for their special work there. Our homes are too small to line them with books, and our incomes too small to buy them. Yet most of us read." I had not quite the courage to say that although possessing many books does not imply charlatanism, nevertheless it is conspicuously noticeable that the academic charlatan invariably possesses many books.

Generally the new professor is writing a book, at which he hints covertly during his first calls, little dreaming that most of his colleagues are engaged on a similar task, or that many have already a volume or two to their credit, or possibly assured reputations, and that they find it unnecessary to air their achievements. Furthermore, it seems never to dawn upon the newcomer that while he is knowingly and patronizingly commenting upon the households into which he has been received, he himself may possibly have been invited in only on approval, or that he may steadily be establishing a record for himself by which he will long be judged; for in these college communities there generally exist close group intimacies, and during their hours of relaxation together men and women often divert themselves by retailing the comments of such as he.

Some time ago one of these young men went about declaring so generally that he found absolutely no sense of humor in the place, that the head of his department was finally forced to tell him that it was merely the keen sense of humor of his colleagues which gave him any security of life or happiness.

Yet another disappointment which almost invariably awaits the new professor is the lack of picturesqueness in the West. Of course he knows that Indians have largely disappeared and that there is some feeble attempt in these Western towns to maintain law and order, but nevertheless he vaguely hopes to come across a small band or two of Indians, or at least a few desperadoes, when he goes about exploring the country. Several years ago a very handsome young man came to us equipped with a most attractive tramping costume of khaki, a large sombrero to match, a brace of good-sized pistols, and a substantial bowie-knife attached to his belt. Naturally when he passed through the streets of the town in this outfit the small boys followed him, thinking that he was out advertising a Buffalo Bill show.

Some time has passed usually before the new professor begins to realize that the easy hospitality and democracy about him is congealing. Occasionally he detects a flickering smile on the face of some man or woman to whom he is speaking, or perhaps there is an indulgent shrugging of the shoulders or a furtive exchange of significant glances when he feels moved to speak in faculty meeting, and then it may occur to him that perhaps these "Westerners" are not taking him very seriously. But slowly he has been finding out that some of these shaggy-looking men, who are sometimes not too carefully groomed, have done and are doing things; that most of them have been to the larger Eastern universities and have studied abroad as well; that their wives are often college-bred women and some of them have studied abroad also. Moreover, he is learning that these people have somewhat catholic tastes and prefer to live simply so they may use a portion of their incomes for further travel or study. Again he hears frequently of their meeting and even "eating" together in small congenial groups, and for some unaccountable reason he is never asked to join them. And finally he discovers that Western people have also a settled pride and conviction of having achieved things worth while; and feel that in a measure they are outgrowing the Eastern institutions, for they have welcomed new ideas and innovations with the same alacrity with which they have welcomed him, and they are rejecting many of the worn-out, fossilized traditions just as they are rejecting him.

But by the time he has learned all this he is often so frost-nipped and hemmed in with ice that he does not know whether he will ever thaw out. Frankly he has been shunted aside as narrow and provincial and left to mature. In truth, men and women at Western colleges are well inured to this type, and they are amazingly indulgent mainly because they are occupied with larger interests and because they have formed the habit of indulging their new professors, as well as their children, instead of chastising them.

Occasionally, however, the newcomer penetrates conditions more quickly. Not long ago I heard of an able young Eastern man who came to a large university in the Middle West, and after delivering himself of a vast deal of undigested criticism, acknowledged frankly that he had been making an ass of himself; then he set quickly and honestly about readjusting himself.

But more often the young instructor passes through a slower and more trying process of purging. By and by a palpable tinge of bitterness creeps into his criticisms, for he finds himself more and more lonely—almost forlorn. Indeed, I have known several who have come eventually to live practically in isolation.

What puzzles Western men most in these cases is that almost invariably the young Eastern instructor comes recommended from one of the old-established institutions as an "A" student—a man of exceptional ability. And, unquestionably, he does possess knowledge, often expert knowledge; yet withal he seems so often to have such a superficial and conventional sense of values in general; and one marvels that education has done so little for him, since it has failed to give him that power, so much more essential and fundamental than that which is gained from mere knowledge—the power to interpret conditions and individuals, and to select what is genuinely worthy, or to reject what is not.

I am, sir,
SUSANNE WILCOX.

AMERICA GUILTY OF LANGUICIDE

Bellingham, Wash., July 2, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—During a brief residence in Seattle I have been continually annoyed by the bad manners and literary hooliganism of the newspapers printed here, and I shall esteem it a courtesy shown to an unfortunate Englishman if I may be allowed to air my grievance and retaliate in a gentlemanly manner.

In newspaper articles, the Londoner is always supposed to be a costermonger, the London equivalent of a New York Bowery boy, and in amusing headlines, the Londoner's speech is phonetically written, "Oi si, old chappie, 'ave you read the *Daily Mile?*" I need only point out that *Daily Mail* has the same vowel sounds, which might be rendered by a costermonger as *Dily Mile*, never as *Doily Mile*. But it is well nigh impossible for a newspaper man here to give a truthful idea of an educated Londoner's language and pronunciation, because such perfect English is a foreign language to the average American newspaper writer.

I rather think that the natural jealousy of a froward child, wishing to believe itself cleverer than its parent, is the explanation of much of the nonsense that is written and spoken in this country about the English. Not content with asserting independence of the mother-country, which at the time badly needed a sensible, strong-minded queen, you Americans have taken a shameful revenge by murdering our beautiful English language—languicide is the technical term for the offence.

In proof of my assertion I would, first of all, instance some of the more prominent advertisements in this city. Several restaurants here, including a high-class cafetaria, display the sign "Good Eats", now to my educated English ear this use of the verb eat as a noun is simply atrocious. Perhaps the excuse of brevity may be made in the case of the oft-spoken query, "Where do you eat?" but such a phrase sounds ugly to an Englishman who naturally asks, "Where do you have your meals?" As I am a musician, I noticed the use of "conservatory" to denote a place where music is taught; but conservatory, in English, means a glass-covered house for the rearing of plants, and the French word "conservatoire," which does mean a college, has been tortured into a semblance of English. Then, again, why does a seller of footwear speak of a shoe when he means in plain English a boot? and who ever invented Oxford as a term meaning shoe. Perhaps it is part of the emancipation of American women to call a dress a suit. But enough of such instances, which, after all, are not very serious. The Americans, however, are particularly dogmatic on their pronunciation and spelling, and learned professors have published dictionaries to correct the Englishman's errors. The other day I was puzzled by an advertisement which read "Republic Tires." Now for the moment I wondered if the American people saw the shortcomings of their enlightened form of government and were advertising politically, but then it occurred to me that the advertisement referred to pneumatic "tyres." I was so struck by the ambiguity of the American spelling that I visited the Carnegie Library to look the matter up. There I found that two large dictionaries ignored the word "tyre" altogether, while a third one, which of course was published by an Anglo-American firm, referred to "tyre" as an obsolete form. This American plan of simplifying English is obviously of doubtful utility. But the matter becomes a serious one when we consider the American version of the Bible. There is a particularly beautiful and profound chapter in the New Testament, namely, the thirteenth chapter of Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians. The English version opens, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal", and to my sensitive ear this verse is sweetly lyrical. But the American revised version has "*If* I speak, etc. . . . but have not *love*, I am become, etc. . . ." "If" means merely "supposing," whereas "though" is an adversative conjunction implying "in spite of the fact that," and gives the whole chapter that emphasis that the great apostle intended. Then again "love" means almost anything, the feeling I have for my parents, my wife, my sweetheart, my neighbor, my pleasures. But "charity" in the Biblical sense means a wise sympathy which enables me to understand the reason for my neighbor's faults, the knowledge that, despite his apparent wickedness, my fellow man is at heart as good as I am. This whole chapter on "charity" loses its wonderful significance because "love" has been substituted for "charity," and I have no doubt there are many similar instances of American ill-treatment of Biblical English. It is easy to explain the reason for these alterations; probably it is because the professors, who undertook the task of revising, had a limited knowledge of English, their mother tongue, being German or Swedish. But it is just possible that the American publishers found there was a limited sale for the existing version, so had it revised to boom their business. Yes, there is no doubt that America has murdered our beautiful English language, and to remedy the situation, American professors of English should be immediately replaced by well-educated Englishmen.

I am, sir,
GEO. VALLEN RANKIN.

OH NO!

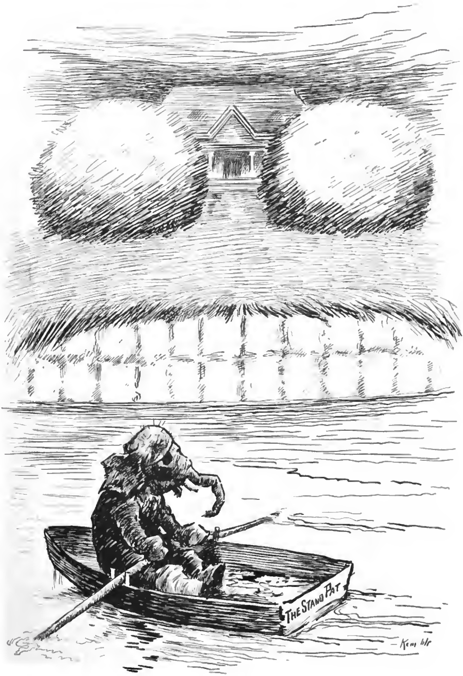
Jackson, Miss., July 21, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—If "The Journal of Civilization" thinks prize-fighting should be stopped, why not advocate the passage of State laws forbidding the sale of all papers containing news of prize-fights and prize-fighters? This would be a good start.

I am, sir,
A. G. ERICH.

The remedy would be much worse than the disease.—EDITOR.


THE STAND PAT
Kemble

"DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS THAT'S OYSTER BAY. WONDER IF I'LL BE ALLOWED TO LAND? I'D LIKE TO GET A FEW WORDS OF COMFORT FROM THE DOCTOR"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

The Warning of Germany's Naval Increase

WHY THE NAVAL RIVALRY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY SHOULD INTEREST AMERICA, WITH SOME QUESTIONS PROPOUNDED AS TO THE EFFECT OF GERMAN MARITIME SUPREMACY UPON OUR DESTINY

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

ANYTHING Admiral Mahan has to say about naval problems commands, I need hardly remark, the instant attention of the British public. And nothing that he has written of late years has made a greater stir than his recent article on the naval situation which has arisen between Great Britain and Germany. It appeared in the *Daily Mail* in the first week in July. I presume it was published simultaneously in America. Of its effect upon the author's own countrymen I cannot pretend to judge. Its effect upon England was deep and immediate. During the past ten months the boom on the Stock Exchange, the tremendous revival in trade, and the fierce contentiousness of the constitutional struggle have somewhat forced the German question out of sight. And here was the foremost authority on naval history and strategy and politics sharply and solemnly warning Great Britain that, though temporarily veiled, the German question was still for her the issue of issues. But Admiral Mahan went even beyond that. He let fall certain observations that bit into the English mind with a wholesome acidity, observations that seemed to imply a doubt on his part as to whether Great Britain wholly realized, or was completely adequate to, the emergency that confronted her. What is that emergency? It cannot be better stated than in Admiral Mahan's own words: "This is the fundamental condition which the British democracy of to-day have to recognize as regards their national security, upon which their economic future—their food, clothing, and housing—depends: that they stand face to face with a nation one-fourth more numerous than themselves, and one more highly organized for the sustainment by force of a national policy. It is so because it has a government more efficient in the ordering of national life, in that it can be, and is, more consecutive in purpose than one balanced unsteadily upon the shoulders of a shifting popular majority."

Admiral Mahan went on to specify the points at which he considered Great Britain's equipment for the coming crisis to be defective. In the first place, "the popular tradition of the national need for a great navy" seemed to be less operative than formerly; its claims were less felt and more disputed. "The menacing feature in the future is the apparent indisposition and slackness of the new voters of the last half-century, over against the resolute spirit and tremendous faculty for organizing strength evident in Germany." In the second place, Englishmen appeared to have been misled by "the prolonged formal peace which Europe has enjoyed for thirty years." Yet every observant man knows that there have been at least three wars in this so-called period of peace; wars none the less real because no blows were exchanged, for force determined the issues. "The common phrase for such transactions is 'the risk of war has been averted.' The expression is dangerously misleading because it is supposed that the controlling element in this conclusion has been the adroitness of statesmen, whereas the existence and calculation of force have been really determinative." Thirdly, this misconception was peculiarly likely to prevail in such a country as Great Britain—an insular democracy, practically secure from external aggression, freed from the pressure supplied on the continent of Europe by contiguous frontiers, and prone, therefore, to minimize external dangers and to neglect preparations for war. Admiral Mahan was too polite to say so, but one felt in reading his article that he suspected a certain weakening in the British fibre, a deficiency of will power, a lack of organization and direction, a muddle-headedness, a deterioration of national character, that was really more ominous than anything the German navy was doing or could do. I will not stop to argue whether these suspicions, even supposing he entertained them, are justified or not, but will at once round off his summary of the naval situation. Briefly, he approved the concentration of four-fifths of the British battleship force in the North Sea; and for the purpose of effecting that concentration he approved of the relative abandonment of the Mediterranean for the time being. But only for the time being. A decade ago Great Britain had eleven battleships in the Mediterranean; to-day she has only six, and these six of distinctly inferior power. "The clear reluctance," wrote Admiral Mahan, "to acquiesce in present naval requirements is ominous of a day when the Mediterranean may pass out of the sphere of British influence, centred round the British Islands exclusively. This will symbolize, if it does not at once accompany, the passing of the Empire; for a hostile force in the Mediterranean controls not only an interior line—as compared with the Cape route—but an interior position, from which it is operative against the Atlantic as well as in the East. It is difficult to overstate the effect of this upon the solidity of the Empire, for the Mediterranean is one of the great central positions of the maritime world. A weakened Mediterranean force is the symptom that neither as principal nor as ally may Great Britain be able to play the part hitherto assumed by her in the great drama of which the awakening of the East is the present act."

Such words as these, coming from such an authority, struck home. The *Daily Mail* promptly republished Admiral Mahan's article as a pamphlet, and it has found an enormous sale. I think myself that the Admiral had been slightly misled by the clamor of the Labor party, the professional pacificists, and the sentimentalists who put what they call "social reform" above national security. These gentlemen were never so vociferous in Great Britain as they are to-day, but I doubt also whether they were ever really less influential. The country as a whole is, I believe, thoroughly alive to the menace that threatens it from the other side of the North Sea and would make short work of any government and any party that it suspected of trifling with British ascendency at sea. I doubt, indeed, whether the British democracy was ever better informed as to the realities of the naval situation at home and abroad than it is to-day. Then, again, in regard to what Admiral Mahan says with reference to the weakening of British sea power in the Mediterranean, there is to be remembered: It is a financial impossibility for Great Britain to maintain her old supremacy in all seas under modern conditions; she cannot hope to enjoy her former paramountcy in home waters, in the Mediterranean, and in the Pacific; she is obliged to pick and choose, to concentrate her strength on the quarter whence the greatest danger threatens even at the cost of diminishing her force in other but less vital quarters; already she is spending some $200,000,000 a year on her fleet; she will spend more if necessary; but if the naval experts keep on assuring her that she is still unsafe, that supremacy in the North Sea is nothing unless it is accompanied by supremacy in the Mediterranean, then they are bound sooner or later to produce a reaction among the hard-driven taxpayers. I am not perfectly sure that Admiral Mahan's argument distinguishes with sufficient clearness between what is attainable and what is unattainable. He is, of course, absolutely right in describing the problem that confronts Great Britain as "unparalleled." Would not his line of reasoning tend to make it insoluble? The question, in which, of course, innumerable considerations that have only an indirect bearing on naval strategy are involved, is, I submit, a fair one. But, however much one may be inclined to question some of Admiral Mahan's statements and inferences, the fact remains that he has rendered Great Britain a great service in compelling her attention to what is, and must long remain, by far the most serious of the many problems in which she is now engulfed.

Do Americans generally, I wonder, yet realize that the situation created by Germany's naval expansion is not a matter that concerns Great Britain alone and that they are themselves remotely, but none the less unescapably, affected by it? I am well aware, of course, how small and intermittent and unsatisfactory is the education which the American people receive in the realities of *Weltpolitik*; how apt they are to regard European happenings with an amused indifference, as of no possible interest to their own fortunes; and how their happy or harmful isolation makes it extremely difficult for them to conceive a tangible connection between their own welfare and policies and the issue of a rivalry between two European powers that will be decided, if at all, several thousand miles away from American territory. The idea that Europe has one set of interests and America another is still, I suppose, subscribed to almost unanimously from Maine to California, and the average busy, complacent citizen, self-contented and remote, knowing nothing of the fierce juxtapositions and imminent contentions of Europe, and convinced of the unassailable strength of the United States, still, I suppose, regards the wars of the Old World with a purely spectacular interest, as a sort of drama provided for his diversion. But I doubt whether this attitude will be tenable for very much longer. I doubt whether the United States will be able to preserve for many more years to come that immunity from the conflicts and distractions of Europe and the Far East that has served her so well for a hundred years or more. Whether she likes it or no, she seems destined to be drawn with a constantly increasing celerity into those clashes of policy and ambitions that formerly she could afford to look upon with a wholly impersonal detachment. That I profoundly believe to be the way things are tending. It may even prove that this very question of whether England or Germany is to be the first naval power in the world will operate as a sharp dividing line between America's international past and her international future.

Has the United States an interest in the fact that Germany is now the second naval power in the world? Has she an interest in the prodigious preparations for war, or for warding off war, that are being hurriedly pressed forward on both sides of the North Sea? Has she an interest in the possibility that supremacy at sea may one day suddenly pass from British to German hands, and that England may be irretrievably humbled and that the British Empire may be convulsively dissolved? Have Americans ever conceived themselves menaced by the British command of the sea? Would they be equally satisfied if Germany were to occupy the position so long and with such general acceptance held by Great Britain? They are well aware, no doubt, that the possession of Canada binds Great Britain automatically to good behavior throughout the Americas. Do they feel confident that they have any equal hold over Germany? They have long since, I believe, acquitted Great Britain of all "designs" upon the Monroe Doctrine. Have they returned an equally favorable verdict in the case of Germany? American commerce and power are inextricably intermingled with those of Great Britain; the downfall of the British Empire, which would be the inevitable consequence of the destruction of British sea power, would paralyze every financial and commercial interest in the United States for at least a couple of decades. Would the destruction of German sea power have any such disastrous and reverberant results? In the scale of American material interests which weighs the heavier—Germany or Great Britain? In the scale of American moral interests the same question has to be asked and answered. Are Americans more in sympathy with the British or the German form of civilization and of government; with British or with German ideas and ethical principles; with the British or the German language, spirit, and genius? I question whether British supremacy at sea gives any American statesman a moment's anxiety on behalf of a single one of America's possessions or policies. Would Germany's supremacy at sea be equally innocuous?

Next to the security and well-being of their own country have Americans any greater or more obvious and tangible interest than the preservation of the British Empire on its present footing? Would its collapse react anywhere so disastrously as upon the United States? Of the two Powers, is it Great Britain or is it Germany that is the more aggressive, the more hungry for fresh territory, the greater centre of international disturbance and unrest? Would the rise of a Greater Germany to the power and influence now owned by Greater Britain be regarded by Americans as a happy development or as one that menaced their position and freedom as a world-power? Losing command of the sea, Great Britain loses everything; the destruction of the German navy would no more ruin Germany than Tsushima ruined Russia. If, therefore, matters come to a crisis it is clear that Germany will be fighting for dominion, and Great Britain for life. Germany for a world-wide upheaval, and Great Britain for the status quo. Which power, under these circumstances, would make the better appeal for American sympathies? I pose these questions, but I have no wish to prejudge the answers to them. I pose them as an Englishman who believes that most of them will never require an answer, for the reason that Great Britain is strong enough and alert enough to face single-handed the crisis that seems to be approaching. But if I were an American I should pose them just the same and, what is more, I should try to answer them as dispassionately as I knew how. There is every probability that Great Britain will survive the ordeal that awaits her. But there is just a possibility that she may not, and if I were an American that possibility would mightily concern me. There is good reason to think that Germany has risen to be the second naval power in the world with a view to challenging Great Britain. But there is a chance that she may, after all, be thinking of some one else, and, if I were an American, I should not ignore that chance.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

By FORBES LINDSAY

Pictures by M L Blumenthal

THERE is just one thing easier than getting money in New York—and that is losing it. No great difficulty exists about either matter. The natural losers are unceasingly scattering their shekels broadcast, and all that the natural gainers need to do is hold their hats under the everlasting shower.

Inclusion in the money-makers' class calls for no extraordinary qualifications. An active imagination is the chief requirement. Add to this verbal facility and irrepressible optimism and you have the sum of the necessary equipment. Possessing this, any man may grow fat in the golden pastures of our metropolis.

It is the simplest thing in the world. Let us assume that you have the mental make-up mentioned—and ten dollars. That amount of capital is not indispensable, but its possession will smooth the path of promotion. Go over to New Jersey and find an abandoned farm for which the owner is willing to take forty dollars an acre. Get an option on it. If you are really qualified for the vocation of a promoter you will have no difficulty in dodging an outlay at this stage. Have an architect's draughtsman make an alluring sketch of a handsome hotel set in ornamental grounds. It may be unwise to impair your capital by parting with two dollars for this work. Better make payment with a promise of fifty shares of the company in the clouds.

Now sit down and make a careful and minute calculation showing $50,000 a year profit from the operation of your property. Don't forget that $50,000 is five per cent. of $1,000,000, so that your proposition clearly justifies capitalization to that amount.

Without touching your working capital, you have contrived to secure control of property and plans worth $1,000,000. That closes the initial stage of your enterprise. Now you must be prepared to spend real money.

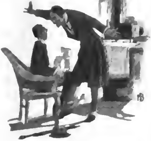
For the next step insert some such advertisement as the following, which recently appeared among the "Business Opportunities" of a New York Sunday paper:

"Advertiser desires partner with $10,000 to join in the operation of a million-dollar summer resort and hotel. Good salary and 500 per cent. profit on investment assured."

You are now within sight of success. A score or more of the natural losers will respond to your seductive appeal. You will infect one of them with your own conviction of the soundness of the project and the ease with which a company can be formed to carry it out. But you don't stop here. This is not a bunco game, but legitimate promotion. Your hat isn't half full yet.

Now the goal is assured. You enter upon the last leg of your course with full sail set and a jaunty pennant flying at the peak.

Move into a first-class hotel. Deposit your money where you can most easily establish a bank reference. Incorporate your company. Call in a professional publicity dope dispenser. Have a convincing prospectus and some eloquent advertisements printed. These will reach into the pockets of hundreds of natural losers, and in less than no time carpenters and masons will be at work upon the hotel, and gardeners upon the grounds.



An active imagination is the chief requirement

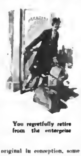
This brings your work as a promoter to a close, and you regretfully retire from the enterprise after selling your option and promotion stock.

This is one way of making easy money. There are thousands of others akin to it, and at this moment similar schemes are in process of concoction by hundreds of men and a few score of women. They are members of that large section of New York's population that live in luxury by the exercise of their wits. They are the natural money-makers who are unfailingly fed by the natural money-losers. A surprisingly large proportion of the airy castles constructed by these promoters of dreams develop into going concerns. But, being founded on wind and inflated with water, they are generally short-lived.

It is not often that downright swindles are exploited in the "Business Opportunities" column. The man who uses this medium of appeal for capital commonly misrepresents facts and sometimes renders himself liable to criminal prosecution, but he is generally sincere. In fact, success depends upon his having schooled himself to a profound belief in his proposition. Unless he has thoroughly hypnotized himself, he will not be able to convince the most gullible money-loser to the extent of inducing him to part with his cash.

Although the "Business Opportunities" section is the recognized medium for the exploitation of wild and flimsy schemes, the majority of advertisements in it refer to substantial enterprises. Several unusually large corporations have had their foundations in this humble beginning, to which men with good ideas and no money resorted in order to secure financial backing. Now and again what appears to be the wildest and most far-fetched proposition develops into a big thing. A railroad conductor who, a few years ago, secured the controlling interest in a dream for $300 is now drawing $80,000 a year as the result of an investment that no sane business man would have considered for five minutes.

With a view to exploring the by-paths to easy wealth I replied to some of the most promising offers in one issue of a Sunday paper. My venture brought me into contact with the most bewildering variety of opportunities and opportunists. There was nothing commonplace about the propositions presented to me. Most of them were distinctly original in conception, some of them fantastically so.



You regretfully retire from the enterprise

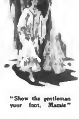
The individual who desired to assemble "a few enterprising gentlemen with $5,000 and a love of adventure" turned out to be a tyro at the game. He was a very bald young man who had commenced life in the ministry, but had side-stepped on to the vaudeville stage, where, I gathered, he figures as a "monologue artist." With impressive earnestness he outlined a plan to kidnap Zelaya and sell him to the United States. He entertained the idea that the erstwhile president is under some sort of indictment by our State Department and in great demand at Washington. His project was well conceived and plausible enough to the point of the purchase by Mr. Knox of the Nicaraguan *bête noire*.

Madame—let us say Lola Montez—I met by appointment in the dingy parlor of an East Side apartment. From somewhere behind a pair of portières, that probably began their long career of usefulness in more pretentious environment, came an overpowering oleaginous odor, which I was informed emanated from a batch of the famous "Ferndusi Face Food," in course of bottling.

Madame laid bare a plan for the establishing of "beauty parlors" on Fifth Avenue. There are, of course, such places, but she proposed to eclipse them all by the introduction of original features.

"The trouble with beauty parlors is," she explained, "that their attendants ain't no recommendation. As often as not they're homely and sloppy. Why shouldn't a beautifier show samples same as a shoe store. That's what I'm going to do. Mamie!"

The curtains parted, and a young woman, who had evidently been awaiting the summons, made what would have been a creditable stage entrance. She wore some kind of loose dressing jacket with short open sleeves and rolled collar, cut pronouncedly low. The garment was clearly designed, and with success, to display a liberal area of clear white skin. On the top of her head a heavy mass of reddish brown hair was coiled in a careless knot with artistic effect. She stood in front of me, smilingly offering herself for inspection.



"Show the gentleman your foot, Mamie"

"What do you think of her?" asked Madame, with the air of a horse-coper. "Ain't she got a fine complexion?"

"Decidedly," I admitted, without hesitation.

"That's my 'Ferndusi Face Food.' She had freckles when she came to me. Didn't you, Mamie?"

"You bet I did!" answered the "sample," with a grin.

"Show the gentleman your foot, Mamie," demanded Madame.

The young lady promptly kicked off a loose slipper and brought into view a shapely foot with the pinkest of toe-nails, trimmed to a nicety.

"All the result of your beautifying process?" I asked.

"Sure!"

"Hair your product too?"

"Most of it," answered Madame, rising and burying her hands in Mamie's topknot. After a minute's fumbling they came away, each holding enough detached hair to have furnished a park hack with a handsome tail.

"Now, I'm going to have half a dozen like her—only different styles—to wait on my customers. Don't you think that'll fetch 'em?"

I wasn't sure but that it might. Who knows? Madame Montez may start a fad and make a fortune.

Not being a "prominent capitalist," I refrained from answering the advertiser who desired a number of such enviable persons "to submit to doctor's examination every two weeks for one year to influence them to capitalize to the extent of $1,000,000 a hair-grower guaranteed to raise fuzz and more or less hair on absolutely bald heads."

The proposal of "Aeroplane" to return $25,000 profit in one year on an investment of one-tenth of that sum appeared to present possibilities more nearly within the power of my attainment. My response to this overture brought me into contact with a sanguine gentleman of expansive mind. He exhibited detailed drawings and a four-foot model of an airship capable of carrying 125 passengers and making a continuous flight of 750 miles—on paper. All he needed was $25,000 to build the first machine. After that a fifty-million-dollar company would be capitalized without difficulty. When I declined to take a "flyer" with "Aeroplane" I denied myself a fortune—or so, at least, he declared.

Many millions were demonstrably placed within my reach. I missed "the chance of a lifetime" when I failed to finance the proposed corner in inventive genius which would control the output of all the Edisons and Teslas and Marconis in the world. I put untold riches away from me when I passed up the plan to reduce scrap-tin, and the process of producing artificial rubber.

No doubt these schemes will receive the backing necessary to float them, and the individuals who put up the money will reap rich harvests, for the more extravagant the proposition, so that it be cleverly advertised, the more eagerly the public rises to it, and in the end the losses are divided between so many hundreds or thousands of shoe-string gamblers.

With ten thousand dollars and the field of operation afforded by one issue of "Business Opportunities," any man can learn to his entire satisfaction how easy it is in New York to make money—or lose it.

Why the Englishman is Happy

AN IRISHMAN'S NOTES ON THE SAXON TEMPERAMENT

By J. B. Yeats

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

While he bowed down before his social superior, his thoughts remained free

In the long quest for self-knowledge and self-fulfilment there are two types of men and two methods. There are some who would have the individual man care only for himself morning, noon, and night, for his spirit, his mind, his body, his temporal and eternal welfare. There are others who would say he should forget himself and lose himself in great ideas, great causes, great enthusiasms, in passionate love or humanitarianism, or even in the anger of war and battle. Of these two methods the second is found in France while the first is the Englishman's creed.

The English are a fortunate people, or seemed so in the happy past, their primal good fortune being that they lived and grew up on an island surrounded by stormy seas and fenced in by high cliffs. Their second good fortune sprang out of the first; they never submitted themselves to a strong central government. Of all people in the known world, they were the least governed, of all men the Englishman was the freest, little more being required of him than that he should live on good terms with his neighbors. Doubtless one of these neighbors was the brutal Norman noble who regarded him as an inferior being of an inferior race, and as a landlord oppressed him. Outside this relation of landlord and tenant, and of superior and inferior, he lived a free man among his fellows without, indeed, the dignity and honor of being a soldier, but also without his constant subjection and unrelaxing discipline. He was a boor, but his thoughts were his own; and his language, being different from that of his oppressor, afforded him an additional safeguard. He lived in his own world—he lived apart among his own race and kindred.

The other nations on the continent of Europe, notably France, lay open to one another's ravages, and for that reason had always to remain under arms, every man a soldier, martial law superseding all other laws. However England might war with other nations, however she might despoil them, pursuit and revenge were impossible; behind her cliffs she was safe. No matter how great the cloud of hatred or what it threatened, she lived in security and laughed at her enemies. The peasant returned in peace to his village and his plough, the merchant to his shop, and the noble to his castle; while crimes that could not be punished left no visitings of remorse. The English grew in liberty and in the arts of peace while other nations grew in the arts of war and lost their liberty. The English poor man was never taught his military dignity, but he was taught his social inferiority; yet, while he bowed down, as he still does, before his social superior, his thoughts remained free; the better part of liberty remained to him. Froissart was astonished at the squalor in which the English peasant lived; yet, had he looked a little closer, he would have seen that under the smouldering ashes on his hearth a fire was burning that had long been extinct in his own country.

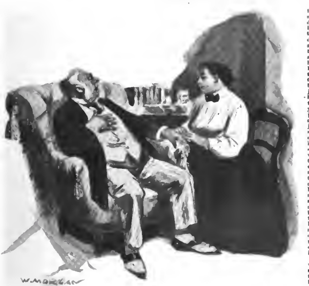
The French government was a military despotism, and, since tyranny begets tyranny and seeks to extend itself, it speedily drew to itself the forces of religion, art, and education and allied them in one vast conspiracy against the forces of freedom; so that from the first the people were trained in submission to power, authority, and tradition. It was an eager and spontaneous submission, the soldier proud to follow his captain, the student eager to listen to his teacher, and the Catholic anxious to obey the command of his priest. The people were accomplices in their own enthralment; the more so since there was this discretion reserved in the exercise of dominion: all were free to think out and draw their own conclusions, provided that the state, the Church, and the academies furnished the premises. Deductive logic was free; inductive logic, the higher order, the kings, soldiers, magistrates, and statesmen kept in their own hands. As time advanced the French became a nation of teachers and orators as well as soldiers, while the creative impulse was everywhere arrested and hampered. Welded together and bound and clamped into a nation by their military and ecclesiastical organizations, the French rapidly acquired the instinct of solidarity; and the individual dwindled until he became a mere unit of the state. This feeling of solidarity combined with the free exercise of deductive logic, resulting in a fertility of beautiful ideas—beautiful as rainbows on a stormy sky—and the missionary habit. Of all men the Frenchman is the most picturesque and the most attractive, as he is also the most eloquent and the most persuasive. In literature, in life, in everything, the French genius is social and sympathetic and propagandist.

The Englishman is the contrary of all this. He has a passion for liberty and cares little for equality, fraternity, or any of the ideals which are the glory of the French intellect. He is, indeed, so entirely without the faculty of ideas that even his feeling for liberty has never become an idea or a doctrine, he has no intellectual cognizance of it; it is merely his habit. A something, which from long use has grown into him and become part almost of his physiology. It is in his blood and in his bones and remains by him always, keeping vigilant watch and ward. But it is for himself alone, it is not for universal application, it is not his philosophy. So that when he robs another nation, as in the case of India or Ireland, and, in order to facilitate the theft, first takes away that nation's liberty, his conscience does not smite him, for by liberty he always means English liberty, which includes the privilege of robbing any nation that is weak enough to stand it. To me a Frenchman is always like a student; either as he is when he works diligently at his studies or as he is when he plays truant, breaks away from discipline, and defies his teachers. An Englishman, on the other hand, is a person untutored, who has never been either to school or to college; he has neither the attractiveness of the diligent student nor the excesses of the rebel student. He is still almost what he was when he came first from his Maker's hands.

Besides his exemption from military organization and a central government, there is yet another fact to be noted in the Englishman's history. A peaceful immigration into his country has been as difficult as a warlike invasion. In other countries, when the population was reduced by plague and pestilence, the void was quickly filled up by an inrush of hungry foreigners; in England this was impossible. There a sudden fall in population meant a sudden rise in the abundance of food, because there was no one to come from outside to take the food out of men's mouths. The population of mediæval England remains always small. The Englishman's native joviality and ease of heart were his song of triumph over a condition in which, if he managed to survive, he lived easily and fed well and clothed himself warmly. If other people died, so much the worse for them and the better for him. To this day the Englishman takes extraordinary care of his health. The French and Irish contempt for death is to him a continual and a shocking surprise. He never needed to work hard; he faced no great struggles; he merely took care of his health.

In those far off days of ease, little work, and much mortality the Englishman acquired all his habits, all his positive and negative qualities, together with that fear of death which we know oppressed Dr. Johnson, and though the last hundred years have much blunted his characteristics, the pattern still remains. He is still given to much self-contemplation in its various forms of self-complacency, self-examination, self-condemnation, and self-exultation. He talks continually of himself; deprived of that subject and of what is akin to it, he is a silent man. Not to be the subject of conversation, neither to be praised nor abused, is to him a disconcerting experience. He is not vain; it is merely that his occupation is gone. The Americans are too busy with their own growing fortunes to remember his existence, and for that reason he is, here in New York, either so gentle and sad or so peppery and quarrelsome as to be quite unrecognizable. He is no longer himself. In his own country he is an unwearied egotist. When pleased it is with himself, when displeased it is still with himself. With his neighbors he is often sulky; yet his worst quarrels are with himself, and therefore the hardest to reconcile. His variations are variations not of idea, but of mood. The French live in a ferment of opinion; it is their atmosphere—man contending against man with noise, vociferation, oratory, and much action and movement. Among the English there is always the silence of inward communing, the stillness of a people overweighted with meditation. In France new schools of art and movements in literature are the triumphs or—it may be—the eccentricities and freaks of the logical process. In England such movements mean the welcome or unwelcome emergence into light of a new species. French impressionism was ushered into the world with loud argument. Turner's art was something inscrutable and mysterious, the expression of a temperament that did not argue and looked for no converts. Under any strong excitement the Englishman withdraws into himself as into the security of his own home. The Frenchman, on the contrary, gets away from himself into the world of friends and ideas and starts a propaganda to embrace the world. He seeks to impress; his literature and art are full of dramatic surprises, while English art and literature have always avoided startling effects; and, if they impress, do so accidentally, as a tall mountain might the people who lived in the valley. They continually spring forth from the mysterious depths of personality, and, concerning themselves only with moods of feeling, rely for expression on rhythm and music. A personality cannot explain itself or account for itself; it can only cure its ache and soothe its irritability by the music—the long-drawn-out or fantastic music of artistic creation. French art and literature concern themselves with ideas, and their effort is to make these brilliant, orderly, and specious, using the emphasis and animation and sonorousness of art rather that its deeper music. So that in France they watch for a distinguished intellect, while in England we

At a dinner-party the Englishman is apt to be that sad mistake, a guest who has to be apologized for



It differs from every previous cough in his experience, or bears a dangerous resemblance to some other body's cough

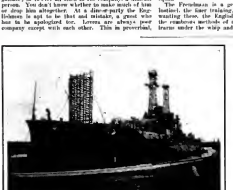
look for an individuality that is at once powerful, strange, and intimate, its expression intelligible only to those who have explored the farthest recesses of consciousness. In France we find a garden, in England a wilderness. Yet, do not forget, the gardener will often visit the wilderness in search for new plants and shrubs. The inductive mind sows that which the deductive mind plants out and waters.

The egotist is popularly supposed to be a wearisome chatterbox incessantly talking about himself; and such men do abound in England. An egotist is any man who habitually and instinctively makes himself, his likings and dislikings, the sole test of truth; and it is only when there is some streak of folly or childishness that he becomes the garrulous chatterbox. Of these men some are delightful humorists, as was Charles Lamb, or undelightful, as was his boisterous brother John. Among them are, in fact, all sorts, including all the bores, cranks, and faddists, with the innumerable company of monologists; including also the great pioneers and forerunners of thought in poetry and art: the Shakespeares, Turners, Hogarths, and Constables.

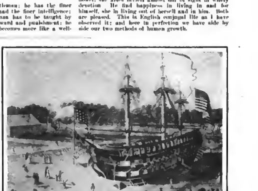
Socially, the egotist, where there is not some great compensating charm, is a failure; he does not amalgamate; he is ever an alien in the company, a difficult person. You don't know whether to make much of him or drop him altogether. At a dinner-party the Englishman is apt to be that sad mistake, a guest who has to be apologized for. Lovers are always poor company except with each other. This is proverbial, and the Englishman is always in love—that is, with himself. The sociable man, the welcome guest, is in love with other people. As it is in the lighter matters of social intercourse, so it is in graver matters. Gladstone, who, as a Scotchman in England, was an acute critic, once wrote that the Englishman needed a great deal of discipline; and this is true. A community whose members are not spontaneously amenable to one another's feelings must have definite rules laid down and enforced by definite penalties. On the other hand, the Frenchman, with his social impulses and social training, knows "how to behave." He does not need to get rules by heart, for he has intuition; and where he has not this inner light he turns naturally to reason, the great sociable spirit, the friendly arbiter, the wise judge before whom all men are equal. The English egotist has not this social impulse; neither does he willingly appeal to reason. Latterly he has become saturated with class feeling, which is neither sociable nor reasonable; but his original instinct, to which he constantly returns, is to regard himself as neither a superior nor an inferior, but different: a humorist who cannot be classed and to whom no general rules can apply; and such a man will not readily appeal to a tribunal before which all men are equal.

The Frenchman is a gentleman; he has the finer instinct, the finer training, and the finer intelligence; wanting these, the Englishman has to be taught by the cumbrous methods of reward and punishment; he learns under the whip and becomes more like a well-trained animal than a reasonable human being. Yet—such is the blessedness of mere habit—even he ends by doing quite cheerfully what he learned most unwillingly. Legality, hard-and-fast rules that must not be broken and that are interpreted in the narrowest spirit, depressing enough in all conscience although they be, are to him an enjoyment and a matter of incessant thought; since if they circumscribe, they also define and secure the spaces of personal liberty. They are his substitute for ideas, and, if they excite no enthusiasm and are some of them admittedly bad, all the same, he makes it his glad duty to obey them. Outside these laws he is intractable and inclined to be surly, quarrels with his neighbors, and is as jealous and suspicious of his rights as a dog with a bone. Yet the Englishman is not unhappy. He has the happiness of a perpetual self-complacency. Indeed, your self-absorbed egotist will sometimes extract enjoyment of a kind out of the consciousness that he is a wet blanket and a perpetual embarrassment and kill-joy; it does not quicken the pulses, but it flatters his sense of power, and, strange as it may seem, his sense of hatred. At any rate, I have met such men both in England and elsewhere. And yet there is another side to the picture; for this self-contained egotist, when trained in a good school and taught the amenities of good behavior, and when he has received the discipline which Gladstone said he so much needed, utters the best kind of talk, since it flows not out of the logic which divides, but out of the inner personality which makes the whole world kin. There is in his conversation almost always a flavor of the intimate and the confidential. He listens well, too, and never contradicts or seeks to convince. Indeed, it disappoints him to find one opinion where he thought there had been two. Cultivated Englishmen talking together are like men sitting in the woods through a long summer's night and listening during the intervals of silence to the noise made by a near-by stream or of a wind among the branches or to the singing of a nightingale. So always should mortals talk; clamorous and confident argument are the resource of the intellectual half-breed.

Out of his habit of mind the egotist gains two valuable qualities. First of all he learns how to manage himself. This, of course, is not the same as the high and difficult art of self-mastery, yet it counts for much that a man should know how to get the best and leave out the worst from his life, even though that life be in its essential mean and meagre or vicious and self-indulgent. Self-management, smooth and adroit, is eminently the Englishman's accomplishment. The other quality is still more important; the egotist makes the best of all husbands if regard be had to the ordinary woman's needs; for what are these if they are not all summed up in the one word—companionship? Now a wife cannot find a sufficing companionship in her husband's business concerns. Here she is beaten by the confidential clerk. There is, however, one kind of friendship, one kind of companionship, which she alone can supply in the required abundance; it is when the husband talks of himself. Here is the chamber into which the wife enters willingly when everybody else keeps away: the husband's talk of his pains and aches and tribulations. There is the pain in his knee or his elbow, or the never-to-be-sufficiently-indicated pain in his head or his back, or his cough, and how it differs from every previous cough in his experience, or bears a dangerous resemblance to some other body's cough, together with the innumerable aches of his wounded and exaggerated self-love. All this wearisome detail about what is mostly nothing at all and which everybody else flees from, the "pleasing wife" listens to with an attentive and intelligent and credulous ear. It is her duty, or so she thinks it, and the greater the intelligence the greater the credulity. There are happy wives married to husbands whom it would bore to talk about themselves, but the happiest woman, in whom content ripens to its fullest, is the egotist's wife. Like a bee in a flower, she hides herself almost out of sight in wifely devotion. He finds happiness in living in and for himself, she in living out of herself and in him. Both are pleased. This is English conjugal life as I have observed it; and here to perfection we have side by side our two methods of human growth.



The United States battleship "Delaware," as she appeared in dry dock at the Norfolk Navy-yard last month



The "Delaware" in the stone dry dock at the Gosport (now Norfolk) Navy-yard, June 17, 1833

THE EVOLUTION OF A BATTLESHIP

THE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW THE MODERN BATTLESHIP "DELAWARE" AND A PROGENITOR OF THAT NAME. THE OLDER "DELAWARE" WAS LAUNCHED AT GOSPORT, VIRGINIA, IN 1820, AND IN 1833 THE STONE DRY DOCK, WHICH IS STILL IN USE, WAS OPENED IN THE PRESENCE OF PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON AND THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY. THE OLD AND THE NEW WAR-SHIPS PRESENT AN INTERESTING CONTRAST

"On the Story"

RANDOM PAGES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER REPORTER

THE LITTLE DOCTOR AND HIS NEMESIS

By William Inglis

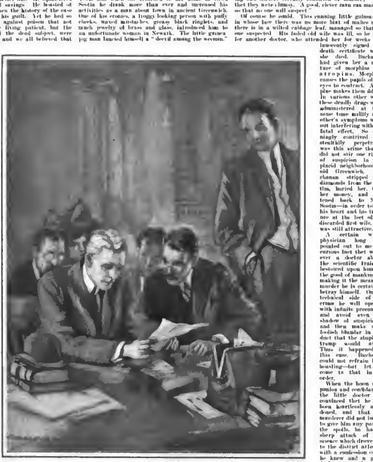
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE case of Dr Buchanan was sordid yet wonderfully fascinating. Here was a man who used the technical skill he had acquired for the healing of mankind as the means of murdering the unfortunate woman who had married him in the hope of leading a better life. He squandered her pitiful savings. He boasted of his cunning. No one who knew the history of the case had any moral doubt as to his guilt. Yet he had so ingeniously matched poison against poison that not only the symptoms of the living patient, but the pathological appearances of the dead subject, were confused and contradictory, and we all believed that science could not trap the assassin who had used science as his weapon.

Some critics have declared that an American murder trial is a game of skill which the lawyers play for fame and fortune, with the life of the prisoner as a mere pawn and the interests of the people utterly forgotten in the scramble. That designation is hardly just, it seems to me, and yet there was much about the trial of this man to lend color to the game-of-skill theory. Aside from the testimony of a miserable companion who betrayed Buchanan to the law because his share of the spoils was kept back, the evidence against the murderer was made up of the deductions, opinions, and conclusions of expert pathologists and analytical chemists. A few of us had heard in confidence that a brilliant young doctor-chemist-lawyer for the defence was prepared to shatter the force of the testimony for the prosecution, so we all looked forward to a most interesting contest. Little did any of us guess—least of all the wretched little murderer—of the terrible mine he himself had charged for the prosecution; loaded and forgotten.

Toward which side was public sympathy inclined? The feeling of the community at times rises in a psychic tide that sweeps a jury with it. I do not think there was any public sympathy in this case. The victim of the crime was of middle age and plain; she had traded for years in degradation. There were no pictures of suffering young beauty to wring the hearts of susceptible newspaper readers, even though to some of us the spectacle of the poor creature stricken down by the hand she trusted to raise her from the mire was infinitely pathetic. As for the murderer—well, he seemed more like a small and poisonous vegetable than a human being. His thoughts seemed always concentrated upon himself in a dull and stolid way. He spoke to no one. No one spoke to him. Not even the yellowest of the "yellows" cared to interview him. He was colorless. His face was much like the face of a guinea-pig; like a guinea pig, too, he scuttered noiselessly into and out of court at command of his keepers, and during all the hours he sat there almost the only sign of life he displayed was an occasional queer twitching of the lips as one sees the mouth of a guinea pig munching and nibbling at a lettuce leaf.

Save for his crime, the man's history was squalid and commonplace. He emigrated with his wife from Nova Scotia to New York and practised medicine in a small way in the outskirts of old Greenwich Village. He drank a great deal and gambled a little and spent his leisure with loafers. He aspired to be known in his obscure orbit as a man about town, a sort of amateur roué. He obtained a divorce from his wife on the only ground permitted by the laws of New York, and when she returned to her home in Nova Scotia he drank more than ever and increased his activities as a man about town in ancient Greenwich. One of his cronies, a froggy looking person with puffy cheeks, waxed mustaches, greasy black ringlets, and much jewelry of brass and glass, introduced him to an unfortunate woman in Newark. The little guinea pig man fancied himself a "devil among the women."



Neither one gave any sign of the awful blow that had fallen upon him

He ogled the poor creature, who had saved a few thousand dollars, and proposed marriage. She, having passed many of her thirty-eight years as an outcast, and being in rather poor health, gratefully accepted the chance to marry a member of one of the learned professions, who was, moreover, some eight years her junior. She had ambitious plans.

Soon after the marriage the woman sold out her illicit business and took a small, old fashioned house in New York, hoping to make a new start in life as the doctor's wife. Buchanan was disgusted. If the woman had kept her business in operation the income would have furnished means for the little doctor to live without working and swagger bravely among his dull crew. Moreover, to be daily in the presence of this plain and elderly woman, who was ailing and fretful, was most irksome. Each found the other impossible. The cronies mocked the little doctor with pretences of sympathy.

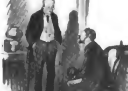
"It's all right," Buchanan told his chum, who afterward betrayed him to the law. "She won't bother me very long. The trouble with —— and ——" (naming two doctors recently convicted of murder) "was that they were clumsy. A good, clever man can manage so that no one will suspect."

Of course he could. This cunning little guinea-pig, in whose face there was no more hint of malice than there is in a wilted cabbage leaf, managed so that no one suspected. His faded old wife was ill, so he sent for another doctor, who attended her for weeks and innocently signed the death certificate when she died. Buchanan had given her a mixture of morphine and atropine. Morphine causes the pupils of the eyes to contract. Atropine makes them dilate. In various other ways these deadly drugs when administered at the same time nullify each other's symptoms without interfering with the fatal effect. So cunningly contrived and stealthily perpetrated was this crime that it did not stir one ripple of suspicion in the placid neighborhood of old Greenwich. Buchanan stripped the diamonds from the victim, buried her, took her money, and hastened back to Nova Scotia—in order to lay his heart and his treasure at the feet of his discarded first wife, who was still attractive.

A certain wise physician long ago pointed out to me the curious fact that whenever a doctor abuses the scientific training bestowed upon him for the good of mankind by making it the means of murder he is certain to betray himself. On the technical side of his crime he will operate with infinite precaution and avoid even the shadow of suspicion—and then make some foolish blunder in conduct that the stupidest tramp would avoid. Thus it happened in this case. Buchanan could not refrain from boasting—but let us come to that in its order.

When the boon companion and confidant of the little doctor felt convinced that he had been heartlessly abandoned, and that the murderer did not intend to give him any part of the spoils, he had a sharp attack of conscience which drove him to the district attorney with a confession of all he knew and a great deal more that he guessed. Detectives were put on the trail. They found that Buchanan and his remarried bride had left Nova Scotia for New York. Gus C. Roeder, a reporter for the *World*, who is noted for always getting what he goes after, traced Buchanan to his hiding place in this city. To Mr. Roeder the little doctor denied that he had remarried his first wife. Indeed, he denounced her as an evil woman and became quite angry (in his cold, wilted vegetable way) at the suggestion that he would have anything to do with her.

That was enough. Upon the publication of the interview District Attorney Delancey Nicoll had Buchanan arrested and locked in the Tombs charged with murder. The public soon forgot all about the insignificant prisoner. The reporters often gossiped about the case—not that any one had the remotest interest in the prisoner himself, but it was fascinating to speculate about the probable outcome of the murder trial soon to be had. Two other recent medical murderers had been caught and found guilty, in spite of their great skill and slyness. We wondered whether this doctor would fare any better. Rumors began to rise from the case like mists from a marsh. We heard that the pathological appearances were contradictory, vague, not of much use in proving anything; that the efforts of the analytical chemists to show the presence of such volatile poisons as morphine and atropine were all in vain. In other words, that the case of the People vs. Buchanan was weak and tottery. Mr. Nicoll at first seemed not at all disturbed. He smiled and refused to discuss the rumors; yet as the months passed we could see that he was



"A good, clever man can manage so no one will suspect"

worrying. None of this part of the drama was given to the public, of course. We reporters were like critics behind the scenes at early rehearsals of the play, acquiring knowledge which should be used later when the thrilling drama should be presented on the musty stage of the old Court of General Sessions of the Peace, held in and for the County of New York.

After months of preparation the curtain at last arose upon the play. If I mention the accused here it is because he furnished the occasion of the great performance rather than that he took any prominent part in it—at least for many days. He scurried into and out of court so demurely, so silently, seemed so intent upon avoiding observation, so self-absorbed and remote, and at times busied himself so earnestly in taking notes, that to some of us he bore a weird resemblance to Bill the Lizard in that memorable trial in Wonderland. Having once identified him, no one paid any more attention to him—at least, for a season. But meanwhile the news that a great battle of intellects was impending drew to the court throngs of spectators which excelled not only in numbers, but also outshone in intelligence, any similar assemblage of citizens in the memory of living men. Dr. William J. O'Sullivan it was who attracted lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and influential citizens of every walk in life. Here was a brilliant young Irishman whose boyish blue eyes and pink cheeks contradicted his silvery hair and boundless erudition. Born in Cork, he earned his B.A. at Trinity College, Dublin, graduated with high honors and prizes as an analytical chemist and pathologist at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the New York bar after graduation with honors from the law school of Yale University. He introduced at this trial methods that were not only new, but startling, in their scope and their results. He was junior counsel to Charles W. Brooke, beloved by all who knew him as Charley Brooke, an adroit, able, tireless, brave advocate, with a genial character that warmed the soul like sunshine and a gift of eloquence that would sway the hardest heads and coldest hearts.

For the people appeared De Lancey Nicoll, already famous as the able, fearless, and successful prosecutor of the "Boodle" aldermen, assisted by Francis L. Wellman, not then so widely known, but soon to become noted as the keenest cross-examiner at the New York bar, with a gift of utterly discrediting a hostile witness that amounted to genius, and by James W. Osborne, whose mind was a perfect cyclopædia of all the facts in the case and the law that applied to its various phases. Presiding at the trial was Recorder Frederick Smyth, that gaunt, grim, inexorable judge whose decisions were without error, whose knowledge of human nature seemed endless, and who concealed beneath a cold and formal manner a charity and kindness toward the weak and erring never guessed by those who saw him only from afar. It is curious to note that merely to recall him here will stir unsuspected depths of emotion in every reader of these lines who really knew him.

The havoc wrought by the cross-examination of Dr. O'Sullivan upon the testimony of the expert witnesses for the prosecution was overwhelming—in so far as the minds of the jury and the public were concerned. Whether pathologist or chemist, every man of them was led by the doctor into a morass of speculation, a quagmire of doubtful definitions, a sea of contrary opinion by other experts, from all of which not one escaped unhurt. Up to this time the practice had been that all of these experts had been cross-examined by mere lawyers who were prompted by some pathologist or chemist as occasion demanded. They gave their conclusions, but were not called upon to define the course by which the conclusions were reached. Now each expert's mind was mercilessly probed by a lawyer who was quite as familiar with the technique of the subject as he was himself. The cross-examiner, keen to find fault, made each expert go over his processes in pathology or chemical analysis step by step, and flayed him without mercy for every appearance of error. The effect was shattering. The reader of these lines, for example, knows that after breakfast this morning he left home and went to his office. But suppose he were cross-examined by one who knew absolutely everything he had done and who could trap him on such points as whether he gave pennies or a dime to the newsman, whether he bought tickets or had some in his pocket, whether his Subway car had an odd or an even number, etc., he would inevitably be caught floundering in a mass of errors of statement, though all the time he was still perfectly certain of the fact that he had gone down-town. The expert witness, of course, testified, not to concrete facts, but to his observations and the opinions founded thereon, and the effect of O'Sullivan's melodious, polysyllabic, and marvellously complicated cross-examination was to throw a cloud of doubt over all that side of the case. This the jurors told us after the trial was ended.

By the time the evidence of the prosecution was concluded we had all come to two opinions: (1) that Dr. Buchanan was a little wretch, capable of any meanness; (2) that the People couldn't possibly prove him a murderer. Then Charley Brooke opened the case for the defence, and as we listened to his rich, resonant, golden voice we felt very sorry for poor Wellman, with his impossible task of trying to prove the accusation of murder with such a feeble, fatuous, jack-o'-lantern case as he had. Moreover, his chief had been laid up in bed with an attack of the grip, so that he had to bear the brunt of the battle alone. There was something appealing in the struggle of poor Wellman against great odds. The melodious and tremendously technical O'Sullivan would lead his own expert witnesses through kaleidoscopic mazes of scientific description. When they came out smiling on the farther side of the complicated colloquy the hearers felt assured that Mrs. Buchanan had not been poisoned at all or that anything in the world had killed her except some act of her husband. Mr. Wellman strove with all his skill, but, do what he might, he was only a solitary quarter-back trying to tackle a flying wedge of the enemy, who blithely ran over him as they chose. His smile never faltered, nor did his aggressiveness diminish by a fraction. I guess no one ever appreciates a man quite so much as one who watches him ever smiling and smiling in a seemingly hopeless fight.

The evidence for the defence was practically all in, and at last we began once more to notice Dr. Buchanan. Would he go on the witness-stand and deny the charge of murder? Nobody knew. Day after day, before court opened, at recess, before the afternoon session, after adjournment, often on a flying visit in the middle of the night, the reporters asked counsel that most important question. Always the answers were the same. From Mr. Brooke: "It is not advisable for us to help the enemy by disclosing our plans." From Dr. O'Sullivan: "Now, my dear fellows, let us not cross that bridge till we come to it."

But for all their assumption of ease, we knew that counsel for the defence were in a bad fix. At that time the newspapers were resounding with the protests of a certain convicted man that if his counsel had only permitted him to testify in his own behalf he would never have been convicted. As a matter of fact, he had been ably defended; yet with the unthinking his protest had great weight. Buchanan was one of the unthinking. Day after day he insisted that he must go upon the witness-stand and tell his story. His counsel knew that cross-examination is most dangerous to a person of bad character, and that Buchanan would run greater risk of losing his life in the witness-chair than anywhere else in the world. Why should he imperil his life when they had saved it by such a brilliant campaign? But the little guinea-pig man, with the stubbornness of the weak, persisted that he must be allowed to testify. He made threats.

It was a most trying situation. I remember, as if it were only a few minutes ago the grave, troubled expression of Charley Brooke's eyes and the note of anxiety he could not keep out of his voice when he said one day before luncheon:

"We ask Your Honor to take recess a few minutes earlier than usual to-day. The defence may or may not call one more witness, and we wish to consult now."

We all knew he must be talking about Buchanan. Prison-keepers said later that not one of the three ate a morsel of food at that lunch-time. The lawyers used their best endeavor to dissuade Buchanan from his fixed idea. He had only one answer: "Look at ——! He was kept off the stand, and now he's going to the electric chair. I'm going on the stand."

Charley Brooke never felt more apprehensive nor seemed more debonair than he was that day when court reconvened and he casually exclaimed, "Dr. Buchanan, please take the stand." The accused scurried around to the witness-chair with his little guinea-pig steps, took the oath, and settled back in seeming comfort. He surveyed the jury with greenish, froggy eyes that peered blankly through spectacles. If his wilted face showed any expression, it was one of pride and satisfaction that he who had been so long ignored was now the centre of attention. Within two minutes he had told his name, address, and profession and had denied that he ever, directly or indirectly, gave poison to his wife. Then Mr. Wellman began to cross-examine. Mr. Brooke hovered over the field, ready at an instant's notice to interpose an armor of technical objections against any question that threatened to hurt his man; yet the cross-examiner drew from Buchanan's lips one admission after another that showed him to be a person of loose life and low habits. He admitted that he had been introduced to the woman now deceased in her resort of lawbreakers, and that the introduction was made by a crony of his who took him over to Newark for that purpose. It was clear that he understood the nature of her business, and yet, when Mr. Wellman asked, "You thought she was a respectable woman, didn't you?" he promptly answered, "Yes, sir; she had every appearance of it."

Here was a lie, flat and direct. No one familiar with the case could doubt it. Wellman shot a glance at the jury that seemed to say, "Gentlemen, did you ever hear such a silly falsehood?" It seems to me that one of the finest bits in his practice of the art of cross-examination is that quick glance at the jury which in one flash signifies scornful disbelief of the witness and the suggestion that the jury must feel that way about him, too.

"Did you fall in love with her?" the cross-examiner continued.

"I decline to answer that question," Buchanan replied.

"Why?"

"Because I don't think it is a proper question."

It was apparent to every one in the crowded courtroom that the prisoner was betraying in an intuitive, involuntary way the fact that love had nothing to do with this base marriage. He doubled and twisted, but the relentless Wellman pinned him down.

"Why don't you think it a proper question?"

"I decline to answer it."

Q. "Why decline to answer whether you were in love with your wife?"

A. "Well, you are asking me now on my first visit."

Q. "I am asking you whether you fell in love with her at your first visit?"

A. "No, sir; I didn't at my first visit."

Q. "Did you at your second visit?"

A. "No, sir."

Q. "Did you before you married her?"

A. "I liked her."

Q. "What?"

A. "I liked her."

Q. "Did you fall in love before you married her?"

A. "I don't know what you call 'love.'"

Did ever mortal man make a more astounding confession? Here was this "deevil among the weemin" confessing under who can tell what hypnotic process of truth-compulsion by the cross-examiner, "I don't know what you call 'love.'"

Wellman followed his advantage, pressed it to the utmost.

Q. "By what you call love, did you fall in love with her?"

A. "To like a person—"

Q. "Do you know what it is to fall in love with your wife?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Did you fall in love with her?"

A. "I liked her."

Q. "Did you fall in love with her?"

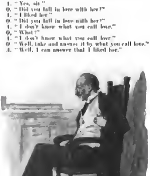
A. "I don't know what you call love."

Q. "What?"

A. "I don't know what you call love."

Q. "Well, take and answer it by what you call love."

A. "Well, I can answer that I liked her."



He surveyed the jury with greenish, froggy eyes

Q. "Did you fall in love with her by what you call love?"

A. "Yes, sir; I liked her; that is it."

Q. "Did you fall in love with her by what you call love?"

Objected to.

A. "That is the best way I can answer."

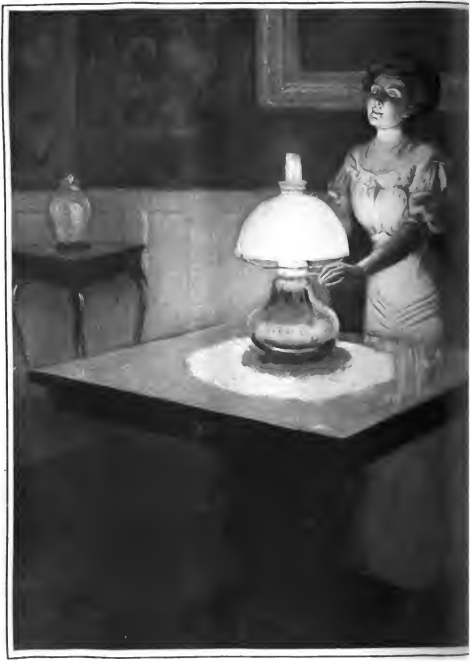
By the court:

Q. "Have you answered that question the best way you can?"

A. "Yes, sir; the best way I can."

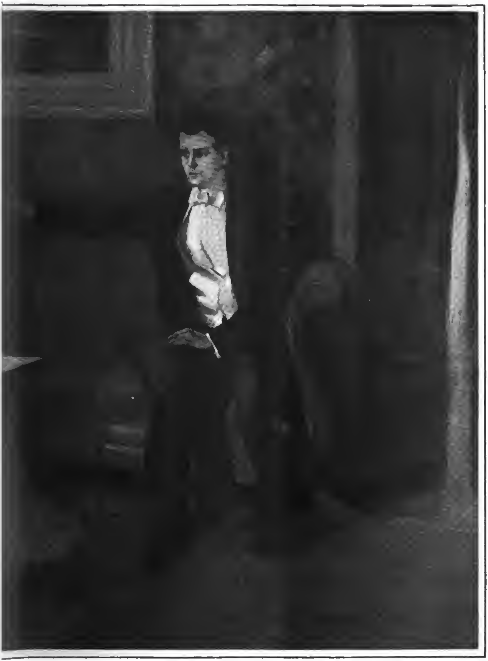
One could feel the quick-growing dislike and distrust of the wretched little man surge like an actual physical wave through the room. The jurors looked at him as if he were some rare new specimen of unpleasant fungus. He, however, self-centred and important, betrayed no sign of understanding that he was disliked. Wellman showed him a letter and asked whether that was his signature. The prisoner shrewd-

(Continued on page 26)



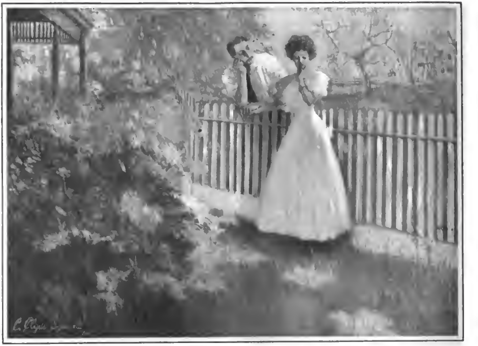
THE WISE VIRGIN

DRAWN



USBANDS HER OIL

JOHNSON



LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF

FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER

Be careful of your potatoes at this season of the year. If their eyes are not straight consult an oculist at once, and if he advises glasses sell his advice to a comic paper as a joke. You ought to get enough for it to buy a barrel of new potatoes to take the place of the old ones.

If your lawn is full of weeds, sow the same from end to end with dandelion seeds, and keep it carefully watered. This will crowd the other weeds out, after which you may raise two or three crops of alfalfa on the same ground, unless you prefer oats or rye.

If your horseradish shows a tendency to wither and wilt under the fierce rays of the summer sun, do not delay action, but send at once for the most convenient veterinary, and if he tells you to water it three times a day with horse-liniment, report him to the Board of Health and have his license revoked.

Blighted leeks should call for the immediate services of a plumber, but do not permit him to solder them to the soil in the hope of giving them a lead-pipe cinch. It is better to let them continue to leek than to employ a tinker under any circumstances, who will only dam them.

The most effective method of keeping potato bugs out of your garden is to deceive them by planting eggplant in your potato-patch and getting all your potatoes at your grocer's. If this method does not strike your fancy take each potato bug as it appears, and give it three tablespoonfuls of Paris green after each meal, and they will not return.

If your rose-bushes are covered with destructive bugs, place a Morris chair under their spreading branches, and, lying off therein, smoke cigarettes for two or three hours each afternoon. You will be surprised to find with how little physical effort the pests will be removed.

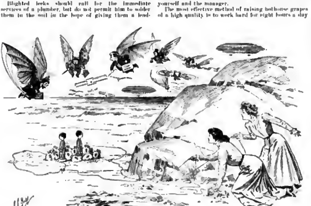
To keep robins out of your strawberry-patch lay this out upon the broad floor space of the village safe-deposit company. Cherries raised in the same environment will be safe from the depredations of the small boys in your neighborhood, provided you keep the combination of the vaults an inviolable secret between yourself and the manager.

The most effective method of raising hothouse grapes of a high quality is to work hard for eight hours a day at some other more profitable employment, and spend your surplus in buying the grapes you desire from the fruiterer. A good bunch containing eight or nine first-class grapes can be had almost anywhere for from six to eight dollars.

Cut-worms are the proverbial enemies of the cauliflower. The usual protection against these is to surround each cauliflower with a high collar, though experience has taught the writer that a first-class cuff on the cut-worm itself is more immediately effective.

If your garden grows so luxuriantly that you cannot possibly keep pace with it, a tolerably quick method of getting it down to practicable proportions again is to turn your neighbor's cow loose in it for one or two mornings. If your neighbor has no cow you can accomplish the same results by hiring a horse at the nearby livery-stable and turning him out to pasture in the manner aforesaid. You should not pay more than two dollars an hour for a horse hired for this purpose.

A nice cozy garden for a bachelor living in a New York hall bedroom can be obtained by planting hyacinth bulbs or lily-of-the-valley in a bath sponge. This can easily be watered every morning by being dipped into the tub, and will seldom require weeding or any kind of laborious effort with the rake or the hoe. It is susceptible to all sorts of beautiful embellishments at small cost, a pergola made of toothpicks connecting it with a lily-pond planted in your shaving-mug, the whole costing less than fifty cents, making a very satisfactory adornment to the otherwise chaste and coldly classic beauty of your washstand.



SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SUMMER GIRL
WHY NOT USE DECOYS AND SNARE THEM?

A SUCCESSFUL QUEST

"Well, Bill, how did you come out with the trust company?"

"Fine."

"They accepted your offer, did they?"

"Yep."

"What kind of a job did they give you?"

"Didn't give me any."

"Then how did they accept your proposition?"

"I offered them the refusal of my services, and they accepted it—refused 'em right off the handle."

A PREDICTION

"What are you going to be when you grow up, Tommy?" asked the clergyman while waiting for Tommy's mamma to come down into the parlor.

"A orphan," said Tommy, proudly.

AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE TABLE

"For a spring chicken, madam," said Dawson, "I must confess that I consider this a pretty tough bird."

"Yes, Mr. Dawson," replied the landlady, amiably, "but you must remember that we have had a pretty tough spring."

FIRST AID TO THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

(Some Letters To Be Written by College Graduates in Search of Employment.)

By WILBERFORCE JENKINS, C.Q.D.

I

(From a Graduate of Yale to the President of a National Bank)

NEW HAVEN, *July first, 1910.*

DEAR SIR,—You may have noticed my name in the list of five hundred and ninety-eight bachelors of arts recently graduated at Yale, as published in the New York papers on the day after Commencement. The completion of my college course means naturally that I am now without occupation, and I am therefore writing this to notify you of my desire to obtain a position of responsibility and profit to myself, and at the same time of such a character as will give full play to my particular abilities. I hereby apply for the position, then, of paying teller in your bank, and would call your especial attention to the fact, as bearing upon my capacity to pay out money, that during the period of my stay at New Haven, as my father will testify, I have done little else, paying out whatever came my way with unremitting assiduity, amiably, with astonishing promptitude, and to the entire satisfaction of those who have received it. I may add as a further evidence of my careful habits, so necessary in a paying-teller, that in my four years' course, playing poker with zeal four nights per week, and bridge the balance of the time, I have never yet been guilty of a misdeal. I shall be quite willing to begin without salary, provided you will permit me to make an occasional draft on the contents of the cash drawer at times.

Yours very sincerely,
THOMAS BARRINGTON MCFRESH.

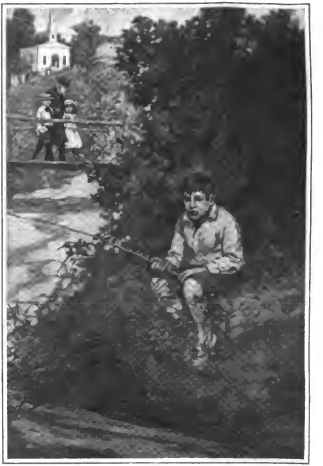
II

(From a Graduate of Binks College to the Proprietor of a New York Newspaper)

OFFICE OF THE BINKS "TARGUM"
July first, 1910.

SIR,—It is quite within the range of possibilities that you have read extracts in the daily papers from my Commencement oration at Binks College, entitled, "Evils of Modern Journalism, and How to Correct Them." As the owner of the New York *Daily Gazoo* you doubtless realize the entire truth of my strictures upon the newspaper press of to-day, and for this reason you will thoroughly understand my motive in offering you the refusal of my services as editor-in-chief of your paper, beginning on the first day of next October, when I shall have finished my vacation. It will be my earnest endeavor, if you accept this offer, to infuse a spirit of real intelligence into the columns of the *Gazoo*, to see that its editorial page is properly punctuated at all times, and to give to it a certain quality of tone and real distinction which it sadly lacks at present. In the event of your acceptance of this offer I shall be glad to consider any views you may yourself entertain relating to the future development of your property, though of course I cannot bind myself in advance to their acceptance. As for salary, I shall be willing to begin on ten thousand dollars a year. You might wire your answer in care of the Binks *Targum*, of which periodical I have been the editor since my sophomore year.

Fraternally yours,
WILLIAM BIGHEAD JOHNSON, A.B., BINKS, 1910.



THE BACKSLIDER

III

(From a Graduate in Philosophy to Anybody Who Is in the Way of Employing Him)

THE REFORM CLUB,
SHAWMUT, MASS., *July first, 1910.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Having just completed my philosophical course at Harvard, I am seeking what is commonly known as a job. As a philosopher I have reasoned matters out thus: It is always easier for one to fall from a height to one's natural level, than to rise thereto from a depth. I therefore request that you take me into partnership with your esteemed self as head of the firm, and thereupon let me gravitate to that level of efficiency for which my talents fit me, instead of asking you to take me into your institution as an office-boy with the idea of working up. In this way it seems to me the ultimate result will be the sooner achieved. Hoping that you will agree with my views in this matter, and grant me the favor of an immediate acceptance of my proposition, I beg to remain always,

Metaphysically yours,
DARWIN P. HICKENLOOPER.

IV

(From a Young Millionaire Graduate with a Special Object in View to Anybody)

ONYX COTTAGE,
NEWPORT, R. I., *July first, 1910.*

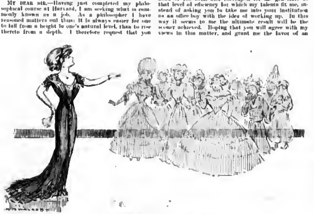
DEAR SIR,—I have just been graduated from one of our great universities, and upon proposing marriage to a young lady to whom I have been devoted for many years, she tells me that she cannot think of marrying a man who has no recognized work in life. I am worth $10,000,000 in my own right and do not have to work, but in view of the young lady's requirements I am approaching you with a proposition, which is that if you will give me a job of any kind in your business at ten dollars a week, I shall be glad not only to pay my own salary, but to furnish an assistant who will do my work to your entire satisfaction.

Yours truly,
HENDERSON FLUSHLEY.

V

(From a Young Graduate Who Is Anxious to Work to the President of a Trust Company)

Mr. Horatio F. Hopkinson, A.B., late of the class of 1910, Princevale, presents his compliments to the President and Board of Directors of the Anthracite Trust Company, and begs to state that, having taken first honors in Latin, Greek, mathematics, political economy, and English, he is now open to offers for his future services. He is quite willing to wash windows, sweep out the office, or to perform any other of the arduous duties for which his intellectual equipment may be found to fit him, and will be glad of an opportunity to demonstrate his capacity by a week's trial at any time.

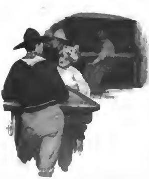


THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

The Burying of Lil

By Jane Anderson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE



In her heart was a struggling little goodness

I

"YOU, there! You! Take off your sky-piece, you saddle-colored—" And Cheese Charley struck the braided hat from the Mexican's head with the butt-end of his stick.

A few desultory chuckles greeted this, but were quickly drowned in the rhythmic clinking of many spurs. The men were shuffling to line themselves, hat in hand, in two rows on either edge of the sidewalk. Between the lines walked a comely, middle-aged woman, leading a child. She bowed to the men and smiled; it was a sweet, comfortable smile. The lines moved together as she passed on. No one spoke of her.

Modé, standing beneath the awning of the Stag Saloon, bared his head as did the others. He had staged it to Yuma from the Piracho mines that morning, and in Yuma he followed suit. Much experience in the Arizona deserts teaches wisdom. Swept in with the guffawing surge of miners and loungers, a bit later, he stood at the Stag bar.

Outside on the sidewalk two Mexicans jabbered in broken American. One held a dusty sombrero. "No sabe why man knock off het," he said, carefully dusting the desecrated braiding.

"Damn fool, you! Don't you sabe ain't but few good womun in town? When they go by, off go all hat!"

Inside, against the bar, Cheese Charley was talking. He stopped abruptly; then, "Aye God! a stranger! Where you come from, Skinny?"

Modé indolently tapped the ashes from his little French cigarette. "Mines," he replied, with a slow motion of his head to the north.

"Piracho?" Lengthy's bass tones were like the chug of bricks dropped slowly into a deep well.

"So!" with a quick puff of the smoke.

Bill dropped a five on the bar. "What for you, Modé?"

"Three S, with about three-fourth absinthe."

Sliding the drink on the bar, the bartender mumbled, "First man, 'cept one, ever ordered Three S. here. He was a good old buck nun. His name was Snitzner." The green, close-set eyes sparkled with memories of that same priest, Snitzner.

"Have a young iceberg, Clara?" Lengthy was the first to see the slender woman entering the saloon door.

"Aw, Lengthy, quit your sputtering; Clara's going to have a drink with her old friend Cheese."

"I'll be hanged if she is. Clara, me girl, trot your little self right down here." Bill signalled with a gracious hand. "What 'll you have?"

The woman folded her slender, perfectly kept hands on the polished bar. "Shasta water."

The dregs of the swig in Cheese Charley's hands spilled on his flannel shirt. "Shasta water for Clara? Well, I'll be—"

"No you won't. You don't know it, but Lil's mighty sick—"

The men at the bar were suddenly silent; one group after another of the idlers quieted; and the players in the rear of the saloon turned their cards face down on the table, with their hands over them.

"Yes," in the monotonous voice of the woman, "she is not as well as she was yesterday—perhaps she'll die." The frowsled, blondined head went down on the bar and the Shasta water tipped and fell to the floor.

"There now—there now, Clara, me girl." Bill dropped his big hand on her shoulder. "There—there"

"Only the good die," came from the tables.

"Shut up! Or I'll knock every tooth you've got in your head down your neck!" Cheese's heavy stick dented the brass rail. "Lil's a pretty good gal—"

"Indeed she is!" The newcomer was a handsome girl, a little gawky; "Awstrich" they called her. "Small bottle, please, bartender."

Clara raised her head. The tears had made little gulleys in the rouge of her cheeks. "Grace said that Lil"—from the far end of the bar Modé was looking at her with half-closed eyes; she met them; a little tremor shook her faultless hands; "Grace said that—" Her eyes opened wide as Modé yet watched her—her face grayed; and her red lips—too red—quivered piteously.

"Yes, Grace said," the woman called Ostrich went on, "that Lil coughed all the night, doubling up in bed, and clutching that little locket with both her hands; and that maybe she won't last the day."

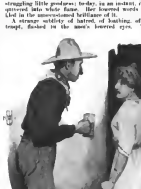
"But she's better now. I've just been up to take her some fruit, so I do know, truly." The speaker was coming in through the back door, leading from the staircase; a slender little thing, possessing no name of her own, being called just "Jac's Sweetheart."

"I've got some new songs—Jac sent them from Tucson. Come on." Stepping over the rail of her piano platform, she unrolled her music. Her voice was very sweet and high, rising above the tobacco smoke and the murmuring conversation of the tables.

After the second song she stopped. "Pretty, ain't it?" she said, fanning herself quickly with her handkerchief. "Old Poetry—he was a gay duck, a fat Old Poetry composed it for me—for me—hear that? It was last—"

Modé still leaned by the bar. Clara, her fascinated eyes on his face, walked slowly over to him. "How—I don' understand—" Unconsciously her voice had lowered a little. In her heart, unknown, unfelt, was a struggling little goodness; to-day, in an instant, it had quivered into white flame. Her lowered words sparkled in the unaccustomed brilliance of it.

A strange subtlety of hatred, of loathing, of contempt, flashed in the man's lowered eyes. Then,



"Fool—don't you know Lil's dead?"

quietly, he raised his head and looked at her slowly, silently; and, not even removing the cigarette from between his lips, he shrugged his shoulders and went out through the swinging doors.

II

"Well, damn it, anyway!" Bill mopped his hot forehead.

Clara answered never a word, but poised her foot, with its high French heel, carefully on the brass rail of her piano platform.

"I swear I've been to every sky-pilot around."

"Did you talk to Waters about it?" Clara's voice sounded thin and far away.

"Yes; he said—" Bill looked at her; his eyes shifted uneasily to a spot on the wall near him. "Yes. He said he would, but back East somewheres he's got a wife; and—"

The woman's eyes suddenly looked dry and glazed. "And Borodo?"

"Borodo—Borodo! He's a damn fool! Said he was a Catholic, and she was a Protestant, else she wasn't nothing at all."

Modé, entering, caught Clara's eyes for a second. She moved a little; her perfect, pointed hands touched her yellow hair restlessly. He looked at her again carelessly, and her foot slipped slowly from the rail.

"Clara, if I was a preacher, I'd try and say something over poor Lil—skin me if I wouldn't! I hate to see her buried without a thing done or said."

"Something will be done; something must be done." The tears trembled in her strained, glittering eyes. She swung around on her piano stool and leaned her head on her hands. "Let me think; let me—"

Bill, hot and tired, kept one hand on the rail.

"Bill—Bill, will you do it?"

"Do it? Do it? Yes, Clara, me girl, I'll try it."

"Bill, you know Snitzner?"

"He's the one the Catholics—"

"Yes; he used to be the Father here—he's in Silver Bell. You have got to get him!"

Bill stared at her. Her face looked very old, and her frowsled hair seemed dead and dry.

"Bill, you wouldn't refuse me?"

He straightened quickly. He forgot all about the hundred miles to be made on horseback, and the fact the preacher might not come. "No, Clara, me girl—I wouldn't. You've been—"

"Bill, I'd like to kiss you! I would. But somehow to-day—"

"Oh, that—good by, me lass; that's all right. Good by!"

A tall man, waiting indolently, slouched up to her. "Give us a rag, gal; give us a rag."

A white fury blazed into her face. She turned on him. She would have given her life to strike him. "Give us a rag! Give us a rag! Fool—not a piano in a house is to be touched to-day! Fool—don't you know Lil's dead?"

Under her blazing wrath the man grinned sheepishly, awkwardly—drew up his shoulders with a shifting uncertainty, and slouched slowly back, feeling in an unintelligent way almost ashamed.

In the rear of the saloon, Jac's Sweetheart was leaning across a table, her little pointed face very serious. "But, Grace, my God, ain't it awful!"

"Awful. It's the most awful thing in the world."

"How many men have they asked, Grace?" She said the words hesitatingly.

"Nearly every man in town I think, dear." Their voices had dropped very low.

"Did Lengthy—"

"Yes. I asked Lengthy myself. He looked awfully miserable, awfully. But he drew himself up slow and said, 'Grace, I'd do it if I could. I would. But up in the north of the Territory there's a little gal—and I'm going to marry her one of these fine days. She's good, Gracie—she wouldn't want me to be pallbearer at, at—'"

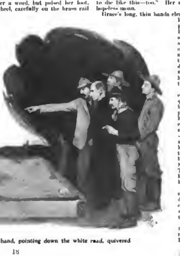
Jac's Sweetheart seemed to shrink within herself, and her lips were blue. "Oh, Grace—Grace! we're going to die like this—too." Her words trailed off into a hopeless moan.

Grace's long, thin hands clenched. "Please God"—her voice trembling piteously—"please God, I'm going to throw myself into the river—some day when I get old and they won't have me any more—then—then—all the men that drink with me and kiss me—won't refuse to help carry my coffin—they won't need to—"

Jac's Sweetheart looked a long time into the quivering face before her; then her little pointed face dropped helplessly into the circle of her arms. She was afraid of the river—she would die—ah, merciful God, that she had not been born—that she could have died before this misery. She sobbed brokenly. The woman called Grace leaned over and touched her shoulder. "Dear—"

A gawky, handsome woman came in the rear door noisily; she walked over and sat down clumsily between the two women.

"Girls"—the strident ring of her words carried assurance—"girls, I've been thinking—"



Bill's hand, pointing down the white road, quivered

"But did you *know*—did you know that not a man in town will help carry Lil's coffin? Poor old Lil—"

"Yes, I know. But listen. We'll carry it!"

"We?"

"Us!"

"Yes. Down the street we'll march—"

A light, half fear and half hope, stole into the face of Joe's Sweetheart, and then she slipped softly over to Clara. "Clara, come over here."

And the four of them sat close together at the table. They whispered to one another very softly; and the little one called Joe's Sweetheart held tightly pressed between her dry hands the warm, moist palm of Grace. Their faces were strangely dead and white, save for the red rouge spots; and an hushedness, not without an awe, hovered in the slow glances that passed between them.

An hour later they walked quietly through the saloon to the swinging doors; and not a man hanging at the bar uttered a word as they passed.

III

"Sorry, damn sorry, Sky pilot, that I had to bring you right on out here. You ain't had a bit o' rest."

The old priest turned slowly. "That is all right, Bill."

"Yes, I know. But damme, I know that after riding all this blessed day on that stiff old horse you are tired—"

"If I rode one and a half days, you rode just twice that, my son."

One of the Mexicans threw down his shovel. "Grave is dug. We go. It's night."

Bill twisted his hat awkwardly. "Somehow, thought Lil would like to have the grave dug up here. Down through there, in the green trees, it looks cool, and you can see the long white road."

"Who is that coming down the road now, Bill?"

Bill's hands doubled up swiftly. "You ain't ashamed o' being here? You ain't sorry you came?"

Saitzner laid his hand on the younger man's arm reassuringly.

Lengthy and Cheese stumbled on some loosened clods of earth. "Aw, Lengthy—"

Bill swung around to face them. He felt a queer moisture in his eyes. He felt a sudden desire to shriek aloud or do something womanish.

"Hi, padre! Thought we would walk out and—"

"Aw, truth is, Lil was a good gal. Wanted to buy a pair of white gloves and help tote her out." Cheese struck at a clod with his stick and pulled his hat a little more over his eyes as he turned.

Something big and choking in Bill's throat gave away. "I—I—"

Cheese shifted nervously. "Aw, devil take my hide if there ain't Skinny!" An evident relief was in his words. "The darn blithering idiot. The blasted fool has got a little black box—"

"Damme if it ain't a fiddle!"

Molé neared them slowly, and even more slowly placed the violin-box on the warm, new earth. He lighted a cigarette and poised it aloft between his fingers. "So, I stopped in the saloon; and the bartender will soon come here. This he said when he learned that the Padre Saitzner was here." And delicately blowing the ashes from the cigarette, he placed it again between his lips.

"See it! Good God!" cried Cheese, suddenly. Bill's hand, pointing down the white road, quivered, and the faces of the five men grew humble. Winding slowly up the road to the still little cemetery they came, a long, zigzag procession. Leading it were two women with blazing torches held over their heads. Then followed the long black coffin, borne on six women's black-clad shoulders. Clara and the woman called Ostrich were the two that led, staggering a little under the weight of the heavy box. They were women unaccustomed to burdens made only for the strength of men. In the centre trudged two more; and bearing the end of the black-draped coffin were Joe's Sweetheart and Grace, saying never a word and walking softly in the thick yellow dust. Behind them, a broken line of scattered carriages trailed into the dusk, all filled with women—women with bleached hair and coarsened features; women with thick red lips and swollen eyes; and, every once in a while, huddled close into the corner of a dark carriage, was seen some pitiful little slip of a girl, her eyes wide with the terror of it all; again, a great, coarsened woman with a face bloated and brutal. Yet to-day, somehow, there was a difference among them; an intangible difference. The coarse, roughened hair was struggled back into more unpretentious coiffure; the rouge-eaten cheeks were sallow and a vague fear was in their white faces. Fear, and yet a great shame and pity—pity for themselves and the one she had been.

It was an humbled group awaiting them. The black-garbed priest stood at the head of the new grave, his head bared; and on either side of him were Bill and Lengthy, hats drawn low on their foreheads. Cheese Charley was at the foot of the grave.

The pallbearers knelt in the fresh-turned earth and carefully put the coffin on the ropes.

The priest raised his hands over the black box swaying over the grave. "Our Father—"

Into the stillness and as from a great distance, soft music stole. It sobbed beneath the service, a plaintive, pleading cry.

The long box was lowered.

The music was sweet with pardon, with love, with universal, tender forgiveness for all those who sin. The two leaders of the procession stood over the grave, one at the head and one at the foot, each holding high above her head a blazing torch. The other women pressed closer, sobbing softly. They were pitiful in their grief, these shuddering, blear-faced women; pitiful in their utter hopelessness. One would reach out a trembling hand to touch another; one would whimper aloud. Children beside a mother's coffin have felt the same things that stirred in these women's hearts, and have told it in the gestures of their helpless, childish hands.

And always beneath the ceremony drifted the music.

The service over, the priest stood swaying a little with fatigue, his trembling hand pressed against his lips.

The pallbearers, tired and sick, reached for the shovels. But, thrusting them aside, Bill grabbed a spade. Lengthy reached for the other, and under the quivering, wriggling light of the sputtering torches the two of them filled the dark grave.

Some tears dropped on Bill's hands. "Poor Lil—"

Lengthy, dazed and embarrassed, stopped to brush his hand across his eyes. "She—"

And at the head they drove a small cross. The music sobbed in the distance; then softly it died away into the night.

Silence; then a few loosened clods rolled noisily down the sides of the new grave.

The carriages were leaving slowly. The two torch-bearers stamped out the lights. "She died with that locket in her hands—held close."

"Whose locket?"

"Didn't you know? Didn't you know?"—listlessly; "It was his pictur'—the man that made her what she was"—and they passed on into the crowd.

Clara and the tall woman called Ostrich were the last to go. They were standing, silent, close beside the damp mound. "I'm so tired—so tired of it all." Clara moaned, helplessly, and staggered, her hands against her closed eyes.

Molé, in the shadow of the trees, closing his violin-box, heard the words. He waited a moment, walked slowly toward her—stopped and looked at her—looked at her standing there with her head bowed; he stepped forward—stopped again, his hands unsteady. Then he neared her and touched her. "If you will permit, I will assist you. So."

Slowly, in the white moonlight, the three walked from the silent cemetery.

Grabbing the City's Streets

By Moses Allen Warren

ONE of the commonest sights in front of any large hotel or restaurant in any city of this country is a line of taxicabs or horse-drawn vehicles, whose drivers, standing about in groups upon the sidewalk, await each his turn for a "fare." The presence of this line of stationary cabs or hansoms causes some slight obstruction in the streets at best, and might often be designated a nuisance. Yet, though the streets are public property, no policeman breaks their ranks or urges them away. But if some taxicab not of this fraternity should essay to enter any such privileged stand, the driver would quickly discover that the public street had become the proprietary right of others.

It is by virtue of a private agreement between the hotel and the cab company that this usurpation of the public rights is effected. Although this article deals especially with conditions in New York City, the conditions described herein are equally applicable to many other large cities in this country, especially where a taxicab service is to be found. Although the law grants to no householder the disposition of franchises for the streets on which his premises abut, almost every hotel sells to cab and taxicab companies the right to station cabs in front of it, for the benefit of its patrons only. This materially increases the cost of cab fares to the public, from whom the companies must recoup themselves for the sums which the hotels have charged them for these privileges.

But, while the cab company occupies the street in front of the hotel by private treaty with its owner, the ostensible claim to station its vehicles here is the license granted by municipal ordinance, for which each cab pays to the city of New York the sum of $25.

The right to utilize as cab-stands the public streets in front of a great many of the larger hotels has become a very valuable one, because of the great demand which the increasing population has created for taxicabs. An open letter to the Mayor of New York City, recently published, stated that "one of the biggest up-town hotels takes in about $20,000 a year for selling the franchises of the streets surrounding its building to a taxicab company, and one of the other hotels, which used to receive $7,000 a year, now receives $12,000 a year for the privilege." I am not in a position to state whether or not these figures are accurate; yet, in a recent decision dealing with this question, the court, in stating the facts, said that one of the restaurants agreed with the taxicab company that it should receive "ten per cent. of all fares collected from the guests of the café, guaranteeing a minimum payment of $1,500 for the year" (Willis *vs.* Abbaye, *New York Law Journal*, May 21, 1910). And in another case an agreement is stated to have been made whereby the hotel was to receive "ten per cent. of the gross receipts of the cab company for this privilege" (City of New York *vs.* Reesing, 77 App. Div., 417).

It is undoubtedly true that it is a practice for the owners or lessees of hotels and cafés to demand that the taxicab company pay them a percentage or a sum of money before they consent that that particular taxicab owner be granted the privilege to stand in front of their premises.

Now the title to almost every street is vested in the municipality, and all are held in trust for the use and benefit of the public, while the municipal corporation has only such rights with regard to the control of the public streets as are given by the Legislature.

Section 50 of the Charter of the City of New York provides in part: "Subject to the constitution and laws of the State, the Board of Aldermen shall have power to regulate the use of streets and sidewalks by foot passengers, animals, or vehicles." The Board of Aldermen of the city of New York have designated certain portions of the streets which shall be used as public hack stands, where any vehicle which is for hire may stand awaiting employment.

In addition to the public hack stands, the Board of Aldermen, on the 20th day of April, 1909, adopted an ordinance providing for private hack-stands, a portion of which is as follows:

Sec. 317. "No hackney coach, carriage, or cab which shall be especially licensed by virtue of the provisions of this ordinance shall make, use, or come upon any stand that is now or may be hereafter designated as a hackney-coach stand, or at any other place in the city of New York, except in front of or adjacent to any hotel or hotels or any other building where there is necessity therefor which may be designated by the Mayor, and which may be used as a stand, with the approval and consent of the persons occupying the premises in front of which said coaches, carriages, or cabs are to be permitted and allowed by the authority of the Mayor, as aforesaid, provided that the owner or driver of any such coach, carriage, or cab shall not solicit nor take any passenger or passengers on the streets, but shall confine themselves solely to and for the use of the guests of said hotel or hotels or the occupants of said other buildings."

This was a substantial re-enactment of a former ordinance of 1905. It will be seen that the Board of Aldermen have granted the use of public streets to private individuals and have expressly limited this permission to those who "confine themselves solely to and for the use of the guests of said hotel or hotels or the occupants of said other buildings," which forbids these taxicabs from giving service to the public, although they are standing in a public street.

It has long been well settled law that the primary purpose of streets is use by the public for travel and transportation, and the general rule is that any obstruction or encroachment thereon which interferes with such use is a public nuisance (Callanan *vs.* Gilman, 107 N. Y. 360).

If the right to use the public streets for a private hack-stand is a valuable one, why should the money so paid be received by the abutting property owner? And, if it is worth several thousand dollars a year to have a special hack-stand in front of a certain building in the public streets, why should not the amount so paid be given to the public for the use of their streets? As will be seen, it is within the power of the city officials to refuse to grant or to cancel any of these special licenses. Would it not seem to be logical for the public to sell the rights in its streets to the highest bidder and receive the amount which was paid for the right? And, as a possible solution, would it not be more beneficial to the taxpayers, if they are to allow these private hack-stands to exist at all, to have a provision of law to the effect that, when an owner decided that it would be advantageous for him in carrying on his business to have a hack-stand in front of his building, he should apply directly to the proper city officials, stating in substance that he desired to have a hack-stand and would like to have the city grant the privilege to some responsible person? Whereupon the city could receive competitive bids for such privilege and accept the proposal of the highest responsible bidder, thus allowing the taxpayers to receive the price paid for the use of public streets. Another method would be to abolish all private hack-stands and, upon application of an owner, to create a public hack-stand in front of his premises under proper supervision of the police department.

There is no doubt but that the property-owner can charge a taxicab company any amount he chooses for the privilege of using part of his own property for a hack stand, and may make any sort of arrangement as to the division of profits; and, if it is essential to the business carried on by the owner to have taxicab service, why should he not so arrange his space that the cabs could stand on his premises and leave the public street clear for the passage of the public?

If the owner or lessee of the property receives a portion of the profits of the taxicab business, why should he not be considered a partner? If he is to be considered a partner, why should he not be compelled so to arrange his affairs that he could carry on all of his business on his own property? When a private hack-stand is maintained in a public street and a portion of the profits go to the owner or lessee of the hotel or restaurant in front of which the taxicab is permitted to stand, such owner or lessee is transacting a portion of his business in the public streets and receiving profits from the use of the public streets.

It has been suggested, and with some force, that, if the taxicab companies were not subjected to the burden of paying large amounts for these hack stands, they could afford to and would carry passengers at much reduced rates. If this could be accomplished, the public would indeed be benefited.

If an owner or lessee of property desires to have a taxicab stand for his convenience and profit, he should use his own premises for that purpose, and if, with his consent, a license is granted to use a portion of the public streets for a private hack-stand, whatever such a privilege is reasonably worth should be received by the taxpayers, and he should not be allowed to sell the right to use public property for his personal benefit.

General F. D. Grant returning to headquarters

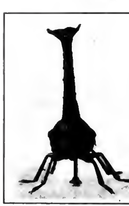
A quick-firing gun in action

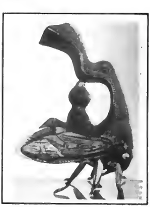
THE BATTLES OF PINE PLAINS

SEVERAL REGIMENTS OF THE REGULAR ARMY, TOGETHER WITH CAVALRY COMMANDS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD FROM NEW YORK AND OTHER CITIES, TOOK PART IN EXTENSIVE MANOEUVRES AT PINE PLAINS, IN THE NORTHERN PART OF NEW YORK STATE, DURING THE FIRST DAYS OF AUGUST, WHEN A "RED" AND A "BLUE" FORCE ENGAGED IN COMBAT AND MANY PROBLEMS OF INTEREST WERE WORKED OUT BY VARIOUS ARMS OF THE SERVICE

Hobgoblins that Dwell in Trees

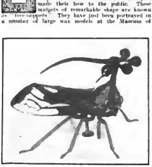
By Walter L. Beasley

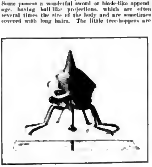

A tree-hopper from Sikkim, India

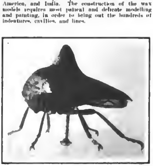

A harmless specimen from Brazil

THE *Chantecler* barnyard characters are far eclipsed in "make-up" and spectacular appearance by some of nature's grotesque little individuals who have just made their bow to the public. These midgets of remarkable shape are known as "tree-hoppers." They have just been portrayed in a number of large wax models at the Museum of Natural History, New York, executed by Mr. Ignaz Matausch, of the Department of Invertebrate Zoology. These troll hobgoblin-like insects are of special interest, for nothing on so large a scale has hitherto been attempted in entomological work.

The tree-hoppers (membracidæ) belong to the great group of rhynchota. They have sucking mouthpieces and live on the juice or sap of small trees and plants, which they extract from the stems by means of their sharp beaks, consisting of several bristles enclosed in a fleshy jointed sheath. The tropical types are gorgeously colored in many hues. They have four eyes—two large and protruding ones, and two below, partly developed. Their two large eyes have a keen, droll look, and the line that separates the head, in some instances, gives them the appearance of wearing spectacles. They have four wings, the two posterior ones being smaller and transparent, while the anterior ones are more parchment-like. Some are clumsy in flight, and use their wings mostly as a parachute. The hind pair of legs is longer than the front ones, and is employed in leaping and jumping to considerable distances, which has given to these insects their common name of "tree-hoppers." They are especially interesting on account of the peculiar development of the thorax, which, in grown specimens, is provided with singular horns or protuberances. These horns are often so freakish and extravagantly shaped that entomologists have hitherto been unable to account for their development and form. They remind one of some of the highly specialized horns and tusks of fossil reptiles and mammals. It is difficult to conceive of their being used by the insect in any way. This peculiar development is not so clearly seen in tree-hoppers of temperate regions as in the species from South and Central America, where they are often most surprisingly shaped. Many have mountain-like humps on their backs, the prothorax is prolonged backward, like a roof, over the body, often quite covering the entire insect. In some instances, the prothorax is an elevated nightcap, in others it is shaped like a Tam O'Shanter; and sometimes it has long horns, one on each side. Some possess a wonderful sword or blade-like appendage, having ball-like projections, which are often several times the size of the body and are sometimes covered with long hairs. The little tree-hoppers are practically harmless and are not usually found in sufficiently large numbers to constitute a pest. Nearly all the best and most curious specimens are obtained from various tropical parts of South and Central America, and India. The construction of the wax models requires most patient and delicate modelling and painting, in order to bring out the hundreds of indentures, cavities, and lines.

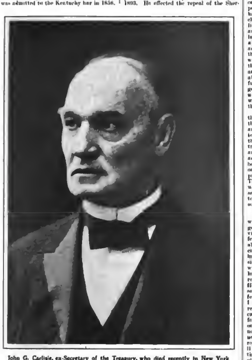

A dandy from the Amazon


Arizona's contribution to the collection


A hump-backed Ohioan variety

The Late John G. Carlisle

John Griffin Carlisle, who was Secretary of the Treasury in Grover Cleveland's second administration, died in New York, on July 31st, at the age of seventy-five years. He was born in Campbell, now Kenton County, Kentucky, in 1835, and, after receiving a common-school education, was admitted to the Kentucky bar in 1858.



John G. Carlisle, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, who died recently in New York

During the next twenty years he became prominent in the politics of his native State.

He served a year in the Kentucky House of Representatives, and in 1866 was elected to the State Senate; he was Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky from 1871 to 1875 and a Presidential elector in 1876. He entered the House of Representatives at Washington in 1877 and was re-elected seven times. He became Speaker in 1883, was re-elected in 1885 and in 1887, and became United States Senator from Kentucky in 1890. It was while serving in this capacity that President Cleveland appointed him Secretary of the Treasury in 1893. He effected the repeal of the Sherman Act, which required the monthly purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver and the payment therefor with Treasury notes. His financial administration marked a storm period of depression, and was severely criticised at first. Mr. Carlisle was identified with many acts for the establishment of a sounder monetary system.

The Gentler View

THE INCONVENIENCE OF IDEAS, ETC.

By Florida Pier

It is only of recent years that the inconvenience of ideas has been felt with its full weight. It is not to be forgotten that the years before we came to consciousness are always known to be, and ardently called, the "good old days," while the time in which we live is dubbed from personal experience a depraved age. Still, the impression remains that fifteen years ago ideas did not have their present unpleasant trick of coming home to one. Ideas used to be long-distance pleasures bearing entirely on things that concerned us only remotely, if at all. They were kept like a collection of alpine sticks in the hat-rack. We glanced at them frequently, but had no nearer connection with them than occasionally taking an umbrella from their midst, and at very rare intervals finding that the most trustworthily ornamental of the alpine sticks had poked a hole in a new silk sunshade.

The things we did we did for private reasons of our own, and from motives that even we never looked at, much less explained to cold-blooded people with opposing points of view. A comfortable radius within which we could move fairly actively was permitted us, while just beyond this region of helpful murkiness shone the bright glamour of ideas. The line dividing the two was never permitted to become blurred.

Now our most intimate actions are riddled with ideas—horrid, far-reaching things that bear on the good of the whole and are dimly related to political economy, and civic interests, and other matters that are invading the privacy of the home. It makes one so fidgety and nervous. The unexpected connection between a large impersonal subject and a small personal preference of one's own renders us liable to a whole series of shocks and jars. It is a constant question of changing your actions or ideas, compromising between the two, or else stumbling about in the way of your fathers, exhausted by the continual upbraiding of those dratted affairs that have penetrated to your brain. It is all so wearing. That glad, free sweep of behavior is all gone. Cautious adjustments of one's liking to one's learning leave a dry taste in the mouth, and the morality of the result does not make up for the mustiness of the process.

Somehow the pleasure of being advanced is not what one might expect. That sense of staunch militancy, of striding along at the head of the procession, which ought to be so invigorating, is in reality rather weakening. Instead of glorying in the vigor of modern thought there is a gone feeling in the pit of the—delicacy forbids the brazen writing out of the word abhorred by the British; and the decision is reached that the children must be brought up according to your most pitiless ideas, but you, having got on so far, will just continue to the end in peaceful conservatism. Education is, perhaps, the vicious insistence that your children shall do the things that you believed in doing in the days of your austere youth, but shamefully evaded later on. It is so obviously right that women should work. Work itself is so admirable, its dozen consequences are of the happiest. The parasitic, idle, restless woman will be cured of all her ills, and the woes of the world righted, when men and women work hand in hand. This is always said with a stern glance into the future, a flashing, inciting brow, and is generally followed by a wistful look backward that, interpreted, means, "There were some awful pleasant points about the old state of things!"

Ideas are invariably too far ahead of the times. They would do beautifully if they bore a little more relation to us, and our sense of disgruntled formality toward them shows how unacclimated they remain, how persistent we are in treating them like distressingly foreign and barely welcome guests. We are ashamed not to have them, but we might be publicly disgraced if we carried them out. They do not get on well with one's prejudices and comforts and instincts. They are trouble-breeders, and any one who has permitted them to install themselves in his personal affairs has no need to be told of their inconvenience, but is solemnly and sincerely condoled with.

Peace and quiet are active employments when one has them after a long winter of grinding actively. They are almost violent exercise, and the more marked the fearful quiet is, the more it enthralls, absorbs, and, one might almost say, excites. Bustle produces in an accustomed hustler a leaden indifference; rural silence is so restful that he sits up stiff with excitement, too amazed at the blissful blankness of life to relax. If he does relax it, it is in an ecstasy of relaxation. He keeps repeating, "Never have I been so relaxed. I am an inert rag, this perfect lassitude is *the* most heavenly thing I have ever known," until his bubbles of relaxation reach such a pitch that he cannot sit still another minute, and is forced to walk about and pat the roses on their heads. Quiet is much more noticeable than noise. Sound deadens nerves until they cease consciously to register the hurly-burly; but quiet, even if forgotten, presents itself afresh every time a cricket chirps. Every lark draws glaring attention to the silence it broke into, and its notes seem to ripple away on the quiet like widening circles on the water, so that it is the disturbed quiet one realizes, not the sound dropped in. Every breath drawn says, "It is so quiet, it is so quiet." One's pulses beat to the absolute, heavy silence. Perhaps heaviness is the very word wanted. Quiet sits on one's eyelids and weighs on one's hands, and the burden of it is so narcotically noticeable that one staggers about drunken and demoralized until, when one is unable to bear the crushing weight any longer, a noisy game of tennis is played, and a little rest in this way secured.

Proving the Earth Rotates

One of the simplest proofs of the rotation of the earth can be obtained by rolling up a piece of paper into a fine tube and taking a sight on a star. The tube must be held steadily or, better still, fastened to the side of a window. Pretty soon the star will move across the field of view and away so as not to be seen. This must be occasioned by the earth's rotating with the tube on it, for the stars are known to be practically fixed. To find the point about which it rotates—that is, the star end of the axis of rotation—several stars have to be examined. All to one side of the North Star will be found to move in a certain direction, while all on the opposite side go in the opposite direction. The North Star, Polaris, does not seem to move at all, and the reason for this is easy to see. Take an orange and point it toward one corner of the room, rotating it so that the same pole always points to that corner. Imagine an ant on the orange near its equator and the view it would obtain of the corner of the room and the other objects in the room. It will be at once seen that the corner will always be in the same relative position to the ant, while everything else will seem to rotate, or rather revolve, around the corner. So it is with the stars—they all seem actually to revolve around the North Star, but this is solely due to the rotation of the earth. Of course the North Star cannot be seen from the southern hemisphere, for the line of sight would pass through the earth's rotundity at the equator. For this same reason all the stars near the North Star are invisible in the southern hemisphere, while the Southern Cross and stars near it are never seen in the northern hemisphere.

Overpaid Postage

A considerable gain accrues to the government every year from wasted postage stamps. The government profits in two ways by the carelessness and ignorance of the public. In the first place, many stamps are destroyed, a circumstance that means a profit to the Post-office Department of thousands of dollars annually. Just how much this gain is cannot be correctly estimated, seeing that there is no way of obtaining the statistics except by elaborate and untrustworthy calculations. One may carry stamps in his pockets until they have become so worn that he does not like to use them. As a matter of fact, however, anything that fairly resembles a stamp, though it be somewhat mutilated, is passed by the clerks, just as a dilapidated bank-note is good if there be enough of it to show what it is. Wear and dirt cannot, without almost destroying the stamp, give it the look of one that has been cancelled. Yet few persons will put a damaged stamp on a letter.

The second source of loss to the individual whereby the government profits is in the number of stamps that are wasted in excess postage. In the case of foreign letters to countries wherewith this country has reached no two-cent agreement, persons who have not a five-cent stamp put three two-cent stamps on the letter, thus making the department a present of one cent. Domestic mail also is frequently overstamped. Enough money is wasted in this way to provide thousands of inexpensive letter-scales.

Then, too, people have false estimates of weight. Many entertain the notion that should they forward anything in a large envelope they should affix thereto two two-cent stamps. It takes a fat letter to weigh more than a half-ounce.

Furthermore, most people know nothing about the rate for newspapers and think that because a newspaper rolls into such a solid bundle it costs a great deal to send. So they continue to overpay the postage.

There is, however, a great deal of mail matter that is underpaid, but here the government loses nothing, for the shortage is collected from the receiver, who must pay the stamp due. Knowing this, and being anxious not to seem niggardly to the friend who must make up the deficiency in postage, a person in doubt often puts too many stamps on fourth-rate matter and on extra-big letters, and Uncle Sam gets the difference.

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"About a year ago," says a Kansas woman, "my little six-year-old niece, Helen, left the invigorating and buoyant air of Kansas, where all her life she had enjoyed fairly good health, to live in the more quiet atmosphere of Ohio. She had a complete change of diet, consisting of a variety of food, and of course a change of water; somehow she eventually contracted typhoid fever.

"After a long siege her case seemed hopeless, doctors gave her up, and she was nothing but skin and bones, couldn't eat anything, and for weeks did not know even her father or mother. Her parents, wishing to get something delicate and nourishing, finally hit upon Grape-Nuts food for her, and it turned out to be just the thing.

"She seemed to relish it, was soon conscious of her surroundings, and began to gain health and strength so rapidly that in a short time she was well, playful, and robust, as if she had never been ill.

"We all feel that Grape-Nuts was the predominating factor in saving the sweet little girl's life."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Finance

"THE BEST LAID PLANS—"

By Franklin Escher

SOME pretty big deals have been engineered on the Stock Exchange during the past few years, but Wall Street is still agape at the magnitude and temerity of plans brought to light by the rescue of the foreign syndicate which started to do things with American railroads. It isn't every day that a syndicate of foreign capitalists, joining hands with powerful financiers here, tries to get possession of half a dozen railroad properties of the first importance for the purpose of welding them into a great transcontinental—and then, with victory almost within its grasp, is forced to let go its holdings of stock and back out as best it can. Wall Street is accustomed to the dramatic and the spectacular, but it is a long, long time since anything like that has been seen.

Under the surface, the plans to create an ocean-to-ocean railway system with the Rock Island as the backbone have been quietly going forward for a year or more, but it was not until the distress of the scheme's backers became apparent a short time ago that there was anything like general realization of the scope and extent of the project. Market movements in the stocks of some of the properties concerned did, it is true, arouse suspicion that something big was going on, but that the plans afoot contemplated the creation of a through line from New York to San Francisco seemed hardly likely. The possibility of such a thing taking place was, however, fully described in an article appearing on this page on January 22d.

Now it appears that not only was such an ocean-to-ocean line projected by the Rock Island interests, but that forces had been joined with a strong foreign syndicate, by whose help it was hoped the necessary control of the various other roads, which were to be the links in the chain, could be secured. With the Reid-Moore group of capitalists in control of the Rock Island and possessed of such strong representation on the directorate of the Lehigh Valley as to give them virtual control of that property too, it was evidently planned that good strong buying of Wabash and Denver & Rio Grande by the foreign syndicate would result in the allies' coming into control of all the five roads making up the projected transcontinental.

It was, indeed, a scheme to fire the imagination, this plan for a straight route from New York to the Golden Gate. First was to come the Lehigh Valley, on the board of directors of which the Reid-Moore interests hoped to increase their strong representation to actual control. Between Buffalo and Chicago the Wabash was planned as the connecting line—it was realized fully that to get control of the Wabash would be only a matter of offering a fair price for it. Westward from Chicago runs the Rock Island itself, as far as the city of Denver, from which point the Denver and Rio Grande was to be made the connection to Salt Lake City. Control of the Denver and Rio Grande would carry with it control of the new Western Pacific, over which road connection with the Pacific coast was to be made. Thus with the acquisition, really, of only two properties, the Denver and the Wabash, the long-dreamed-of Atlantic-to-Pacific line was to be made an actuality.

Arrangements having been made, the foreign syndicate, headed by F. S. Pearson and Percival Farquhar, and working in perfect harmony with the Rock Island interests, began buying Wabash and Denver & Rio Grande securities. For a while in the prevailing enthusiasm this buying passed unnoticed, but when things began to quiet down and prices to recede, the strength of the securities in question began to attract attention. Denver & Rio Grande common, it was argued, paying no dividend and with small prospects of ever getting one, would hardly be selling up in the fifties unless there was steady buying of it and by strong interests. Wabash preferred, a stock of remote dividend possibilities, persistently selling up above sixty—here was something else for the Street to wonder over and figure out. And figure it out the Street did, as indicating that some one was trying to buy these properties, and at the same time. Having got that far it was easy enough to put two and two together and to figure that it must be the Reid-Moore group of capitalists (whose dominance in Lehigh Valley had just been announced) who were attempting further to extend their control of railway properties. In which deduction the Street, as far as it went, was right. But that a foreign syndicate was working in harmony with the Rock Island interests was known to very few.

Under the very capable stock market tutelage of its American ally, the operations of the Pearson-Farquhar syndicate went steadily forward, large amounts of stock being acquired. But finally came the time when financial skies began to darken and the syndicate to feel the weight of its load. First came the general raising of wages by the railroads, which at once precipitated the fight for higher freight rates. Then came the postponement of the American Tobacco and Standard Oil cases by the Supreme Court, and with that the realization that these decisions must overhang the market for at least another year to come. The credit position at that time, too, became somewhat disturbed, partly on account of the overissue of new securities and partly on account of the extended position of the country's banks as disclosed in the Comptroller's statement of condition. With these influences bearing on the situation, sentiment underwent a quick change, the foreign syndicate only too soon finding out that it is one thing to be carrying along a great load of non-dividend paying stocks when the outlook is considered bright, but something very different when the banks make up their minds that retrenchment is in order and curtailment of loans necessary.

This syndicate, too, it must be borne in mind, was engaged in operations having for their ultimate object the creation of a great transcontinental—a line the operation of which would necessarily cause big changes in the existing order of things. Under the circumstances, it was hardly to be expected that the embarrassment of the newcomer would greatly be regretted by the market powers. If nothing was done in the way of cutting the ground out from under the feet of the foreign syndicate, at least no effort was made to stay the decline, especially in such stocks as the syndicate was known largely to hold. Big prices had been paid for these securities, it was realized, and if they were to "be allowed" to decline sharply the banks might be relied upon to call in loans in which they figured largely as collateral. And just that happened—happened to such an extent that the syndicate, in spite of its great financial strength, was obliged to acknowledge its inability to take care of what it had bought and to ask help.

Strange irony of fate that this embarrassed group of financiers should have had to seek aid from the very interests they sought to rival—strange combination of circumstances that into the hands of the very bankers who would have been most adversely affected by the plan, had it ever gone through, there should come, at panic prices, the foreign syndicate's stock holdings. For it was, indeed, at panic prices that the Kuhn-Loeb interests relieved the Pearson syndicate of its load. About the rescue there was nothing altruistic. It was simply a case of taking over, at prices far below existing quotations, a mass of stocks the forced liquidation of which would without doubt have caused general market demoralization.

That is the story of the way in which a syndicate of rich foreign capitalists tried to "butt in" on the railroad situation here and were forced to withdraw, leaving a good deal more than their tail feathers behind them. Of what has happened some of the effects are easy enough to foresee, but others are bound to remain in doubt for a good while to come. The Pearson syndicate, of course, is eliminated from the situation, and with it all chance of the Rock Island interests being able to carry out their plans for an ocean-to-ocean route. On the other hand, where does the control of the Rock Island itself now lie?—has it not, perhaps, passed from the Reid-Moore interests in the mix-up? And if so, and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. do control the Rock Island properties, is there any chance that the plans of the Pearson syndicate will be taken up and the projected transcontinental be established?

Control of the Rock Island system is at present very much in doubt, asseveration that it has passed to the Kuhn, Loeb & Co. syndicate being opposed by denial that the disastrous end of the Pearson syndicate in any way affected the Reid-Moore group's holdings of stocks. The claim, on the one hand, is made that there was so much Rock Island preferred in the stock holdings of the Pearson syndicate as to give absolute control of the property to the party taking over those holdings. With equal stoutness it is maintained that the Pearson syndicate's part in the whole undertaking was to acquire a controlling interest in Wabash and Denver & Rio Grande, and that the total amount of Rock Island held by the syndicate was inconsiderable.

This latter view of the case seems to be the more reasonable. Before the beginning of the deal nobody thought of questioning the fact that the Reid-Moore holdings of Rock Island stock carried with them absolute control of that property. So that, if the control of that property has changed, it can only be because the Reid-Moore group of capitalists have, comparatively, recently sold out their holdings. It may be, of course, that the Pearson syndicate, thinking itself strong enough to go it alone, took over from the Reid-Moore interests their holdings of Rock Island, though that does not, it must be confessed, seem very likely. It is, nevertheless, a possibility and so ought to be taken into account.

In any case, and whoever turns out to be in control of Rock Island, it is safe to say that recent events have put an end to the chance of this transcontinental scheme's being carried out for years to come. Assuming that the Moores still control the property, it is certain that it will be a long time before they will think seriously again of attempting to put through a scheme of such magnitude—particularly so as their hold on Lehigh Valley has been very much weakened during the past few months. Assuming that the Kuhn-Loeb syndicate holds the control of Rock Island, the carrying out of these transcontinental plans is, if anything, even less likely. Why, it may best be put, should the Kuhn-Loeb syndicate want to establish another transcontinental—what could it gain thereby, except possibly another government suit against its ownership of parallel and competing lines? Whatever Rock Island stock may be held in this quarter, it must be borne in mind, found its way there not because it was wanted, but because its forced sale in the open market would have caused demoralization and possibly panic. More than likely does it seem that as opportunity presents, this stock will be quietly sold in order to realize the big profit the low price paid for it guarantees to its purchasers.

—

After the meeting of New York bankers recently held for the purpose of organizing an association to issue "emergency currency," should it become necessary in the fall, President Vanderlip of the National City Bank was asked when the newly formed Currency Association would hold its next meeting. "I don't know," he answered, "I hope we never will have to hold another meeting."

That was typical of the spirit in which the meeting was held—a spirit of precaution rather than of apprehension. There is a chance that we may need emergency currency this fall, these bankers had figured it out, and so we had better get together and fix up the machinery for issuing the notes. It isn't by any means proved that there is going to be a money squeeze this autumn, but if there should be, we want to be ready for it.

A laudable spirit without doubt, and a sensible way of looking at it—but a view which, if carried to its logical end, is bound to raise the question of why this Currency Association is being formed now and not long ago, as the Aldrich-Vreeland law intended it should be. President Vanderlip's expressed hope that there will be no occasion for the association to meet again voices the sentiment of most of those interested in matters financial, but the choice of a time for the formation of the association other than the very eve of a period which so many people believe is to be marked by money stringency might perhaps have avoided some of the unrest from which the market is at present suffering.

Production of copper having for some time past far exceeded consumption and the price of the metal having in consequence fallen very low, producers are understood to have "come to an understanding" among themselves to see that less copper is taken out of the mines. Not in any sense a combination in restraint of trade—merely an agreement to do less business.

For once, however, the consumer can look at it with equanimity—so absurd a way of meeting the situation will react only on the producers themselves. Granted that the desired object of a higher price for copper metal is attained by shutting off part of the supply, that will only result in the reopening of mines which cannot under present conditions operate profitably, and in the pouring into the market of a new supply of the metal. Were things allowed to take their course and the price of copper allowed to seek that level established by supply and demand which it will reach anyway in the long run, there might not be much money in it for the copper people for a while, but the industry would before long find itself on a reasonable basis. That, however, is apparently not the object in view.

The government report on cotton, giving the condition as 75.5, precludes all idea of a record-breaking crop, but does not by any means prove or even indicate that a shortage of the staple is to be expected. A condition stated at 75.5 is, it is true, far from what it might be, but acreage as well as condition must be taken into account and this year's acreage breaks all records.

A repetition of the big crop of four years ago is out of the question, but that continuance of favorable weather conditions may yet result in a crop well above the average can be seen from what happened in 1907. In that year, with a midsummer condition exactly the same as at present, but with an acreage very much smaller, the crop reached the very respectable total of 11,678,000 bales. Considering how much more land is planted with cotton now than then, it would be anything but surprising if this year's crop were to run well across the twelve-million-bale mark.

From every standpoint it is to be hoped that there will be a full yield of cotton this season. In order that the depression of the textile industry in New England may be overcome and the idle spindles started turning, in order that exports may be stimulated and the balance of trade again turned strongly in our favor—for these and other reasons it is to be hoped that weather conditions will remain such as to bring about more than an average yield of cotton.

From a correspondent in Ohio comes a query as to why loans of the New York Clearing House banks do not show a reduction proportionate to the liquidation which has been taking place. As security prices have gone down, the banks, he thinks, ought to have reduced their loans.

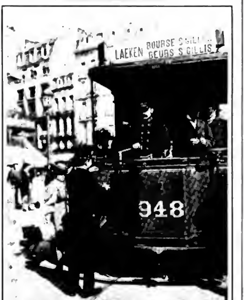
Loans of the New York banks, it is true, stand at almost exactly the same figures on July 30th as on January 1st, but total cash reserves in the mean time rose $31,000,000. Just there lies the reason why loans have not been cut down. As long as cash comes pouring into New York at that rate, there is neither reason nor necessity for the banks' cutting down their loans.

Repairing Submarine Cables

Crews of fifty ships are constantly employed in the work of repairing the submarine cables in the various oceans of the globe; but these differ as much in appearance and equipment as a small row-boat differs from the big steam yacht. The up-to-date cable-repairing ship is a model of scientific invention and equipment, and repairs of a difficult nature can be made in short order; but far out in the Pacific and Orient many of the cable lines are repaired by native divers, who sometimes remain under the water for remarkably long periods.

The "trouble-finders" of the sea have as unique experiences as their brothers on land who face blizzards, storms, floods, and other dangers to repair telegraph and telephone lines. In many respects the latter have the advantage of the former. The "trouble-finders" of the sea must often work at great depths in the water to locate and repair breaks, and in the tropical seas they must encounter man-eating sharks. A break or interruption in a submarine cable is determined to-day by mechanical devices or detectors, but when located the cable must first be inspected by divers. If the break is serious enough it must be grappled and drawn to the surface for repairs. One of the most curious of these breaks was found in the Indian Ocean a number of years back. The cable, though a short one, was important, and when it refused to work the repair-ship was sent out to hunt for the trouble. When the location of the break was made a native diver was sent down. After an absence of a minute he returned to the surface and reported a very curious phenomenon. A sunken ship was resting directly across the line of the cable. Divers in rubber suits were then sent down, and they discovered that the native diver was right. A derelict had floated along and sunk directly over the cable. The sharp keel of the ship had cut the cable in half, or at least damaged it so that it was put out of commission. It was impossible to raise the derelict ship, and so the cable had to be spliced and carried around one side of her. The divers made a cursory examination of the sunken ship, and found, to their surprise, that it was a rich prize. It was the old *Lahore*, a tramp ship which had disappeared some time before in a storm. All traces of her had been lost, and her disappearance had seemed destined to remain one of those unsolved mysteries of the sea.

The ship was laden with a rich and valuable cargo, much of which was still intact and undamaged by the water. When the cable-repairing ship returned to port, a wrecking ship was despatched to the scene and the cargo raised. The salvage from this gave to each member of the crew of the submarine repairing boat a handsome little sum. They had not been looking for salvage, but that little experience demonstrated to them that they had one advantage over their brother "trouble-hunters" on land. The latter do not pick up salvage money, even if they do freeze and starve to death in their efforts to clear the lines so that the throbbing of the world's messages may go on uninterruptedly.



A STREET-CAR POSTAL SERVICE

SPECIAL DELIVERY OF MAIL IS ACCOMPLISHED IN BRUSSELS THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE STREET-CARS. THE BELGIAN CORRESPONDENT MAILS HIS LETTER IN A BOX ATTACHED TO THE CAR AND ACTUALLY SEES IT ON ITS WAY.

Oil-Paintings

A drop of oil on water shows some very peculiar and interesting developments when watched closely. Of course it spreads in all directions as a thin film, but later small holes appear in this film, and still later other figures. Each different kind of oil gives a characteristic figure or pattern. This is a very simple way of finding out what oil one is experimenting with, but the characteristic patterns must be known. This is a special department of science and is known as oleography, or the taking of oil pictures. A drop of pure sperm oil let fall into a vessel full of water quickly becomes an enlarged circular film of several inches in diameter and breaking at the edges into small round holes. This takes place in about fifty or sixty seconds if the oil be pure. The centre of the circle soon becomes filled with little holes that are, however, smaller than those at the edges. At the end of about two minutes the holes have expanded until the oil shows a delicate network resembling coarse veiling. This keeps up for several minutes until the expansion breaks up the pattern and the oil practically disappears.

As each oil gives a particular tracery it becomes necessary, or at least desirable, to secure the pattern permanently. After many experiments such a method was found. A sheet of any glazed paper is placed for a moment on the pattern. Of course the paper absorbs the oil where there is oil, and water where there is water. Now take the paper and place it for a moment on the surface of a plate of black ink. The ink colors the water part, but only very faintly colors the oil tracery, so when the paper is dipped into water to wash off the excess ink and is dried the pattern of oil is seen in a relief effect. Any color ink may be used for these pictures, or two colors may be used in obtaining a variety of tints. Of course the data of the particular picture should be written at the bottom, such as the kind of oil, the time elapsing from the falling of the drop to the taking of the graph, the height from which the drop fell, and the purity of the water.

Old Postal Rates

To us who now enjoy unequalled postal facilities and cheap rates, information as to those of long ago will come somewhat as a surprise. On February 20, 1792, the first Act was passed fixing rates of postage on domestic letters, which were:

For every letter to be carried not more than thirty miles by land, six cents. For every letter to be carried not less than thirty miles and not exceeding sixty miles, eight cents. Between sixty and one hundred miles the rate was ten cents; between one hundred and one hundred and fifty miles, twelve and one-half cents; between one hundred and fifty and two hundred miles, fifteen cents; between two hundred and two hundred and fifty miles, seventeen cents; from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty miles, twenty cents; from three hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty miles, twenty-two cents; over four hundred and fifty miles, twenty-five cents. For every double letter, double these rates were charged; for every triple letter, triple these rates.

For every packet weighing as much as one ounce avoirdupois the rate was equal to that of four single letters to the ounce, and the same rate applied to a greater weight.

Thus it is seen that the daily letter of the lover and the simultaneous issue of a million circulars by one business firm were alike impossible in those days unless the sender were to be a Crœsus.

Where the Old Cans Go

The raw material of a number of large establishments in this country consists of empty fruit and vegetable cans, rescued from the dumps. The principal products of these manufactories are window-sash weights, elevator weights, and ballast for boats. After delivery at the foundry the cans are piled into a large iron grating, under a sheet-iron hood, which terminates in a smokestack. They are sprinkled with crude oil, which is then set on fire. The process consumes the labels, loosens the dirt, and melts the solder, which falls through the grating, and is collected, cast into ingots, and sold to be used again.

Some of the cans, which have simply lapped and soldered joints, melt apart completely. These are sorted out, and the sheets straightened and bound into bundles, to be sold to trunk-makers for protecting corners. They are also bought by button manufacturers, who stamp from them the disks used in cloth-covered buttons.

The machine-made cans do not come apart, and they are loaded into large carts, taken on an elevator to the charging floor, and dumped into the cupola, which is fed alternately with cans and coke. The cans are so light that some of them are carried out at the top of the stack by the force of the blast, and a large screen is arranged to prevent the pieces from falling on the roof.

An Island in a Cloud

White Island, thirty miles to the northeast of New Zealand, is perhaps the most extraordinary island in the world. It is an enormous mass of rock nearly three miles in circumference, rising nine hundred feet above the sea, and is perpetually enveloped in dark clouds which are visible for nearly one hundred miles.

The island consists almost entirely of sulphur, with a small percentage of gypsum. Some years ago an attempt was made to float a company to work the sulphur, which is of high quality, but sufficient capital was not subscribed. Therefore, the export of sulphur from White Island is still very small. In the interior is a lake fully fifty acres in extent, the water of which has a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees, Fahrenheit, and it is strongly impregnated with acids. On one side of this lake are craters from which steam escapes with great force and noise. This steam and the vapor from the lake form the dark cloud that envelops the island.

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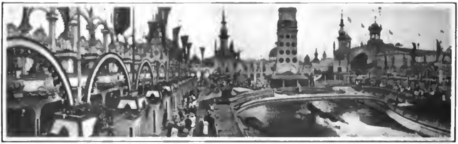
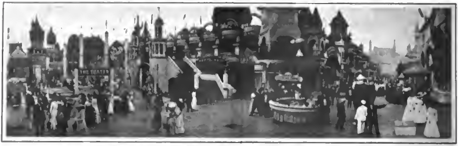
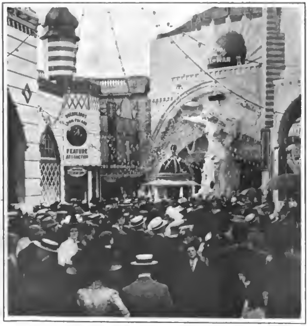


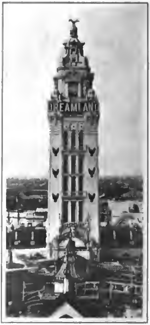
The heart of Luna Park, showing the Lagoon and the Court of Honor



On the main esplanade, where side-shows offer their promise of thrill and pleasure to thousands



The Saturday crowd in Dreamland, where the dreams are very energetic ones



Dreamland's great white tower, with its thousand lights

THE JOYS OF SATURDAY-SUNDAY LAND

THE GAUD AND GLAMOUR OF CONEY ISLAND, WHICH PROVES, ON SUMMER HOLIDAYS, TO BE THE MOST DENSELY PEOPLED TERRITORY OF NEW YORK AND ITS ENVIRONS

West Point's Magnificent New Chapel

The interior of the chapel, showing the site of the memorial window

NEARLY three hundred feet above the Hudson stands the new cadet chapel at West Point, recently completed at a cost of $800,000 and dedicated. The foundation was hewn from solid rock, and the stone used for the building was quarried near by. This splendid edifice is 217 feet long, the interior being 200 by 82 feet at the widest point and 53 across the nave. The tower is 120 feet above the floor. The interior finish is of white imported limestone, and the nave and choir are ornamented with groined arches.

An important feature of the new chapel is the magnificent memorial chancel window, designed by Willett, of Pittsburg, whose design was selected from among twenty-one submitted by American and English competitors. It represents Christ seated on an enormous war-horse, surrounded by saints and heroes, and may be regarded as a memorial to the spirit of West Point, glorifying the spiritual side of war. Through the efforts of Colonel Charles W. Larned, of the Alumni Committee, a sum of $10,000 was contributed by graduates to the building of this window. Beneath the chancel is a crypt designed to be the resting-place for the distinguished dead. The chapel will seat from 1,100 to 1,500 persons. Messrs. Cram, Goodhue, and Ferguson are the architects.

The new cadet chapel at West Point, on the Hudson, which has just been completed at a total cost of $800,000

Watch Screws and Jewels

PROBABLY the smallest screws are those turned out in a watch-factory. They are cut from steel wire by a machine, but, as the chips fall from the knife, one is tempted to observe that the operator is amusing himself, inasmuch as no screws can be seen. Yet, at every third operation of the machine a screw is duly completed.

The fourth jewel-wheel screw is next to invisible, and to the naked eye it resembles a speck of dust. With a glass, it may be seen to be a small screw, and some calculation reveals the fact that it has two hundred and sixty threads to the inch. It takes a very powerful glass to observe these threads.

These screws are said to be but four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double in size. It has been estimated that an ordinary thimble could contain one hundred thousand of them.

Quite a number of new jewel settings have been added to the movements of first-class watches during the last ten years. These new jewels have created an added demand for expert jewel-setters.

The term "jewel" in a watch movement is to be taken literally. The small precious stones are drilled to receive the pinions or axles of the wheels, the object being to provide a bearing that will not corrode and will not wear away easily.

The garnet is the least valuable of these jewel settings, but some of the minute sapphires and rubies employed in the bearings of a watch are quite good enough for the setting of a ring.

For the most part, however, these fragments of precious stones are off color, the sapphire especially pale to insignificance, but at the same time harder and better for watch-jewels because of this light color. Occasionally a ruby jewel burns red in one of the neat little envelopes in which they come from Switzerland, five hundred or one thousand in a lot.

Each stone is shaped to a circle and bored through the centre, each boring being just a little less than the diameter of the pinion used in the factory where it is finally to be placed in the upper or the lower plate of a watch.

The immediate setting for the watch-jewel is a minute cylinder, brassy in appearance, but really of soft gold composition. Before the jewel gets to the setter it has been put into a lathe, and by means of a minute steel point covered with diamond dust and oil the centre has been enlarged to fit the steel pinion which shall be housed in it. In the hands of the setter the cylinder is put into a lathe. With a moistened finger the jewel is picked up and placed inside the cylinder as it rests on the tip of the revolving lathe shaft. With a pointed tool the setter presses against the revolving cylinder edge, forcing the soft metal to overlap and close upon the sapphire or ruby till it is embedded firmly in the metal cushion. Then a pressure upon a follower at the other end of the lathe brings a cutter to bear upon the metal circumference, turning it to the exact size of the jewel-hole in the plate of the watch, with the hole in the centre of the jewel exactly in the centre of the metal setting.

The Bland Chinese Schoolboy

CHINESE schoolboys present a curious contrast to the schoolboys of the Occident. At least the observation holds with reference to the Oriental schoolboys of Queen's College, Hongkong, where, it is said, a sight to be seen any day is that of more than a thousand pupils, not one of them indulging in any boisterous conduct, or, indeed, even letting off his superfluous spirits by a run or a leap.

The Chinese boys of Queen's College, Hongkong, do not hurry, but walk sedately along with their books under their arms. The utmost exhibition of youthful feeling is a reserved smile lighting up the face of a boy here and there as he listens to the conversation of his companions. Boisterous behavior would be considered by these Chinese lads as undignified and quite contrary to all ideas of schoolboy good form. The more sedate a Chinese boy is in his behavior, the more he conducts himself like a little old man, the more aristocratic he is considered by his schoolfellows, and the more praise he receives from his schoolmasters and his parents.

In this country and in England parents and sons do not invariably agree as to what virtues are to be admired in a schoolboy. In China they always do. Strange as it may seem, Chinese youths go to school with the sole idea of acquiring knowledge. Hence the stolid, determined faces of the pupils of Queen's College in the Eastern city.

There is little variety in the color and cut of their dress. They wear no hats. Some brush all their hair straight back into their long queues; others have a fringe of stiff bristles dividing the shaven from the unshaven territory of their heads. All carry fans.

In age the boys vary from nine to twenty-three, and many of them have family cares in the shape of a wife and children at home. Every year, however, sees a decrease in the proportion of married schoolboys, and the average age becomes less each year. In the early history of the school boys of all ages were to be found in it, and it was not an unheard-of thing for father and son to be running a close race for the first prize.

Grown by Electricity

FOR many years it was thought that plants required intervals of rest from the light, just as do people, and that their growth was facilitated by it; but some years ago Siemens performed an experiment which disproved this theory. It also showed the effect of the electric light on plant growth during daytime. Siemens put two enormous electric arcs of about five thousand candle-power in his greenhouse. He planted wheat, peas, beans, barley, oats, cauliflower, different varieties of berries, and some flowering plants. He found that effects favorably comparable with sunlight were produced on the plants without exception—that the green constituent of all vegetables was produced, and that fruit and vegetables rich in flavor and luscious in taste were grown. He found that if the plants were subjected to sunlight during the winter day and electric light during the night, the growth was much hastened and the fruit produced at an earlier date. The green constituent, which is known as chlorophyll, is necessary to the vigorous growth of plants. If no light reaches a plant after it is about half-grown the leaves turn white and the plant dies—unless, of course, it be a plant grown in the dark, which will have white leaves anyhow.

Wooden Water-pipes

WOODEN pipes for the conveyance of water are in use to-day not only on the Pacific slope of the United States, but in England as well.

These pipes in America, some of which are many feet in diameter, are made of Californian redwood and are constructed with staves and hoops like an ordinary barrel. Where sharp turns are necessary an elbow joint of cast iron or of steel in the case of the larger pipes is introduced. These pipes serve many important industries and one of their most valued features is that they can be transported piecemeal and put together when they reach their destination. The wood is of very light weight and is exceedingly durable.

It is by no means an uncommon sight in the city of London, when a street is "up," to see lying along the curb a few lengths of wooden water-pipes that have been unearthed by the excavators. These are simply trunks of trees generally about nine inches in external diameter, with the rough bark still visible on their surface, and with a bore of about four inches diameter. One end of each trunk is hollowed out, while the other is pointed, so that they can be fitted into one another in a continuous length. These pipes date back to the seventeenth century, when a water-supply was first brought to the British metropolis from Hertfordshire.

High-power Microscopy

THERE has been exhibited before the Royal Society of London a form of microscope, the invention of Professor Gordon, by means of which enormous magnification of an object can, it is stated, be attained without the blemishes due to optical causes that formerly marred such images.

We may suppose that the enlarged image of an object is received from a microscope lens upon a ground glass focussing screen, and that then another microscope is employed still further to enlarge the image so formed. This is, of course, quite feasible, but the grain of the glass would be magnified together with the image and would vitiate the result. Professor Gordon uses a translucent screen of the finest possible texture, and he causes it to be kept in continual motion while the object is being viewed or photographed. By this means the grain of the screen is eliminated and the greatly magnified image of the object alone seen. Specimens magnified to the extent of ten thousand diameters were shown as proofs of the efficacy of the method adopted.

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In the August list of new Victor Records, for instance, there are band and orchestra music, instrumental solos, grand opera arias, vocal and instrumental medleys from favorite operettas, popular songs, sacred music—everything that the heart desires, played and sung by the world's greatest artists. Pryor's Band plays a bright and lively march by Mr Pryor to which he has given the unique name of *[illegible] March*, and there is an irresistible swing about this selection which will appeal to every one. The Victor Light Opera Company adds to its laurels by the two splendid records it has given of the "gems" from Victor Herbert's popular *Mlle Modiste*, and from that most famous of all the Gilbert-Sullivan operettas, *The Mikado*, which has been revived with great success in New York.

A haunting little melody, *Every Little Movement*, from Chicago's new musical production, *Madame Sherry*, is splendidly sung by Lucy Marsh and Harry Macdonough. An interesting novelty is the first of a series of duets by Elida Morris and Billy Murray, a most entertaining darky song, *Angel Eyes*, with an odd and effective chorus. Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth sing *Rosa Rosetta*, an Italian dialect song with which they made a phenomenal hit in the *Jolly Bachelors*; the arrangement of the chorus is both novel and ingenious, while the final refrain, sung in double-quick time, with its little touches of comedy, makes a pleasant ending. Mr. Norworth also sings *Sadie Brady*, an appealing little ballad much in vogue at present. Harry Lauder has two records, *Jean MacNeill* and *The Blarney Stone*, both of which are brimming over with evidences of the Scotch comedian's genial personality and punctuated by his quaint touches of humor. The noted young tenor, John Barnes Wells, starts his exclusive engagement with the Victor by singing Florence Aylward's impassioned love song, *Beloved, it is Morn*, and the delightful ode to spring, *In Maytime*, by Oley Speaks. ⁂

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"ON THE STORY"

(Continued from page 14)

ly observed that he'd like to read the letter before answering.

"Oh, no," said the cross-examiner. "You can tell whether that's your signature or not, can't you?"

"Why, yes," said Buchanan, after another look. "Yes, that's my signature."

Brooke and O'Sullivan asked for the letter. I know now that they had never even heard of it before, and the reader shall see presently what they must have felt the moment they read it; yet so thoroughly were their nerves under control and so strong is the lawyer's ability to play a part before court and jury, that neither one gave any sign of the awful blow that had fallen upon him. Dr. O'Sullivan merely sniffed contemptuously and turned away, as if the letter were not worth a second glance. Mr. Brooke objected with fine scorn to the admission of such a trivial thing as evidence.

"It affects the character of the witness on the stand," Mr. Wellman urged, "and it is relevant upon the question of his credibility."

Recorder Smyth read the letter. Not one shade of emotion crossed that rugged countenance.

"I shall admit the letter as some evidence," he ruled.

"Is that your letter?" Wellman asked Buchanan.

"Yes," replied the prisoner, with a smirk.

The prosecutor then read the thing. It was such a screed as only a debased mind could produce. Written from Nova Scotia within a few days after the death of the poisoned woman, Buchanan boasted to his crony (the same who betrayed him to the law) about his conquests of women, in which the diamonds of the poor victim had played their part. Only a satyr could have written such stuff. Buchanan listened to the reading of it with a sly smile twitching at the corners of his rabbit mouth. He smirked at the jurors as if to say, "Ah, well, we men of the world must have our fling, you know."

The jurors seemed to me to shrink back as if the dredge of cross-examination had dragged up to the light a vile thing that poisoned the air. For the merest fraction of a second Charley Brooke turned white and swallowed convulsively as by clear prevision he saw his client already in the fatal chair. Instantly he recovered and sought to smother the effect of the letter with a flood of objections, exceptions, etc., but it was too late. The bolt had shot home. The idle, vain, braggart scrawl which the murdering satyr had written and forgotten all about had become the instrument of vengeance that struck him down, in spite of all his scientific poison juggling. All the elaborate defence was in the twinkling of an eye swept aside and left the poor wretch naked beneath the sword of justice. The jury, of course, found him guilty, and he was electrocuted. And I doubt whether the man ever guessed that it was his own supreme vanity that was his executioner.

The Government's Standardizing Bureau

THE liberality of Congress toward the Bureau of Standards has within recent years enabled its work to be greatly extended. The operations of the office were at first limited for the most part to standards of length, mass, capacity, and temperature, but the rapid progress of applied science created new demands which no institution was competent to satisfy.

Photometry, or the measurement of light, is a case in point. Thirty years ago it had no great commercial importance, but the extended use of electricity for lighting purposes, the discovery and manufacture of acetylene gas, and the invention of numerous improvements in burners for ordinary illuminating gas have opened up a new field. Photometric apparatus is now necessary in hundreds, or even thousands, of factories.

Not only must the volume of light be accurately measured, but its chromatic composition must be determined. The most desirable light is, of course, that which comes nearest to sunlight in its color composition, and, since spectroscopic photometry deals with investigations which may affect the sight of millions of people, it has a commercial and sanitary as well as a scientific significance.

The pitch of tuning-forks, of interest to manufacturers of musical instruments, the testing of optical surfaces, which is important to every one who wears glasses; the verification of thermometers, of gas, water, and electric meters—in fact, the standardizing of all sorts of measures—are coming more and more within the scope of the Bureau of Standards. The government stamp in each case is the final authority all over the United States.

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Bacteria to Aid the Farmers

By Katharine Newbold Birdsall

IN the article entitled, "Inoculation Against Hunger," published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 16th, frequent mention is made of "legumes," a word which is unfamiliar to a number of readers. This term indicates a plant of the pea family, such as clovers, alfalfa, cow-pease, soy beans, peanuts, field pease, vetch, etc. It is with this pea family—the legumes—that scientists have been experimenting both here and abroad, and they have discovered that, if legumes have on their roots little nodules or bunches which contain bacteria, these bacteria have the power of collecting the free nitrogen in the air and rendering it available for plant food. Without these bacteria, legumes, like other crops, take nitrogen from the soil, thus exhausting the nitrogen supply which is so necessary to all plant life. Many letters have been received from those who read the article, showing that a desire exists for further information upon this subject, and it is hoped the various points are covered in the following explanations.

As previously stated, the most expensive manurial substance the farmer has to buy is the commercial fertilizer which contains nitrates—a necessary ingredient in animal and plant life.

Many soils are almost devoid of nitrogen, but, as explained before, it is possible not only to feed (or inoculate) legumes with nitrogen-gathering bacteria, but it is possible to benefit the soil which is devoid of nitrogen, by a growth of legume crops in rotation with other crops.

For instance, those nitrogen-gathering bacteria which form nodules on clovers, alfalfa, cow pease, etc. (a different species of bacteria exists for each species of plant) are preserved in jelly, and bottled ready for farm use. When the farmer is ready to sow his legume crop—say, clover—he adds a little sugar and water to the jelly in the bottle which contains the clover bacteria, shakes it thoroughly, and moistens the clover seeds with it just before planting. If the nitrogen in the soil is scarce or almost exhausted, the bacteria which cling to the clover roots and live in bunches or nodules, having the power of absorbing nitrogen from the air, will supply that necessary element to the clover crop. In exchange the clover feeds to the bacteria small quantities of sugar.

Suppose, however, it is a wheat crop that is to be planted and nitrogen in the soil is scarce—can the wheat seed be treated in like manner? No. Wheat does not belong to the pea family, and therefore is not a legume. Wheat like other crops exhausts the nitrogen in the soil very rapidly, and the cheapest and best method of maintaining the fertility of the wheat lands is by the growth of legume crops in rotation with the wheat. If the legume crop has been treated with its special bacteria, wheat planted in the same soil the following year will greatly benefit by the nitrates deposited in the soil from the nodules on the roots of the legume grown the preceding year. Or, if the entire legume crop is turned under, it will decompose and add a still larger amount of nitrates to the soil as well as a valuable supply of humus, making very rich soil for the wheat. The same is true for cotton, corn, oats—all crops.

A legume crop inoculated with nitrogen-gathering bacteria planted between rows of other crops adds much available nitrogen to the soil. The action of the bacteria of alfalfa, for instance, upon the soil stores nitrogen in a form which may be absorbed through the soil by cotton, although cotton-seed directly treated with alfalfa bacteria would not benefit. It is only legumes that are benefited directly by the bacteria; other crops require the action of the nitrogen bacteria on the soil to provide nitrates which they can absorb through the soil in the regular way.

In my former article I spoke of a pure culture of nitrogen-gathering bacteria. By this I meant a colony of these minute plants or organisms, protected from contamination. The pure culture comes in a patent bottle which prohibits the entrance of any foreign bacteria that might injure crops, but allows of the entrance of pure air to feed nitrogen to the bacteria in the jelly. Dr. G. Earp Thomas, a New Zealand scientist, has perfected the science of procuring healthy specimens of the various bacteria, breeding them in his laboratories and making healthy cultures of them for farmers' use.

The exhaustion of nitrates in the soil in many parts of this country, which necessitates the use of large quantities of nitrogen fertilizers, is undoubtedly due to ignorance on the part of the farmer. Now that the available natural nitrogen fertilizers are becoming more scarce and cost more each year, it behooves the farmer to investigate the scientific possibilities of his farm with the help of those who have made soil and food conditions a minute study.

The Shooting of Mayor Gaynor

THE DRAMATIC ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF NEW YORK'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR A VACATION IN EUROPE

Mayor Gaynor, Mrs. Gaynor, and their family

MAYOR WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, of the city of New York, was standing on the promenade deck of the steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* on the morning of August 9th. After six months of unusually hard and trying work he was going abroad for a vacation of thirty days. Many of the members of his official family had wished him good luck and bidden him farewell and gone ashore, for the ship was to sail at ten o'clock and the warning whistle had blown the quarter hour before her departure. A few of the more intimate friends of the Mayor were lingering near him as long as the ship's regulations permitted. President Montt of the Republic of Chile, surrounded by his staff, chatted with the Mayor for a few minutes, comparing conditions of municipal government in his country with conditions here and making his compliments on the things he had observed in New York. The Mayor and the President posed a moment while newspaper photographers took a last snap of the cameras at them. The promenade deck of the gigantic liner was full of people. The pier was packed to the stringpiece with a throng of those who came to say good-by to friends. Handkerchiefs were waving, and through the blare of the ship's great brass band could be heard a few scattered phrases of the last words shouted over the rail.

A gray-haired man, short and rugged, had been wandering about the ship since nine in the morning. The only person who remembers to have seen him was a 'longshoreman in the baggage gang who noticed that he seemed to be in distress and waved his arms above his head as he walked rapidly to and fro on the main deck. The baggage-handler thought the man was upset by the prospect of leaving home or of saying good-by to friends, paid no more attention to him, and told no one about his behavior. When the rugged gray-haired man ascended to the promenade deck his manner had become normal, and he made his way through the press of people, looking about on every side as if searching for some one. Thus he strolled forward until he passed beyond the ship's bridge. Mayor Gaynor was chatting with "Big Bill" Edwards, Commissioner of Street-Cleaning, Corporation-Counsel Archibald Watson, and Dr. Ernst J. Lederle, Health Commissioner. Behind the Mayor stood his secretary, Robert Adamson, and Dr. Smith, an old neighbor from Brooklyn. The stranger took up his position behind the group with his hand in his right hip pocket as if reaching for a handkerchief.

Mayor Gaynor crossing Brooklyn Bridge to his office

Suddenly a hoarse, rasping voice close to Mayor Gaynor's shoulder cut through their conversation.

"You took the bread and butter from my mouth, damn you!" it growled, "and now I've got you!"

At the same instant the report of a revolver rang out, and Mayor Gaynor staggered forward with both hands pressed to the right side of his head. Blood trickled through his clutching fingers.

"My God, he's shot the Mayor!" cried Secretary Adamson. The sound of his voice attracted the Mayor's assailant, and he pointed the pistol at Adamson and fired again. As he shot, Adamson instinctively struck up the revolver, and the bullet passed over his head.

"Big Bill" Edwards mistook the first shot for the report of a photographer's flashlight, but the outcry of Adamson directed his attention toward the stranger. Instantly he leaped back of and past his chief and struck the man a right-hand blow full in the face. Edwards is an old giant of Princeton's football team, and his blow broke the man's nose and staggered him. Without an instant's delay he grappled with the man and threw him to the deck. As he fell his pistol was fired again. The bullet went through the back of Edwards's left arm, but in the excitement neither he nor any one else noticed the flesh wound, nor was it discovered until more than an hour later.

Corporation Counsel Watson stooped and took the revolver, which Edwards had wrenched from the man's hand. As he arose with it, a reporter, mistaking him for the criminal, seized Mr. Watson and wrestled him down before explanations could be made. Meantime the stranger, of powerful build and fighting with the desperate energy of insanity, almost writhed out of Edwards's grasp. The big Commissioner grasped both arms and threw all his three hundred pounds of weight upon him, crushing him flat.

"Let half a dozen of ye get off, and I'll lick the lot of ye!" roared the struggling man. Edwards now happened to spy Ralph Bloomer, the old Yale football guard, who had run up from a group of friends.

"Ralph," he roared as he landed one last and quieting blow on the jaw of the prostrate man—"Ralph, put your knee on this fellow's face and hold him down."

Ralph promptly knelt on the fellow's face, and there was no more trouble from him.

Benjamin Clarke Marsh, Secretary of the Committee on Congestion of Population in New York, caught Mayor Gaynor as he staggered away, supported him into the nearest cabin, and placed him on the bed. Secretary Adamson also helped carry his chief into the room. The Mayor was pale, but not unconscious.

"Who did it?" he asked.

"I don't know; but they've got him," Mr. Adamson replied. The Mayor nodded and seemed to be puzzling over something.

The throng on the promenade deck, augmented by hundreds who scrambled and stampeded up the companionway from the other decks, gathered around the three men who were down.

"I've got him! I can hold him!" roared Edwards. "Get me a pair of handcuffs. I'm a deputy sheriff. I'll arrest him."

A pair of steel nippers was brought and twisted around the man's wrists, and then Edwards arose and plucked him up on his feet. The prisoner was a heavy-set fellow of nearly two hundred pounds, but in the grasp of "Big Bill" he was swung around like a puppet.

"Who are you?" cried half a dozen voices in the crowd. The man raised his head and stared around him in defiance.

"My name," he growled, "is James J. Gallagher. Born in Ireland fifty-eight years and three months ago, a widower."

He spoke as if he were rehearsing a speech he had long ago committed to memory in anticipation of his crime.

"I was a Dock Department watchman," he continued, "and they fired me for not punching the time-clock regular. They took my bread and butter out of my mouth and I got Gaynor. I hope he's dead."

The man's words were an inspiration to the crowd. A deep growl arose from them, a snarl, menacing and deadly as the rumble of a lynching mob.

"Over the rail with him!" shouted a tall man, seemingly a prosperous merchant or professional man, but now transformed by rage and revenge into a primeval creature. The crowd closed in as if by one impulse, and a score of hands were clutching for Gallagher.

"No, no!" Edwards appealed, the tears standing in his eyes. "Men, let him alone! Let the law take its course. My God! I want to kill him myself, but we mustn't do anything like that. Give the law a chance at him."

Two policemen with clubs pushed and prodded their way through the crowd to Edwards's side. Then they ploughed a path to the gangway, and Edwards followed with the collar and half the back of Gallagher's coat in his hand, thrusting and half carrying the rugged man before him as one would carry a mad dog by the scruff of the neck. Thus he took him along

Mayor Gaynor's home at No. 20 Eighth Ave., Brooklyn

The summer home of New York's Mayor, at St. James, Long Island

the pier and out to his own automobile, and so he continued to hold him until he landed him before the desk railing at Hoboken police headquarters.

Mayor Gaynor rallied from the shock of the wound as soon as he was stretched on the bed in the stateroom. Baggage was hastily thrust aside, so that Doctors Meyer and Strauch, the ship's surgeons, might have better access to him. They found that a bullet of .32 calibre had entered his head back of the right ear and taken a downward course, lodging in the mastoid process.

"I'll stay here and you can take care of me," the Mayor said, smiling as well as he could, as if to reassure the surgeons.

"It would be safer to go ashore, sir," Dr. Meyer replied. "It is a serious wound, and if seasickness affected you complications might follow."

"Very well. I'll go," said the Mayor. "You know best. Please telephone to my family physician, Dr. J. W. Parrish, in Brooklyn. Have him brought to the hospital."

The wound was soon bandaged, and Mayor Gaynor was placed on a stretcher and carried to the second floor of the pier. As he felt the jar of the elevator in which he was lowered to the street level he shuddered and raised his hand to his mouth. A surgeon wiped away some blood with a piece of gauze.

"Tell the people good-by for me," said the Mayor to Mr. Adamson. Then seeing the distress on his secretary's face, he quickly added: "No, no; I don't mean that. I guess there's plenty of fight left in me. Tell me—who did it?"

A great crowd surged and pressed about the ambulance in spite of the police who worked valiantly to keep a clear space about it. Commissioner Edwards grabbed three of the biggest men and hurled them back one by one for a dozen feet through the curious mob. There was less jostling after that.

Mayor Gaynor was very weak but still conscious when he was carried to a room on the ground floor of St. Mary's hospital, in Willow Avenue, Hoboken. His eyes were haggard and his fingers twitched at the bandage around his throat.

"I seem to be choking," he said to a nurse. "Isn't there any way you can clear my throat?"

He was relieved for a few minutes, but the choking sensation returned and weakened him greatly.

"Say good-by to the people—" he began again, but did not finish the sentence. It was as if he were silently reassuring himself, in spite of his fast-failing strength, that he must win in the struggle for life. The hospital surgeons probed for the bullet but could not find it. An X-ray photograph showed that the bullet had split in two, one fragment lodging near the point of entrance, and one on the floor of the mouth near the angle of the jaw.

Gallagher was a night watchman in the employ of the city Department of Docks and Ferries. He was discharged three weeks ago for repeated failures to punch the record in the time-clock that registers the watchman's rounds. Gallagher wrote to Mayor Gaynor several times, asking to be put to work again, but failed of reinstatement, and then he began to visit the City Hall and insist that he must see the Mayor. He was excluded. The revolver with which he committed the crime was one he had carried as watchman. At police headquarters he said: "I shot the Mayor because he was responsible for the loss of my job. He took my bread and butter from me—not porterhouse steak, mind you—and when I saw him going off to Europe on vacation that irritated me and I shot him."

Mayor Gaynor's Career

William J. Gaynor was born in 1851, of Irish ancestry, on a farm owned by his father at Oriskany, near Whitestown, Oneida County, New York. He was educated at the Whitestown Seminary and later in Boston. In the New England capital he taught for a time in the public schools. Afterward he settled in Utica, New York, and took up the study of law in the office of Ward Hunt. In 1873, when he was twenty-four years old, he moved to Flatbush, Long Island, and worked for several years as a newspaper reporter, at the same time continuing his law studies. About this time he began to do things. He found a condition of extraordinary political corruption in the Long Island town. Flatbush had forty saloons, but only one saloon license. Gaynor procured evidence concerning these conditions, had the saloon-keepers arrested, and compelled them to obey the law. He then determined upon a campaign for the election of honest public officers. He made known his plans for reform and proceeded to expose the bosses. Both of the local political machines united in opposition to him, yet, in spite of this fact, his reform ticket was elected by a large majority, and he himself was made police commissioner.

In 1883 Gaynor moved to Brooklyn. At that time Brooklyn was completely under the thumb of Boss Hugh McLaughlin, who had held sway over the city for many years. Gaynor determined upon a plan to compass McLaughlin's downfall, and four years after he had taken up his residence in the city his opportunity came. In 1886 the city of Brooklyn annexed the town of New Lots. In this town was a concern known as the Long Island Water Supply Company. McLaughlin and his cronies purchased the company, through the aid of dummies, for $185,000 and got the city of Brooklyn to buy it for $1,500,000. Gaynor vigorously denounced the deal and endeavored to secure the co-operation of some taxpayer whom he might employ as plaintiff in a suit to circumvent the swindle. He succeeded in enlisting the aid of a former client, and the resulting suit ended in the defeat of the swindle and brought dismay to McLaughlin and the ring. Gaynor paid the entire costs of this suit—almost $15,000—out of his own pocket.

Gaynor's most celebrated exploit, prior to his election as Mayor of New York, was his campaign against John Y. McKane, the corrupt and insolent boss of Gravesend. Gaynor was nominated for the Supreme Court bench in 1893, and throughout this campaign he bitterly denounced McKane as a grafter and ruffian. On election day he had watchers stationed in McKane's districts. They were attacked and ejected. After his election as justice, Gaynor began a rigorous and unsparing investigation of McKane and his methods, and finally secured his conviction for election frauds, sending the boss to prison for seven years.

This fight brought Judge Gaynor national renown. His subsequent career on the bench was characterized by the independence of his decisions and the pungent frankness of his declarations. His term on the Supreme Court bench extended from 1893 to 1907, and in 1907 he was again elected for a term which would have lasted until 1921. He resigned from the bench, however, in 1909, to accept the Democratic nomination for Mayor of New York. He was elected last November by a plurality of 73,074, defeating William Randolph Hearst and Otto T. Bannard.

His administration of the office of Mayor was marked from the start by conspicuous and striking vigor, independence, and initiative. He set to work at once upon the task of renovating and vitalizing the important branches of the city government, devoting especial attention to the Police Department. He interested, amused, and won the respect of the city and the nation by his energetic and fearless innovations, his quaint and naïve humor, his quotations from Epictetus and other philosophers, and his general unexpectedness and originality of procedure. Within the seven months of his administration he had accomplished substantial and far-reaching reforms. Large savings had been made in the administration of the city's business, and intelligent economies instituted, while bullying and grafting had been made dangerous practices in the Police Department.

All in all, he had impressed himself upon the imagination of the public as a singularly competent and resourceful executive, and as one of the most efficient mayors New York has ever had.

Mayor Gaynor taking a stroll with his dogs near his country place at St. James

Tributes to Mark Twain

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"Mark Twain gave pleasure—real intellectual enjoyment—to millions, and his works will continue to give such pleasure to millions yet to come. He never wrote a line that a father could not read to a daughter. His humor was American, but he was nearly as much appreciated by Englishmen and people of other countries as by his own countrymen. He has made an enduring part of American literature."

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"It is with sincere grief that I learned of the death of this great American author. His position, like that of Joel Chandler Harris, was unique, not only in American letters, but in the literature of the world.

"He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher, and his writings form one of the assets in America's contributions to the world of achievement, of which we have a right as a nation to be genuinely proud."

President WOODROW WILSON:
"All the world knows that in Mark Twain it has lost a delightful humorist, a man able to interpret human life with a flavor all his own; but only those who had the privilege of knowing him personally can feel to the full the loss of a man of high and lovely character, a friend quick to excite and give affection; a citizen of the world who loved every wholesome adventure of the mind or heart; an American who spoke much of the spirit of America in speaking his native thoughts."

DR. VAN DYKE:
"Those who know the story of his friendships and his family life know that he was one who 'loved much' and faithfully, even unto the end. Those who know his work as a whole know that under the lambent and irrepressible humor which was his gift there was a foundation of serious thoughts and noble affections and desires."

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE:
"He was personally highly esteemed and much beloved, a man of letters with a very genuine gift of humor and of serious thought as well."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY:
"The world has lost not only a genius, but a man of striking character, of influence, and of boundless resources. He knew the human heart and he was sincere. He knew children, and this knowledge made him tender."

BOOTH TARKINGTON:
"He seemed to me the greatest prose writer we had, and beyond that a great man. His death is a national loss, but we have the consolation that he and his genius belonged to and were of us."

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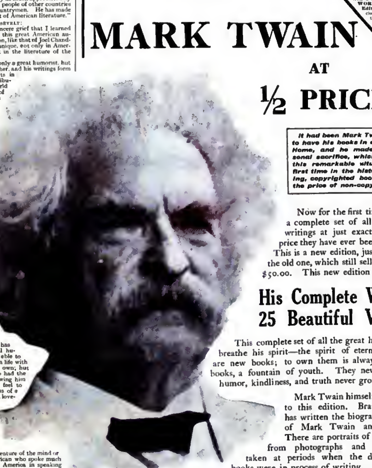

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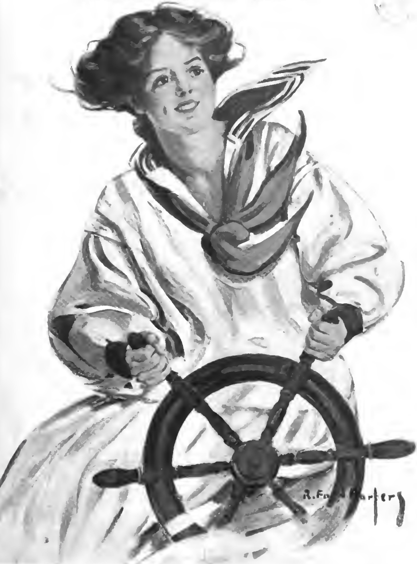
HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



August 20 1910 **HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.** **Price 10 Cents**

"The Hon. Thelismer Thornton is as racy a native in his way as Hosea Biglow or David Harum."
—New York Evening Post.

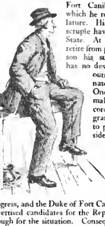
THE RAMRODDERS

A New Novel by HOLMAN DAY

Author of "King Spruce," "The Eagle Badge," etc.

[*This review of THE RAMRODDERS appeared in the New York Evening Post, July 23, 1910.*]

STORIES of American politics commonly suffer from too much intention. It is over-clear what the author is driving at in the way of partisan or moral effectiveness. Yankee politics has seemed to afford a particularly uncertain foothold to the novelist. Either seductions of dialect and local color have proved too strong, or the imagination has been insufficiently stirred by the public scene. **Twice of late, however, with "Mr. Crewe's Career" and "The Ramrodders," a really vigorous narrative has emerged from the vague limbo** in which float the materials of the historical story-teller's art. Mr. Churchill's theme was the corrupt dominance of a government by a corporation; Mr. Day's is its dominance by an insincere tradition. The name of the State involved is nowhere mentioned in the course of the story, but that is not because the author feared to acknowledge his locus. This kind of anonymity, formal as it may be, serves to enhance the suggestion of a wider meaning in the parable. However, the "color" is unmistakable. **The Hon. Thelismer Thornton is as racy a native in his way as Hosea Biglow or David Harum.** His fund of rustic parables is inexhaustible, and no contretemps is too serious to be hit off, Lincoln-wise, with some analogy from "up our way." Thornton has been known for many years as the "Duke of Fort Canibas"—an up-State district which he represents in the State Legislature. His adroitness and lack of scruple have made him a power in the State. At eighty-five he determines to retire from politics, and to make a grandson his successor. Harlan Thornton has no desire to enter politics, and is outraged to find himself nominated by an unscrupulous trick. Once in the game, however, he makes up his mind to play it according to his own rules, not his grandfather's—to play fair, and to put himself on the honorable side of every issue. Thornton, Senior, has no such intention. He believes that his grandson will be very quickly shaken down from his untenable heights by contact with practical politics. A reform agitation is in progress, and the Duke of Fort Canibas feels that neither of the advertised candidates for the Republican nomination is strong enough for the situation. Consequently, he persuades a contemporary of his own, an ex-Governor, to stand for the nomination—believing that he will stand by the party machine in the Governor's chair. Young Thornton comes out of the fight a strong man. There are, of course, two girls in his case, but they are neither of them conventional, and the "love-interest" is not too obviously lugged into a story of unusual force.



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HARPER & BROTHERS

Harper's Magazine

FOR SEPTEMBER

8 Complete Short Stories

The September number of HARPER'S is quite as rich in its fiction as the great August fiction number. Among the authors who contribute short stories are, JOSEPH CONRAD, H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON, MARY HEATON VORSE, MARGARET CAMERON, MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY, and NORMAN DUNCAN.

Mr. Howells' Memories of Mark Twain

No one living is so well equipped to write of Mark Twain, the man, the humorist, and the friend, as WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, who contributes the most delightful of his reminiscent papers to the September HARPER'S.

Naples and the Lotto

MARIE VAN VORST writes of the beautiful Italian city and of the famous lottery in which centre the hopes and fears of so many of her people.

A Port of All the World

GEORGE HARDING, the artist, writes picturesquely of the cosmopolitan port of old Philadelphia, where tramp steamers from every strange corner of the world congregate and the peoples of many races foregather. Mr. HARDING has illustrated the article profusely with his own drawings.

The Microbe as a Social Reformer

An important and intensely interesting article showing what has been accomplished in sociological progress by the men who are working in the health departments of our great cities. An article of practical value.

A September Day at the Seashore

H. J. SHANNON writes of the curious forms of animal life observed in a single day at the seashore. His article is fully illustrated with many unusual microscopic drawings by the author.

A Few Words of Appreciation

From an Arkansas Subscriber:

"I have seen many letters of distinguished people who have written their appreciation of your magazine, but none from one of the great middle class of the people. I am a bookkeeper with a small family in a city of about 4,000 inhabitants, and, as one of the middle class, I want to express to you the high regard I have for your publications. From month to month we look forward with great anticipation to the coming of HARPER'S MONTHLY. The best in romance, the latest events in the scientific world, the most graphic descriptions of places worth knowing and seeing come to us every month in the pages of the magazine. It is an education for the mind and an inspiration to higher thinking and living."

A Subscriber in Williamsport, Pa., writes:

"Your celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of HARPER'S recalls my purchasing the initial number in May, 1850, while a student at college. I have it without a single number missing since then. Although sixty years old, it is ever new. What a library in itself!"

From a Lawyer in Minneapolis:

"I subscribed to the magazine because I wished to get 'The Wild Olive,' having read 'The Inner Shrine.' Now, however, I find that I enjoy the other parts of the magazine as much. I am a very busy man, but HARPER'S does not remain long unread."

From a Subscriber in Junction City, Colorado:

"I write this letter for no other purpose than to express my appreciation of your splendid magazine for the past year——. I cannot make my phrases too strong. HARPER'S has been to me a real addition to the wholesome enjoyment of life, and I speak of it to my friends as, without qualification, the 'best' magazine published."

From a Subscriber in Fremont, Nebraska, in reply to a letter in regard to renewing her subscription:

"There is only a waste of a 2-cent stamp in sending me this letter—as I shall always take HARPER'S as long as I live. I have bound copies of it in the sixties, and one magazine of 1850 that was my mother's."

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LIV · New York, August 20, 1910 · No. 2800

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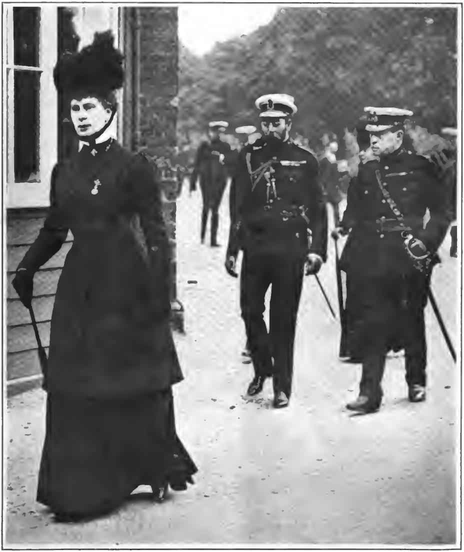

ENGLAND'S NEW SOVEREIGNS AT CLOSE RANGE

One of the first public appearances made by King George and Queen Mary since the funeral of Edward VII. was on a recent occasion when their Majesties inspected the quarters of the Nineteenth Hussars

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIV No. 2800

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 20, 1910

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Comment

Mayor Gaynor

As the WEEKLY goes to press, Mayor GAYNOR'S symptoms and condition seem to be favorable in all particulars, and there is sound basis to hope that he will make a rapid recovery. Not only here, but all over the country, there is a very lively desire to see him go through with the task that he has put his hand to. In the course of seven months he has shown himself an administrator from whom things altogether out of common may be hoped for. In his efforts to give good government to New York he has won the support of everybody who wants good government in American cities. We all deplore the monstrous attack upon his person. We all grudge the diversion of his physical strength from our work to the task of recovery from a bullet wound. We all hope earnestly for the early restoration of his health and energies, so that he may go on with the labors in which he has made, in so short a time, such signal progress.

The New Indian Scandal

In the matter of the investigation, started by Senator GORE, of the scheme to get several million dollars from certain of our Indian wards in the shape of attorneys' fees for the sale of their lands, we adhere to our usual view—that such cases had better not be decided until they are tried. It is clear, however, that Senator GORE was justified in asking for an investigation. Unquestionably there was something to investigate, and there will be no excuse for a failure to investigate it thoroughly, going as deep and as high as may be necessary. Unhappily the history of our wardship of the Indians affords no presumption that things are as they should be. Things have too often and too long been atrociously other than they should be. There is something peculiarly humiliating to us all in the plaintive testimony of one of the Indians themselves that they feel it necessary to pay fees to secure what the laws of the nation guarantee them, and to obtain which no attorney's services ought to be necessary at all.

At the same time it is but justice to hold the Vice-President of the United States free from suspicion, even though his name has been involved, until something in the nature of real evidence against him has been produced. The one statement of a would-be briber that he was "interested" is no evidence at all. We are glad to observe a disposition on the part of the press of the country to make no more of it than it is, and to resist whatever temptation to cheap sensationalism there may be in the incident.

A Lower Tariff and More Revenue?

Some fault is found by critical newspapers with the Treasury statement about the first year's operation of the PAYNE tariff law. The *Times* in particular finds the statement misleading because, although true as far as it goes, it does not give the whole truth, and by an unguarded way of presenting the figures makes too good a showing for the new law as a revenue-raiser. Thus the impression created that the customs receipts during the year just passed considerably exceeded those of the banner fiscal year under the old law, 1907, is, according to the *Times*, incorrect. The excess was really slight, and but for the more thorough collections now in vogue, particularly at New York, there would have been no excess at all; the receipts would, on the contrary, have fallen short of the 1907 record.

The *Times* may be right, but what strikes us is the eagerness of high-protectionists to have people believe that the tariff has been revised downward, and that nevertheless it is producing more revenue since the reduction. There is something in this double contention that the Home Market Club needs to look after; something that sounds like treason. Have we not been told again and again, when certain duties were assailed, that we had to keep them high because we needed the money? Was not the orthodox high-protectionist explanation of the depression of the nineties merely that the blundering Democrats had lowered the tariff, and revenues had fallen off in consequence! And was not raising the tariff the remedy applied? And did we not get more revenue, and prosper? Of course a fool reformer might suggest that we got more revenue because we were beginning to prosper and do more business—not *vice versa*. A fool reformer may even say that that is what is happening now. A fool reformer is capable of saying anything. But this notion that lowering the tariff, and not raising it, is the way to make a good Treasury balance, is dangerous. Somebody has blundered, and if the figures continue favorable it may be necessary to prove that, after all, it was a revision upward, not downward. But we hardly expect to see that line of reasoning adopted until after election.

The North Carolina Republicans

The Republicans have not been having an easy time with their platform-building this summer. When the document adopted has done anything but point with pride to everything Republican and view with alarm everything Democratic, it has usually cost a fight; and when a fight has been avoided the document agreed upon has usually been unedifying as well as innocuous. Taken together, the lot so far put before the country make a decidedly ineffective presentation of Republican doctrine.

We are glad to find an exception, and glad to find it coming out of that Republican Nazareth, the South. The Republicans of North Carolina, which from the Republican point of view is the most hopeful of all the Southern States, have had a big fight in their primaries. The issue was pie-counter and anti-pie-counter, and the pie-counter forces were completely routed. The men who for years have been naming all the Federal officials and choosing the delegations to national conventions were thrown out of power, and a different set of men, bent on building up a different sort of party, were put in their places. Here is the significant plank of the platform they have adopted, and which they call their declaration of independence:

> The Republican party of North Carolina, a party made up of men who love the South and love North Carolina, a party which in the election of two years ago cast one hundred and fourteen thousand votes, electing three representatives in Congress and carrying five Congress districts for its electoral ticket, utterly and emphatically repudiates that notion of its character and function which would make of it a mere machine for distributing Federal offices and electing delegates to national conventions. We proclaim ourselves a true party, and no machine. We need no dictator, and will submit to no dictation. We demand of our national leaders and managers the same treatment they would accord to a Republican organization of the same strength in any Northern State. We invite our fellow Republicans of other Southern States to join with us in this stand.

A Hopeful Movement

We trust the "fellow Republicans" addressed will accept the invitation. For the stand here taken is beyond question the right stand for Southern Republicans to take. For years there has been talk of making the party in that quarter, as the saying is, "respectable." The North Carolinians have taken the only effective means to that end. They have determined to respect themselves, and that is the only way to make themselves respected—either at home or at Washington.

But it is not alone the Southern Republicans themselves who will profit by this manliness. Their party as a whole is greatly in need of the purification which is thus demanded. It is high time an end was made of the open scandal of the manipulation of Southern delegations in its great conventions. The South also has everything to gain by the rising up of a strong and sincere opposition to the too easy dominance of one party in all its affairs. Southern Democracy is likely to gain character from any improvement in the character of Southern Republicanism. The whole country may well be glad of anything that promises an end of that patent anachronism—the Solid South.

Liberia

The reported attitude of France toward our move to help Liberia makes an interesting commentary on recent discussions of the duty of the big and competent nations to the weak and incompetent. Liberia, even according to the friendliest of its critics, is one of the best instances extant of a state that cannot properly take care of itself. This country, as being responsible for Liberia's existence, feels that it ought to make an effort to get the unsuccessful republic out of debt and set it on its feet and continue to watch over it in some fashion until it shows some signs of ability to manage its affairs satisfactorily. The plan suggested includes the raising of a loan by American capitalists and the turning over of the Liberian customs and other taxes to officials appointed by our government, who shall see that the black republic's creditors get their pay, and also that Liberia is not defrauded by its own officials and citizens. This is practically the same plan which, as applied by the ROOSEVELT administration to another recalcitrant small power in the West Indies, had, according to Colonel ROOSEVELT'S own account of it, such ideal results.

Nevertheless, the French press, and M. PAUL DESCHANEL, president of the Commission on Foreign Affairs in the Chamber of Deputies, have vigorously protested against the proposed benevolent intervention. They suspect us of designs in the Eastern Hemisphere such as our own MONROE doctrine would forbid any European power to attempt in the Western. In other words, they do not take our benevolence at its face value.

This time, as it happens, we think they are wrong. This country has no predaceous designs on any part of Africa. The move to help Liberia is, in fact, mainly benevolent and altruistic. If any less worthy motives mingle in it, they have their origin in our domestic politics, not in dreams of expansion or aggrandizement abroad. But what the incident again shows most plainly is the world's need of some plan and establishment for dealing judicially with all such cases—an international supreme court. Not idealism and Utopianism, but an ever-growing and very real sense of a practical need, may yet bring us to that consummation.

Spain and the Vatican

Constitutional government in Turkey and Persia may have done something to prepare us for toleration and liberalism in religious matters in Spain, but anybody at all fresh from his PRESCOTT and his MOTLEY is bound to find the Spanish news nowadays decidedly interesting reading. The young King of Spain may not be a particularly wise and great sovereign. The little yet generally known of him creates the impression of a pleasant, well-mannered, good-natured young fellow of moderate parts, rather than the sort of prince MAURICE of Nassau was, or his father, WILLIAM the Silent. Quite probably ALFONSO has never thought of himself as a champion of religious freedom, such as those two enemies of his ancestor, PHILIP the Second, proved themselves to be. But even as he is, the contrast between him and that same ancestor as MOTLEY painted him is striking enough—and sufficiently to the advantage of the present age. If ever human being represented completely a single dominating motive, that human being was PHILIP, and that motive was religious bigotry. How far he alone was responsible for the strange prevalence of that same motive and passion among his people also it were hard to say. Perhaps there has been something in the Spanish character or temper that accounts for the course of both sovereign and people. But can any unbiassed mind doubt that religious bigotry has for centuries held Spain back while the rest of western Europe has advanced in all the ways of intellectual and material progress? Or can any unbiassed mind question the benefit to Spain of a more candid and liberal way with all sorts of religious views? Can any one who has watched the history of liberalism in other lands even doubt that the Roman faith will itself derive incalculable benefits from opening the field to other Christian creeds? That its support will become more real, more virile, more ardent, more effective in good works? To Catholics disposed to be gloomy over the position taken by the Spanish Cabinet and the Spanish King we venture to commend for consideration recent statistics concerning the strength of Catholic churches in these free United States of America.

A Coming Leader?

From more than one highly respectable source have come predictions that if Aldrich is to have a successor in the leadership of the Senate—that is to say, if the Aldrich kind of leadership is to continue in that body—Senator Crane of Massachusetts is the man who will succeed to the place. Naturally, one looks about for some of the speeches of the junior Senator from Massachusetts to find what sort of views he holds, but enlightenment from that source is not forthcoming. To paraphrase Mr. Dooley, Senator Crane's speeches are very interesting; there are none. Senator Aldrich speaks frequently, though seldom at much length; but nobody fancies he leads by oratory. Senator Crane does not make speeches at all; yet it is generally conceded that next to Aldrich he accomplishes more than any other Senator in the matter of getting votes together and getting things done—also in the matter of keeping things from being done. Like Aldrich, he got his training in business, and lacks entirely the equipment of scholarship and eloquence which was long thought essential to parliamentary eminence. He has, instead, a pleasing personality, a gift for getting on with all sorts of men, a gift for compromise, a gift for combinations. The irreverent call him "pussy-footed," the admiring make it tactful. Quite possibly he is a patriot and a statesman who, if he shall really become leader of the Senate, will promote good measures; but inasmuch as this is a democracy, it is desirable that public servants should be better known to the public, preferably by public speech, than Senator Crane is or is ever likely to be. The Missouri motto applies. It may be all right, but show us!

Mr. Carlisle

Part of the cost of Bryanism, and all that sorrow, has been that it drove out of political life such a man as John G. Carlisle. Mr. Carlisle was a bimetallist but never a free-silverite. What he hoped for in the years when silver was an issue was bimetallism by international agreement. When that failed he took part as Secretary of the Treasury in Cleveland's struggle to maintain the gold standard. In 1896 he bolted Bryan and spoke and voted for Palmer and Buckner. After that there was no political future for him in Kentucky—or, indeed, anywhere else—and cast out of politics by his indignant neighbors he came to New York and set himself to make a living by the practice of law. In that he succeeded very well, but it was too small a game for a man of his powers, spirit, and long training in politics and statecraft.

In all the notices of Mr. Carlisle one thing that has been dwelt on is the luminousness of his mind. It lighted up whatever it dwelt upon. Intellectually he was a very wonderful person. One reads of Joe Blackburn, his neighbor, grumbling that Carlisle was entitled to little credit for what he was because he was born so. "He knows," said Blackburn, "about four times as much as I do, and it has all come to him without an effort, whereas the little I know I have worked hard for." Carlisle worked hard too, but it came easy to him because he was by nature a student. It has often been said that he would have made a great chief justice—the greatest, perhaps, since Marshall. George F. Parker, a good authority, says that Cleveland offered him the Chief-Justiceship that later went to Fuller, and that he declined it, Cleveland acquiescing, possibly in the hope that Carlisle would succeed him in the Presidency.

Mr. Carlisle's greatest service, as things turned out, was given as Speaker of the House. He held that great post from 1883 to 1889, and discharged its duties with profound ability, acceptably to every one, leaving a record as a parliamentarian of the very first rank. He left the House to take the seat in the Senate that was left vacant by the death of Senator Beck, and left the Senate after three years' service to be Secretary of the Treasury for Mr. Cleveland in his second term. Possibly if he had stayed in the Senate, where he would always have been a great figure, he might have kept his hold on his constituents, and have done something to prevent the Democratic party from wandering off into the free-silver wilderness with the Nebraska Moses. If any one could have held back the party from that fatuity, he might have done it, but it is not probable that it could have been done. It would have been something, though, to have spared Kentucky the memory that she cast out such a man because he saw clearer than his constituents, and refused either to lead them into the ditch or to fall into it with them under the leadership of another.

Raising the "Maine"

The plans for raising the *Maine* are all interesting. The money voted for that purpose seems likely to minister more to the entertainment of the American people than any sum spent for naval or military purposes in the present century. The problem of fetching that vessel to the surface is itself interesting, and the ship will be a centre of excitement when raised. The newspapers and press associations could have afforded to raise the *Maine* for the news there is in it.

A Substitute for War

Very few contemporary writers put as much reading in a page as Professor William James. That is not because he writes a small hand, but because the proportion of ideas to language is so high in his discourses. In the August *McClure's* he talks about the long-standing human habit of war, its origin, and the good and bad of it, and discusses the expediency and possibility of breaking it up.

He agrees that "the martial virtues, although originally gained by the race through war, are absolute and permanent human goods." If we dispense with war, as he hopes some time we may, we must find and use other means to cultivate and preserve those virtues. The uneven distribution of tasks and rewards in life suggests to him that the martial virtues might be preserved and injustice evened out, "if there were, instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against *nature*." Thus, he thinks,

> the military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fibre of the people, and no one would remain blind as the luxurious classes now are blind to man's real relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently solid and hard foundations of his higher life. To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers would our gilded youths be drafted off according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas.

That would be nice. And pending the draft we are entitled to recall that by all the processes above enumerated great numbers of men are being shaped and hardened all the time in time of peace. There is even now a wise fashion of putting some of the semi-educated youths from the colleges into mills and factories to learn the fundamentals of manufacturing, with good results often to their knowledge of human relations and their sympathies. We recall an instance of a likely Eastern young man who lived several years as a ranchman in Wyoming, with interesting results in development. And there is sport—football, rowing, baseball, polo, fox-hunting—which is thought to be favorable to the development of the martial virtues, not to speak of sociology and politics, which more and more invite young men of spirit and some leisure, who realize instinctively that character and development must be earned at hard labor, and are impatient of too much feeding on unearned food.

The important changes come to society by natural and compulsory processes. When war goes, it will go because civilization has crowded it out. Dr. James's interesting suggestion of drafting the gilded young to hard labor is hardly likely to be realized in compulsory statutes, but there is growing a disposition to prefer some kind of public service to ease, and there is good hope for the extension of that, because ambitious young men easily see that without hard service and discipline they cannot come to full growth.

Luxuries Crowd Necessaries

Sheriffs in Kansas report seizures of motor-cars to pay bills due to grocers. One sheriff, Mr. Ross of Jackson County, says he has always on hand six or eight motor-cars attached by drygoods men or grocers suing to recover moneys due, but that he never has to take them on repair bills or for tires.

These are interesting notes from real life. Our Kansas friends are doubtless learning by experience that while one may sometimes choose on a moderate income whether to have the luxuries of life or the necessaries, it takes something like a real outfit of money to have both. They have been trying to have both on too small an income. They must learn to get along with fewer clothes and less food. Perhaps, after all, one mission of the automobile is to teach economy to Americans.

A British Academy?

The talk of a British Academy, to be comparable to the French Academy, is interesting. So was the project of an American Academy, launched some time ago with an imposing array of names of celebrities in art and letters. Undoubtedly both England and this country stand in need of some such authority in respect of literature and art as the French Academy exercises in France. Matthew Arnold long ago pointed out the need, and praised the French for that respect for established standards which the Academy has done so much to inculcate. But the men interested in the new British Association have hastened to disclaim any attempt to equal or imitate the great French model, and to proclaim their enterprise much more modest and tentative. Neither do we seem to be hearing very much of the American institution. The truth is that the French genius lends itself to such assembling and organizing of talents; the English does not, and neither apparently does the American. French literature presents itself to the student as a reasonably logical and orderly development from its beginnings. English literature does not. There is a series of detached figures and small groups. "Schools" are wanting. The greatest writers of all seem to be those who stand most conspicuously alone—gigantic mountains, not to be associated with any range or system.

A Narrow Policy for a Broad State

Believing it to be a bad experiment for any State to put a prohibition clause into its Constitution, we record with regret that the Democratic voters in Texas, in their primaries the other day, gave a majority for such an experiment. That in the same primaries they nominated for Governor Mr. Colquitt, who is opposed to prohibition, is explained by the report that the prohibition vote for Governor was divided between Johnson and Poindexter, who ran second and third. If Texans must try State prohibition they must, and of course they will. But they have still two months to decide whether to confirm on election day the intention registered at the primaries. State prohibition seems a narrow policy for so broad a State as Texas. It is neither sound in principle nor satisfactory in application.

Greedy Contingencies

> Mayor Gaynor of New York will spend a vacation of thirty days as follows: One week crossing the Atlantic, two weeks on the other side, one week coming back, two days for contingencies.—*Springfield Republican, August 9th.*

Let us hope the two days allowed for contingencies may not more than eat up the rest of the thirty.

College Memorials

A protest signed by members of the faculty and others has been sent to President Schurman of Cornell against the erection on the Cornell campus of a memorial to a young graduate, whose chief claim to special commemoration seems to have been that he died young. The objection is that the memorial is out of proportion to the importance of the person it commemorates. That happens sometimes, and is likely to happen often in the colleges as time goes on. Any college will gladly receive a substantial gift, an endowment, or a building in memory of any one whom the donor designates, but memorials which, without benefiting the institution, cause it to confer distinction belong in a different class, and very careful discrimination should go to the acceptance of them. Suitable places where memorial tablets can be placed, much as such tablets used to be set up in English churches, are likely to be provided some time in our colleges. There is a need of them, and in time they would grow to be very interesting. When the life of a promising youth ends so soon after leaving college that his college record is the most tangible record he leaves, the wish to keep his name recorded and visible in the place where it was best known is a natural desire, which it should be possible to accomplish with propriety.

Flyers

We read in the paper that it takes a month to learn to fly, and costs a thousand dollars; and that aeroplanes cost from $2,500 to $5,000. The same paper tells of a day in Wall Street so dull that at times the brokers sat on the floor and told stories. Flyers seem now to be taken in the empyrean, and not, as formerly, in the Street.

use of poison—thanks to the mutual agreement of those great nations that control the international affairs of the world.

The regulation of the means and manner of the conduct of war is now determined, not by individual commanders nor single states, but by international conferences and agreements. Such conferences are dominated by the great military powers, and whatever agreement the delegates of these nations determine upon, the minor states of the world must, perforce, accept. In the future, as in all past international conferences, no agreements will ever be reached that, lessening the combative ability of the controlling powers, will, at the same time, increase that of minor nations. Yet the admission by international agreement of aerial craft as a combative agency in warfare would diminish the military power of the great nations in inverse ratio as it increased the military capacity of minor states. This apparently anomalous condition is determined by two principles:

1. There are but three objects to be attained in war: the destruction of the enemy's forces; the destruction or control of his resources; and the destruction or seizure of his government. Battles are fought only to this end.

2. The use of aeroplanes as destructive agents withdraws from the great powers the advantages they now possess in war over minor states due to greater wealth, armament, and population.

In a war, at present, armies are able to protect a portion of their territory for a longer or shorter period of time by contesting the frontiers. Armies must move by roads that are defined and known to both combatants, while the navy of a nation, moving about on a single plane, is able also to a greater or less degree to prevent the ruin of war from falling upon those portions of the nation whence it draws its resources, and the greater the wealth of a nation and the more complex its industries and civilization, the more does the destruction or threatened destruction of these affect its capacity to wage war.

But to the aeroplane there are no frontiers, no roads that they must travel over, nor passes nor bridges; nor, like ships of war upon the sea, are they limited to one plane. The ways of the air are, relatively, as numerous to them as the width of their craft, and their vertical planes to the height of their flight. In this manner, the entire population of a nation, together with their means of subsistence and their habitations, are brought into the theatre of combat, and that which now constitutes the power of the great nations goes for naught.

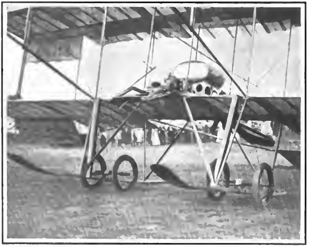
Should aeroplanes ever be used as engines of war, we would be obliged to reverse military conditions and accept three new principles of war:

First, a state composed principally of rural communities would possess, irrespective of its wealth or population, proportionately greater military potentiality than a nation whose wealth and population were concentrated in towns and cities. As we have said before, the three objects of war are to destroy or possess the enemy's army, resources, and government; the destruction of his army being only necessary in order that the resources and government might be gained, for the seizure of these latter two elements, and not the first, is the purpose of war.

To illustrate this principle, the late war between Spain and the Moroccan tribesmen affords an example. While fleets of Spanish aeroplanes were being directed against the tribesmen, careering about over the desert or congregated in small widely separated habitations—the annihilation of half of whom would have no effect on the other half—the Moroccan aeroplanes have fixed objectives, viz., those immovable political, strategic, and economic centres—Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, etc., which, destroyed, would so disrupt the Spanish Government that it could not prosecute the war, nor could it with its airships retaliate upon a people whose political and economic conditions of national life were not concentrated and the component parts of which were self-dependent, politically as well as economically.

The second principle is that a nation whose economic and political needs are relatively primitive is more capable of making use of the aeroplane and better adapted to such a war than a nation whose form of government and civilization is complex. As an illustration of this, a war between Mexico and the United States affords an example. So complex is the economic condition of the United States that there is not to be found an important community in this republic that is self-sustaining. Once the centres of control and distribution are destroyed, with further destruction of lesser centres, the republic falls into chaos, and all military coherence would be rendered impossible, and any successful prosecution of the conflict would come to an end in the turmoil of internal disorders.

On the other hand, if the principal cities of Mexico were destroyed it would have relatively far less effect upon the nation, owing to the simplicity of the economic wants of the people as a whole and the self-dependence of separate communities.



Harmon's aeroplane at close range, showing the "bomb tubes" through which the projectiles were dropped

The third principle is that the probabilities of victory in a conflict between an established power and an unorganized government or revolution are reversed. The burden of conflict would then rest, not with the revolutionists, as is now the case, but with the government. Once this apparently anomalous condition is made possible, there can exist no security for established government wherever discontent is possible among the people.

The consideration of a Polish revolution against Germany illustrates graphically this principle. From concealed bases the political, economic, and military centres of the empire would be subject to attack and capable only of aeroplane defence, which, as we have said before, is an impossible defence, since the aeroplane is restricted to no defined avenues and possesses vertical as well as horizontal freedom of movement. The German Government would be forced solely upon the defensive. No offensive movement could be made, regardless of the number of her aeroplanes. She could not lay waste Polish cities, for the Polish cities are her cities; their wealth her wealth, and a large proportion of the population loyal. The empire would have but one resource: the destruction of the revolutionary aeroplanes, an almost impossible task, for when mankind uses in his wars the highways of heaven, he leaves no wheel tracks behind him. The air-ships come and go and leave no spoor other than the dreadful death they drop down upon the city tops, alike upon the palace roofs of kings and the garret roofs of paupers. Their bases may be in the Carpathian Mountains, in the marshes of Pinsk, or in the gloom of some Polish wood, or in all of these and numerous other places. To discover and destroy these must cover a period of time, and when accomplished, entail upon the revolutionists no insignificant loss, postponing to another year the re-commencement of the unequal conflict.

We can, therefore, accept as established truths:

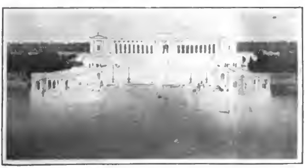
1. That the use of perfected aerial craft as destructive agents in warfare is incompatible with international control by those great nations that now determine the mode and means of international warfare.

2. That the use of perfected aerial craft in warfare is incompatible with the rule of the majority, in wealth, population, and physical power.

3. That the use of perfected aerial craft in warfare is incompatible with organized and stable governments.

4. That the governments of the world, in tentatively forbidding the use of aerial craft as a destructive agent in warfare, acted through the force of a natural law, and this prohibition will pass from the tentative to the absolute as aerial craft pass from the experimental to the perfected machine.

New York's Monument to Robert Fulton



The accepted design for the Robert Fulton memorial which will stand on the New York shore of the Hudson at 114th Street

WORK will soon be begun on the elaborate memorial to Robert Fulton, which is to stand on the New York shore of the Hudson River between 114th and 116th streets. The monument is to have the form of a water gate, at which distinguished foreign visitors can be received and which will serve a useful purpose on formal occasions involving pageants or ceremonies on the river.

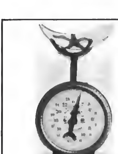
The winning design for the memorial, chosen out of sixty-two sets of plans anonymously submitted, is the creation of H. Van Buren Magonigle, to whom the first prize of $3,000 was awarded by the Robert Fulton Monument Association. The structure will extend 503 feet back from the shore and out into the river for 700 feet. A great landing pool for small craft is enclosed and sheltered north and south by Doric colonnades, the tops of which will be used as public recreation piers. Below and between these are also shaded piers. At the landward end of the upper piers are formal Italian gardens, backed by buttresses of solid stone. On the top of each buttress at the north and south ends of the monument are massive stone edifices.

The building on the north will be devoted to receiving foreign notables, while that on the south will contain a naval museum. The two buildings are to be joined by a high open peristyle in which a statue of Robert Fulton will stand. The whole structure, while of a severe simplicity, is of remarkable beauty, and it is expected that the $3,000,000 needed to erect it will be raised by popular subscription.

Cheating the Market Basket

THE DISCLOSURE OF THE AMAZING SYSTEM OF SHORT WEIGHTS AND FALSE MEASURES THROUGH WHICH NEW YORK HOUSEWIVES HAVE LONG BEEN SWINDLED BY RETAIL DEALERS

By William Inglis



A common cheating device. The scale has a "set" screw, ostensibly to take up the tare on some receptacle for the commodity sold; but the grocer has set it one pound ahead, though the balance is empty

It is not impossible that the crusade against dealers in false weights and short measures lately inaugurated by Mayor Gaynor in New York will result in a permanent improvement in conditions. The vigorous campaign waged under his direction by Clement J. Driscoll, Commissioner of Weights and Measures, has attracted momentary attention. Several tons of dishonest scales and short measures have been broken up and thrown into the sea. Perhaps an intelligent and watchful public sentiment will yet be aroused, and, if that should happen, the people themselves standing back of the officials striving to rescue them from fraud will save some millions of dollars a year. This is by no means certain, however; for there is nothing in the world quite so supine and apathetic as the New-Yorker in the process of being cheated or in any way oppressed. He not only fails to show indignation, but he actually laughs in his flabby, placid way at the efforts of those who combat the wrong. Nevertheless, as the amount of value stolen from the consumers by dishonest dealers runs up into such great figures, it is possible that the community will help to suppress this meanest kind of thievery.

Knavish distortion of weights and measures is one of the oldest forms of stealing known to man. Far back in the vague past the punishment was made to fit this crime, something with melted lead or boiling oil in it. But nowadays, so far as the city of New York is concerned, the cheating is reckoned a misdemeanor, and the penalty ranges from twenty-five to one hundred dollars fine for every offender, as well as the seizure and destruction of the deceitful apparatus. It is significant of the thoroughness with which the graft is pursued that a certain sort of scale highly recommended to grocers is guaranteed to pay for itself in a few months, although it costs twenty times more than the ordinary plain but honest scale.

For years during many administrations the Bureau of Weights and Measures dozed in its quarters at the City Hall, with very rare lapses into spasmodic activity. There were only nineteen inspectors, with small pay and little or no equipment. Mayor Gaynor put a hustling young man at the head of the bureau, got him an appropriation to work with, and demanded results. The results have come so thick and fast as to make a very sanguine person believe that possibly there may be a permanent improvement in the business morality of those who supply the community with things to eat and drink and wear.

The first public notice of what was being done was the accumulation of several tons of junk under the windows of the City Hall one Saturday morning. One thousand false scales and five thousand short measures were piled up on the Plaza as they were thrown out of the cellar in which the inspectors of the bureau had stored them after seizure. Reporters and photographers gathered and wondered. The stuff was loaded upon trucks, carried down to Pier A, and dumped on the police-boat *Patrol*, a fine large steamer, which carried it well down the Lower Bay, where it was cast into the sea.

It was a hideous collection of thievish devices which had been collected in many parts of the city, chiefly among the small retail shops and the stands and wagons of peddlers. One of the commonest things was a grocer's spring scale equipped with a set-screw at the back. Ostensibly this was to be used when the customer brought a plate for butter or any other delicate commodity. The plate was set in the scale-pan and the amount of its weight was neutralized by turning the screw until the pointer swung back to zero. Curiously, though, the grocers became so fond of twiddling the screw that they kept it turned even when there was no butter-plate to be weighed, and as a result the customer buying, say, seven pounds of sugar got it from the scale that registered one *full pound* before anything was put in it.

A "half-bushel" measure for selling potatoes, turnips, etc., was discovered in scores of shops and carried by many peddlers. This was handsomely woven of perfectly good rattan, and presented a neat, artistic exterior. To keep the contents out of danger from wet floors there was a thick protective ridge of rattan on the bottom of the basket. This robbed the interior of space. Then the bottom of the basket was thrust upward as if a giant had butted it. But neither of these fakes despoiled the customer sufficiently. The basket had a lining that sloped away at a sharp angle from the outside layer and did not reach within three inches of the punched-up bottom. This basket stole four quarts every time it was filled! No buyer of vegetables, apparently, guessed for a moment the fraud that was being perpetrated. Then there were hundreds of pails with long, thick obstructive nails driven through the sides above the bottom, so that they could not be filled all the way down.

The strawberry "quart" boxes captured by hundreds had false bottoms that made them twenty-three per cent. short of their honest holding capacity. Some of them had the false bottom bent upward like a capital A and had a solid support of paper stuffed beneath it to prevent any possibility of its being pressed down to honest shape and size.

A peddler's "quart" of strawberries. This measure is twenty-three per cent. short

Clement J. Driscoll, Commissioner of Weights and Measures, assembling a mound of false weights and measures outside the City Hall, in preparation for their destruction

But the dishonest small dealers were only a part of the offenders. Commissioner Driscoll found that several department stores made a habit of selling goods as two yards wide that really measured but sixty-eight inches. Other markings were equally false. The whole system of fraud was the outgrowth of sharp practice which, because of the sanction of many years' usage, became a "trade custom." The Commissioner sent to every dealer in New York City this letter:

"Gentlemen,—An examination by my inspectors discloses a practice among the dry-goods men in this city of putting on the market various dry-goods falsely labelled as to measurement. I am further advised that in many cases this does not originate with the wholesaler or the retailer, but with the manufacturer of the product. Under the law it is immaterial just where the practice originates, but it is material where it is discovered. I call your attention to Section 435 of the Consolidated Penal Laws, which reads as follows:

"'False Labels.—A person who with intent to defraud:

"'(1) Puts upon an article of merchandise, or upon a cask, bottle, stopper, vessel, case, cover, wrapper, package, band, ticket, label, or other thing, containing or covering such an article, or with which such an article is intended to be sold, or is sold, any false description or other indication of or respecting the kind, number, quantity, weight, or measure of such article, or any part thereof, or the place or country where it was manufactured or produced, or the quality or grade of any such article, if the quality or grade thereof is required by law to be marked, branded, or otherwise indicated on or with such article; or,

"'(2) Sells, or offers for sale, an article which, to his knowledge, is falsely described or indicated upon any such package, or vessel containing the same, or labelled thereupon, in any of the particulars specified; or,

"'(3) Sells or exposes for sale any goods in bulk to which no name or trademark shall be attached, and orally or otherwise represent that such goods are the manufacture or production of some other than the actual manufacturer or producer, in a case where the punishment for such offence is not specially provided for otherwise by statute, is guilty of a misdemeanor.'

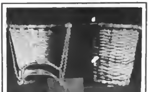
"I desire also to call your attention to Section 2,411 of the Penal Laws of this State:

"'Using False Weights and Measures.—A person who injures or defrauds another by using, with knowledge that the same is false, a false weight, measure, or other apparatus for determining the quantity of any commodity or article of merchandise, or by knowingly delivering less than the quantity he represents, is guilty of a misdemeanor.'

"Will you please have a representative of your firm at my office on Wednesday, July 6th? In the meantime I advise you that if you have any sheets, pillow-cases, towels, napkins, tablecloths, bedspreads, or other such dry-goods bearing labels describing them as a size other than their true size or measurement, to remove the labels at once.

"Yours truly,
Clement J. Driscoll,
Commissioner."

Up to the time Commissioner Driscoll began his warfare the custom of cheating consumers was so established by years of practice that it seemed to have taken on the permanence of a "vested right." Nothing could be more delicious than the honest surprise of the highly respectable dealers in provisions and all sorts of cloth fabrics when they were suddenly notified that they would have to quit cheating. Their unanimous reply was not unlike that of the busy fisherman when the kindly old lady interrupted him at his work and indignantly asked him if it didn't hurt the eels to be skinned alive.



The false bottom reduces the half-bushel measure by twenty-five per cent.

"Oh, no 'm, no 'm!" he cried. "Ye see, they're used to it."

And this is no jest, but the strict truth. When the highly respectable dealers were ordered to stop using false labels on their goods, they replied that they really couldn't stop because false labels were a "trade custom."

The wholesale provision dealers who had been selling deceitfully labelled parcels of meats for many years thought it would be a good thing to enlighten the Mayor about the wasted efforts of his new Commissioner of Weights and Measures. He was a bright and zealous young man, they declared, but the provision trade was so full of intricate devices and methods that he couldn't possibly understand them. The best thing that he could do would be to let the trade alone. The Mayor was not convinced. The Commissioner, he said, knew that sixteen ounces make a pound, and he was acting under orders in enforcing the law. The provision dealers had better obey the law, or something would happen. The dealers then turned their attention to the bright and zealous young man, and tried to persuade him that he was misguided.

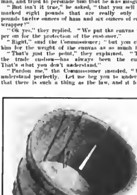
"But isn't it true," he asked, "that you sell hams marked eight pounds that are really only seven pounds twelve ounces of ham and six ounces of canvas wrapper?"

"Oh yes," they replied. "We put the canvas wrapper on for the protection of the customer."

"Right," said the Commissioner; "but you charge him for the weight of the canvas as so much ham."

"That's just the point," they explained. "That's the trade custom—has always been the custom. That's what you don't understand."

"Pardon me," the Commissioner smiled, "but I understand perfectly. Let me beg you to understand that there is such a thing as the law, and it forbids your trade custom. That law is going to be enforced. Custom or no custom, whoever violates it will be punished."



Vegetables were sold in this receptacle at so much a "pail." The long nails prevent the pail from being filled all the way down

The honest dealers were dumbfounded. How dared this upstart upset the ancient traditions? They would have their rights or know the reason why. There was some talk of writs of certiorari and mandamus. The more they talked the angrier they got. There were consultations, and the honest men were startled to learn that the Mayor and his Commissioner were actually in the right and that their virtuous and ancient graft was all wrong. Whereupon they convened and sent a pleasant letter to Commissioner Driscoll declaring that hereafter each ham will bear an accurate label showing that the ham weighs so many pounds, less the tare of five or six ounces, as the weight of the canvas wrapper may be.

Wholesale dry-goods men had their little "trade customs," as well as the others. They had followed from time immemorial the simple plan of marking linens, ribbons, laces, braids, muslins, etc., at lengths and widths greater than the actual measurements. They sent a committee to Commissioner Driscoll to explain to him kindly but firmly that he mustn't interfere with ancient and well-established practices.

"Call it what you like," Mr. Driscoll answered; "the man who first marked a sheet 72 by 90 inches when it measured less was a crook. Call it a 'trade custom' or what you choose; it is dishonest. The law clearly states that using false labels on goods is a misdemeanor. It's my business to enforce the law. A person convicted of misdemeanor may be sent to prison. I'm not going to prosecute little men and let big men alone. The law makes no distinction."

The presses are busy even now running off thousands of ingenious and accurate labels for all sorts of silk, linen, muslin, and woollen fabrics.

The butchers have been watched, too. For years it has been the habit of these bluff and hearty men to jab a roast of beef, mutton, or lamb so full of skewers that it looked like a porcupine. The skewers were strong and stout, of good, heavy wood, robust enough to couple cars together—and, of course, the skewers were weighed as part of the roast. They really were not needed until the roast was put into the oven; but it was a fine old "trade custom" to tuck them in and charge for them in the weight of the roast as so much good beef at sixteen or eighteen or twenty cents a pound. That custom is abolished now. Whether or not it will stay abolished depends on the customers. There are only twenty-one inspectors in the Bureau of Weights and Measures, and there are in New York City at least fifty thousand shops in which weights and measures are used; so that it is a physical impossibility for the inspectors to keep constant watch on one-tenth of them; but the Commissioner is eager to investigate well-founded complaints. If customers who are sure they are being cheated by tradesmen will lay the facts before the Commissioner, he will see to it that the guilty are punished. But will the consumers help, even to the extent of making a complaint? That is the most interesting part of the problem. The average man or woman will complain bitterly of fraud, but when it comes to such a departure from daily routine as to pay a brief call at Room 7 of the City Hall or to write a letter setting forth the facts in a case, the average citizen is likely to shirk.

One thousand false scales and five thousand measures were assembled outside the City Hall on July 16th. They were afterward broken up and thrown into the sea

Worse than that, there is apt to be sympathetic resistance on the part of the very people who are being robbed against the inspectors who are working in their behalf. In Harlem a few evenings ago there was a raid on peddlers using short weights. Deputy Commissioner McCoy found a set of weights that had been drilled like honeycombs and the holes filled with cork. A big crowd gathered.

A peddler with a local reputation as a bruiser grabbed McCoy by the arm and yelled: "Hey! Whatda you mean, you an' yer big badge, comin' round here interferin' wit' a guy makin' a honest livin'?"

The crowd pressed closer, growling, and seemed likely to rescue the peddler who had been cheating them. McCoy got a throat-hold on the bruiser, threw him into the department automobile, and an inspector dumped the peddler and his crooked scales after him. The automobile scurried away to the police station before the crowd quite got into action, but the feeling that animated it is a fair example of the sympathy many of the victims have for the cheats. They are not only used to being skinned alive, like the eels, but they rather like it. However, Police Commissioner Baker has bestowed power of arrest upon the inspectors; so that any one interfering with them in the discharge of their duty is very apt to repent as he nurses his contusions in a cold cell.

It would be interesting to tell something here about the personality of the Commissioner who has raised such a commotion among the honest business grafters, but at the time of writing he is on a journey to Toledo to have a few heart-to-heart talks with scale manufacturers, and to Chicago to examine the system of inspection in that great city. He is young and full of energy. He sees a chance to make a great record. So it is possible that he may induce the people to help him protect them from fraud.

The Hat-tip Trust

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE COIN YOU GIVE TO THE BOY WHO TAKES YOUR HAT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOTEL OR RESTAURANT DINING-ROOM

By Frederick L. Long

WHEN the parting guest leaves a big restaurant or a hotel dining-room he receives his hat and coat from a very polite and alert boy in the lobby who has guarded them with scrupulous fidelity. The lad surrenders the property with the virtuous air of one who calls heaven and earth to witness that he has stood ready to defend it with his life, if necessary. The parting guest gives the lad a tip—anything from a dime to a dollar, the size depending upon the state of the market, of his digestion, or of his temper. He knows that this particular tip is an imposition, because it is the duty of the innkeeper to guard the clothing of his guests without charge. The [illegible] to the waiter who serves the meal is a well-deserved [illegible] for unusual attention. Nevertheless, the guest, being an experienced American citizen well used to being [illegible] by all sorts of little tip highwaymen, [illegible] the hat-boy, hoping—if he gives the matter a thought—that the money will help the bright lad to support his widowed mother or to go through college, or something.

And therein is one great [illegible] on the guest. Every one of these coat-room tips goes [illegible] safe of the tip trust. The tip-trust? Yea, verily; [illegible]. The coat-room tip business is as highly organized as any of which the public is aware. With two or three exceptions, all the large hotels and restaurants in New York, for example, farm out the "coat-room privilege" to the hat-tip trust. This trust is embodied in an elusive, reticent little man with an office near the "Great White Way." He pays the innkeepers well for the privilege, hires the hat-boys, and pays their wages. They surrender all their tips to the trust's "captain."

But how can the trust be sure of getting all the money?

That is easy; he has no trouble at all. He may lose a few dimes a day on a boy, but the boy cannot keep it up. It is not half so easy beating this system as it is for a street-car conductor (on a car of the ordinary type) to "knock down" fares with his car full of spotters.

In the first place, the exploiter of tips furnishes the uniforms. He charges his employees only $2 a month for wearing them. They are made to his special order, and there is not a pocket in them. That fancy gold braid you see where pockets ought to be is only a gilded pretence. There is no pocket there. But the boys used to beat that. They used to slip an occasional dime inside their collar and allow it to work its way down inside their underclothing into their shoes. But the trust has stopped all that. He makes them wear knee-length running trunks. Now they are all honest. They turn over every cent to the captain as soon as it is handed them. They get $6 a week for serving the tip-trust and collecting the tips from the patrons of the houses where he works them.

It would surprise one to know some of the prices the exploiter pays at the big hotels and restaurants for the privilege of doing the begging and artistic "hold-up" work. He bought the privilege at a certain pretentious Broadway restaurant for $10,000 a year. He also fitted up for it a handsome cloak-room. A few hotels and restaurants run their own cloak-rooms. They all learned the trick from [illegible]. He it was who first discovered the real value of the despised small things known as "tips." He was willing to pay $15,000 a year for the cloak-room of one of the largest hotels in New York, but the proprietor wouldn't see it. That particular hotel does not absorb the tips of the cloak-room. All the money paid in there goes to the men who work the room. Each man has his own rack and gets all that it produces. This is one of the very few big hotels that do not farm out the tip privilege.

None of them know the game so well as the trust, however. He is an expert on the matter of tips, how to get them, how to retain them when got, and all the little details that go to make a successful beggar in a rich place. All these bright lads in the cloak-rooms are carefully schooled to bring the best results in their "profession." The tip-trust man is an expert judge of human nature. He knows at sight just what kind of a tip-taker a boy will make. He won't have a fat boy in his employ. Nobody pities a fat boy. You never saw a fat cloak-room boy or bell-boy. They wouldn't get enough tips to save a canary bird from starvation.

The tip-exploiter wants thin, sad-looking boys; boys with big, appealing eyes, with that sort of a "I'm-doing-this-to-help-my-poor-mother-support-my-father-and-nine-other-helpless-ones" look. That's the kind of boy who takes in the coin.

So hereafter, when you visit a big hotel or drop in to dine at a fashionable restaurant frequented by gourmands, do not fail to tip the cloak-room boys. The money all goes either to swell that handsome little fund which the Tip Trust is investing in New York real estate, or to help the proprietor make up his rent.

A Diana in Africa

THE FIFTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES CONTAINING A RECORD OF A HUNTING EXPEDITION THROUGH SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA, ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS, MANY OF WHICH WERE TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

By H. R. H. Hélène de France, Duchess of Aosta

They sang a new song, solemn and sonorous, like a wild, sad plaint, a lamentation that seemed to wring their hearts

Usannon, Lake Bangweolo, March 12th

IT is late afternoon, and the mist begins to rise; in the distance sounds the tom-tom. Often this implement does duty as telegraph, being beaten in a peculiar fashion with long intervals to give time to the recipient—sometimes many miles distant—to repeat the words that the beating signifies, and then starting and stopping again. This time, however, the noise that we hear is rhythmical and continuous. The village is merrymaking, and two tom-toms are hard at work. One is high, and stands upright, and a man beats it vigorously; the other is smaller and lies on the ground, and a boy, sitting cross-legged on it, expends much energy on the snake-skin. They close the big circle that is assembled in the village square. Each individual of this assembly stamps his feet, claps his hands, and sings, "Hey! hey! hey!" On one side is a group of young men, on the other a group of women—the dancers. From these latter advances one, or sometimes two, at a time, into the empty space in the middle of the circle, stamping and making contortions of the body. A man joins the dancer—one only, even if there are two women. He bends his knees, waves his arms, shakes his body, and swings about, approaching nearer and nearer to the woman, until he touches her, and places his hands on her waist. Then he draws back; the woman goes toward him; he retires; she advances; he executes some capers to the right and to the left. The woman then retires in her turn, and the man advances. They leave each other and stop dancing. It is finished—they return to their places, and other couples replace them, always accompanied by the sound of the tom-tom and the chorus of the crowd, "Hey! hey! hey! hey!" Suddenly everything ceases, the dancers stop short, the tom-tom is silent, and the songs are suppressed. In a moment the circle is broken, and the place is empty. I had neither seen nor heard a man who, standing upright on the roof of the highest hut, had just given a long call. It is our "Nyampala," who is recruiting more porters for our departure.

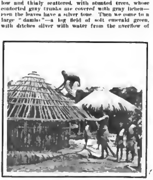
March 13th.—Our baggage and our porters not having yet all arrived, we employ our enforced wait by shooting duck, which abound in the marshes. One has to pursue them late in the evening. The sun had not yet disappeared under the horizon, but the water-lilies were already asleep; like chilly people they had shut their corollas, so that the evening breeze should not nip their tender hearts or spoil their delicate petals. The carpet of brilliant colors had given place to a uniform shade, and night had thrown a black mantle over the world. But the young moon soon conquers the firmament and cradles her image in the still waters of the lagoon. The light of the dying day becomes uncertain, and the wake of our canoes makes the water murmur as it breaks against the high wall of grasses. This murmur and these narrow channels give me a vague feeling of a previous experience. Is it reminiscence? or dream? And from my heart a voice replies: "Venice of the golden domes—Venice of the marble palaces—Venice of the hundred canals—Venice, thou wert thou once!"

Beating the tom-tom to summon the villagers to the merrymaking

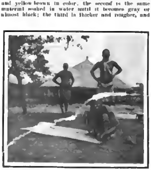
Mutale, N. E. Rhodesia, March 15th.—It is a definitely last good-by that we have just said to Lake Bangweolo—to its fascinating charm; to its indented, tortuous shores; to its hospitable beaches, to its waters, now impassive and limpid as crystal, now angry, black, and stormy; to its fields of marshy green, or of water-flowers, to the attractions of water-bird shooting; to the canoes which, in spite of their unsteadiness, also had their peculiar charm. It is a leaf of the big book of travel that we have just turned over.

We march at first through woods—small woods, low and thinly scattered, with stunted trees, whose contorted gray trunks are covered with gray lichen—even the leaves have a silver tone. Then we come to a large "dambo"—a big field of soft emerald green, with ditches silver with water from the overflow of the lake and the abundant rain. We cross it where was once a path, but where now is running water. The village of Mutale, by which we camp, seems very industrious. Besides the usual crops they have tobacco, and also plantations of ficus trees for their bark-cloth. A group of men are very busy making a tom-tom. Over a hollow circle of wood they spread a snake-skin, freshly flayed. Three men hold it stretched tightly across the hollow surface, the fourth, with an iron point, perforates the edges of the wood and the skin, while a fifth forces in pointed wooden pegs which hold the skin in place. At the other side of the village they are making mats of canes, sewn together with string of their own fabrication. The blacks are very ingenious. Deprived of all the commodities that civilization supplies, they find means to provide themselves with everything they require. It is a real example of necessity being the mother of invention. They have only one cloth, or a rag as their sole clothing, and it serves as larder, as purse, as axe-holder. Everything finds a place in this rag, which they do not even fasten, but roll it round in such a fashion that it never comes undone. They do not weave, but they make stuff from the bark of trees. There are three different qualities of this bark-cloth: one, made of the bark of the ficus, is fine and thin, and yellow-brown in color; the second is the same material soaked in water until it becomes gray or almost black; the third is thicker and rougher, and

The native punishment is usually mutilation



Setting up the framework of a hut



Manufacturing cloth from the bark of the ficus made of the bark of an acacia, and usually dyed red with the juice of the bark of a tree. A ball of white clay is soaked in this juice, and absorbs the color, and when this ball has dried and hardened it is ground to powder, and rubbed upon the bark, or skin of an animal—or even on their own persons. The pieces of bark are sewn together with grass, and the long stitches make designs which add a certain *cachet* to the stuff. The natives also smelt iron to make their spears, axes, and hoes. They do not make bricks; the walls of their huts are made of poles placed side by side, the intervals being filled up with mud. The roofs are covered with long grass, well laid, and smooth as the best thatch in our own country. They make pipes, they have tobacco, they make beer, and they make kitchen utensils of earth. Their crops are sufficient for their needs—they have chickens, sheep, and goats; if they have not abundance, at least they have all that is necessary.

Outside the village, upon a hillock, a little temple is built. There the inhabitants, when there is famine or drought, go and pray to the protecting Spirit. In the former case they take an offering of grain, in the latter they place under the little roof a jar of water, so that the great Spirit may grant them a good harvest, or send a beneficent rain.

We were followed out of the village by a group of boys of twelve to fourteen years old, singing. They sang a new song, solemn and amorous, like a wild, sad plaint, a lamentation that seemed to wring their hearts, and touched our own. They put so much ardor into their singing that they writhed and twisted as if with pain. A soloist led the song—a blind man: Sultan Sikisira put his eyes out so that he could not leave his village and take his song to another chief! The children sing the chorus, shaking rattles made of small gourds, that give a harsh touch to the strange music. They follow us to camp, and there sing round us for some time, then they go away, their loud, vibrating music filling the air. The choir passes through the trees, walking on the green carpet of dew-covered grass. They depart, and the song sounds softer, tempered by the wind, becomes fainter, and finally only a murmur, which dies away in the distance, leaving us still silently listening.

Natives making a tom-tom

We are in the middle of the Bemba country. The Wabemba people occupy the territory which extends from Lake Tanganyika to Lake Bangweolo. They are bounded by the Luangwa, a tributary of the Zambesi, and a chain of mountains to the south and east. Numerous streams descend from the mountains on the north, carrying their waters to the Chambeze, which almost from its source is a big river. It flows first from north to south, then turns east. Deflected by the Kilimla Mountains, it turns abruptly southwest, and forms Lake Bangweolo, out of which flows the Luapula, which turns straight north, crosses Lake Moero, and becomes at last the huge Congo.

The Wabemba came from Uluba, a district on the Kasai River, Belgian Congo, probably nearly two centuries ago, being led by one Kitimkulu. An intelligent, strong, and hardy race, the Wabemba killed the greater part of the natives that they found and assimilated the remainder. They established a line of frontier posts, which no one could pass without permission. This severe organization isolated the Bemba people; their language, customs, and administration were entirely uninfluenced by the surrounding tribes. The royal authority was absolute over man and goods. The king had the power of life and death; he could sell his subjects as slaves. The sentences inflicted were often barbarous. If a man killed a member of a chief's family he was sentenced to death—he was speared, or killed with an axe, or shot, and the body was then cut into small pieces and burned. The murderer of an equal was not sentenced to death, but had to recompense the brother of his victim by giving him one of his wives. A man who robbed a chief usually had his ears cut off. He who committed adultery with the wife of a chief had his hands, ears, and nose cut off, or else he was blinded. When a man was convinced that one of his wives had committed adultery several times with the same man, the couple were taken a short distance from the village, impaled alive, side by side, on two pointed poles fixed in the earth, and left to die. Another punishment was to tie the guilty pair to two trees and to burn them alive.

It is owing to these barbarous laws that the country is so full of mutilated people. These cruelties only ceased with the establishment of English rule. Only a short time ago, under the reign of King Mwamba, who died in 1898, the practice was general of cutting off hands, noses, and ears. Among our Wabemba porters is a certain Calungo, of Chief Cutta's village; he cannot be more than twenty years old, but he has neither nose, fingers, nor ears. In the same village were two rather older men, who had their hands and ears cut off by the order of the Sultan Sikisera. In the village of Milwe, near Luingu, we saw an old gray-headed man called Mulanda, who had his hands cut off for the fault of his brother, who had taken one of Sultan Simmmu's wives, and then run away. Another—Kaungo—in the same village, had an evil face, with eyes full of malice. He had stolen a gun from King Mwamba, who had his ears and eight fingers cut off. But he was sitting working with his thumbs, making mats with surprising dexterity. A mother also had suffered for the fault of her son, a little old woman called Karale; she had her ears cut off because her son had seduced one of the Sultan's wives. I could quote any number of other cases—the country is full of them; and I also learned from a high official of the Company—as impartial as he is clever—that the number of these mutilated people in the district round Abercorn has led to a disgraceful fraud. A discontented ex-employee of the Belgian Congo made a collection of photographs which were used as convincing evidences in pamphlets published in London under the name of "The Congo Atrocities," and roused a storm of indignation—justly so, if the cause they pleaded had been a true one. I do not know to what end those who raise this controversy are acting, but they must know that these mutilated people which they show to the pitying public belong to English territory, and not to the Belgian Congo. If the victims have been tortured, it is not at the hands of the whites, but by the blacks, who have simply acted according to the laws of their country.

Shimuimuba, April 5, 1910.—After spending several days at Kasama we leave the direct road to Abercorn and turn toward the east, where we are told that we have a good chance of finding big game.

We set out at break of day, the slender plumed grass heads bending under the weight of the dew, which, in the uncertain light of dawn, looks like a fine lace, and the cobwebs covered with drops like silver stars.

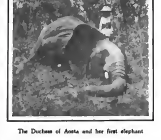
It is difficult walking through the tall grasses, which meet over our heads. One has to push a way through with one's hands. These are what are called the "open" spaces; under the trees the grass, though thinner, is still high, and there are bushy shrubs and low trees, under which one has to stoop, and, as a climax, under the grass are thorny creepers which wind round one's feet. Where the grass is scantier, big, dry leaves and dead branches cover the ground, and, in spite of all one's care, crackle under one's feet. Altogether, these are abominable conditions for stalking game. Also, at this season, the animals are scattered; earlier or later in the year, when the grass is burnt, the plains are bare and the leaves have fallen. Then one can see a long way, the animals are more distinguishable, and they are united into big herds.

After three hours' search we come across the "spoor" of a big buffalo, which leads us into the middle of many other tracks. Then for long hours the blacks work hard, scientifically unravelling and following the tracks. We alternately hope and despair of ever finding the herd. During our pursuit we see with envy some big spur-winged geese perched on a dead tree over our heads and watching us impudently, as if a secret instinct told them that to-day our powder is not for them. Farther on an enormous eland shows himself between the trees, and in a clearing four wart-hogs are lying in the sun a few yards off. As we approach they get up slowly and watch us. At last we see a black mass above the grass near an ant-heap; it is an old bull, the roots of whose horns nearly meet in front, making a light mark on his forehead. He is already uneasy. I fire, and hit him, but he is only wounded. We see his great back making leaps through the grass, like a dolphin's through the waves. We track him by his drops of blood, but walking becomes difficult, for the grass is as high as oneself and prevents our seeing ahead, and it is most annoying to be able to see nothing. We come to a little wood, and, at a sign from the hunter, we go down on our knees. Through the trunks on the edge of the wood facing us we manage to distinguish a number of legs, and then make out a big bull, with such a big body that his belly seems to touch the ground. He is far off through the trees, and we cannot see whether he is the wounded one or not. A shot is fired, and in an instant the herd scatters and comes straight towards us. The hoofs of the heavy beasts resound on the hard earth, and they bellow through their dilated nostrils. Their big bodies force a passage through the cracking wood, the branches break; it seems as if the forest is moving toward us. "Quick, shoot! Shoot as much as you can!" cries the hunter. "It is the only means to stop the avalanche!" This time the animal cannot go far. He is losing blood freely. A bellowing announces his near presence. He is lying down, but he hears us coming; he rises, turns, and charges. But a last shot finishes him and he falls bellowing.

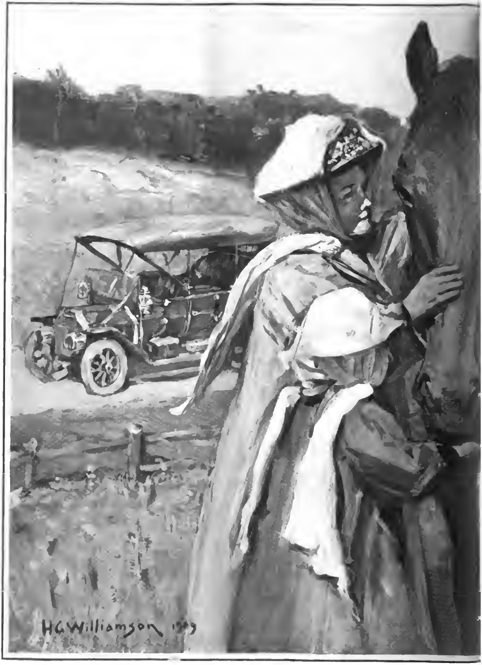
Chunsa, Thursday, April 14th.—The day begins badly for hunting. We have walked since early morning, following tracks which always take us down wind. The sun is already high, when the men suddenly stop short. A noise reaches us, a curious snoring that it is impossible to mistake. It is the sound of elephants asleep! We make a big circle, so as to get the right side of the wind. A black mounts each ant-hill that we encounter, to try to see the animals. We must obviously be near. One more ant-hill, and this time the black signs to us: the elephants are there! The men crouch down, and we go round the ant-heap, sheltered by the grasses, and find ourselves facing a herd. They are hidden behind the trees—it is unbelievable how such enormous animals can be so indistinguishable at such a short distance. We can make out neither their number nor their size. But straight in front of me I see two tusks, and a trunk held up in the air. It is obviously the sentinel. He does not appear to see us, but instinct keeps his suspicions awake. We should prefer to see him better, but we must not lose time. We fire, and there is a general stampede. One elephant falls on the spot; another, badly wounded, tries to run away; we follow him, and he trots along, helping himself by catching hold of trees with his trunk. A ball in the neck reaches his brain, and he falls on his knees, petrified by death in that position.

The natives look on the death of an elephant as an event—they attach an almost religious aspect to it. As soon as the animal stalked is stretched out on the ground, the hunters climb upon the huge, still warm body, and there perform a dance, gesticulating and shaking their guns, accompanied by a sort of litany, in which they extol the animal and his qualities, his strength, his size, his cunning; then they praise the skill of the hunter, his prompt eye, his accurate shot. And this song is just murmured, as if they were afraid that if they raised their voices they would attract the curse of the spirit which has just left the animal and is still floating round him.

Chikutwe, April 19th.—It is an old hermit, an enormous animal with long white tusks, that falls to our rifles to-day. Having started at daybreak, we had been out a long time before we found the "spoor" of an elephant, and this seemed to be of yesterday, or of last night. As we followed we were glad to find that it was more recent. Obviously, having nothing to hurry him, he was taking his time. Among the big trees we can judge of his size by the height at which he has rubbed his shoulders. Some of the trees are torn up and broken, and in one place he has stopped to turn over the soil with his trunk and pull up roots. We follow him for several hours, and once more are among the tall grasses. They are higher than we, and almost impenetrable except where the enormous feet of the pachyderm have trodden a path. There is a tall tree close by, and one of our hunters climbs it like a monkey, and from the top signs to us excitedly—he is so excited that he forgets to show us where the animal is. We leave the blacks there, and begin stalking, but the grasses are so high that there is no need to bend down; they hide us completely. But, what is an important matter, they also prevent us from seeing anything, and it is difficult to walk noiselessly. We address a thanksgiving to the industrious termites, for an ant-hill enables us to look over the grasses. From the top of it we discover the solitary beast. His back is turned to us, and he is so tall that he towers over the grass; we see his big ears moving ceaselessly. He is far off; but there are no more mounds between us and him, and it is impossible to shoot from below through the grasses. If he is badly placed, at least one has time to take a good aim; and my bullet hits him behind the ear.



The Duchess of Aosta and her first elephant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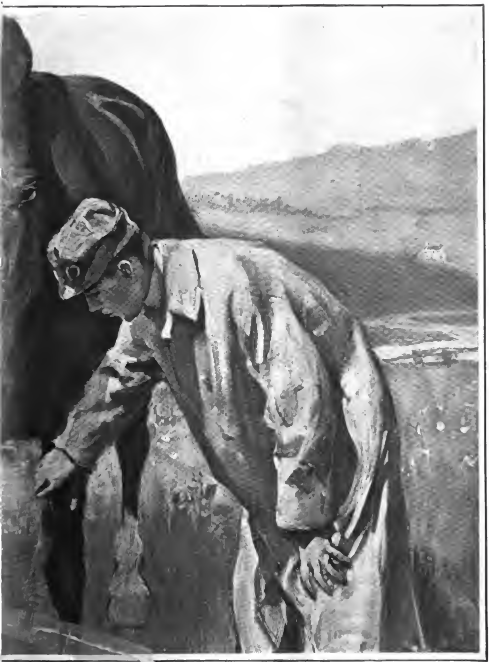

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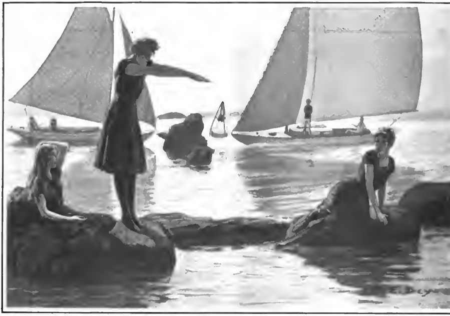


PERILS TO NAVIGATION

CAMP NOTES

If you have no woods close at hand in which to pitch your tent, fold it up carefully and, going up to the top story of your house, pitch it out of the window.

While gas-stoves are very useful and easily carried about with your other impediments, you are advised not to take them to the Adirondacks with you, owing to the poor quality of the gas supplied by the guides, most of which is conversational, and not at all suitable for fuel.

If your tent-mate is addicted to snoring, an army blanket or a mackintosh thrown over his head will serve materially to deaden the sound. If these are not successful in providing relief, try a mattress.

If in the middle of the night a big black bear enters your tent and shows a disposition to share it with you, be courteous and kind, and do not try to eject him. Rather let him have the whole tent, that his rude nature may thus receive a lesson in unostentatious courtesy.

If your tent leaks and you have no repair kit handy, a very good temporary expedient is a porous plaster placed over the punctured spot, or if you have no porous plaster with you, get your guide to make a few buckwheat cakes of extra thickness to be used instead.

In camping out be very careful of your draughts. In fact, it is well to arrange all such matters before leaving home. A sight-draught presented in the depths of the woods is apt to find you unprepared.

If the ground is not level sleep with your head above your feet. If in addition to this you do not feel that your tent-mate is on the level, you would better not sleep at all if you have so much portable property that you cannot tie it to your toes.

When shutting up for the night be careful to close your own mouth as well as the tent flaps. Gnats and June-bugs taken internally are even more disagreeable than when used for external application only.

If by some mischance your pillow has been left at home, a nice well-bred Newfoundland dog will make a fairly acceptable substitute, though your best expedient is to stuff your flannel shirt into your hunting-trousers and sleep on that. Should you use the dog, however, be careful to remove the bark before going to sleep, lest it disturb you during the night.

Should you find that in the hurry of getting your things together you have put in the ice-cream freezer instead of the coffee-grinder, the coffee beans may be pulverized with a nutcracker or ground between two flat-irons. Lacking these, fill the barrels of your shotgun with the beans and fire the contents against a stone wall, gathering the grounds up afterward with an ordinary shovel.

If at the end of a day's carry you find that the only camping spots in sight are marshy, a Turkish or Persian rug spread on the surface of the swamp will serve to protect you somewhat from the damp, unless the marsh is all water, when you would better climb a tree and sleep in the higher branches.

An improvised bell to summon your guide at night can be made of a tin dipper, with your gold watch hung by its chain from the centre of the cup for a clapper. This will give forth a strong metallic sound not dissimilar to the rhythmic chime of a cow-bell, and will be quite useful as a time-saver if you are careful to adopt a system of signals indicating your wishes, as, for instance:

One bell	A pitcher of ice-water.
Two bells	The morning paper.
Three bells	A mosquito net.
Four bells .	A pony of ipecac.
Five bells .	Volume J, Encyclopædia Britannica.
Six bells	A copy of Moody's Sermons.

And so on according to your needs.

A GOOD REASON

"You girls are beyond me," said pater, as he tied the ribbon of his daughter's shoe. "Why don't you wear buttoned shoes that won't come unfastened instead of these confounded things that are untied half the time?"

"Because, papa," said Gladys, sweetly, "I'd rather have a bow than get the hook."

AS TO ANCIENT SAWS

I love the good old sayings
  That the Ancients used to say;
They ease the weary straying
  In this busy modern day.
Yet with them all I'm not in chime:
  With prices on the wing,
I cannot find "the stitch in time"
  Will save me anything!

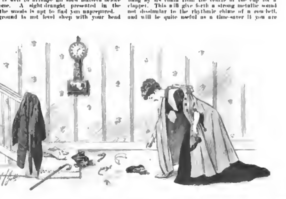
That one about the Birdies—
  "One in hand"—you know the one,—
A saying most absurd is
  When the whole is said and done.
Two canvasbacks in any bush
  Are worth, in any land,
Three times as much as any thrush
  You ever had in hand.

Then there's the one on Duty—
  "Don't put off what you can do
To-day . . ."—that is a beauty
  For sheer nonsense through and through.
There's lots of things that one can do
  To-day, that I recall,
By waiting for to-morrow you
  Won't have to do at all.

"The long lane has no turning—"
  Well, that proverb makes me laugh;
One doesn't need much learning
  To discern that it is chaff.
The truth is really otherwise—
  The lane of that queer sort
To any one with open eyes
  Is almost always short.

And then that one on Mother
  And the cradle—Oh dear me!
It's bad as any other
  In the copy-books we see.
Indeed, it goes by contraries,
  Our Mothers have unfurled:
The hand that rules the cradle is
  The hand that rocks the world!

HORACE DODD GASTIT.



FOLLOWING IN HER HUSBAND'S FOOTSTEPS

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE

(From *The Basted Set*, A Novel by Flora Annie Bosbyshell.)

PIFFLETON had just spread the cards on the table. The club-room was remarkably quiet, the only sounds perceptible being the gentle snorings of Midway reading the *Congressional Record* in the corner, and the soft gurgle of the milk-shake that Westinghouse was pouring into his glass from the crystal carafe. Piffleton glanced at the cards and his sallow countenance lighted up.

"Muggins!" he cried, but the word remained frozen on his lips, for even as he spoke a sharp, shrill voice, strident in its raucous harshness, fell upon his ear, carrying with it a message of sudden despair. It was the voice of a newsboy carrying an extra on the street.

"Wuxtree—Fuller—Count—Failure—Steenth—Nashnal—Baaaaaank!" was the burden of its refrain.

Five aces fell from Piffleton's sleeve, so great was his agitation, as with a cry of pain he rushed from the room.

Hopkinson laughed disagreeably.

"Piffy's hit again, I guess," he said. "Bring me a quinine highball, Simian."

That was all. No word of regret, no human sympathy for a fellow man in distress, but just a cold commonplace that a caveman might have uttered over the dead body of a dinosaurus. No one would have thought, from his complete air of indifference, that the two men had played Muggins together nightly for fifteen years past!

Meanwhile Piffleton made his way over to Broadway, down to the chop-house adjoining the bank, and made his way into the safe deposit vaults by the secret door in the wine-cellar. Mounting the mahogany stairway three steps at a time, he soon stood before the nickelled cage in which the cashier was kept. Panting with excitement, he blurted out:

"Is it true? Tell me, Illington, can it be true that the Steenth has gone to the wall?"

"Yes," said the cashier. "Looks to me as if some of us might go to four walls, too."

"And you—you have suspended payment?" demanded Piffleton, painfully.

"We have, and there's a mob outside that wants to suspend the president and board of directors, too—on the end of a rope."

Piffleton passed his hand across his eyes, and tottered to a chair.

"I am ruined!" he cried. "Ruined, ruined, ruined! The receiver will require the payment of that overdraft."

The bank official gazed pityingly at him.

"Yes, my boy," he said. "This will fall heavily upon you. I wish I could help you out, but I cannot. That overdraft, under the circumstances, must be paid. As cashier I have been able to carry it along for you for thirteen years, but now the matter will go out of my hands."

"How much is it, Illington?" asked Piffleton, wearily.

"Eleven dollars and forty cents," returned the cashier, gently, turning his head away from the picture of human misery before him, for his was true sympathy. The hardened man of dollars whose days were spent behind the cold, glittering grill-work of a cage had more humanity in him than all those spurious intimates of the club. Possibly it was the note of sympathy in the man's voice that cheered him, possibly it was a naturally buoyant disposition—whatever it was, Piffleton's face cleared, and he sprang to his feet.

"Can you wait three months longer, Illington?" he pleaded, the light of hope succeeding the gloom of despair.

"You are expecting a remittance?" asked the cashier, kindly.

"No," said Piffleton. "I shall not deceive you, Illington. I am not. I haven't four dollars coming to me from anywhere. My only hope is Muggins. I am young, energetic, and I know the game through and through. If you will give me time I will pay this debt to the uttermost dollar."

"I am sorry, lad," said the gray-haired old cashier, sadly, "but I can't do that. I cannot as a man acquiesce in a plan which involves the son of my old friend in a gambling enterprise, and as the cashier of this bank I am compelled to insist on the immediate liquidation of the account."

Piffleton turned upon him with a haunted look.

"Can't you suggest a practical way out of this, Illy?" he pleaded. "You know I am the merest child in finance. I know nothing about it save what I learned in college, and this crash leaves me absolutely defenceless."

A tender light came into the old man's eyes as he chewed the end of his penholder.

"Tell me, lad," he said, kindly, "how is your credit at the club?"

"It's temporarily good," said Piffleton, "but the club won't lend money to its members."

"No, I suppose not," said the cashier, "but nevertheless it affords a way out of your troubles. We have in the back office here a committee of gentlemen who sent out only ten minutes ago to ask where there was a quiet place for lunch where the depositors can't get at them. Now I suggest that you invite them to your club, and blow them off to a twenty-five-dollar dinner, and hang it up on your house account."

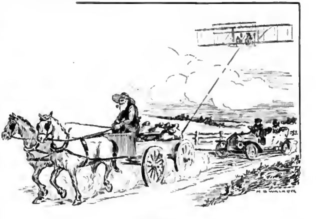
"And you think they will deal gently with me if I do that?" cried Piffleton.

"Nothing of the sort," retorted Illington. "They'll pay you for the lunch right away. Then you can pay us what you owe, and still have a working balance to tide you over till the next crisis in your career."

Five minutes later, as Piffleton and his guests marched out of the bank, the gray-haired old cashier gazed fondly after him, and a tear fell upon the protested note on the table before him.

"If Margaret Piffleton had not turned me down," he said, "he might have been my son!"

There was one touch of light in the sordid rush of Manhattan, after all!



WHIP BEHIND!
THE OLD WAY IS THE SUREST, AFTER ALL

FROM A PHILOSOPHER'S NOTE BOOK

Judge a girl by her intrinsic worth, my son, not by her face or par value.

If the best man always won, who would be the bridegroom?

The trouble about dissipating a fortune is that the man is apt to be dissipated with it.

The worst collision on the Speedway of Life is that in which man, exceeding the motive power of his purse, runs head on into debt.

Borrow trouble, if so thou must, my son, but be wise in thy generation and let no man charge thee interest on it, and when the hour hath come pay back in full.

In sailing thy Ship of Life be careful of thy crew. The cork itself would float on forever undamaged if the cork's crew were straight.

Among the paradoxes of our day, we observe that, after all is said and done, it is the gum-shoe man who leaves the heaviest footprints on the sands of time.

The curious thing about ready money is its over-readiness to go, but its singular unreadiness to come when it is most urgently needed.

It is a sad fact that, for many of us, when Opportunity knocks at the door we are so fearful lest it is a creditor that we sneak out at the back door, and miss its call.

Some men have thrown such vast quantities of dust in the public eye that it is impossible for us to discern their virtues even under the most powerful microscope.

Trouble is the hot water provided by a thoughtful Nature to enable man to wash away the errors of the past, but it is seldom used for that purpose.

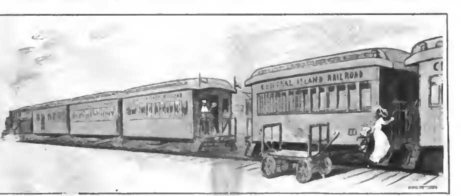
The best engagement ring for a Summer Girl is a smoke-ring blown from the lips of a cigarette-smoker.

No matrimonial ship was ever wrecked on the Rock of the Cradle.

The most dangerous curves on Life's Road are those that confront us in the search for the Only Woman Who Can Make Us Happy.

If we all got what we deserve, what a lot of aching necks there would be in this world!

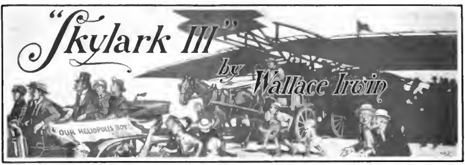
The cleanest conscience is not the one that is never used, any more than that the way to keep your mind fresh is to keep changing it continually.



"THANK GOODNESS, I'VE CAUGHT THIS TRAIN, AFTER ALL!"

"Skylark III"

by Wallace Irwin



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY GRANT DART

AN intense silence struck like a sword across the Early Victorian ugliness of the Fergusons' family parlor. Doris Ferguson, more fatally attractive than usual in her suit of lavender pongee, was precipitating a deadly quarrel with Harrison V. Jones, her chronic adorer. The slim, pale young man stood stroking his straw-hued curls and gazing absently at a colored lithograph representing Stonewall Jackson in boots and frock coat riding a milk-white barb over a stormy moor.

"You aren't—going to do it, are you?" whispered the young woman, her dark eyes wide with terror.

"Yes, Doris," said the youth, suddenly turning and facing her. "I might as well tell you candidly and firmly. I've made up my mind. I'm going to fly this afternoon."

"But why this afternoon?"

"I've fixed a date with an officer of the Aero Club of Cincinnati who's coming on the three-o'clock train. I've promised to make a flight for him in *Skylark III*. If he likes the performance I'll be entered for the Big Meet in the fall."

"Then you love your aeroplane better than me?"

"No, don't put it that way. But the upper air calls me, dearest. It is my destiny."

Doris sat rigid for a moment, closing her eyes against the hateful scene which hag-ridden imagination cast before her.

"Doesn't your word amount to anything?" she cried, leaping to her feet in sudden anger. "You told me, Harrison, that you wouldn't go up in that horrid flying-machine. Didn't you promise—for my sake?"

"Doris dear," cried Harrison, suddenly advancing and clasping her right hand in his, "there are some emotions of the human heart more sacred than love itself. One of 'em is ambition. Remember, child, that my aeroplane, my *Skylark III.*, is the consummation of years of mental effort. When I fly this afternoon not only the local pride of Heliopolis, but the world of science will be watching my achievement. Look at Wilbur Wright, look at Glenn H. Curtiss—"

"Yes, and look at the ghastly stories you read in the papers every day," sobbed Doris, vainly struggling with her tears. "In this very morning's news I saw how a young aviator was flying over some place in France or Germany, and just as he reached a height of 102 metres—I don't know how much a metre is, but it must be quite high—his rear axle slipped on an atmospheric condition of some kind, and they are going to build a monument where he fell. Think of his—poor—wife!" She was now weeping frankly on the back of the walnut sofa.

Harrison V. Jones clenched his teeth tightly and looked the other way. Even bird-men are not tear-proof. But his birdhood called upon his manhood to control itself. It would never do for an aviator to lose a grip on his nerves, especially on the day of the great flight.

"Listen, girl," he said at last, leaning over her, "you wouldn't have a poltroon, would you? My place is not with doctors and merchants and drug-clerks creeping meanly to their daily tasks. My place is with the eagle soaring among the clouds. Louis Paulhan makes $200,000 a year giving exhibitions."

"The bankers and druggists and lawyers you pretend to despise live decent, orderly lives—on the ground. They love, honor, and obey those who are dear to them," cried Doris, anger again drying her tears.

"Don't let's part this way," he pleaded. "Orville Wright says there is no more danger in an air-ship than in a racing automobile. But, of course, there's a remote possibility that something *might* happen when a fellow's scorching around at a height varying between a hundred and five thousand feet from the ground. Just say you'll forgive me everything, if it does." He gathered her tenderly to his arms.

Woman-like she resisted most by yielding most.

"Promise, dear," she whispered, "promise me that you won't fly!"

"I can't do that—you know I can't!" He picked up his hat and started for the door.

"Very well, then," said the girl, in a low and resonant tone, "under the conditions all is over between us—I can never speak to you again."

Harrison V. Jones departed by way of the front veranda. As he tottered down the steps a small metal object fell tinkling on the boards behind him. He did not turn to look, but the noise was very like that caused by an engagement ring being tossed scornfully from the third finger of the left hand of a fair but frantic maiden.

Resolution returned to the trend of young Jones as he passed down the main street of Heliopolis toward his workshop—or *hangar*, as it is now being called in respectable aero circles. There lay his monoplane, *Skylark III.*, which he justly regarded as his life-work, having given its construction nearly six months of his attention after business hours. There had never been any *Skylark I.* or *II.*; but Harrison was convinced that the title *Skylark III.* would add a dash of romance to the achievement when his name began appearing frequently in the metropolitan press.

His fellow townsmen saluted him with a reverence akin to awe that afternoon as Harrison went by; for since the brilliant performances of the Wrights and Curtiss in the clouds o'erhanging France, the lesser American towns have become suddenly tender with their boy aviators. Yesterday the air-ship inventor had no place whereon to lay his patent. To-day every American town, large enough to support a summer hotel and a moving-picture show, boasts from one to six prominent geniuses with ingenious infringements on the Wright idea. The farmer, no longer lured by the Tonopah mine, now squanders his savings in aeroplane stocks. For the world knows no intelligent moderation. It is either a bigot or a sucker. When it kicks a tramp and finds shortly afterward that it has been abusing a king in disguise, our frail but pursy planet tries to make amends by overfeeding every tattered pal of Ishmael who comes shambling down the pike.

Near the corner of G and Nutt streets Harrison V. Jones turned in at a decaying structure with an elaborate store-front of the McKinley renaissance type. Across the hoary brow of this mysterious pile romped many painted letters in various stages of decomposition, which, to the casual eye, were so assembled as to spell out the cryptic word "Jobicycle Reparriage & Livery Pills." This might confuse the tourist, but any Heliopolis schoolboy, with instinctive analysis, could have instantly deciphered the inscription as meaning: "This building has been occupied successively, through an indefinite term of years, by a job printer, a bicycle repairer, a carriage-builder, and a liveryman. Finally, falling into disuse, the building has been attacked by the liver-pill artist, who has left his message and gone his way. Time, kind Father of all Antiques, has melted the fragments into a perfect whole. Voilà!"

Any schoolboy might not have said it in exactly that way, but his explanation would have been equally convincing.

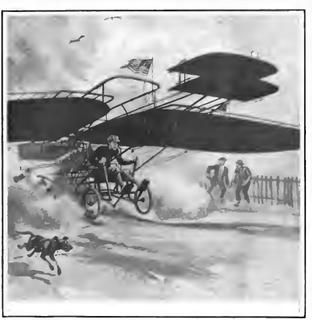
Near the sidewalk, more ostentatiously displayed, a newer and brighter sign flared in a glory of red paint:

SEE THE JONES MONOPLANE!
"SKYLARK III"
Flies To-day at Belleview Park
Admission 25c.—Children 10c.

About two hundred and twenty Heliopolites were already foregathered to watch the boy aviator enter his shop. The throng stood respectfully aside to let him pass. As the sliding-door closed behind him there ensued a hush that was more eloquent than cheers. The hero of Heliopolis was about to be enshrined. Among his neighbors there was no distrustful voice—but yes, there was one.

"Huh!" said J. W. Quaile, the coal and feed man, "flies to-day at Belleview Park, does it? How in Goshen does he *know* it's a-goin' ta fly?"

"That's the kind of f'ller you are," said Uncle Alec Snead, who had left Snead's General Store open



Finally the "Skylark," making an unearthly racket, came wobbling down the home-stretch and unattended. "That's what all the thickheads said about Wilbur Wright the day before he scooted off Kitty Devil Hill and travelled clean to Hellenback. Genius ain't never appreciated in an ignorant community." Quaile and Snead had been commercial rivals for years.

"If that Jones boy is a genius, give me plain folks," said Mr. Quaile. "Looks to me 's if his mind was built like a vinegar funnel: always empty, no matter what you pour into it."

"That don't prove nothing much," said Uncle Alec. "Geniuses is always a shy and palpitating manifestation of natural history. You can't tell 'em by looking 'em in the face. They are often took foolish in everything but their art. Look at Lucius Pratt, who had catelliptical fits and voted for Alton B. Parker because he didn't know no better; yet he invented a patent clothes-pin and got rich enough to die of appendicitis, loved and respected by all. There ought to be some simple way of telling a genius from plain folks, but there ain't. You can't give 'em uniforms, because they'd pawn 'em. True, some of 'em do wear their hair in cascades and walk around in sandals—but that don't prove they're geniuses. They may be just vegetarians."

From the shed within a terrific machination of grinding wheels and whirring propellers shook the building to its rotten eaves. All the young of Heliopolis stood with distended eyes glued to every crack and knot-hole. Silence followed, then the sound of hammer on metal.

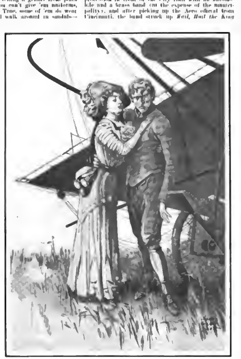
Inside the shop, under a stretch of mighty canvas wings, Harrison squatted beside his friend and mechanic Arthur Beecher, who was officiously pounding a bolt with a monkey-wrench.

"She's sure got the kick to her!" said Arthur, straightening up. "Did you watch those propellers go? Why, the draught knocked down a sawhorse and nearly blew out the back of the shed. Eleven thousand revolutions a minute, that's my estimate."

"I hope we haven't got too much horse-power to the square foot," said Harrison. "When an aero's overpowered it's apt to go up at too straight an angle and tip over in mid-air. That's what killed Captain Ferber."

"Is the man from Cincinnati here yet?" asked Arthur.

"He's coming on the three-o'clock train. I guess we'll show him a trick or two," cried the boy inventor, vainly striving to maintain the modest bearing so popular among our best aviators. "He'll probably come here expecting to find some rattlety-bang Darius Green concern with a one-lung engine and a cranky gyroscope attachment."



"No, dearest," he whispered. "I refrained—for your sake!"

"It *is* wonderful, Harry," said the admiring Arthur, "how you've practically crowded the merits of the Bleriot, the Farman, the Wright, the Curtiss, and the Santos-Dumont all in one, and added so many startling improvements, like your automatic-control device, for instance."

"I wish we'd got the big twenty-gallon tank ready for to-day's test," said young Jones. "Still, the tank we have ought to hold enough gasoline to keep the machine up for an hour or so." He stepped back and surveyed his work with the air of Tintoretto viewing his Venetian frescoes.

Skylark III. was certainly imposing. Some thirty-odd feet from tip to tip, she poised sufficiently bird-like. Her plane above the engine gave that domestic, phaeton-top effect peculiar to aeroplanes of almost every breed. The creator of the marvel gazed a moment in silent admiration. A great surge of emotion made speech impossible. The test to-day meant more than mere vainglory to him. If *Skylark III.* conformed with the rules, Harrison could enter her in the Big Meet. The heights lay beyond.

Already Mike Kehoe's truck, hired to transport the aero to the race-track beyond the town limits, could be heard backing profanely through the crowd outside.

"Arthur," said Harrison, quietly, as he grasped his chum by the hand, "in a few hours it will be all over. I'm going up, old man, in spite of everything—you know there's a woman in the case. She's thrown me over because I insist on flying."

"Ain't it fierce how they hate aeroplanes?" said the sympathetic Arthur.

"Now I want to make my dying—sort of dying—request. You've been an awful good friend to me, Art, and I've put it in my will that, in case of accident, my patent belongs to you. And if anything should happen when I'm pretty high up in the air, I want you to go around to Miss Ferguson and ask her to forgive me. She'll understand. Put it to her kind of romantic. Say I would not love her half so much, loved I not glory more."

"I'll do the best I can, old pal," said Arthur, deeply affected.

In another minute the creaking door of the *hangar* was rolled back. The mob surged without. The monoplane, like some clumsy, sprawling water-fowl, was shoved into the open air and loaded on the truck.

Not since the return of the Heliopolis boys from the Spanish War had the town turned out in such array. Not since the Battle of Manila Bay had the man heart of the town beat so strong for the home-grown hero. Pete Dunwiddie, local real-estate promoter and Republican boss, who had promised to organize the concern into the Heliopolis Aerial Navigation Company, sprang a surprise by meeting the procession in front of the City Hall with an automobile and a brass band (at the expense of the municipality), and after picking up the Aero official from Cincinnati, the band struck up *Hail, Hail the Gang Has Come!* and the parade proceeded to the race-track in the following order:

Brass band playing *Has Anybody Here Seen Kelley?* and other selections appropriate to man's conquest of the air.

Mayor Anderson, Mr. Dunwiddie, and the Aero official, acting as honorary escort for Messrs. Jones and Beecher in a red automobile plainly marked "Our Heliopolis Boys."

Skylark III., in Mike Kehoe's truck, held up by numerous assistants and escorted by 800 small boys yelling, "Let me help, too, Mister!"

Citizens on bicycles, motorcycles, carriages, and perambulators.

Otto Bauer's truck bearing Mr. Bauer in a state of advanced intoxication.

Pretty girls in the Golden Rule Ten Cent Store's delivery wagon.

All the rest of Heliopolis on foot.

It was a perfect day for flying. The gentleman from Cincinnati, who was languid of manner and citified of dress, said as much. He regarded *Skylark III.* without comment while explaining that it was on such another day as this that Bleriot made his famous cross-Channel flight. A bland summer zephyr scarce stirred the grasses on the dilapidated Bellevue track as Mike Kehoe's truck bore the ship of the skies proudly to centre field and deposited it lightly among the daisies. The band was now tooting bravely in the grand stand, the brawn and brain of Heliopolis sat smoking on the lower tiers, while the beauty of that favored town occupied the upper rows and giggled excitedly at the general poise of the handsome Aero Club official.

On a comparatively smooth section of track close to the grand stand Arthur and Harrison, coats off, were engaged in "tuning up." Seventeen volunteer assistants held tightly to the planes, lest the flyer should suddenly elude its master and sail prematurely to the azure zenith. The Aero official stood in the middle distance, a lighted cigarette in one hand, a can of gasoline in the other.

Across a stretch of greensward hard by a girl in lavender pongee crossed over to take her solitary seat in the grand stand. As she neared the aero she paused, half stepped toward Harrison V. Jones, then hurried on with a smothered cry. The boy inventor continued wiping the fly-wheel with a scrap of greasy waste.

Presently the two aviators and the official put their heads solemnly together. Solemnly they drew their heads apart and solemnly they strode toward the aeroplane. Silence fell on the grand stand. It was evident the flight was about to begin. Harrison took his seat beneath the canvas plane. Arthur and the Aero official, stationed at the rear propellers, gave them simultaneously a heroic twist. There came a humming like a million angry bees and *Skylark III.* trembled with potential flight.

"Are you ready to cast off?" shrieked Arthur, above the din of the propellers.

"Heave away!" commanded the aviator, smiling somewhat wanly.

Arthur paused and laid his hand over his friend's tense knuckles.

"Good-by, Harry," he yelled. "Remember, if the engine stops when you're above seventy feet, glide!"

Heliopolis held its assembled breath. The seventeen assistants, at the signal, loosed their clutch on the straining guys. The engine gave a great shout of freedom and *Skylark III.* slid along the ground for a hundred yards on her bicycle-wheels.

"Well, why don't she go up?" inquired J. W. Quaile, the coal and feed man.

"She's got to get a start, ain't she?" replied Uncle Alec Snead, with acrimony.

"She's gettin' that, at least," croaked the pessimistic J. W.

But now the *Skylark* had advanced three hundred yards down the track, wheels bumping over the frequent chuck-holes, wings flopping helplessly from side to side. Five hundred, six hundred, yards she rolled along, growing dimmer at the first turn and appearing in the distance like a wounded and somewhat demented swan floundering over a stretch of soft bog. Two reporters from the Heliopolis *Independent* started over to meet the machine at the three-quarters.

When Harrison, the first lap round, motored smoothly by the grand stand his tendencies were still onward, but not upward. The ever-fickle mob seemed inclined to levity.

"It's heavier 'n air, all right!" yelled Rosenfelt, the clothier.

"Why don't you put some yeast in your boilers?" suggested J. W. Quaile.

And when Otto Bauer, awakened by the noise from his Bacchic calm, saw the marvel and roared, "How's the weather up there?" even Uncle Alec Snead, friend of inventors, was obliged to join in the general hilarity. Harrison V. Jones, desperately grasping the levers and bumping along the dust at a brisk rate, heard the comments, but answered not. His face was no longer pale. It was suffused with blushes.

Arthur Beecher stepped forward and put in a good word for *Skylark III.*

"All it needs is to catch the wind good and strong under the lifting planes," he explained to the grand stand impersonally.

The Aero official from Cincinnati looked at his watch. The sun was slowly sinking in the west, and he had to catch the seven-o'clock train. A second time the *Skylark*, timid of the sky, passed the grand stand and wheeled along her landward course. The Aero official shook hands with Arthur, murmured something about "a little bulky for its size" and walked briskly away. Loyal hearts in the grand stand began to fail. Spectators, a hundred at a time, began filing home.

The shades of night were falling fast. The *Skylark* continued to motor painfully, slowly, on her third lap. Arthur Beecher lit his pipe and sat down on an empty box. The grand stand was now deserted, save for one faint, feminine spot of lavender pongee which moved not from its place.

Finally the *Skylark*, making an unearthly racket, came wobbling down the home-stretch. At the end of her dusty pilgrimage she faltered slower and slower, until finally she bumped feebly into the bleachers and stopped with a dull cough, a wing drooping brokenly. Harrison V. Jones, a streak of grime across his nose, leaped from the seat and, through clenched teeth, addressed the mechanical dream of his life with words no well-raised young man would ever address to his grandmother.

His soliloquy was interrupted by a pair of lavender sleeves which entwined themselves softly about his neck.

"Harrison, darling," sobbed the girl, as soon as he had secured her in a reciprocal clasp, "you have been so noble, so good. You didn't go up—and you promised me you wouldn't!"

"No, dearest," he whispered. "I refrained—for your sake!"

Thus, many an aviator has saved himself by his presence of mind.

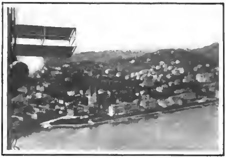
A month later, in their modest Colonial apartment, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison V. Jones were sitting side by side leaning over an elaborate set of plans.

"In *Skylark IV.*," said he, "I intend to correct all the mistakes I discovered in *Skylark III.* The new Voiturette motor weighs less and adds twenty extra horse-power. That, with a greater spread of wing, ought to make her absolutely perfect."

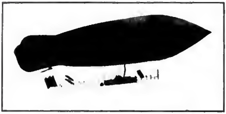
"And there'll be seats *for* two, of course," added Doris.

"Seats for two!" exclaimed Harrison. "What, my brave little wife! you don't mean to say you're going to fly in my machine?"

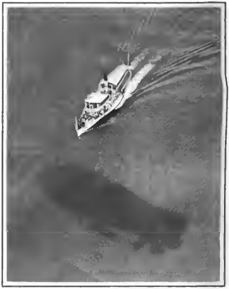
"Oh, no," said she, "but I was thinking it would be nice for us to go out motoring in, on Sundays when the roads are good."



Lucerne as it appeared to the passengers in the air-ship

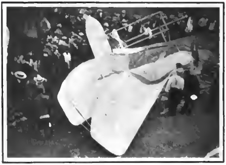


The "Ville de Lucerne," which carries passengers over the city and lake, an hour's journey. The fare is forty dollars



Apparently a submarine, but really the shadow of the "Ville de Lucerne" flying over Lake Lucerne

Walter H. Brookins, who, by a miracle, escaped being dashed to death when his aeroplane turned turtle, and fell fifty feet with him at Asbury Park, New Jersey



Brookins' aeroplane fell upon a number of spectators and severely injured them

Carrying Brookins, who was badly injured, from the aviation field after the accident

FLYING BITS OF AIR NEWS

Mark Twain

By C. Williams in "Sunset"

"'Twas in Alaska," ('twas a miner spoke)
"I stumbled on a surly camper's shack.
Nothin' I said, in question or in joke,
Could git me smile or civil answer back.
I guessed him crazy. I was starvin'. Night
Was comin' on. Now should I go—or stay?
My partner dead, I faced alone the plight,
All other humans forty miles away.

"Fin'ly, by chance, I named a name. He turned,
And grinned—then broke into a guffaw. Cried:
'That feller Twain—say, he's a great one! Learned
To like him as a kid. No others lied
So well as him. That blue-jay yarn; his Yank—'
We set up half the night, and swapped again
Those stories back and forth. That name I thank
For rest and shelter. Say, how is Mark Twain?"

The factor said: "In hunters' cabins, hid
Deep in Canadian forests, I have found
His books, and where wild torrents slid
Through lonely mountain gorges, and the ground
Dipped two ways from your foot, the trackman kept
Huck Finn for winter nights. Round great logs fires
The jacks read him aloud." A sadness crept
Into his voice. "Say, is it true—he tires?"

"His sketches," said the scout, "went with me through
The war in Africa. I like that tale
'The Sweetest Voice.' I proved its wisdom, too.
How is he, now? I hope he will not fail
To live yet long—and give us something soon
To smile at. Gray's the world, and blest is he
Can cheer us with such wholesome laughter's boon—
Mirth without sting or base scurrility."

"Ay," quoth the scholar, "'neath great humor lies
The prophet's message. He looks far and deep,
With the humanitarian's kindly eyes;
And can as quickly make us laugh or weep.
You know his *Prince and Pauper? Joan of Arc?*"
Spoke from the corner one: "They say he lost—
That is, he's 'most alone. The path is dark
If without comrades all the days are crossed."

Silent stood one who entered last. I heard
A newsboy cry the papers at the door.
Hearkening his shrilling, the newcomer stirred,
And mused, rather than spoke: "Alone—no more."
We knew then. "Boys," said the scout, "we've lost a friend:
For, though he knew us not, we're friends to him;
He's ours by every smile that he may lend."
"Ay," said the scholar, and his eyes were dim.

Sweeping the Elephants

LEANING over the railing in the elephant house of one of our zoos the other day, talking with the keeper, was an individual who was greatly interested in elephants, and for whose benefit the keeper good-naturedly made one of the larger elephants kneel. Then, when he was down, the keeper proceeded to give the beast a good sweeping with a broom.

This sweeping of the elephant's back caused the visitor some amusement, for he remarked that he had seen houses and sidewalks and steamboats swept, but he had never before seen anybody sweep an elephant.

Yet sweeping the elephants is in all shows a regular part of the duty of the keeper. If the show gives a street parade the last thing done before the elephants come out into public view is to sweep them.

Weighing the Mayor

A MAYOR, particularly an English mayor, is, traditionally, a man of weight and substance, but there is only one municipality that insists that His Honor get on the public scales and prove it. Of the thousands of quaint and curious customs surviving in "the old country," this is, perhaps, one of the most odd.

The mayor of High Wycombe has to be weighed on the ninth day of November of each year—inauguration day, and this custom has been observed for about six centuries. The mayor-elect walks at the head of a procession consisting of the councillors, the beadle, and the mace-bearer. He is clad in cocked hat, silk stockings, blue coat, and knee-breeches. Upon reaching the town hall, the mayor is placed upon the scales by the head constable, and a record of his avoirdupois is solemnly made in a book kept for this purpose.

The Passing of the Drum

A FEW years ago the French government, acting upon the recommendations embodied in a report made by a committee of generals in its army, decided that the drum must go. The report asserted that the drum was a serious encumbrance in marching, that rain impaired its usefulness; that its calls could not be distinguished in time of battle, that it consumed a period of two years to turn out an efficient drummer, and that, by abandoning the use of the drum, many thousands of youths and men would be released for active service.

It is expected that such others of the European powers as still retain drum corps will follow the example of the French.

The history of the drum is both ancient and honorable. The Egyptians employed it; and the Greeks ascribed its invention to Bacchus. The Spanish conqueror Pizarro is said to have found drums in South-American temples. The snakes of Ireland, we are told, fled from the Emerald Isle before the drum-beats of Saint Patrick. The Puritans of New England used the drum as a church-bell; and it figured frequently and romantically all through our wars of the Revolution and Rebellion.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle. ***

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per jar. ***

ADVERTISEMENTS

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Good for Young People to Follow.

"My little grandson often comes up to show me how large the muscles of his arms are.

"He was a delicate child, but has developed into a strong, healthy boy, and Postum has been the principal factor.

"I was induced to give him the Postum because of my own experience with it.

"I am sixty years old, and have been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for many years. Have tried all sorts of medicines, and had treatment from many physicians, but no permanent relief came. I believe nervous dyspeptics suffer more than other sick people, as they are affected mentally as well as physically.

"I used to read the Postum advertisements in our paper. At first I gave but little attention to them, thinking it was a fraud like so many I had tried, but finally something in one of the advertisements made me conclude to try it.

"I was very particular to have it prepared strictly according to directions, and used good, rich cream. It was very nice indeed, and about bedtime I said to the members of the family that I believed I felt better. One of them laughed, and said, 'That's another of mother's notions,' but the notion has not left me yet.

"I continued to improve right along after leaving off coffee and taking Postum, and now, after three years' use, I feel so well that I am almost young again. I know Postum was the cause of the change in my health, and I cannot say too much in its favor. I wish I could persuade all nervous people to use it."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Letters of Credit.

Bills of exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made. International Cheques. Certificates of Deposit.

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For [illegible] years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. [illegible]. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence Kan.

The Problem of Time

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

TIME has always been a strange and baffling puzzle to philosophers. They could never explain, or account, or trace its beginning and end. While we can calculate the end of worlds and of solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled. ❧ The principal thing that differentiates man from the animals is his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time. We divide life up into periods of time, and thus make it endurable. You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something additional—or he doesn't. Anyway, he should. Where did the extra money come from? Time produced it. How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine. But all the time that the individual can call his own is while he lives. ❧ When will Fate with her scissors clip the thread of time for you? You do not know, and this very uncertainty should make you prize time and work while it is called the day. To limit the shock of your passing, and to ease your affairs over the shallows when your hand and brain can no longer guide them, Life Insurance comes in. Death, for most, comes without warning. By Life Insurance, those dependent upon us are cared for, and the result of our foresight and prudence is the possession of those we love after we are gone. ❧ Life Insurance is not a duty: it is more than that—it is a privilege. Life Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it insures your loved ones against want when you are no longer here. That very fact gives peace, poise and power to the man who is insured. It makes for length of days. Life Insurance is an extension on time. And, being wise, we provide through the Equitable Life against the time when time shall be no longer ours.

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OF THE UNITED STATES
"Strongest in the World"
The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.
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AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? Great opportunities to-day in Life-Insurance work for the Equitable.

Select Books

Choose your books with as much care as you do your friends. The influence of books is greater than that of persons, because books live longer. "Many men of many minds" have produced many books of many kinds. Don't choose your books blindly.

Read the page headed "*Book Land*," appearing every Saturday in the *New York Morning American*, where books are intimately discussed and criticised by the able editors Edwin Markham and John Vance Cheney.

Finance

WHEN GOLD COMES IN

By Franklin Escher

BY every one who is at all interested in financial matters it is known that we have been importing gold from abroad during the past few weeks, but by comparatively few people is the importance or extent of the present inflow of gold realized. It is not a case of the bankers of one country transferring to the bankers of another country a few scattered millions in gold bullion. It is a case of what was an extremely precarious financial condition here at New York only a month or six weeks ago, being converted into a position of great strength through an influx of a flood of foreign gold which has already run up to twenty million dollars and which gives every indication of mounting far beyond that figure.

Because of the quiescent money conditions prevailing and the ease with which it has been possible to borrow money, we have been spared the usual glaring newspaper stories about the "saving of the situation" and all the rest of it, but none the less has a great change in the complexion of things financial been brought about by the stream of foreign gold which has been steadily filtering into this market. With the banks here faced by the practical certainty that extraordinary demands for cash to move the crops would be made upon them in September and October, it was most important—most vital, in fact, for the safety of the situation—that large cash reserves should be built up. Through the import of a large amount of foreign gold that has been accomplished. On only one or two occasions in recent years have the Eastern banks, on the eve of the time when the country's archaic currency system creaks and groans under the weight of crop-moving, been as well fortified with cash as they are at present.

For the fact that we have thus been able to fortify ourselves by drawing gold from abroad, recent heavy sales of American securities in Europe are alone responsible. On the strength of the foreign trade position we should be exporting rather than importing gold. With money easy as it is here, it would be more natural for the rate of exchange to be hovering around the point at which gold goes out than around the point at which gold comes in. The season of the year, with foreign travel at its maximum and expenditures by Americans abroad running into untold millions—everything, in fact, indicates that we ought to be sending out gold instead of bringing it in. And yet the movement is just the other way, and every incoming steamer brings its precious argosy to be added to the golden piles already heaped up in the banks' vaults.

The only possible explanation is that foreign purchases of our securities have for some time past been on a heavier scale than has been generally thought. That new bonds amounting to perhaps $150,000,000 were marketed in Europe early in the year is, of course, well known, but that in itself would by no means be enough to account for what has taken place. What has been happening since then, as is clearly shown by this inflow of foreign gold, is that the foreign investor has recognized the remarkably favorable opportunities for investment prevailing and has been availing himself fully of them. To him the situation, while not free from unfavorable features, has looked very different than to the investor here at home—from the better view point of a foreign market, political conditions, for instance, have been looked at in a more reasonable way. The United States, the foreign bankers remember, periodically passes through these periods of hysteria, only to emerge on a more prosperous and sounder basis than ever. Just that, indeed, has been the drift of the advice given by half a dozen leading authorities abroad. During times like these, they have been saying, American stocks of good class can always safely be bought. That their advice has been followed, and to a greater extent than has been generally thought, is becoming more and more evident all the time.

Payment for securities bought from us is being made—that is the very simple explanation of what seems a very complicated situation. Outbalancing in importance all considerations about foreign trade and American expenditures abroad, this influence has been steadily at work, causing gold to come here. Early in the year Europe bought a lot of our new bonds. Later, when the stock market here went to pieces, European investors stepped in and bought big quantities of our standard dividend payers. For these purchases the bill runs up into big figures. It is being settled now, and the gold which is coming this way is the visible expression of the process of payment. Foreign purchases of our securities total far more than the twenty millions in gold which have been sent us, the bulk of the payments being effected by means of bills of exchange. The gold which is coming in is a kind of supplementary form of payment. Whenever the supply of exchange becomes exhausted, gold is sent in its place.

This is an important point to bear in mind and will perhaps become clearer if a little attention is given to the actual mechanism of the transactions. On some given day, let us assume, European bankers have bought "Americans" heavily in the New York market. Having bought something payment for which must be made in New York, these London bankers naturally go into the market where drafts on New York are to be had and try to buy the drafts they need. If now the purchases of stocks they have made are very heavy and their demand for bills of exchange is very large, it will be seen that a rise in the rate of exchange is likely to take place. How great this rise will be depends upon how strong is the demand for bills and upon what the available supply of bills is. If the supply is great all demands may be satisfied without much of a rise in the rate of exchange taking place. If, on the other hand, the supply of bills is limited, urgent bidding by bankers who have bought stocks, and so need bills of exchange to pay for them, is likely to force exchange rates up to what is known as the "gold export point."

Used in this connection, the "gold-export point" means simply the point in the exchange rate at which the draft the banker wants to buy will cost him so much that he finds he can send gold cheaper. To be explicit, a banker in London who has to send $100,000 to New York in payment of stocks bought, might find that to buy a draft on New York for $100,000 would cost him £20,617, while to send bar gold to the equivalent of $100,000 would cost only £20,595. The latter method of remitting would be the one adopted, the idea naturally being to cancel the $100,000 debt in New York with the expenditure of the least possible number of pounds.

Bar gold being bought and sold in the London market exactly as is lead or copper, the price at which it can be obtained at any given time naturally has a big influence on the question as to whether shipping it bodily abroad is a clearer or cheaper way of settling a debt due in a foreign country than the sending over of bills of exchange. If there is plenty of gold available in the London market and not many bidders for it, the price per ounce is apt to be low (the Bank of England is required by law to buy all the gold offered it at seventy-seven shillings ninepence per ounce). If, on the other hand, London representatives of French and German and Austrian banks go into the Monday morning gold auction and begin bidding against one another, the price of the gold per ounce is apt to be sharply advanced—perhaps to as much as seventy-eight shillings per ounce. The rate of exchange at which drafts on New York can be bought has to be pretty high to make it preferable to send gold bought at any such price as that.

While on this subject of gold remittances, it may be interesting to note that the precious metal comes in the form of bars somewhat larger than an ordinary building brick, and worth, roughly speaking, $10,000 apiece. When the metal is packed for export five of these bars usually go into one keg, a steel-hooped little barrel perhaps a foot high. The bars, each one of which is stamped with its weight and fineness, are carefully packed in sawdust to prevent abrasion, the keg being sealed with tape and stamped with the seal of the banking house which is sending out the gold. Twenty kegs usually make up a million-dollar shipment.

Upon its arrival in New York the gold is taken direct to the Assay Office, run in connection with the Treasury, inspected, and paid for in gold coin or other legal-tender. In this country, unlike in England, the price does not vary, the Treasury standing ready to take all the gold offered at $20.6718 per ounce one thousand fine. If the fineness is less than one thousand the amount paid by the Treasury for the gold is proportionately less. It is this legal tender received from the Treasury, and not the raw gold itself, which goes into the reserve of the importing bank.

By reason of the gold which has been brought in from abroad during the past couple of months, surplus reserves of the New York banks have been very much strengthened—built up to such a degree, in fact, that with two exceptions they are the largest in fifteen years. Deposits of cash at New York by the interior banks and the general slowing down of business have, of course, also had an influence toward building up reserves, but for the impressiveness of the surplus the banks are able to show the gold-import movement is directly responsible.

And as the gold received from abroad has weekly swelled the amount of reserves in the New York banks, there has been more and more of a disposition to revise estimates as to money conditions this fall. Early in the summer it seemed as though trouble could hardly be avoided. With the comptroller's statement of bank condition showing that up to the beginning of July, at least, the land speculations had by no means been checked, it seemed inevitable that a reaction would occur when the crops came to be moved. Demands upon New York for cash, it was realized, were bound to be quite exceptional, and with surplus reserves there none too large it was hard to see how the season could be gone through without serious disturbance taking place. One thing alone would obviate the danger. If the New York banks could, during the summer, pile up so big a reserve as to make it possible for them to let the West have fifty or seventy-five million dollars all might yet be well. But that any such accumulation of cash could be engineered seemed extremely unlikely.

Through the gold-import movement this very thing has come about. The chances that the demands upon the New York banks will be exceptionally heavy have not become less, but so strongly has the position been fortified that coming inroads can be looked upon with perfect equanimity. Where, in the beginning of the summer, it seemed impossible that the Eastern banks could find the money to send West to move the crops, it now turns out that the end of August finds these banks quite exceptionally well provided—with the added possibility that further gold imports will enable them further to increase their reserves.

It may not mean that the danger of high money this fall is all over, but it does mean that the chances of disturbance have been very greatly reduced—and so is being interpreted by investors all over the country. To have bought stocks or bonds at the beginning of the summer when there seemed every probability of money stringency in the fall was one thing, to buy them under present conditions something quite different. Reserves even such as the banks hold at present are not an absolute guarantee against trouble, but then in Wall Street few things are ever absolutely guaranteed. Reserve of half a hundred million dollars above legal requirements lying in the vaults of the New York banks is about as near a guarantee that there will be no money squeeze this fall as the reasonable investor can expect to get.

Reasoning backward, while sometimes a useful process, is often far from being safe. Prospect of lower dividends, for instance, may tend to depress security prices, but to reason that because security prices are depressed the prospect is for lower dividends is to run the risk of making a serious mistake.

For the ill-considered talk concerning the probability of dividend reductions which has been going the rounds, there is little more reason than this fact that security prices have had a big decline. Yet no railroad in the country has been immune from doleful predictions of lowered dividends. By a number of commentators on financial affairs, indeed, the attitude has been assumed that wholesale dividend reductions are inevitable—that the question is not of whether, but of when. For this attitude there does not appear to be responsible any idea that a serious business depression is closing in on the country or that the Interstate Commerce Commission is going to order freight rates lowered and so bankrupt the railroads. The one idea seems to be that, the prices of stocks having fallen as they have, dividend reductions are bound to follow.

With a wheat crop only slightly less than the five-year average practically assured, with every indication that the corn crop will break all records, with the outlook, in fact, for a total value of farm products greater this year than ever before, it seems hard to be intelligently pessimistic on business. Just now it is true, things are quieter than a good many people would like to see them, but this, it must be remembered, is August and a time when business is supposed to slow down. Because midsummer dullness makes bank clearings, statistics of iron production, and the other indicia of trade compare unfavorably with earlier months, it is by no means said that business is really on the down track and that dividends will have to be reduced.

Analysis of the earning power of important railroads which has been appearing daily in the *Wall Street Journal* comes very far, indeed, from bearing out this idea that dividends will have to be cut down. That increase in gross earnings has been more than offset by bigger expenses of operation is, of course, well known, but even at that net earnings of most of the railroads are such as to warrant the belief that they can at least go on paying as much as they are paying now. There is, moreover, to be considered the fact that whereas the earning statements in question cover a time when practically all materials used in railroading were steadily rising in price, the railroads are at present able to buy very much more cheaply. Whether steel rails have or have not been cut is a good deal of a question, but, at any rate, all other iron and steel materials are from one dollar and a half to five dollars a ton lower than they were a year ago. Manufacturers of equipment, too, have begun to see things as they actually are, and, instead of coming at prospective purchasers with stories about mills running night and day, are both willing to shade prices and to grant long terms of credit.

It will be some little time before this ability to buy materials cheaper will show in railroad statements—for a number of reasons the railroad men will not break their necks trying to make it show—but to the discerning investor the fact will be none the less known that it is costing less to run the railroads. And, bearing in mind Ben Franklin's homely old truth about a penny saved being a penny earned, this same discerning investor is apt to figure that, with net earnings being thus increased, there exists little reason to fear that present dividend rates will not be maintained.

Reasonable optimism on the part of the investor is all very well and not without its good effect on prices, but compares about as a pistol with a cannon to the optimism of the men who stand at the head of things and have the power to give out the orders. When, for instance, W. C. Brown, President of the New York Central lines, recently declared himself an optimist he was able to back up what he said by ordering equipment including one lot of 200 locomotives. "I am more than conservatively optimistic," said Mr. Brown, "I am exceedingly hopeful of a fine year's business, trade, commerce, and all that goes to make for the prosperity of a country like this. As proof of my optimism I have left instructions to arrange for contracts for 200 locomotives. These orders have been held until a reasonably definite line could be had on the crops for another year, and I am so well assured that the result is going to be satisfactory that instructions have been given to place orders for these engines."

Practical optimism, that.

The Gentler View

THE DEPRESSING EFFECT OF HUMOR

By Florida Pier

The gloom produced by ill timed humor is of a quality to weigh down one's heart. There is no other evasion that is so leaden in its depressing affect. When the members of the British House of Parliament regard the discussion of the Women's Suffrage Bill as an opportunity to be amusing, the humorous things they say—and they are humorous—make tears of utter melancholy well up in one's eyes. Serious statements, though condemnatory, are received cheerfully. It is so kindly and painstaking of people to be serious, but humor—it plunges one into abysms of despair. For every one is so pleased with his joke, so delighted with having got out of a hole by a neat verbal turn, that he is blinded to the fact that he has evaded the entire subject, and refused to take a stand with what is nothing short of unpardonable discourtesy. To laugh at the wrong time is so serious—and to fail to laugh at the right time is only equally so—that it takes a perpetually enlightened mind, or momentary inspiration, to distinguish unfailingly the apropos moment for each. The latter is perhaps an omission of sentiment, a big failure, but it is not a direct affront.

To knock an opponent down shows that you actively disagree with his views. To jest smugly at a thing on which your opponent feels strongly, and to imply by your chuckle of self-satisfaction that you feel nothing more than a jest to have been required of you, is to have been guilty of a buffoonery that insults both your opponent and your own better self. Crass jocoseness seems to be a base, a neutral ground to which the majority of people fly when approached, feeling that there they are safe and cannot be made to produce views on a subject strange enough to render them uncomfortable. A yokel would, no doubt, laugh as he approached the pyramids. If he were taken to see a turbine engine he would, in all probability, feel that he had acquitted himself sufficiently well if he guffawed a remark of sorts.

Women do not wish to be confused with the pyramids or turbine engines, though size and complexity are not wholly foreign to the puzzle that is at present engaging them, but they do feel a real shame that, on their presenting a rather large problem which they know must be solved, and which they think concerns men equally with women, the men should laugh with a persistency that can be the result of nothing more or less than rustic embarrassment when confronted with a strange matter difficult to scale. The woman's problem can wait, its eventual adjustment is inevitable. In the mean time she is principally concerned with the shaming of the men. To have them behave like this, and in public—the disgrace is more than she deserves, and by her implicated sheepish grin she proclaims what the men do not seem to feel in the least: that men and women cannot have separate questions or problems. Their concerns are inextricably entangled. If the men behave badly, the women hang their heads, and when the women declare there is a large question to be answered, they are a shade abashed to have it called the woman's question. They would have supposed it in a way to affect the opposite sex, and to have it so thrown back on their hands, all natural share in it being denied by the masculine half of the world, gives a touch of melodrama that renders the women considerably abashed. It is like having one leg refuse all responsibility at the end of a long march for the distance come, thus causing the other, suffused with foolishness, to say that alone it came, and alone will bear all blame for the destination reached. It knows, of course, that it did not come alone, and its shame for the other leg accounts for its bewilderment and confusion.

An appreciation of types seems to be regulated by the connection one has with the type in question. If the person is of a nationality not yours, yet one well known to you, he is delicious in his exaggeration, a triumph of delicate caricature, convulsing in his sharp outlines and complete impossibility. If he is of a race that is in itself a mystery to us he may be lifted out of the realm of the amusing, and because his commonplaceness is told in terms not comprehensible to us, we may regard him as the epitome of wisdom, an awe-inspiring priest of a religion we build up on the moment out of his impassive brow and isolated calm of manner. But, on the other hand, when the type is of us, a part of our own civilization, he is a type to others, to us a distressing commentary on our bungling growth. His every emphasis, which makes him a joy to those who can look at him with the knowledge that they are in no way connected with him, cries out to us with a vulgarity we know. His clothes, his intonations, his blatant limitations, so come home. They do not seem detached to us; he is not completed in himself. He suggests blocks of houses, a certain school of chromo art, entire streets with their ghastly shop windows, excursion boats and trains filled with such as he. Unfortunately he is not a type, he is a whole phase of our national life, and the enjoyment of him is limited to those who are not in the faintest degree of him.

The delight in types is almost justly balanced in the end. The Paris *boulevardiers*, who go to one's head like a too strongly concentrated essence, cause a well bred Frenchwoman to raise martyred eyebrows. The "Paisley bodies" who make you squirm with delight by their burring, level-headed, tweeded respectability, make a Scotchwoman writhe with distress and sensibilities. We are each assured an endless debauch in quaint characters, but their very terribleness, the completeness with which they have achieved weirdness, makes the one condition of our enjoyment always the same. The danger of our ever having any contact with them must be as nearly as possible nil. To have them share the same fatherland seems a faint connection, but it is too strong. We only idealize stage people on the condition that they will remain behind the footlights, and not come under our standards. A necromancer by coming into the audience makes himself but a man, and we doubt his tricks because we have been obliged to speak to him. A type who lives next door is an eyesore, not an inimitable jest on the part of nature, but a tragedy personal to us.

Except—and "except" forcing itself upon us at almost the very end reminds us that it is not the bad penny that always turns up, but the other side of the bad penny—when one is gifted with the power to recognize those we live with as types, and after the recognition to experience an added relish in the connection. To love them for their quaint variations, their ridicule-making aberrations, to feel them all the nearer—it is mellowness such as this that permits one to face the suspicion that one may be a type oneself, and to meet fellow countrymen while travelling in foreign countries as something better than natural enemies.

Enticing the Octopus

The octopus is such a peculiarly repulsive-looking creature that it would not seem well calculated to appeal as an article of food even to a hungry man, but the Italians have no prejudice against the fish, which they eat without aversion.

The method adopted to capture the fish in Italian waters is as follows: At the end of a long bamboo pole is hung a line baited with a piece of red rag, and this, dangled in front of the rocky hiding-places of the octopus in the Mediterranean, is sufficient to tempt him from his lair. In his efforts to get near the bait the creature is enticed toward the boat, in which the fisherman awaits him with a trident, and at the right moment the octopus is impaled on its spikes. At night a bright light is used to attract the prey, and this in past times would take the form of an iron cradle full of resinous pine, which was carried at the head of the boat. But science has stepped in, and the fishermen now employ an acetylene-lamp, which seems to be as attractive to the octopus as a red rag. Unusually large catches have been made since this form of light was adopted, and now so many octopods are being caught off the coasts of southern Italy that the fear has been expressed that the coasts will be overfished. That, however, is not likely to be the case, for the octopus comes of a very prolific race.

How Plants Remain Upright

If a flower-pot is laid on its side the stalk of the plant growing in it gradually curves upward until it resumes the vertical position. This is called geotropic curvature, and the question is by what means the plant is stimulated to change its direction of growth. One theory avers that movable starch grains in the plant cells fall to the lower side as its position is changed and by their pressure influence the mechanism of growth. In England one investigator has succeeded in accelerating the tendency of a plant to curve upward when placed horizontally by subjecting it to the vibrations of a tuning fork. He thinks the shock of the vibrations affects the movement of the starch grains.

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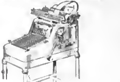

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The Football Rules for 1910

AN OUTLINE OF THE SWEEPING CHANGES WHICH THE RULES COMMITTEE HAS MADE IN THE CODE

By Edward B. Moss

Sporting Editor New York "Evening Sun"

LESS than a month hence squads of football players will be trooping across college campuses on their way to practice fields. The freshman and the veteran will walk side by side, for the new rules have made each of them a novice at the game. The greatest of all American college sports has undergone some drastic reform operations in its career and survived. Time and again it has been revised and restricted, yet it has always retained its position as the premier athletic feature of collegiate life. Its popularity has been repeatedly threatened but never overthrown.

There is no precedent for believing that "the game of 1910," as the new football has already been nicknamed, will experience any different reception. Yet to-day the coaches, players, and even the rule makers hesitate to forecast what football may develop this autumn. Several years of American college football history offers nothing comparable with the situation which now confronts the principals and supporters of the game. Some five years ago agitation against the game, as played at that time, made changes in the code necessary. The Rules Committee met and materially altered the regulations governing the sport. There were many innovations, the principal feature being the introduction of the forward pass.

At that time the general opinion of the expert was that football had been shorn of its most dangerous tendencies. For a short space of time there was a marked decrease in the list of casualties, but so strenuously did the youth of the land play football that soon black marks were again being registered against the game. So, once more it became necessary to eliminate certain evils that had sprung up under the so-called "new" code, and the result is "the game of 1910."

The men who voluntarily and without compensation give time and serious thought to the game and again undertook the revision of the playing rules, found their task harder than usual, for the relief sought was to be the preservation of the good in football and the removal of all dangerous elements possible. For months the Rules Committee worked over the problem. Hundreds of suggestions were considered. Whole college football squads volunteered for experimental football play. Meeting after meeting was held, and now the rules for 1910 have been compiled and published.

What the result of the coming autumn play will be even the gridiron adepts confess they cannot conceive. A vast field of new tactics and play has been opened for exploration and experiment. The rule-makers believe they have reduced the danger of the game to a minimum. Every objectionable feature which developed during the progress of the sport in the past few seasons has been subjected to the pruning knife.

The changes which have been made in the code lead one to the belief that there will be changes in the type of the players. It seems likely that the day of the ponderous muscular giants is over. There will be no great amount of mass play possible under the new code, and little need for the two hundred and odd pounder who formerly stood like a bulwark in the forefront of the battle. Fast sprinting players of medium weight and height, possessing ability to dodge quickly and tackle cleverly, seem to have the call.

Such being the case, it is likely that there will be more equality between the elevens of the big and little colleges and it would not be surprising if during the coming season there were some remarkable upsets in the football traditions of some of the big universities. The player with two or three years' experience is not likely to be of much more value at the outset of the season than a comparative novice. Both will be on the same plane, since the game which they are to play is an entirely new one. The same applies to the coaches, who may be expected to falter many times in their attempted explanations and efforts to show the players just what is required. Many of them, realizing this, have spent the best part of the summer experimenting with the rules as they understood them, hoping to be in a position to proceed promptly with their duties which will begin within the next two or three weeks.

Now football stands forth in its new trappings a game of mystery and uncertainty. It may be the long sought solution of the sport or perhaps only a step in the desired direction. Only time and tests will solve the question. Certain it is that when its thousands of followers gather for the big college contests of the year, a most startling sight will be in store for them. Old veterans who made All American teams in their day, will rub their eyes and refuse to believe that what they see is the offspring of the game they helped to make famous. White haired alumni will witness plays that recall the days when American football in its infancy was a sport in which teams of unlimited numbers competed. Also there will come moves which even the 1909 players fail to find in their repertoire.

Gone is the famous flying tackle of former years; likewise the contest divided into two equal time halves. Instead football now becomes a sport played in four quarters with varying intermissions between the quarters. Even the playing-field will appear unfamiliar, for the longitudinal lines are no longer needed and the marked turf will have the appearance of the field before the introduction of the quarter back run. In an effort to lessen the physical exhaustion incidental to hard-fought games, football has been divided into four periods of fifteen minutes each, with the usual intermission of fifteen minutes between the second and third periods, and with a three minute intermission between the first and second and third and fourth quarters. As a result of this new ruling a regulation game will consume eighty-one minutes, aside from any time taken out for minor delays, as allowed by the rules.

As has been customary in the past, the teams will change goals during the second and fourth periods. During the first and third intermissions the possession of the ball, the down, the distance to be gained, and all other features in existence at the termination of the quarter, will be maintained. During these rests no player will be permitted to leave the field nor may any representative of either team enter the zone of play, except one designated to attend to the physical condition of the members of the competing elevens. Another innovation is that the teams will not change goals after a try-at-goal following a touchdown, or after a goal from the field. Also during the coming season the team scored upon will have the option of kicking off or demanding that their opponents kick off.

These are but a few of the many new regulations which have been built about the game in an effort to equalize conditions and eliminate danger. The rule-makers, in an attempt to stop the practice of crawling or dragging over the ground with the ball after a tackle, have provided a penalty for a violation of the rule once the ball has been declared dead. It has been further prescribed that the full scrimmage line of seven players of the side in possession of the ball must be on the line of scrimmage when the ball is put in play. Furthermore, interlocking interference has been prohibited. No longer will it be possible for players of the team in possession of the ball to use their hands or arms to grasp their team-mates or interlock legs, and thus close openings between men on the line.

As an offset to this it is no longer legal for the man running with the ball to receive assistance from his team mates by means of pushing or pulling during his struggle to gain ground. These two rules are the most drastic changes made toward the elimination of mass play. While, of course, the usual interference preceding the runner will be allowed, the player in possession of the ball will be shorn of the help which comes from pushing or pulling immediately following a tackle and which, in the past, has been frequently good for distances ranging from three to ten yards.

Perhaps the most remarkable change is the new rule which requires the tackler to have at least one foot on the ground at the moment he encircles, with his arms, the opponent carrying the ball. With this rule in operation it will be necessary for the tackler to be within the length of his own body of the ball carrier in order to bring him to the ground. The spectacular flying tackle, in which the tackler frequently dove eight or ten feet before bringing down his man, is a thing of the past. The rule which brings this change is short and concise, reading as follows: "A player when tackling an opponent must have at least one foot on the ground." From now on it would appear to be a question of speed between runner and tackler. If the runner is the faster of the two he can outcircle the player who seeks to bring him to the ground. If, on the other hand, he is the slower, his flying career will be abruptly brought to a close. With tackling with one foot on the ground, all interlocking of linesmen prohibited, and pushing and pulling eliminated, it would appear that mass play has been dealt a serious blow. It is not unlikely that the line of scrimmage will be widely spread out and that quick dodging runs through openings in the line will be frequent.

As if to aid this very move, the old restrictions which required that a quarterback attempting to advance the ball himself must first run five yards to the right or left before turning toward his opponents' goal, has been removed. It is now possible for any of the four players behind the line to advance the ball immediately upon receiving the same from the centre. The identical conditions apply to any of the players on the line of scrimmage with the exception of the two men standing on each side of the snapperback. The rule, as adopted by the rule-makers, reads thus: "Any player of the side which puts the ball in play, except either of the men standing on the line of scrimmage on each side of the snapperback, who first receives the ball when it is put in play, may carry the ball forward beyond the line of scrimmage."

To a certain extent, this rule alone appears to dispense with many of the duties which formerly fell to the quarterback. This elimination of a triple handling of the ball should make for speed and result in the development of a number of trick plays to be put into execution immediately following a line-up. The four men usually behind the line can no longer be said to consist of a quarterback, two half-backs, and a fullback, since any one of the four may receive the ball directly from the centre and attempt the advance without the necessity of the former complicated handling of the ball.

The forward pass has received special attention and additional restrictions have been placed upon its execution. In the new code the rules governing the forward pass read as follows: "A player of the side which puts the ball in play from a scrimmage may pass or throw the ball toward the opponents' goal under the following restrictions: A forward pass may cross the line of scrimmage at any point, but the player making the pass must be at least five yards back of said line when pass is made. A forward pass that crosses a line twenty yards in advance of the spot where the ball was put in play before touching the ground or a player is illegal and becomes dead as it crosses the line. Only one forward pass may be made in the same scrimmage; a second forward pass in the same scrimmage is illegal. If the ball, after having been legally passed forward, strikes the ground within the field of play before being touched by a player of either side, the pass shall not be considered as completed. After the ball has been legally passed forward it may first be touched only by such players of the passer's side as were at the time the ball was put in play at least one yard behind the line of scrimmage or were playing at either end of said line.

"If a forward pass is first touched by an illegal player of the passer's side the pass shall not be considered as completed. Any player of the side that did not make the forward pass has full right to touch and to attempt to secure possession of the ball. When the ball has been legally passed forward and has been legally touched before striking the ground by any player of the side not making the pass, any player of either side has the right to attempt to secure possession of the ball. Of the players of the side making the pass only the player who first legally touched the ball shall be entitled to touch or recover the ball until it has been touched by an opponent."

Penalties have been provided for violations of these rules, which, it may be seen, are complicated. The forward pass as it will be used this year is confined to a smaller zone than in 1909; while, on the other hand, the "popover" or "loop" pass, which frequently disconcerted opposing teams, has been abolished by the restriction which requires the passer to be at least five yards back of the line before throwing the ball forward.

The Rules Committee in order to give a clearer understanding of this portion of the rules has added the following explanation: "The legislation regarding a forward pass should be read over repeatedly by officials, coaches, captains, and players in order that it may be thoroughly mastered. First, the lines to be observed should be thoroughly born in mind. There are two lines of scrimmage, one for each side as formerly, the line passing through the end of the ball. A man to be on the line of scrimmage must be within one foot of this line, but a player to be eligible to receive a forward pass must be at least one yard back of his own line of scrimmage, and no one may receive a forward pass who is not thus one yard back, or occupies the position on the end of the line of scrimmage. There is another imaginary line in addition to this one-yard line, and that is five yards back of the line of scrimmage. No man may make a forward pass, nor may he kick the ball, unless he is behind this imaginary five-yard line. Between this line and his scrimmage line he is allowed to neither kick nor make a forward pass. There is still another imaginary line, and that is on the other side of the scrimmage, the defensive. This is a line twenty yards back from the defensive line of scrimmage, and within the space bounded by the scrimmage line and the twenty yard line.

"Furthermore, if a forward pass is even touched or fumbled by a player, still no players on the other side may interfere with the opponent until the ball is actually in possession of the player, except in an attempt to get at the ball. The players may, however, interfere with opponents who have not crossed their own line of scrimmage. A forward pass is not legal if it goes more than twenty yards beyond the line of scrimmage, but an on-side kick does not become an on-side kick—that is, does not put men on-side—by touching the ground—unless it goes at least twenty yards beyond the line of scrimmage. In the case of a kick, the players on the defence within the twenty-yard zone must not interfere with the ends, or other players, in any way until these opponents have advanced twenty yards beyond the line of scrimmage. After they have advanced this twenty yards, then the side on the defence may use their hands or arms to push them out of the way, in order to get at the ball, or use their arms close to their bodies, in order to obstruct an opponent from coming at the player carrying it."

These are but a few illustrations of the many changes made. Another, which, by the way, is not new, being merely a restoration of the rule in vogue until 1890 states: "A player who has been removed during the game may be returned during the game once at the beginning of any subsequent period."

How the Automobile Affects Other Industries

By WILLIAM HARLEY PORTER

In any study of the value to the country of the automobile industry, the utility of the article itself and its powerful influence on modern business methods intrude as automatically as King Charles's head was wont to appear in Mr. Dick's famous monograph.

But we must try resolutely to keep that phase out of the present discussion, and confine ourselves for the present to the effect of the coming of the automobile upon other industries, more or less closely allied.

Naturally the rubber industry and its problems come first to mind. They are on a good many minds at present, especially the problems part. One year ago, if you were so indiscreet as to remark aloud that you needed a new set of tires, a score of rubber salesmen would swoop in on your trail.

To-day an automobile manufacturer may pass the word that he is in the market for ten thousand sets and he will not have one caller. In fact, his rubber-selling friends would avoid meeting him if they decently could do so.

The tire market is on a friendship basis to-day. The manufacturer who has good connections with the industry will be taken care of, if possible. But the rubber manufacturer is in hot water from both sides. He sees a diminishing supply with a never-ceasing increase. American money is paying for ship-loads of rubber annually, but it does not go as far, seemingly, as the much smaller imports of two or three years ago.

And so the price of rubber soars. It is worth to-day, before the factory cleans it, one-half its weight in solid silver. If an automobile owner were able to get along with only two wheels on his machine it would be cheaper for him to use silver—had it the needed characteristics—because the silver market is fairly stable, but rubber is going higher.

To-day thirty-five per cent. of the world's rubber goes into automobile tires. There are between thirty-five and forty factories in the United States devoted almost exclusively to tire-making, while the total number of rubber factories in the country in 1905 (latest available United States census statistics) was two hundred and twenty-four, with a capitalization at that time of $40,297,537. Though the proportion making tires is small, many of them are busy with articles made necessary by the coming of the automobile.

Rubber factories, especially those making automobile tires, seem able to flourish at any point one may select. New England has a number; South Dakota has one at least; Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan are well represented, but the heart of the rubber industry throbs at Akron, Ohio.

Rubber statistics as to labor devoted to tire-making are difficult to secure, as many of the factories have diversified products. It is true, however, that tire-makers are well paid, their daily wages averaging slightly over $3. It is interesting to know that even in 1900 there were more than 20,000 laborers employed by the rubber industry. If we take the known figures for the last few decades, and by their help consider the enormous increase in rubber importation, it will require slight analysis to realize labor's big share in the increased business.

The value of rubber imported in this country in 1880 was $9,606,230; in 1890, $14,854,512; in 1900, $31,702,097; and in 1908, $36,713,400. Last year the figures climbed to $61,791,830, while for the ten months ending April last they reached $94,474,477, with the two largest months of the fiscal year ending June 30th to hear from. The year's total, at the same ratio, undoubtedly reached $112,000,000.

From the census figures, down to 1905, it appears that the value of the finished product in this business is to the raw material as 16 is to 10. Upon that basis this year's rubber goods are worth $179,000,000, and the value added through manufacturing was, therefore, $67,000,000, of which it is safe to assume that labor received its full and ample proportion.

Of really greater importance, in point of wages earned by workmen, is the influence of the automobile in iron and brass foundries—in creating, that is, entirely new business, thereby requiring great additions to the number of men employed.

It must be understood that the percentage of automobiles manufactured, or built, is very small in comparison with those that are assembled. Strictly speaking, of course, every automobile maker must buy some parts, otherwise he would be obliged to manufacture his lamp lenses and rubber tires, and to smelt aluminum, run a steel mill, a brass factory, carpet looms, an electrical apparatus establishment, a wood-working plant, an asbestos-cement mill, steel ball, steel-rod, and steel-plate factories, a tannery, a woollen mill, and a few other odds and ends.

As a matter of fact, the great majority of forged-steel front axles meets on the assembling floor other parts which have had their origin in nearly every part of the Union, to say nothing of from three to seven foreign lands.

Any foundry which can successfully execute commercial forgings can take all the orders it can fill, and at its own prices.

"We pay top figures for our iron and brass work," said a Detroit automobile manufacturer to me, and there was a note of complaint in his voice. "The foundries are making a relatively higher profit than we can ever hope to receive, and the only limit to their demands lies in their conscience. When they feel like it prices go up a few notches, and we can only grin and bear it, or not grin—whichever we prefer. You see, we cannot terminate a foundry connection one day and make a new one the next. Our work is individual and upon specifications. It takes time for a factory to fit itself for our work, and we must have the work on time."

Wood-working plants are getting some of the good things, too. Carriage men who are wise enough and smart enough to make good automobile bodies are making more money than they ever did in their lives before, and paying bigger pay-rolls. Even lumber yards, which have never done any mill work, are turning out bodies.

In Cincinnati a wagon-maker was recently amazed and delighted to have dropped in his lap an order for 2,000 commercial truck bodies—a larger plum than ever came his way before. And the auto-truck, by the way, is only an industrial baby—but it is growing very rapidly.

The leather market is almost as much demoralized as the rubber trade. The tendency to higher prices is entirely natural and to be expected. Automobile makers, however, complain bitterly of the quality of leather they are getting; their specifications, they say, go for nothing. They take what they can get.

Have you thought of the quantity of glass that has been absorbed by automobile wind-shields? A very respectable quantity it is; enough to stiffen materially prices on the grades demanded. Fortunately the glass supply can be increased almost at will in this country. It is just a question of hiring the capable labor required and paying the wages. This country can stand a lot of that.

Tin-workers are getting their share, a very generous one, too. There are entire factories in the tin and granite ware business that have put in large departments to make automobile radiators, hoods, and fenders.

Umbrella makers have increased their plants in order to make automobile tops. An Ohio umbrella factory which for years had a national sale of advertising sun-shades for delivery wagons, and was not swamped with orders at that, now makes automobile tops and is employing several times its old number of men. Its community, a small one, appreciates the resultant prosperity. In Jackson, Michigan, there is another concern that will turn out this year 100,000 tops, and that is going perceptibly.

Speaking of 100,000 lots, a Milwaukee establishment is making that many pressed-steel frames for automobile bodies this year. Some factories would rather use wood for their car backs, but the automobile industry has helped to devour the visible supply of poplar. Hickory, for automobile spokes, is going rapidly, if not already virtually gone, so far as desirable grades are concerned. It is no wonder that a special sort of raw material goes rapidly, if it can be used for any of the purposes suitable for the insatiate automobile, when entire factories are now making one single article required by it, as is the case with a Michigan wood-working plant which has been making nothing but steering wheels for months.

Occasionally something turns up in this wonderful business to show that the law of compensation is not nodding. A Cleveland factory, that was doing only fairly in the manufacture of curry-combs, now finds that it cannot keep up with its orders for pressed steel from the automobile manufacturers. Farewell, Horse; thrice welcome, Automobile.

Turn which way you will, these manufacturing shifts to the new and better-paying industry confront you. A Detroit house makes marine engines; the fact is embodied in its firm name, and it wants to be known all over the country as a marine-engine factory. But the fact is it sold this year $150,000 worth of marine engines and $1,500,000 worth of automobile engines. Yes, and it cost the house $30,000 to sell its marine engines but not

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ABBOTT'S BITTERS

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a penny of selling expense to dispose of its automobile motors.

But, for that matter, the makers of automobiles are not investing much money in selling costs as yet. One of Detroit's brightest and newest young automobile manufacturers was asked how many men he had out selling automobiles.

"None," was the amazing reply. "But I have twenty-two men out buying material."

Do you wonder that those businesses which can get a share of the automobile work are striving to get it?

In several lines industries have been well-nigh created, out of hand, by the automobile. It has made aluminum a commercial success as a metal, for it amounted to nothing, almost, a dozen years ago. The Buyer's Index of a prosperous trade paper devoted to the automobile and motorcycle, lists fifty-seven electrical concerns which make apparatus needed by these vehicles. And electrical workers are very well paid, by the way. The acetylene-lamp business is a big and well-developed industry, which owes its prosperity mainly to the automobile.

Trunk-makers, curled hair importers and manufacturers, hot and cold bottle makers, have all found new customers for products which have been fostered amazingly by the automobile age.

If you have had trouble in getting your new office furniture, blame it on the automobile, for the furniture men have found a big and rapidly growing market for certain specialties which they make to supply a demand that is dependent wholly upon the car.

And the raiment makers—who can estimate their share of new business created by motoring? The dry-goods trade has benefited much more largely than might be imagined, till one recalls the tops, the rugs, the carpets, the interior furnishing of electric cars and the limousines, and the sheeting for covers that are demanded.

From every part of the country there comes a new stream of manufactured goods, made wholly for the automobile, and in return go back dollars that would not have been started on their travels were it not for the automobile.

Recently the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce was entertained by its brothers of Detroit, and in a speech by one of the guests he spoke approvingly of Detroit as "The Automobile City." "And we are glad of it," he said. "You make the cars and we send you the material that goes into them. My friend over there in the hardware business was selling the hardware to go into a carriage for $2.85 a few years ago. Now he sells the hardware needed for an automobile and collects $79 for it."

The hardware man protested, laughingly, but finally said that the figures were close enough to be allowed to stand.

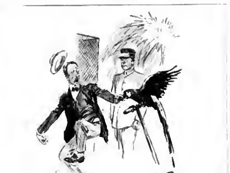
But you have not read aright of these new things, these new business opportunities, these new money-making adjuncts to old industries, if you have not mentally checked off the part that labor is playing in all of this commercial expansion; if you have not realized, as never before, that making auto tops for New York built cars is filling dinner pails in southern Ohio; that the well-to-do farmers of the great Middle West who buy automobiles thus help to make prosperous the brass-lamp workers in Wisconsin and Massachusetts and New York and Pennsylvania. That the price paid for an automobile is divided, ultimately, among more producers of finished products and a greater diversity of labor than almost anything else in common use in the land.

Upon this foundation countless savings-bank accounts are being built at a rate most gratifying to the bankers, and the importance of the automobile to the transportation systems of this country is momentous enough to be told in a chapter by itself.

A Volcano as Lighthouse

The best lighthouse on the Pacific coast of Central America is a volcano. It is several miles inland from the port of Acajutla, in the republic of Salvador, and is so active that it serves as a perpetual beacon for vessels in that part of the ocean. The volcano is the property of the government and a fine source of revenue. The republic of Salvador collects lighthouse fees from every vessel that drops anchor at Acajutla, just as though it had established and was maintaining the volcano at great expense as a guide to mariners.

This great volcanic beacon can be seen far out at sea. The coast is dangerous, and if it were not for this huge, perpetual fire there would be many wrecks. An ordinary lighthouse would be of less service to the mariners. Despite all this, however, there is not a skipper among the many vessels plying along the west coast who does not grumble every time he pays the fee that the republic of Salvador exacts for its volcano-lighthouse.



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Senator Dryden's New Book

"Addresses and Papers on Life-Insurance and Other Subjects"

There has just been put on file in the larger libraries of the country a volume containing the Addresses and Papers on Life-Insurance and Other Subjects, by former United States Senator John F. Dryden, organizer and president of the Prudential Insurance Company of America.

It will be remembered that President Dryden first successfully introduced and operated industrial life-insurance in the United States, and his new book contains much information concerning life-insurance for the masses, or what is commonly called industrial insurance.

Mr. Dryden's book is one of the very few books that have been written on this subject. The volume treats of the inception and early problems of the business, as well as the social economy and practice of what the author claims is one of the most effective methods of family protection ever devised. Mr. Dryden also points to the opportunities of life-insurance as a career, and in his book brings out clearly that only one-fifth of the population carry legal reserve life-insurance. The author tells of the new system of life-insurance successfully introduced by the Prudential about two years ago, by which the payment of life-insurance money through the medium of monthly income checks is divided over the entire lifetime of the widow or other dependents rather than paying it in one sum directly at the death of the insured. Mr. Dryden believes that this method of distributing life-insurance is directly in line with the American ideal of the highest possible degree of economic independence in old age, and that this new plan of the Prudential's marks an epoch in life-insurance.

The author takes up the question of taxation of life-insurance in the United States and the regulation of insurance by Congress, arguing strongly for a reduction in the tax upon life-insurance, and also for the placing of life-insurance under national supervision, in order to bring about uniform laws for the conduct of the business.

When Mr. Dryden was in the United States Senate he was a member of the Senate Committee on Isthmian Affairs, and as such made a strong plea for the adoption of a lock canal at Panama, which plan was adopted. Mr. Dryden in his speech before the United States Senate, which is printed in his book, argued for the lock canal because he claimed it would cost the American people one hundred million dollars less than any other type, and he wanted to avoid what in his mind was "the imposition of needless burdens upon the taxpayers of this nation and upon the commerce of the world."

Mr. Dryden concludes his book with a short address on Abraham Lincoln and Alexander Hamilton. He brings out the fact that Hamilton was the first to express the opinion that the regulation of insurance was within the meaning of the commerce clause of the Constitution. Mr. Dryden states that his own course in public and business life was largely influenced by the fundamental principles of party government and party responsibility, and the high ideals in political, business, and social life of both Hamilton and Lincoln.

Mr. Dryden's book will undoubtedly be used by many as a reference book on life-insurance and particularly industrial life-insurance.

The Next-door Fruit-tree

The next-door fruit-tree, growing so near the line that laden branches extend over the fence, has proved the source of untold spankings to the small boy, quarrels between otherwise good neighbors, and even resort to the police courts. One is inclined to suspect that the original apple-tree of trouble hung over a neighbor's fence.

The cause of friction is, of course, the question of the ownership of, or at least the right to take and use, the fruit on the tree's widely spread branches. Generally this fruit is claimed by the person whose property is thus invaded, but if he asserts this claim to the point of gathering the fruit without permission he may feel the iron hand of the law. If he objects to the presence of the branches which extend over his property the owner of the tree must remove them. But if the owner of the tree apply for the fruit, or ask permission to enter and take it, the owner of the land over which the branches extend cannot refuse permission for entry for this purpose. If he refuses either to hand over the fruit or to allow the owner of the tree to enter and take it, then the owner of the tree may enter without permission, but he must use no force nor commit any damage in so entering.

Certainly the most neighborly thing to do would be to divide that fruit.

Tributes to Mark Twain

President Taft:
"Mark Twain gave pleasure—real intellectual enjoyment—to millions, and his works will continue to give such pleasure to millions yet to come. He never wrote a line that a father could not read to a daughter. His humor was American, but he was nearly as much appreciated by Englishmen and people of other countries as by his own countrymen. He has made an enduring part of American literature."

Theodore Roosevelt:
"It is with sincere grief that I learned of the death of this great American author. His position, like that of Joel Chandler Harris, was unique, not only in American letters, but in the literature of the world.

"He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher, and his writings form one of the assets in America's contributions to the world of achievement, of which we have a right as a nation to be genuinely proud."

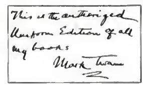
President Woodrow Wilson.
"All the world knows that in Mark Twain it has lost a delightful humorist, a man able to interpret human life with a flavor all his own; but only those who had the privilege of knowing him personally can feel to the full the loss of a man of high and lovely character, a friend quick to excite and give affection; a citizen of the world who loved every wholesome adventure of the mind or heart; an American who spoke much of the spirit of America in speaking his native thoughts."

Dr. Van Dyke:
"Those who know the story of his friendships and his family life know that he was one who 'loved much' and faithfully, even unto the end. Those who know his work as a whole know that under the lambent and irrepressible humor which was his gift there was a foundation of serious thoughts and noble affections and desires."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe:
"He was personally highly esteemed and much beloved, a man of letters with a very genuine gift of humor and of serious thought as well."

James Whitcomb Riley:
"The world has lost not only a genius, but a man of striking character, of influence, and of boundless resources. He knew the human heart and he was sincere. He knew children, and this knowledge made him tender."

Booth Tarkington:
"He seemed to me the greatest prose writer we had, and beyond that a great man. His death is a national loss, but we have the consolation that he and his genius belonged to and were of us."



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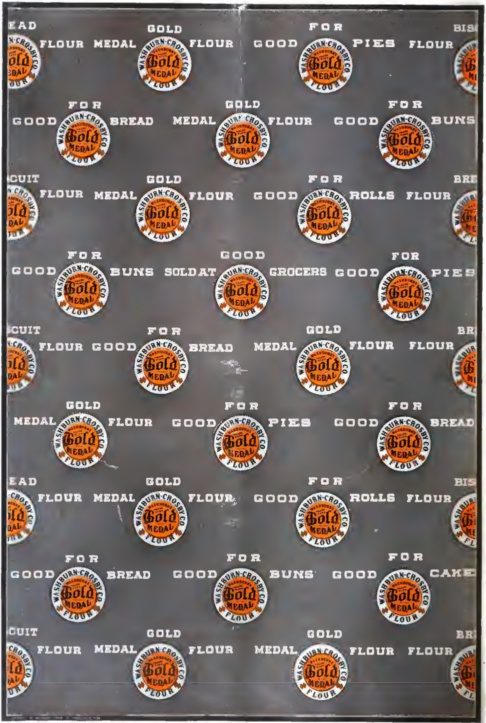
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

August 27 1910 **HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.** **Price 10 Cents**

"The Hon. Thelismer Thornton is as racy a native in his way as Hosea Biglow or David Harum."
—New York Evening Post.

THE RAMRODDERS

A New Novel by
HOLMAN DAY

Author of "King Spruce," "The Eagle Badge," etc.

[This review of THE RAMRODDERS appeared in the New York Evening Post, July 23, 1910.]

STORIES of American politics commonly suffer from too much intention. It is over-clear what the author is driving at in the way of partisan or moral effectiveness. Yankee politics has seemed to afford a particularly uncertain foothold to the novelist. Either seductions of dialect and local color have proved too strong, or the imagination has been insufficiently stirred by the public scene. **Twice of late, however, with "Mr. Crewe's Career" and "The Ramrodders," a really vigorous narrative has emerged from the vague limbo** in which float the materials of the historical story-teller's art. Mr. Churchill's theme was the corrupt dominance of a government by a corporation; Mr. Day's is its dominance by an insincere tradition. The name of the State involved is nowhere mentioned in the course of the story, but that is not because the author feared to acknowledge his locus. This kind of anonymity, formal as it may be, serves to enhance the suggestion of a wider meaning in the parable. However, the "color" is unmistakable. **The Hon. Thelismer Thornton is as racy a native in his way as Hosea Biglow or David Harum.** His fund of rustic parables is inexhaustible, and no contretemps is too serious to be hit off, Lincoln-wise, with some analogy from "up our way." Thornton has been known for many years as the "Duke of Fort Canibas"—an up-State district which he represents in the State Legislature. His adroitness and lack of scruple have made him a power in the State. At eighty-five he determines to retire from politics, and to make a grandson his successor. Harlan Thornton has no desire to enter polities, and is outraged to find himself nominated by an unscrupulous trick. Once in the game, however, he makes up his mind to play it according to his own rules, not his grandfather's—to play fair, and to put himself on the honorable side of every issue. Thornton, Senior, has no such intention. He believes that his grandson will be very quickly shaken down from his untenable heights by contact with practical politics. A reform agitation is in progress, and the Duke of Fort Canibas feels that neither of the advertised candidates for the Republican nomination is strong enough for the situation. Consequently, he persuades a contemporary of his own, an ex-Governor, to stand for the nomination—believing that he will stand by the party machine in the Governor's chair. Young Thornton comes out of the fight a strong man. There are, of course, two girls in his case, but they are neither of them conventional, and the "love-interest" is not too obviously lugged into a story of unusual force.

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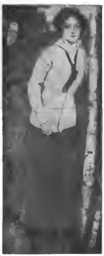

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HARPER & BROTHERS

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIV. New York, August 27, 1910 No 2801

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A NEW TRIUMPH IN THE SCIENCE OF FLIGHT

A new world's record in aviation was accomplished last week when John B. Moisant, a young American aviator from Chicago, carried himself and a passenger across the British Channel between Calais and Tilmanstone. The passage was made through a heavy rain squall, and consumed three quarters of an hour. Moisant's performance was a record one by reason of the fact that it was the first crossing of the Channel by two persons in the same machine

HARPER'S WEEKLY
Vol. LIV No. [illegible]

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES
NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 27, 1910

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Comment

Jonahs and Scapegoats

The only question appeared to be concerning the proper figure of speech. If there was anything at all in newspaper inspirations, there was to be some chucking out of the band-wagon, some casting overboard, or some sending forth into the wilderness. Authorities on metaphors and things differed as to the best way to express it, but the politically weatherwise seemed to agree about the true nature of the main business in hand. Perhaps a combination of figures would do. Uncle Joe Cannon, since he likes the scapegoat figure, was to go forth into the wilderness with a whopping bale of other people's iniquities on his back. Ballinger was to go overboard; the whale for his. Aldrich was to give up the reins of the band-wagon and climb down and out, and the soft-handed Senator Crane was to take his place. Here are three metaphors, it is true, but they are not mixed; and it will be generally admitted that three are none too many to meet the needs of the Republican party in its present state. More could be excused.

Rhetorically considered, the scheme of relief was passable. But, apparently, it would not do politically. The trouble about killing off Uncle Joe Cannon was that, according to the best available information, he was already dead. A repetition of his obsequies struck the country as a trifle *de trop*. Besides, Uncle Joe objected. The only thing that could be accomplished by such a performance would be the assurance it might seem to give that his demise had the imprimatur of the administration; that the President took the position which the late Judge E. R. Hoar took in reference to the funeral of Wendell Phillips—"No, I am not going, but I approve of it." But we fear the Western insurgents responsible for Uncle Joe's actual political death would have found this support too belated to be very valuable. They asked for it a good while ago, when Uncle Joe was very much alive—so much alive that he had not begun kicking. That, by the way, seems to be distinctly a part of his rôle as a corpse. Now that he is dead, the victors probably don't particularly mind his being so lively, and would probably not value very highly the administration's official recognition of the accomplished fact.

And so, too, with Secretary Ballinger. Besides his own objections, it was so long since the charges were first brought against him, and the President had so long refused to take any action against him, that his going overboard at last may not have any particularly oil-like effect on the waters. A great many people feel that his unfitness for his post has been demonstrated, even though his opponents may have failed to prove him guilty of any personal dishonesty or conscious betrayal of his trust. People who feel that way would, no doubt, like to see some one else in his place. But the gain of popularity to the administration by now getting rid of him would be, to say the least, problematical. We are not sure that what a year ago would have seemed firmness and promptness and decision would not now seem vacillation.

It is the same way with Aldrich. The time when the country most strenuously objected to him and rose up against him was when he was carrying the Payne bill through the Senate. But the administration then stood by him and the Payne bill is law. Now that he has announced his retirement, and the country is gossiping about his successor, there could hardly be much gained by the administration's signalizing its acceptance of his retirement. If the administration should more or less formally recognize Senator Crane as his successor, that would be different. That would be doing something positive. That would be taking a stand, and an important one, for Senator Crane, notwithstanding his reticence and softness of movement, has come to represent pretty clearly the same things Aldrich represented. But if the band-wagon is going to keep on in the same direction, what's the use of changing drivers?

The Colonel at Home

Hiram Johnson, generally understood to have been the Roosevelt progressive candidate for Governor of California, wins overwhelmingly in the Republican primaries, and simultaneously the Colonel himself, as the progressive candidate for president of his own New York Republican convention, is defeated in the State Committee. No wonder he feels like going West; but if we were called on to give advice to Messrs. Barnes and Woodruff and Wadsworth and the rest of the "Old Guard" in New York, we would be against taking it for granted that the trend of public opinion in their party is all one way in California and all another way hereabouts. They have rebuffed the Colonel again, but the progressive sentiment in New York has not yet had its chance to show its strength. That it is not strong enough in the State Committee to control does not prove anything about the present state of mind of the mass of Republican voters. Unfortunately, it is not even certain that the convention itself will represent that state of mind entirely correctly. But California and New York, Kansas and Maine, are parts of the same country, and people in different quarters are more likely to move the same way than in opposite ways when they move at all on the same general issues after a full opportunity to think them over. That is true, at any rate, of different parts of the North. There may be a reaction about the Colonel. People have been expecting one a long time. It would be marvellous if to the end of the chapter nothing of that sort should occur. But the "Old Guard's" antagonism to him is hardly a reaction. It is nothing new. The "Old Guard" has been having its innings, that is all. When the "Old Guard" itself goes on trial before the people things may be different.

Mr. Bryan at Home

It is natural to couple the Colonel's rebuff in his own State, such as it is, with Mr. Bryan's rebuff in his State. Mr. Bryan's leadership has been at times as absolute as the Colonel's; it has lasted longer, and no office-holding or office-distributing has helped it out. But there is no comparison in the matter of force and decisiveness between the two setbacks. It was not a group or clique that administered Mr. Bryan's; it was the overwhelming majority of his party in Nebraska. What has happened to him there is, therefore, a far stronger and plainer indication of declining popularity than what has happened to the Colonel in New York. The nomination of Hitchcock over Metcalfe, Mr. Bryan's man, for the Senatorship, is taken as confirmation and emphasis of the earlier action of the State convention about the platform. The Nebraska Democrats may have gone farther for a special reason than Democrats elsewhere would go in the matter of turning Mr. Bryan down, but the signs elsewhere seem to read the same way. Whatever the Republicans may do, Democrats seem plainly inclined to try a new leadership—and not so half-heartedly as they did in 1904. The pretty steady bettering of their prospects as autumn approaches and Republicans still fail to get together makes for thoroughness in their reorganizing and vigor in their fight. Whatever the chances of having a third party in this country, the chances of soon having two parties are much better.

Mr. Bristow, Mr. Aldrich, and Rubber

The spectacle of Senator Bristow and Senator Aldrich puncturing each other's rubber tires has been not without its measure of edification to the public. Mr. Bristow charged Mr. Aldrich with being the grandfather of some of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's grandchildren, with putting up the duties on cotton goods when the manufacturers did not ask it, with other tariff misdemeanors in connection with duties on lead, lead products, and woollens, and with raising the duty on certain manufactures of rubber from thirty per cent. to thirty-five per cent., to the considerable benefit of himself as a large participator in the Intercontinental Rubber Company.

Mr. Aldrich replied that he raised the duty on certain manufactures of rubber to oblige the experts of the Treasury and avoid a lot of disputes and litigations, due to the fact that while the duty on those rubber things was thirty per cent. the duty on various other manufactures into which rubber entered was thirty-five per cent. It simplified administration to have these closely related schedules all alike, and instead of reducing the duty on the other things, as an earnest reviser downward would have tried to do, Mr. Aldrich put up the tariff on rubber.

As to the effect on his own interests of the raised duty, Mr. Aldrich said the business of his company was to produce raw rubber, not to manufacture it; that raw rubber was on the free list, and that raising that duty on rubber manufactures to thirty-five per cent. did not affect his company at all. To which Mr. Bristow retorts that Mr. Aldrich's rubber company has charter enough to do anything and can manufacture rubber if it chooses, and is strong enough to intimidate the manufacturers into buying its rubber under peril of its competition. That seems hardly a convincing reply, but it may be better than none and of some value to Mr. Bristow in Kansas.

Mr. Bristow said that Mr. Aldrich's rubber company, after fixing the tariff, put the price of rubber up twenty per cent. That also may be useful to Mr. Bristow in Kansas. Mr. Aldrich says his company hadn't the power to put up the price of rubber. Hereabouts the idea is favored that the large consumption of automobile tires has made rubber scarce and put the price up. That's what they tell us. Ordinary golf-balls that used to be fifty cents are now sixty-five cents, and tennis-balls, we hear, that were thirty-five cents are now fifty cents. To be pinched for these necessaries is cruel, but the way to make rubber cheaper is to raise more rubber, and for that work Mr. Aldrich, his co-grandfather's friends, his son-in-law, Mr. Ryan, and other persons that Mr. Bristow suspects, are very good hands indeed.

So there. So far as rubber is concerned, Mr. Bristow seems to us to have had only a modified and imperfect success in his discussion with Mr. Aldrich, though the discussion itself may have been useful in turning folks' minds to tariff details. Mr. Bristow's allegations about lead and lead products, cottons and woollens, have not received, as yet, the benefit of Mr. Aldrich's explanations.

Liquor's Problem (Perhaps) in Texas

Governor Campbell's request for a law prohibiting liquor-saloons within ten miles of any public school in Texas looks interesting. Texas is a large State and ten miles doesn't count for as much there as in Rhode Island, but still the law, if passed and enforced, will doubtless be more unfavorable to saloons than to public education.

Well, liquor of some sort, or beer, is indispensable to saloons, but saloons are not indispensable to liquor, and if the Governor's bill passes, and the Texas schools do their part toward developing the Texas intelligence, no doubt new plans will be thought out for the distribution of beverages, and a service may thereby be rendered to the whole country.

Mr. Wickersham and the Friar Lands

It has been averred for some time past that sundry friar lands in the Philippines had been sold improperly to the Sugar Trust, or to persons acting for or in co-operation with the Sugar Trust, and that the land sold exceeded in extent the acreage of Philippine lands permitted to be sold to a single purchaser, and that a legal opinion authorizing the sale was rendered by Attorney-General Wickersham, whose disposition to render such an opinion was influenced by his recent connection as partner with the New York law firm of Cadwalader & Strong, which had acted as counsel for the Sugar Trust in a suit brought against it by the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company. Congressman Martin of Colorado appears to have been the chief promulgator of these charges, insinuations, and averments, to which many newspapers, and our neighbor the *World* in particular, have given space.

Mr. Wickersham has apparently borne all these imputations upon his official department with patience and philosophy so long as they came from the secular press, but finding traces of them in the *Churchman*, the official organ, as he calls it, of the Church with which he is connected, he has communicated to that journal a protest and a statement of his connection with the transactions in question. His opinion, delivered to the Secretary of War last December, was that the act of

July 1, 1902, limiting the amount of land in the Philippines that can be acquired by individuals and corporations, did not apply to the friar lands—the lands, that is, which were bought by our government from the religious orders. In this opinion he followed, he says, the construction placed on Section 15 of the act of July 1, 1902, by the Philippine Commission, when W. H. Taft, Luke Wright, Henry C. Ide, and James F. Smith were on it, and by the law officers of the Philippine government. That construction, Mr. Wickersham believes, has "never been questioned by any one having any responsible official or professional relation to the subject." Following that construction, the director of these lands recommended to the Philippine government to pass laws removing the restriction on the amount of friar land a single purchaser could buy, and it was done, as is recorded in the report of the Philippine Commission for 1908—that is, before the present administration began to do business. Of these various decisions and actions Mr. Wickersham observes:

> A more careful consideration of the question, since the discussion raised with respect to it, has satisfied me that no other conclusion is possible as sound statutory construction than that which the members of the Philippine Commission, the law officers of the Philippine government, and the chief law officer of the Federal government have reached . . . With the policy of the War Department respecting the disposition of these lands I have no concern. On the question of law involved I have expressed my opinion, which I believe to be sound.

Read the "Congressional Record"

In the course of his letter to the *Churchman*, Mr. Wickersham reproaches that paper for not looking up in the *Congressional Record* the official denial of the statements made about him by Congressman Martin, which he sent to Congress. All the information necessary to form an intelligent opinion on the friar-lands matter was on record, he says, in the *Record* or in various House documents or House reports which he enumerates, and he thinks the *Churchman* should have looked them up. Unhappily, the habit of reading the *Congressional Record* is not so prevalent as it ought to be, even among journalists who aspire to keep tab on what is going on. The *Record* is not bad reading. Often it is lively and interesting, and it is always easy to choose with a skimming eye what is worth examination. But the habit of giving it daily attention in its season, and of keeping it on file for reference, is the habit only of specialists, and not all the newspapers even seem to keep such specialists employed, and give them space to record the results of their researches. Accusation seems to be much more lively reading and much better news material than exculpation. Who accuses boldly and with picturesque insinuation and detail gets head-lines on the front page, but explanation and denial are too apt to hide in a corner in small type.

Mr. Byrne's Suggestion

Lawyer James Byrne, of New York, in beginning an address last June before the State Bar Association of North Carolina, recalled how Hamilton, Madison, and Jay had argued in the newspapers for the Constitution, suggested that the lawyers and the newspapers might often work together for good, and proposed "that the newspapers give a column every day to an explanation by lawyers of legislation pending in Congress or the State Legislatures, and that lawyers accept this gift." That is, in a way, what Mr. Wickersham has done for the *Churchman*, and if it were done oftener it might not be so necessary to have readers of the *Congressional Record*.

But would the lawyers do it? And if they did, would their pieces be read?

It has been remarked as greatly creditable to the generation of Americans who adopted the Constitution that they had the mental fibre to read the *Federalist* and weigh its arguments. Doubt has been expressed that we have now any considerable body of readers who would do the like. We believe, though, that the lawyers' column in the newspapers, if it was, as Mr. Byrne suggests, "a place sacred to truth, and truth calmly, patiently, and simply uttered," would get all the attention it deserved—much when it was worth much, less when it was less deserving. There are many readers of every paper who want to know the truth and will make due effort to learn it. The trouble would be to get lawyers capable of putting the calm and sacred truth into their column. There are none too many who can do it, and, as a rule, they are busy men, hard-worked, and highly paid.

Negroes in Conference

It is hard to see how any one, no matter what his view of the negro race or the race question, can help approving such an organization as the league of negro business men or wishing success to its work. One may, of course, hold that mere material progress is not the only thing the race and its friends ought to aim at—that is not even the thing which ought to be set first among the things desirable. But one can hardly hold that it is not desirable; one can hardly deny that it is the means by which most of the other desirable things are to be attained. It is certainly, therefore, a safe line Booker Washington and his associates are working on, and they show good sense in their methods, a good knowledge of the people they are trying to advance, and a good knowledge of the actual conditions of their practical problem. Mutual help, racial self-dependence, and *esprit de corps*—these are things the negro race in this country needs; and such gatherings as that of the negro business men in New York last week, and those held regularly at Hampton and Tuskegee, are perfectly sensible efforts toward these ends. They are all mainly experience meetings—"clearing-houses of experience," as Dr. Washington put it. Reporting progress in this way makes for progress. It helps to make generally known what can be accomplished by negroes, to make plain the lines of least resistance, the practicable avenues. It makes, too, for sympathy and heartening, to which negroes are, as a rule, exceptionally responsive. And it gives the most effective kind of emphasis to the lesson which the best friends of the race are most anxious to have it thoroughly learn: the lesson, namely, that to do all sorts of common things well pays the black man as well as the white man; that good work of many kinds is in demand from black men as well as from white men.

Canada or the South?

A telegram from Washington lately announced that the tide of American emigration to the Canadian Northwest has not merely ebbed, but is actually setting in the opposite direction—that is to say, toward our own Southwestern States. This is important if true; and the only reason for doubting its truth is that it means such a great change from the tendencies of the past. Hitherto the lower South, though anxious for immigrants of white races, has had little success in attracting them. It offered them things that usually attract immigrants—cheap land, occupation, a mild climate, conditions under which it does not cost much to live. But they would not come. The other day, speaking before an immigration convention in Mississippi, President Finley of the Southern Railway remarked that while almost precisely three-quarters of a million immigrants landed in this country in the fiscal year 1909, and while nearly a quarter of a million of them settled in New York alone, Mississippi got only three hundred and nineteen! Yet it is indisputable that Mississippi, with a population of less than forty to the square mile, is more in need of immigrants than New York, and has more room for them. Of course the race situation in the South is at the bottom of the trouble. Foreigners fear that they will be brought in competition with the negroes or put in their places. So do native Americans, who might otherwise be attracted. It is well, therefore, to point out, as President Finley does, that the South now offers occupations in which neither of these things will happen; that there are a number of Northern communities, and others made up of Europeans, already established there; that it is quite possible, therefore, for immigrants of both classes to establish themselves and work out careers with little or no contact with the negroes and little or no trouble on account of the race question. Neither, as President Finley also explains, is the South any longer a one-crop country; and that is a consideration likely to appeal to the Western farmer and farmer's boy, hitherto obsessed with the notion that farming in the South meant growing cotton alone.

A Great and Gallant Woman

Florence Nightingale—*nomen clarum*. Dead on August 13th in her ninety-first year. It was back in the days before the Civil War that her picture hung on the walls of many American houses, and in some that have lasted, it still hangs. After the Crimean War she and the Queen were the most popular women in England. She passed into invalidism and retirement years ago, but never lost the admiration of her people and of all civilized people. It is notable that so famous a woman, whose achievements were so important and remarkable, should have been so feminine. One thinks of her always as a gentlewoman, and reads of the sweetness of her disposition; and yet her great reputation in the Crimean War was won by hard fighting against ignorance and blockhead prejudice. She was not only a great administrator, but a great overcomer. When she came home from the Crimea the British people gave her a great welcome and a fund of fifty thousand pounds. She kept the welcome, but she had a sufficient fortune of her own, and the fund went to found a school for nurses.

Miss Nightingale must have had intelligent parents. Nowadays the processes of the education of girls are constantly discussed, and there is interest in noticing by what training any particularly fine woman came to her development. We read of Miss Nightingale that at seventeen she was a good scholar in science, the classics, mathematics and standard literature, was a fair artist, a clever musician, and an excellent linguist. The next year she met Elizabeth Fry, the prison reformer, and caught a touch of her spirit. Then for nine years she went to the continent every year with her family, and spent her time studying nursing sisterhoods in various cities. In 1851, or thereabouts, she studied nursing in Germany and later in Paris, and came home with damaged health to rest. Presently she took charge of a decrepit hospital and made it efficient, and when the Crimean War came along and the hospital fatalities became intolerable, she was a trained woman ready for a great work.

Three years ago King Edward sent her the Order of Merit, a high distinction. Two years ago the freedom of the City of London was conferred upon her. There is pleasant evidence in that of the length of the British memory. We read that "she was ever an earnest advocate of equal rights (and votes) for women." Her family name was really Shore. Her father, born Shore, took the name of Nightingale, along with an estate, from a maternal uncle. There have been Shores in this country, both men and women, with qualities not unlike hers, and derived, conceivably, from a common ancestry.

Mayor Gaynor's Advertisement

Apropos of Mayor Gaynor's escape the Springfield *Republican* says:

> There is no political asset, probably, equal in sentimental potency to a narrow escape from death by the hand of an assassin. Had Cæsar recovered from the wound inflicted by Brutus, his power in Rome would have been even more nearly absolute than before. Had President McKinley's wound been healed and his life saved, his influence in the government would have been entirely irresistible, probably, during the rest of his term.

The statistics of the final careers of American statesmen who escaped assassination are not full enough to support generalizations. Sumner survived Brooks's cane, and we suppose the assault strengthened him more politically than it damaged him physically, though the physical damage was severe and lasting. That, however, was not a case of attempted assassination. Mayor Gaynor has been enormously advertised all over this land and the rest of the world by being shot as he was. He didn't need the advertisement at present, and probably feels that it was mighty dear at the price. What he needs is health, strength, and poise and vigor of mind, and we wish he may soon recover all of them. Given them, he is likely to advertise himself to better purpose and quite as effectively, by steady work in his difficult job.

Dr. Hadley as a Railroad Specialist

President Hadley seems still to have under consideration the chairmanship of the commission to investigate railroad stocks and bonds and recommend a plan for bringing the issues of such securities under Federal supervision. It was in the papers that he had been to Beverly to decline, and came away to take further thought about it.

A Yale professor who was asked whether Dr. Hadley had come to his own in becoming president of Yale, said, Yes, unless it was considered that he would have been more valuable to the country as an expert in the law and regulation of railroads than as the head of a great university. The professor considered that Dr. Hadley's grasp of the subject of the relations of the railroads to the country was very exceptional, and that that subject promised to become so important that it might be questioned whether a first-rate expert in it could be spared for any other duties whatever. It is true, no doubt, that the development of Dr. Hadley as a railroad specialist has been checked by the pressure of other work, but his mind will still be rated as one of those most fit to be employed on such a task as the President has offered him.

A Certain Modern Affectation

There are as many whims and fashions in manner of thinking as in that of dressing, and we are just emerging from one of the most dangerous and foolish of mental modes. It can, perhaps, best be summed up as that prevalent notion, pretty well spread over the whole world now, but indigenous to the States, that one thing is just as good as another, and that intellectual training is hardly worth while. Examples of this way of thinking are found on every hand, from the little grammar-school girl in the public library who would willingly and without timidity assure Barrett Wendell, for example, that he had better read Rosa Nouchette Carey for style, to the young Virginia professor who, going to Italy for the first time, refused to read Jameson on the ground that he wanted to trust to his own unguided taste in the matter of pictures. One wonders why he should not trust to his own unguided inspiration to cut gems or to play the violin solos in a Beethoven concerto. The one is just as difficult as the other.

There is no doubt but that the too-prevalent notion that training does not count and that one thing is as good as another, and a spontaneous, cursory judgment as valuable as one that is trained, goes far to answer for the debased state of American literary production to-day. If you are unwilling to undergo the discipline and the training required for knowledge, pretend there is no best and worst, ignore standards; act as if taste came of its own accord and without work; show scorn of all conscious effort.

But the truth, as Clough points out in a little poem, is stable, though we slip. The austere fact remains that only after one has mastered the traditions of an art, after one has become acquainted with the historic background of a subject, has the individual judgment weight and value. Easy writing, as George Meredith pointed out, is hard reading. Lightly formed opinions are ephemeral. The inroads of business with its quick means to easy ends, and of science with its over-emphasis of the detached and concrete facts—these inroads upon art and learning have been destructive, but there are signs on every hand that the day of judgment is approaching. The editor tells his contributor, "Thank heaven the day of the three-volume novel and two-paged editorial is gone by." True, it is easier for the editor to put in bits of thoughts, but scraps and patches of disconnected thinking are painful to the disciplined reader. The mind fed on such stuff must be in about the same condition of diseased ferment as a stomach fed on sugar-plums taken every half-hour during the night and day.

The truth is, this busy world—as the phrase has it—has no business to be so busy that it ignores beauty, leisure, and learning. It may quite easily grow to be so hurried that life will not be worth living. A mad rush from place to place, a hasty grabbing of a bit here and a scrap there, do not make for happiness or beauty.

It is interesting in the current *Atlantic* to find three essays, all dealing with long, slow processes of culture. Perhaps no warning more devoutly needed than Mr. Chapman's essay on "Learning" has been published for a long time. "Expressiveness," he says, "follows literacy," and once more he points out, what perhaps is never quite sufficiently realized, that Shakespeare, far from being one of those ready linnets, who sang "in numbers because numbers came," was the great example of a tremendous student and reader. His borrowings are the marvel of the learned world, and as scholarship grows and more obscure sources are revealed, we only find how wide was Shakespeare's swathe, how profound his erudition.

Again, Professor Mahaffy, in his recently published Lowell lectures (1908-1909), on "What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?" points out that the chief and most remarkable feature of Greek poetry, the one which permeates all Greek poetry from Homer to Theocritus, is "that their work was carefully studied and in no sense the mere spontaneous outpouring of the heart." The Greek despised what we call untutored genius. "We hear talk, indeed, of divine madness," writes Professor Mahaffy, "and of the inspiration of the Muses, but so far as we know, they never inspired an ignorant man nor taught an educated man to violate the traditions of his school." Greek poetry, like all great English poetry that has outlived a generation, is elaborately artistic; the outgrowth of a definitely planned and trained learning, begun usually under happy auspices in the nursery. The Greek poets expended fastidious care upon purifying their art from the dross and slag of every-day speech. The same may be said of the great English poets, of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Swinburne. Art lives not by substance alone, but by the form that noble substance takes.

It is fair to say the ends of journalism and literature are opposed. The chief end of journalism is to set down the simple annals of the day, to make a record of fact, tersely, for the use of the world at large. It is the rough material of literature, the chronicle of life. Literature, even to-day, remains an art, a sacred art, retaining all the high solaces and noble exactions of a matter removed from the sphere of our sordid, every-day life. Just because it is difficult, demands an austere preparation, a devout service, it also confers the great consolations, and, like religion itself, it relieves a man of himself by opening his vision to the splendors of the historic pageant of life, modulating "the master tones which have a droning preponderance in his scale," giving him the alleviating sense that, however painful the immediate limitations of his personal destiny, he, too, is in "the calm and proud procession of eternal things."

Correspondence

PARENTS AND THE STATE

Trenton, N. J., August 8, 1910

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—It was with great pleasure that I read, a few moments ago, your very excellent comments upon "Parents and the State" in your issue of July 30, 1910. Being interested along certain lines that make me more or less of a student of what really constitutes parental duty, the article and the two which followed it interested me particularly.

While not wishing to take exception to the opinions upon this subject expressed in the *World*, the St. Louis *Republican*, or your own sheet, it occurs to me that each of the three writers of the articles which appeared in their and your columns failed to attach proper significance to the fact that the State is to a greater or less extent exerting its influence in behalf of the children.

To be brief, neither of these writers seems to have considered the close relationship of divorce, insanity, and laxity of parental control to the scarcity of the "flat-backed, sturdy sort" of lad. Nor have they set forth with the frankness which should characterize their writings that the State is taking hold of the boy for the same reason that the asylum authorities are taking hold of the elders.

The State has stepped in because it believed it had to. The State balks Nature in attempting to usurp parental prerogative, and for this reason it will not accomplish the desired end. Its action, however, has not been altogether without good, for it has served to awaken in the fathers and the mothers a desire to know what is wrong and to educate themselves to a comprehension of the exigencies of the age. It is time for such education.

During the last thirty years we have degenerated. No longer may we be called a nation of hysterics. We are a nation of degenerates. This hurts. It is good that it does. If realization of it did not bring pain it would do little good to write it.

The stoop-shouldered, studious, bespectacled lad does not belong to the age of strenuous existence. He belongs to the age of degeneration. He should not be hailed with delight. He should not be exalted as a type. He should not be pitied. He should not be scorned.

He should be brought face to face with the problems that confront him as they seldom confronted the sturdy lad, and taught how to live properly, for he is heir probably to more hereditary taints and, therefore, more limitations, than is the sturdy lad. Either the father or the mother, if not both, of the "boy of today" is morally weak, mentally unsound.

His father may be a drinker, a heavy smoker, a dope fiend, a gambler, a lover of eroticism as expressed in poetry, prose, music, or painting, a religious fanatic, a money king, or a crooked politician. He may be any one of a thousand other things—if his child is stoop-shouldered, squint-eyed, lop-eared, hare-lipped, or deformed in any way and owes its physical defects to the inheritance of its father, that father is a degenerate.

If its mother be purse-proud, haughty, ultra in her tastes, the wearer of an exaggerated coiffure or many jewels, bent upon displaying her physical charms to such an extent that she brightens up her complexion with paint, pencils her eyebrows, dyes her hair, or indulges otherwise in the artificial, she is a hysteric at least, and the hysteric has much in common with the degenerate. In the fashionable sets of our larger cities we can find few younger women who are not degenerates.

Society women anxious to defend themselves against the attacks of those who claim that the use of tobacco among women is demoralizing point to their grandmothers, who were not infrequently seen with a pipe in the mouth. Were the women of to-day to smoke natural leaf in a pipe it would signify much less.

It is the craze for power, sensation, innovation, and the unnatural that is responsible for the "new lad." The parental chase for the pot of gold at the rainbow's end has depleted the powers, ravished the nervous system, and so deprived the brain of its due that the offspring is weak and unhealthy.

If the parents will give up the chase and resign themselves to a sensible pursuit of happiness they will have more time for the boy and the girl, the State will soon relinquish its grasp on the child, and within a few generations we will need neither insane asylums nor jails.

I am, sir,
Homer R. Knox

SHOULD WE PAY INTEREST ON MONEY?

School of Arts,
Sydney, N. S. W., June 29, 1910

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The prominence given to the question of financial reform by Harper's Weekly emboldens one who has given some thought to the subject to also express an opinion.

So far, there seems to be a reluctance to touch upon what many still believe to be the principal cause of the present, and the coming, trouble, namely, that usury which had its origin in the old idea and fear that brute force would dominate the world unless circumvented by intellectual cunning. The diagnosers, while skilfully diagnosing the case, studiously avoid touching upon this very vital point, hoping, perhaps, to overcome its evil propensities by experimental palliatives.

Of course our expert financiers don't want any of this kind of talk, and they mostly deprecate any discussion of the subject, which might imply the necessity for a more drastic reform than they are inclined to concede, and their attitude is easily understood when we consider that most of their experience has been acquired under the erroneous, although more or less honest, belief that the premises upon which modern finance is based is sound and settled for all time, and they have no time to give a thought to the possibility of their being otherwise. But to show that there is a probability of their being otherwise I will instance the following: If I, by honest or dishonest methods, acquire wealth, provided I have not been legally detected in my dishonesty, the law as it now stands permits me to place that wealth as a perpetual trust fund—whether for personal or public projects matters not—and it is presumable that the labor of many honest men will, in the course of time, be required in order to earn the income necessary to the carrying out of such projects. Is this sound and just? Again, place a gold-miner and a farmer side by side: in a given year the farmer raises foodstuffs, say, to the amount of $5,000, in the same period the miner raises gold to the amount of $5,000. Now mark the different results of two equal terms of labor. In all probability the produce of the farmer is consumed and disappears within the following twelve months; but the results of the miner's efforts are permitted, by law, to continue for all time, even though the gold itself should be entirely worn away by constant transference, the figures by which it was represented, by compound interest, may go on increasing and multiplying for ever and ever. Is this equitable justice? In the foregoing instances I have purposely refrained from following the subtle ramifications invented by man to obscure the simple truth, for they do not in any essential affect the fundamental injustice of usury in all its forms, of this we may rest assured.

A world's cancerous growth, which usurious financial methods are responsible for, cannot be removed without much probing and some pain, but at least we should be brave enough to have the facts stated, even though we may still reject the necessary remedies, and it is difficult to understand—bearing in mind the increasing tendency to perpetuate trust moneys—how men who think can talk and act as if they believed our present financial system can be continued indefinitely. We are all being drawn into a vicious circle, where, very soon, every man will be striving to bring his brother under bondage. By the fruits already appearing we should know this.

A great wrong has been done in permitting a system which, in a great measure, has been responsible for the paralysis of older civilizations to become engrafted upon the younger generations. A possible remedy for the evil would be a gradual but continuous reduction of the interest rate until its final extinction. Believing that long before this was reached, the benefits would have become so apparent that the final extinction would be greatly accelerated.

This method would deprive none of that which was rightfully theirs, whilst the relief to the whole would be incalculable.

I am, sir,
A. W.

We believe the Mohammedan religion prohibits the payment of interest for the use of money. There is, then, no trouble in learning what benefits will result from the innovation our correspondent suggests.—Editor.

Republican Lullaby

Hush, my little insurgent child,
Cease thy shrieks and thy wailings wild;
Hush, and listen thy slumber song,
Thou who knowest not right from wrong—
Come, my child, to the slumber craft,
Lulled to rest by good Nursey Taft:

Hush thee, hush thee, lul-lullaby!
Close that eye
Which winketh awry!
And this shall allure thee to slumber serene;
"The very best tariff bill we've ever seen!"

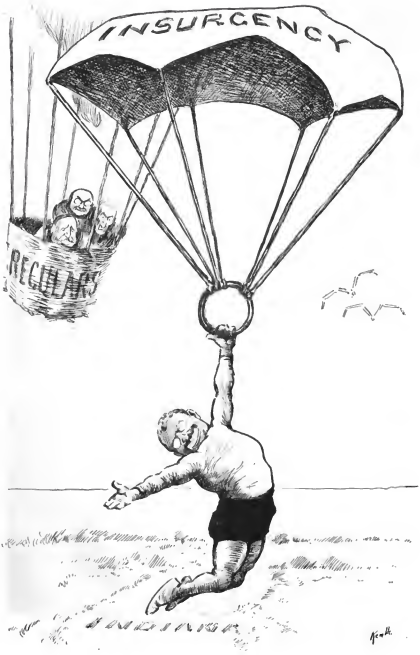
Peace, my weanie, do not insurge!
Do not splutter and sprawl and splurge;
Tut! Don't strike at thy nursey's cheek!
List the charm that my voice shall speak.
There, now, there! Art thou going daft?
Hark to the croon of thy Nursey Taft:

Lul-oh-lul-oh-lul lullaby!
Schedules high?
Fie, O fie!
Now this shall enchant thee to sleep at last:
"*The very best tariff bill we've ever passed!*"

Ah! My laddie, my precious prize!
Let the sandman shut up your eyes—
Yes, and let him shut up your mouth!
You're scaring people from north to south.
Hush, my lambie! One time thou laughed
And cooed with glee at thy Nursey Taft.

Lullaby-low. Lul-lullaby!
Do not cry.
Me—Oh—my!
Listen, and don't be so naughty-bad:
"THE VERY BEST TARIFF BILL WE'VE EVER HAD!"

Jefferson Toombs


INSURGENCY
REGULARS

"HERE'S WHERE I LEAVE YOU, BOYS. MEET YOU AGAIN IN MASSACHUSETTS"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

Charley Boston, chief strategist of the On Leong Tong. He objects to cameras

The Wars of the Tongs

JUSTICE IN NEW YORK'S YELLOW TRIANGLE

By

Robert Wells Ritchie

Tom Lee, president emeritus of the On Leong Tong, formerly "Mayor of Chinatown"

WHEN the dog days come around and news is slack the New York city editor calls to his desk the cleverest aeromancer of pretty phrases on his staff and says to him:

"Mr. Screamer, things are running pretty slow this afternoon. Do you remember that Bow Kum case up in Chinatown last fall? Well, it isn't settled yet. Get up there and get in touch with some of those On Leong highbinders and let's have a little color story. Let it run for all you can get."

Mr. Screamer, being one who knows to a nicety the pace and carrying power of his gift of imagination, and who has, moreover, a subtle understanding of the psychology of the city editor, goes to the office "morgue," or clipping-cabinet and gets down the envelope containing all the stories of all the tragedies and comedies of Chinatown that have been written since that triangle of mean streets off the Bowery first housed an abiding mystery. Mr. Screamer reads three or four of the most recent clippings about the slave girl Bow Kum. Then the discerning reporter goes out to collect his thoughts on a walk up Broadway or over a tall celery vase with a beaded top, comes back to his typewriter, and taps out a little color story—just such a one as the city editor wants—and the literature on the war between the tongs is enriched by one more contribution.

The imaginative reporter knows, the city editor who likes his story knows, that there is but one mustard seed of truth in all the garden of poppy fancies set forth in the next morning's column. But both argue that the Chinatown cycle of myth is strong, else why the "rubber neck" wagons that pound the night pavements of Pell and Mott streets, laden to the high peep with out-of-town folk bent on the pleasurable sensation of goose-flesh and awful tremors? And—ample and permanent protection—what Constant Reader can write to the managing editor that this is all rubbish? So there you have an epitome of the New York Chinatown legend.

Gambling was the genesis of the first fight between the tongs, and gambling continues to-day, complicated as the original issue has been by side feuds and unequal scores of revenge, the proper cause of sudden death in Mott and Pell streets. None of these games is heavy, in fact there are few games in Chinatown that are half as steep as the daily afternoon bridge game of the brokers at a certain up-town hotel. A laundry man may come in from Elizabethport, New Jersey, with seventy-five cents in his blouse pocket besides a return ticket, and he will have a Saturday night at the Smiling Spring Sunshine Club that will lift his spirits through all the ensuing steamy week. Yet there used to be many sleek young Chinamen who bucked the tiger and wore diamonds; professional gamblers and constitutional toughs they were. Their day passed, however, when the Hip Sings and On Leongs fought each other to a standstill to settle the control of the gambling privilege and the interests which were the gauge of battle waned as a result.

By a strange freak of circumstance the first farming of the gambling privilege in New York was done by a once holy band of crusaders, the Chee Kung tong. A slant-eyed genius of fate willed it in a capricious moment that the descendants of some outraged Confucian monks of the Middle Kingdom, sworn to wreak a strictly Chinese vengeance upon the rulers of China, should come to this far country and sow the seeds that were to bear bullets in a quick harvest. Up at No. 10 Pell Street there is a dingy sign over a door, written in English script, "Chee Kung Fong." Because some careless tramp painter had slipped an extra black mark under the bar of the letter T, not a weaver of red Chinatown tales in the thickest of tong battles had spotted this home of the father of all the tongs, first source of Chinatown's abiding feud, and it was not until Guy Main, who is a thoroughly Americanized Chinese and interpreter in the criminal courts, told the writer of the existence of this organization and its past activities that a gap in the crazy puzzle of Chinatown politics could be stopped. Here is Guy Main's story of the beginning of the Chee Kung tong:

More than two hundred years ago there was a revolt against Manchu rule in the Middle Kingdom. The local Fantai and his soldiers were at first overwhelmed by the rebels and things looked black for the Manchus. Then when new troops failed to put down the rebellion a band of stalwart Confucian monks, whose right hands were as cunning at hefting the sword as at turning the prayer wheel, took place with the imperial troops and began to mow down swathes of rebels. The uprising was put down under their leadership and they went back to their monasteries. Then the Manchu government thought to reward these holy crusaders. Gifts of lands, of money, and political preferment were offered. The fighting monks refused them all, saying that they expected no reward. With truly Oriental reasoning the heads of that land deduced the suspicion that since a monk wouldn't accept riches he must have something up the sleeve of his sanctified habit. So the imperial troops whom they had recently led to victory were turned against the monks, many of them were killed, their monasteries were razed, and the few who survived were hunted out of the country.

They gathered that remnant and swore themselves and their children's children to the single purpose of driving the Manchus off the throne. The Chee Kung tong was thus born. It hedged itself about with a formula of dreadful oaths and a symbolical ritual. It spread through all of the Middle Kingdom and South China and to this day, so says Guy Main, the Chee Kung tong is at the bottom of every revolt against the Peking government.

But when the Chee Kung tong came to New York in the early days of Chinatown it was swerved from its lofty purpose by the exigencies of pressing opportunities. That was twenty years ago, when Mott, Doyers, and Pell streets first began to blossom with the exotic colors of the East. As more Chinese moved in more gambling games opened. The local "p'liceman" began to report to his captain that he thought there was gambling going on among the "Chinks"; the captain made sure that there was and reported to the inspector. Then came the first tentative steps of prohibition, followed logically by the first overtures for protection. The mean balance, in terms of gold, was most naturally reached. The "p'liceyman" bought diamonds for his wife's ears, the captain acquired a brown-stone front, the inspector, gilt-edged stocks in the Street—and more games opened in Chinatown.

But the system could not work without a responsible intermediary between gamblers and police. Schedules must be set, payments made promptly, wildcat claims outside the pale suppressed. The Chee Kung tong stepped into the gap and for many years the tong was the gambling trust of Chinatown. It did not necessarily own any games as an organization; but it owned exclusively the right to grant letters patent of marque and reprisal to all pirates who wished to take their brothers' money across the gaming table. The tong, being officially empowered by the police, collected all protection money, took out its percentage, and turned over the rest as the purchase price of immunity.

A police lieutenant still in active service and possessed of a fitting sense of what is proper in graft, does not hesitate to unbosom himself to his friends in occasional reminiscences of what he calls "the good old days of Bill Devery and honest graft." This lieutenant was on the Chinatown squad in the heyday of the "system's" business in gambling franchises. He used to take bolts of silk home to his wife whenever she needed them but, what was more an earnest of soft old age, he used to take a regular weekly *dot* of Chinese gamblers' protection money to the savings-bank. Lieutenant Bill—and that isn't his real name—remembers the schedule of blood-money rates that used to obtain when the Chee Kung tong held the undisputed place as *entrepreneur* of the gambling interests. This was $17.50 a week from each game—and at one time there were two hundred games vised by the tong and recognized by the police. Lieutenant Bill says that $3,500 weekly toll [illegible] is net so far as the police were

The younger set of the Four Brothers Society outside their fighting headquarters concerned; he does not know how much more each game paid to the Chee Kung tong as middleman's percentage.

In the nature of things this heavy drain on the gamblers and consequent fattening of the Chee Kungs could not continue indefinitely. The economic reaction came when through some sharp politics, unwhispered beyond the tight-lipped walls of Chinatown, Tom Lee, at the head of the On Leong tong, appeared to dispute the supremacy of the monks avengers. Just how the On Leong sprang up, whether through a schism in the Chee Kung tong or organized from among the disgruntled gamblers, only Chinatown knows. At any rate, here was competition in the field, and for the first time the Chinese ventured on the daring game which they have so successfully played since—that of American politics. Here was the first dropping of the bars of Chinese exclusiveness, forced through the exigencies of a desperate situation.

Tom Lee is a wise old man who has a beard like that of a sage on a Nanking willow ware ginger jar, a calm eye with just a suggestion of diffidence in the droop of the lids. He lives with a white wife and his children in a Harlem flat, but that is almost the entire outward evidence of Tom Lee's concession to Occidental custom. He is much more at home in his blouse and slippers behind the counter of one of the many stores on Mott Street in which he holds partnerships. Tom Lee was first president of the On Leongs. Somehow—and here again Chinatown is silent—the On Leongs wrested the majority of the gambling concessions from the Chee Kung tong without much trouble. If there were any bullets fired the world beyond Mott Street did not know why and the quarrel remained secret. Just as the On Leongs got the whip hand the fruits of their victory were considerably reduced because the old police system was swept away with the union of New York's boroughs under a new charter. In the sweeping of a new broom Chinatown was not overlooked, and the police had to go through the motions of shutting down on the gambling. Yet the On Leongs must have continued to reap an enviable profit, for suddenly entered upon the scene of Chinatown politics Mock Duck, the cherubic, and the Hip Sings.

If the sprawling ideographs that sound Mock Duck's name could be jig-sawed into segments and rearranged they would assuredly spell Niccolo Machiavelli.

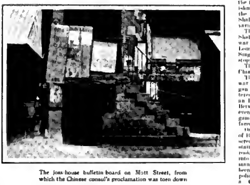
Mock Duck has a boyish, rounded face, frankly smiling always. His gentle voice and soft manners are those of the most devout missionary boy. There is humility in his every gesture and guileless innocence radiates from his presence. Mock Duck used to be one of the younger set in the On Leong tong and is now as always an inveterate gambler. But even as Tom Lee had looked upon the easy money of the Chee Kung tong and felt envy, so now Mock Duck beheld the fatness of Tom Lee and in his simple soul he took counsel with his conscience and decided that Tom Lee was a wicked man. This was just at the time, in the early part of 1905, when Dr. Parkhurst's Society for the Prevention of Crime was ranging Manhattan Island on crusades and embarrassing police inspectors and captains mightily. Mock Duck, remembering how Tom Lee had gone out among the Gentiles and found a good friend, went to Dr. Parkhurst and told him of the great wickedness of Tom Lee and the On Leong gamblers' protection syndicate. Dr. Parkhurst and his raiders listened to the story of this noble Chinese youth who had the good of the city at heart; then straightway something dropped in Chinatown.

First came raids by the Parkhurst society; then the captain of the precinct, seeing himself put "in bad," began to raid "dens of vice" wherein nothing more serious than friendly domino games were in progress. Doors were smashed, and the clang of the Black Maria grew a familiar sound. But always it was the On Leongs that were pounded. Then one night during the performance of *The Viceroy's Seventeen Sons, All Virtuous* in the Doyers Street Theatre a line of fire jetted from one of the back rows of seats, there was a pandemonium of shouts and scuffling feet, and in the end several Chinamen were picked up with fatal bullet holes in them.

That was the answer of the On Leongs and the opening of hostilities. Then did the world beyond Mott and Pell streets know that there was a Hip Sing tong, and later it developed that Mock Duck, the virtuous, was its leader. The war spread to Boston and Philadelphia. There were more midnight assassinations, more raids, much blind groping and indiscriminate arrests by detectives from Police Headquarters and from the District Attorney's office. Mock Duck craftily played the pawns of the Police Department against the agents of the District Attorney, knowing the professional jealousy that existed between them. When he was collared and put in the House of Detention to be held as a witness in one of the murder trials resulting from the tong war Mock Duck was the apotheosis of innocence. On the witness-stand his mind was a blank slate, thoroughly sponged of all recollection. As for the prosecutions on murder charges, the District Attorney's office found that for as many witnesses from one tong that were put on the stand to condemn, an equal number from the opposing tong swore lustily in defence of a prisoner, and an addled jury simply had to make a choice between perjuries.

One peculiar feature of Chinese tong justice put the police in despair. This was the practice of evening the blood tally. Just so surely as an On Leong man fell some night under the flash of a long blue .44 revolver, his stiffening lips refusing to frame for the police the name of the man who shot him, a Hip Sing member was bound to go over to the Celestial hunting grounds before another sun had set. There was no stopping the feud as long as the reckoning of victims showed a balance against one or the other tong. Moreover, the shooting of several Chinamen who had tried to swear away the life of a tong man on trial for murder established the grim convention that it was dangerous to know too much, or to appear to know too much before the bar of the white man's justice.

The war between the On Leongs and the Hip Sings came to an end in a rare opera-bouffe tableau which was enacted in the chambers of Judge Warren W. Foster of the Supreme Court. Judge Foster, who had sat in the Criminal Branch over several of the cases arising from the bloody struggle in Chinatown, persuaded the various white lawyers retained by the fighting tongs to herd the respective head men of their rival organizations before him one day and he read them a lecture on the advantages of peace and the stern vengefulness of American law once violated.


The joss-house bulletin board on Mott Street, from which the Chinese consul's proclamation was torn down

Then with due pomp and solemnity the judge produced elaborate articles of peace, duly engrossed and sealed, and ordered the plenipotentiaries of the On Leongs and Hip Sings to sign them. Very gravely the names were affixed: those of Tom Lee and Jim Gum, his lieutenant; Mock Duck, Wong Get, and Wong Sam, the wicked secessionists. A very formal joint banquet of the tongs in honor of Judge Foster and the members of the District Attorney's staff followed and clinched the peace proceedings. Since that time, though assassinations have occasionally disturbed the peace of Chinatown, at each Chinese New Year celebration Judge Foster and representatives of the District Attorney have been invited to listen, over the planked dried duck and the rice wine on a festal board, to solemn assurances of the permanency of that peace.

Just at this point in the history of the tong wars comes a beautiful demonstration of the theorem that the triangle of mean streets called Chinatown is no more American territory, subject to American laws, than the wildest bit of jungle in New Guinea. Judge Foster in his robes of office had watched the rival gun men sign that solemn treaty and had assured himself that the weight of the law had bowed the alien desperadoes to submission; the papers said that he had forced a peace in Chinatown; the Chinese themselves sagely wagged their heads and allowed that "Judge Fostah, he numbah one fine man."

The house on Pell Street where the Four Brothers go into council

As a matter of cold fact it was not an American judge or American law that had anything to do with it, but the Chung Wah Gung Shah, which is the secret moot court of Chinatown. This body of the weightiest men of the colony, chosen no white man knows exactly how and exercising functions which find no analogy in our institutions, comes pretty near ruling Chinatown, even though without the formal consent of the governed. The organization does not even have sanction of the Chinese government, though its decrees have prevailed in Mott and Pell streets when threatening proclamations of the Chinese consul in New York have been torn in derision from the dead walls overnight. It is the holder of the high justice, the middle and the low, nevertheless; all serious disputes over property are adjudicated by it, and even crimes against property, which never reach the ears of the police, come under its purview. Boycott and the threat of private vengeance are the two engines of punishment in the hand of the Chung Wah Gung Shah. They are invariably effective.

The Chung Wah Gung Shah decreed that the war between the On Leongs and the Hip Sings must stop. It stopped.

Then for four years Chinatown was quiet.

The last episode of war in the quarter began with a heart interest and ended with an Irish police captain. Between the extremes events ran the whole gamut from tragedy to farce.

One night in August of 1909 a Chinaman ran screaming down the stairs of a Mott Street rookery and sobbed into the ear of a policeman that murder had been done aloft. The policeman went up to a tawdry room and found Bow Kum, a Chinese girl, who had been pretty before the life she led had soiled the bloom on her face, hacked to death by savage knife thrusts. The man who had babbled to the policeman his tale of horror, and who said he was the husband of Bow Kum, was arrested immediately; then after two days the two little Laus were also gathered in, Lau Tang from his laundry in Brooklyn, and Lau Shang from his room at 22 Pell Street. The grand jury brought murder charges against the two little Laus and let Lam, the so-called husband of Bow Kum, go free.

A few days after this occurrence there appeared in the New York *Sun* a paid advertisement, inserted by the On Leong tong, which advised the world at large that some twenty former members, whose names were duly set forth in full array of syncopated syllables, had been expelled from the tong. Then, when the reporters began to grope through Mott Street for the reason of this public humiliation of the tong men they caught here and there veiled references to the "Four Bluddah."

"Allee men On Leong kick out, them Four Bluddah now," said Jim Gum, the lieutenant of Tom Lee. "Bime-by you see whatchee kind o' man dem Four Bluddah."

So here was a new tong, fresh complications in the tangled politics of Chinatown. A Japanese, who looked like a short-haired Chinaman, was shot dead on Doyers Street one night. "Four Bluddah did it. Makee mistake for On Leong man." An On Leong member was wounded but made his getaway. Again "Four Bluddah" was the secret assassin. But not a word about who Four Brothers were or what the inspiration of their vengeance.

Then the trial of the two little Laus for the murder of Bow Kum opened in the Criminal Part of the Supreme Court. On the first day of the trial there appeared at the side of the two defendants a little old Chinaman who wore a great jade circle in the carefully tied cravat on his spotless shirt front and prodigious horn-rimmed spectacles. He began immediately to act as a channel of communication between counsel and accused and as a check upon the court interpreter. During the noon recess this little old man with the face of a tortoise and the curiously brilliant eyes told New York who and what the Four Brothers were. He was Sam Lock, he said, a Four Brothers man, and he had come all the way from San Francisco, his home, to see that justice was done to his brothers, Lau Tang and Lau Shang.

Long, long time ago, maybe two thousand years, there were four men, Lau, Quan, Chang, and Chu, who loved each other—loved like brothers. So much they loved that they decided that their sons and their sons' sons should love one another similarly. So they made a blood pact: the heritage of the original bond should descend to all who in future ages bore one of these four surnames. As a result there is in China to-day a great clan, the clan of the Four Brothers; His Excellency Chang Yin Tang, Chinese Minister in Washington, is one of the clan, even though far removed from the animosities of Pell and Mott streets. Two members of the suite of Prince Tsai Tao, who recently took a running broad jump through the United States, are blood brothers to all the washee men possessed of one of the mystic names.

Sam Lock said that the Four Brothers society was not a tong—tongs were only for bad gamble-men; but since the On Leongs had fixed up a story to send the two little Laus to the chair the Four Brothers everywhere in America would try to save their accused brethren, and Sam Lock was the ambassador of the brotherhood to the court of the white man's justice.

There was much more testimony, rank perjury glibly given both against and for the accused, and in the end the jury acquitted. According to the peculiar concepts of Chinatown that acquittal was a direct blow to the pride of On Leong, and the corollary to this fact was clear—there would be some sniping at On Leong witnesses. The sniping began suddenly one Sunday in

May. There were two murders that day and more followed. A dead line was established; no On Leong man dared walk on Pell Street, which was Four Brothers territory, and, conversely, a Four Brothers man avoided the invitation to sudden death on Mott Street.

There were changes in the personnel of generalship. Through some internal upheaval of sentiment in the On Leong tong old Tom Lee, a veteran of fifteen years of Chinatown politics, was relegated to the position of president emeritus, and Lou Houck became the mysterious "Him" referred to by On Leong men when diligent police officers tried to get a line on the policies of the organization. Lou Houck drew his head within his shell, forgot that he ever understood or spoke English, and refused to admit that he knew there was the least sign of trouble in the quarter. On the other hand, Sam Lock, of the tortoise-like face and the ready smile, assuming leadership of the Four Brothers, cried out loudly that his single purpose was to restore peace in Chinatown. Sam courted interviews, hopped busily from the Four Brothers headquarters on Pell Street to the Elizabeth Street police station to consult with the captain of the precinct, and thence to the office of the Four Brothers' lawyer in a down town skyscraper. He said he had come on from San Francisco as the agent of the Chinese Six Companies there, the powerful chamber of commerce of all the Chinese on the Pacific coast, to stop the warring in New York's Chinatown. "Makee good peace; eve'ybody happy," was Sam's oft-repeated assurance, but of him the On Leongs said, "Sam Lock numbah one devil. Makee trouble, not peace."

Just at this juncture a new and very dynamic element introduced itself into the conflict. This was Big Bill Hodgins, Irish to the bone, hard-fisted and soft spoken. They said of Big Bill when he was up in the gas-house district that when he leaned his 230 pounds against a strong-arm man somebody usually got mashed, and it wasn't Big Bill. Captain Hodgins was transferred to the Chinatown precinct at the moment the killings were on. He started out right off to settle the disorder in his own way.

Captain "Big Bill" Hodgins, who represents 'white man's law in the "yellow triangle"

Summons went out from his office to Sam Lock, Lou Houck, acting president of the On Leongs, Jim Gun, his lieutenant, and Charley Boston. Big Bill wanted to see them—quick. All came but Lou Houck; he was very sick, so Jim Gun said. The Chinamen found the new captain toying with three wicked-looking slung-shots that lay on his desk.

"Now these, my friends, are some of my relics," said Big Bill in his silkiest voice. "I took them away from some gentlemen that wanted to use them on me. I've got more of them I may bring down later—just relics, you know. And now, my friends, we're going to have a little talk about peace in Chinatown. I'll begin it."

He did. As he talked he hefted one slungshot and then another in an absent-minded fashion. Next day he began to circulate through Chinatown in his citizen's clothes, dropping in at this and that store, "just to get acquainted," as he put it. He had the president of the Chinese Empire Reform Association come down from Boston to see him, and the editor of a Chinese newspaper out in San Francisco, a power among the Chinese, made a call at Hodgins's office. The Chinese Consul General in New York posted proclamations, scolding the Chinese for breaking the law, on the walls of the joss-houses; they were torn down overnight. Judge Foster announced that he would sit as he had done before to arbitrate and seal a peace pact; nobody appeared before him.

But the murdering stopped. Animosities were smothered. Somehow, in ways that Chinatown alone knows, the aspect of unruffled calm was again restored to the little triangle of alien territory. Nor did Big Bill Hodgins bring down to his office any more of those relics that he had toyed with before the eyes of his guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Wolff and "Don" on the steps of the City Hall, New York

The four pilgrims tramping down Broadway at the end of their walk. "Don" may be seen under the provision wagon which "Dobbin" hauled from Kansas City

FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES ON TWO FEET AND FOUR

THE WALK FROM KANSAS CITY TO NEW YORK WHICH WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY MR. AND MRS. D. H. WOLFF, WITH THEIR HORSE "DOBBIN" AND THEIR DOG "DON"

"Yes, I'm doing this for the sake of my figure"

"The idea of a log acting like that!"

"You have no idea how perfectly riding agrees with me!"

MISS MARIE DRESSLER TRAINING ON HER FARM AT WINDSOR, VERMONT, FOR HER REAPPEARANCE IN "TILLIE'S NIGHTMARE"

The Aeroplane in War

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON A MILITARY DELUSION

By General Homer Lea

Author of "The Valor of Ignorance"

II.—AEROPLANES AS A MEANS OF RECONNAISSANCE

A CONDITION very noticeable in the practical workings of the science of war—and no doubt true in many phases of other sciences—is the failure to realize the limitations that circumscribe the utility of mechanical contrivances. To new inventions, because of the natural credulity of men, are almost always ascribed the repute of maximum utility, which is reduced by slow gradations only as empirical knowledge manifests their limitations. This conditional view-point is not only the natural one, but any other would, in a general sense, be impossible.

An invention, in overcoming some natural impediment or substituting artificial for natural means, or increasing natural capacity, has a point of hypothetical completeness—that is, complete accomplishment of the purpose of its invention. In the beginning, men almost invariably fix their minds on this hypothetical perfection, and only when time and experience show them how far short of this the invention falls do they gradually alter their opinions. Thus, the automatic gun, the long ranged rifle and artillery, the submarine, the torpedo, and other numerous inventions have gradually lost the terrific potentiality they were supposed to have in the first untried days of their invention.

We are not, therefore, wrong when we say that these military men who have such high hopes in the utility of aeroplanes and other aerial craft for the purpose of reconnaissance have their thoughts fixed on that hypothetical degree of completeness that gives to aerial craft powers they can never possess. In most instances this form of delusion is due to the fact that military men allow themselves to be influenced and carried away by the unreasoning mob mind of multitudes, so that their judgment is no longer free from prejudice and those cheating hopes that preclude reason.

In this case, fixing their thoughts on aerial craft high in the heavens, they apparently forget the earth, the purpose and limitations of true reconnaissance. That aerial craft can and will be used in the future for reconnoitring is quite certain, but their use will be so limited that they will be relegated to an entirely secondary consideration. The reconnaissance of a battlefield or a projected theatre of combat is not and cannot be confined to aerial inspection. To look upon the terrene is not to know it any more than one is able to guess the character and purposes of an individual by looking at him. Reconnaissance is not merely to view, but to become acquainted with, the theatre of action, and there can be no acquaintance by aerial inspection but what will sooner or later prove to be an optical illusion.

A battle is not analogous to a game of chess or checkers, as the self-delusive and whimsical mind of the public is so wont to believe. And while it is better, in such a game, to look down upon the pieces than to peer over the edge of the table, this analogy cannot be carried to the checkered field of battle. In considering military reconnaissance, it must be remembered that its activity is specific and limited. The conduct of a battle is not determined by man alone, but by him and the earth that alternately opposes his intentions or abets them.

Alas! what little consideration does man, in his combats, give to his great opponent or ally—the earth. The number of battles the earth has won for man and lost to him is immeasurably greater than those due solely to his prowess. Yet his vaingloriousness seems to acknowledge to this universal combatant the credit of his victories or the responsibility for his defeats. Rather, like the ancients, he would have the gods come down and war for or against him. These gods he calls Luck and Chance: the Indefinable; for to define them would only manifest his ignorance of that old, old combatant fighting in every skirmish and battle of man. She has her ramparts, her abatis, her moats. She has her gloom and inspiration that turns to good or evil the morale of armies. She has her ambuscades, and whole armies go into these to return not again. She leads man and bewilders him; she constrains his activities and abets them; she throws barriers across his advance; she alternately defends and devours him. That is why the ancients offered up sacrifices on the day before battle. They had a dim consciousness of this goddess, the combatant earth. In modern times the sacrifices are postponed to the day of battle and are yielded up in great hecatombs upon its fields. In war the alliance or hostility of the earth is not an unknown quantity: her support belongs to the armies who know her and are conscious of the part she plays in every battle. But to those forces and commanders who, ignorant of the part she has to take, scorn and deride her, there is no escape from a predetermined and melancholy end.

One cannot deny the earth and learn those hidden secrets that give to armies victory or defeat. Yet reliance upon aerial reconnaissance presupposes to a greater or less degree this denial. Knowledge and not a fleeting view of the terrene constitutes the essential factor in an army's reconnaissance, and such knowledge can be gained only by actual contact. All that aerial scouts could accomplish would be to observe the movement of troops. But we will hereafter show that the introduction of aeroplanes for observation will so increase the secrecy by which troops are moved from one position to another that the utility of this form of reconnaissance will not be as great as is most generally supposed.

Those who regard the aeroplane as invaluable in warfare, far beyond its possibilities, are led to their conclusions by two errors: first, they do not differentiate between the wonder of the invention, *per se*, and the limitation of its application. Second, that this conquest of the heavens has nothing to do with the subjugation of man. It has not invented into him new faculties; and yet it is man and not machines that we have to deal with. While it has given new means of military observation, it does not follow that these observations will be more intelligible nor his deductions more reliable, nor his judgment and genius, his valor and endurance, superior to what it had been before.

Homer Lea

Author of "The Valor of Ignorance"

The unreliable and diverse opinions of scouts on things that they have been in actual contact with is a well-known military phenomenon, and one that is perfectly natural, since there are no two men whose perceptive faculties are identical. A good scout is one of the rarest elements in an army, for he is good only because he has lived in an environment and followed a vocation that develops the faculties of observation and renders them accurate. An aerial scout, on the other hand, suddenly shoots forward out of a vocation that has nothing to do with those elements that would give reliability to his reports even though he were inspecting, on the ground itself, familiar objects. But he is in an entirely new environment; he must judge all things from an entirely different point of view, and there is but one single thing that he could make a report on that would be worthy of consideration, and that is the actual movement of a body of troops on an open terrene. But his reports as to the strength, its destination or rate of movement, could be accepted by no commander, and practically all the rest of his information would be erroneous.

Peering down from a great height, it would be impossible for him to determine the depth of streams, their bottom or their currents or the thickness of ice. He could not ascertain the angle or height of declivities. Looking down from the perpendicular upon these, he could have no means of determining whether or not they belonged to a deep gorge or a shallow ravine. He could not ascertain the location of fords and whether in adjoining thickets they were defended by bodies of troops or by wired entanglements in the ford itself. It would be impossible for him, looking down upon woods, villages, and forests, to ascertain whether or not they contained troops, and if troops what kind of troops or the number. What would appear to him to be a gap in the enemy's lines might in all probability be their strongest position.

Conditions governing observation from aeroplanes are, moreover, restricted in still another sense. They must move at a great height to be beyond the range of gun fire, and this necessitates the use of binoculars for observation. To maintain themselves in the air they must have such a speed that the area of observation, limited by the area of the glasses, gives no continuity to the survey, and on account of the rapidity of the movement of the carriage no observation of minute character could be made of the area visible through the binoculars but what would prove illusive. Any one can determine the inutility of such a scheme by trying to observe a mountainside a mile away through binoculars while in a railroad train or motor car moving at thirty miles an hour. Such observations would be far more accurate than those taken from an aeroplane, from the fact that one would be viewing what one is accustomed to view, the vertical elevation of objects.

Were it possible, however, to use aerial craft for reconnoitring in the manner attributed to them by the people at large, of what value would be such observations?

They would be dangerous in both a negative and a positive sense. The information given concerning topographical features would be useless until verified by actual contact with regular scouts. Those features of the topography that are essential for commanders to know must always remain enigmas to aeronauts. They could give no information acceptable to a commander as to any natural obstacle being or not being passable to the different arms of a military force—whether a forest, river, ravine or mountainside. They could not tell whether see would support foot, cavalry, or artillery, or none of them. They could not distinguish between a fallow field and a marsh; yet upon this exact knowledge the decision of the battle might rest. They could not tell the dried sand of Austerlitz from that which did not dry on the field of Waterloo. With what eyes could they have peered down through the pine woods of the Chickahominy and found the fatal base of that broken triangle Lee had thrown about the bewildered army of McClellan; or through the thickets of the Wilderness or Antietam; or at Chancellorsville fathom out the mind of a man who moved in plain view of an entire army and rolled it back in utter defeat?

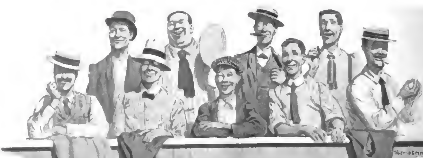
Such is the character of the negative dangers entailed by the use of aerial craft, while the positive dangers are that in having air ships with armies they will be made use of, not under special and possibly just circumstances, but under all conditions, and the information thus gained will influence commanders to a great degree on account of the supposed increased accuracy of the means of securing it. As the balloon of the American Civil War prevented the movement of the Army of the Potomac and lost to that army its greatest opportunities for decisive victories, so shall there occur in the future, by the same general means, the same procrastinations, the same dreadful culmination.

To judge, however, the value of aeroplanes or other aerial craft, from the view-point of battles fought in the past, is not only useless, but absurd. Yet from these very means are deduced the erroneous conclusions of those who now believe in their unlimited capabilities for observation in future wars. What is more common than to hear exclaimed: "Well! think what would have happened if such and such a general had had air ships!"

It should be remembered that prior to the Napoleonic wars and in lesser degree up to the time of the American Civil War, tactical secrecy was not and could not be attempted on account of the short range of the ordnance and compact movement of troops, and therefore all that, in a general sense, which was worth being viewed by air ships was visible to the commanding general on the field.

Beginning with the American Civil War and culminating with the Russo-Japanese conflict there has been a continuous extension of the line of battle and expansion of the movements of columns on, to, and from

(Continued on page 26)



When the Bleachers Grin

By George Jean Nathan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STROTHMANN

IN the same pack with the king of outdoor American sports there is a joker. The latter card is not supposed to be there, but it frequently appears in the game when least expected.

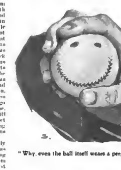
"There are thousands of laughs in baseball," Hugh Jennings, the Detroit team's leader, once remarked to the writer. "Why, even the ball itself wears a perpetual smile! Here's proof of it." And Jennings picked up a leather spheroid, put two little dabs of dirt on it, and encircled it with his hand. The proof was there, sure enough! Try it for yourself, and you will observe that the upturning section of the seam in the ball's cover disclosed between your entwined fingers will make the ball look for all the world as if it were grinning at you.

The Detroit team has been mentioned. Several years ago, one of the neatest little jokes on record unexpectedly popped up, to the discomfiture of this nine and to the unalloyed delight of the bleachers at the Cleveland baseball park, where the Michigan players were crossing bats with the home team. The sky was dark and the cloud-lined skies augured the early descent of a heavy rainstorm. As the first three innings passed, the heavens grew blacker and blacker and the thunder began to boom ominously. The fourth inning was finished in safety, the rain clouds not yet having burst. Cleveland was several runs ahead of its opponent. The fifth inning passed with the relative score unchanged, but with the storm apparently sure to break at any moment. The sixth inning started. Detroit came to bat. The Cleveland pitcher "went up in the air," and the visiting team in remarkably quick order piled up eight runs—a safe lead over their opponents. At this point, feeling that the Cleveland nine could not overtake the lead that had been gained on it and seeing that the storm was about ready to break, the Detroit captain told his men to strike at everything and go out in as quick order as was possible. As may be appreciated, his idea was to allow the Cleveland team to have its "outs," thus completing the game according to the rules, feeling perfectly confident as he did that his own team's lead could not be overtaken. But he had reckoned without his host. The Cleveland captain, scenting his rival's purpose and knowing that unless the Clevelands had their "outs" the score would go back to the equal innings when rain halted the game, called his men into a hasty consultation. "Rain will be here in a few minutes," he told them. "Don't let Detroit go out. We're ahead on the even inning score and, when the game is called, the eight runs they've made won't count. See?"

They saw. The first Detroit batter struck wildly at the ball three times, feeling certain that he was "out." He was not. The Cleveland catcher, obeying his master's voice, let the third strike go by him and the disgusted Detroit player had to run to first base. Making a second attempt to be put out, the visitor made a somnambulant effort to steal second, quite sure in his own mind that the catcher would have plenty of time to throw him out. But the catcher threw the ball fifteen feet over the second baseman's head. The next Detroit player knocked up an easy foul fly which the Cleveland third-baseman muffed. The Detroit man on second stole third base in a leisurely fashion, hoping to be put out by the third baseman, who had regained the ball not more than three feet from the base. But the Clevelander dropped the ball as he was about to touch the runner, and the latter to his complete chagrin was declared "safe." The Cleveland pitcher purposely hit the next batter with the ball in a delicate way, and the Detroit man, his face the picture of sorrow, was compelled to go to first base. Thus the farce was prolonged until the Detroit team had run up a total of fifteen runs. Then the storm broke in all its fury. The rain descended in solid sheets; the game was called; the score reverted back to the preceding completed inning—and Cleveland won the game. The bleachers, drenched to the bone, did not grin. They guffawed.

These same bleachers had to grin in spite of themselves during a subsequent game with the Philadelphia team. The joke was on them, it is true, but they had to grin, anyway. The particular joker in this case was Napoleon Lajoie, then of the Philadelphia nine. During the ninth inning of the game on the day before the one in question, Lajoie had knocked the ball into a far corner of the field and had scored a home run before the ball was returned to the plate. That is, he conscientiously believed that he had scored a home run until the umpire insisted that he had not. "And why, pray?" asked Lajoie, in wrathful irony. "Because," said the official, "you forgot to indulge in the slight formality of having anything to do with second base. You cut it dead." All the protestations of the irate Philadelphian and his team mates went for naught. The umpire held his ground. "All right," muttered Lajoie, "but just you wait until I get a whack at that ball to-morrow. I'll knock it over the fence the next time and I'll not only touch second base, but I'll kiss it and hug it and kick it and cajole it until you're tired of seeing me do it."

The next day Lajoie came duly to bat. True to his word, he knocked the very first ball pitched over the left-field fence for a home run beyond any shadow of a doubt, and began to encircle the bases. At first base, he stopped and did a little clog-dance; at the fateful second base, he indulged in a high kick and a waltz movement; at third base, he tarried long enough to seat himself for a moment and wipe the perspiration from his brow; and at the home plate he concluded his performance with a bit of a two-step. "Have I made a home run?" he then inquired gently of the umpire. "Yes," agreed the official in good humor, "and you have also made a fool of yourself." But the bleachers enjoyed it. Baseball is not without its touch of vaudeville.



"Why, even the ball itself wears a perpetual smile!"

Arlie Latham, one of the funniest men who ever wore a baseball uniform, for many seasons provided the bleachers with at least one laugh in every game. Some one once remarked that Latham should have been a theatrical manager, because, in the parlance of the playhouse, he had the habit of "counting the house." His eyes would always rove over the stands in his effort to calculate the numerical proportions of the crowd and the amount of money that had consequently gone through the turnstiles. On days when the crowds were very slim, Latham's humor was far from good. There was nothing like a meagre attendance to give him a playing grouch. One day, when the weather was threatening, the stands were conspicuous for their empty seats. Latham wore a look of settled gloom. While on the coaching line back of third base in the second inning, the few people in the bleachers were startled by the falling, under the stands, of a tremendous cast iron chain that clanged against the boards with a loud clinking racket. Latham, quick as a flash, turned to the nervous bleacherites and yelled at the top of his voice: "Don't worry. They're only counting the money in the box office!"

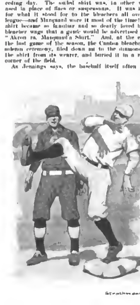
On another occasion, while in the coaching box back of first base during a particularly close contest, Latham suddenly attracted the wondering attention of the spectators by signalling the umpire to call time and by starting on a wild dash around the field. He seemed to have no direction, but just contented himself with rushing around the diamond like a loose dog. As he came to a halt near the bleachers, with the astonished players and umpire clustered around him, he explained that "everything was all right now." "Yes," shouted the [illegible], "but in Heaven's name what's been the matter?" Latham looked at them very seriously. "Oh, my foot went to sleep," he remarked, simply, and went back to the coaching box.

During a contest between the Milwaukee and Toledo teams in the American Association a season ago, played on the former's grounds, the score at the beginning of the ninth inning stood one run in favor of the home team. Toledo's first two batsmen went out; and then, in rapid succession, a hit, a passed ball, and a base on balls filled the bases. Things began to look very bad for the home team and the bleachers began to shift uneasily. Then, suddenly, to the astonishment of the spectators, the Toledo player on first, who had taken a big lead off the base, "stole second" while the pitcher was preparing to deliver the ball. Becoming confused, the Toledo man had forgotten the bases were full! As may be guessed, he was put out and the bleacherites, overjoyed, piled down on to the diamond and, lifting the rattled player on their shoulders, paraded him around the field in the mock ceremony of paying homage to a hero.

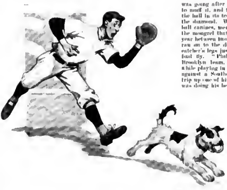
One of the heartiest laughs the bleachers ever enjoyed was at the expense of Dan Brouthers, one of the famous so-called "Big Four," and, at the time in question, the first baseman of the Detroit nine. The day was Saturday, and a "double header" was on. Brouthers had been planning for two weeks to catch a train at half past five o'clock that afternoon for his home in the country, where he intended to spend the evening as the guest of honor at a birthday party that was to be given him by his family. He had asked permission of the late Charles H. Byrne, president of the club, to leave early, but that official, appreciating that the loss of the valuable Brouthers in the second game might bring defeat to his aggregation, refused to allow the first baseman to get away. Brouthers, suppressing a look of disappointment, said nothing, but began to think a great deal. Byrne, somehow or other, saw a suspicion of a gleam in the player's eyes and also began to think a great deal. For a while nothing happened. Brouthers played out the first game and started the second. Byrne heaved a sigh of relief. Then came Brouthers's *coup d'état*. In the last ball of the second inning, a fly ball was knocked back of first base. Brouthers stepped quickly, lifted up his hands and slyly allowed the ball to slip down between his outstretched arms and hit him on the head. He then fell prostrate to the ground, apparently severely injured. He was hurriedly carried to the dressing-room, while a substitute player was ordered to take his place. Byrne scented a trick, however, and watched the door of the dressing-room from back of the grand stand. Presently he had the satisfaction of beholding Brouthers, suit-case in hand, make a crafty exit and start on the run for the depot and the birthday party. Byrne was after him in a flash and, subsequently explaining the peculiar situation to the umpire, soon had the glum first baseman back in the game again. The story spread like wildfire through the bleachers, and throughout the balance of the game Brouthers was made the butt of the spectators. He missed his train, but at the end of the game was presented with a candle-laden birthday cake by a bleacherite who had procured it at a near-by bakery shop. And for a solid week afterwards Brouthers had to listen to the bleachers' "congratulations."

For one entire season, the bleachers of the Central League were wreathed with a perpetual grin by "Rube" Marquard, the present "eleven thousand dollar beauty" of the New York Giants, but then a humble member of the Canton team's squad. The squad numbered fifteen men, but the club was so hard up that it had only fourteen and one-half uniforms. One regular shirt was missing and its place was taken by a dilapidated, nondescript garment. This latter makeshift shirt was never introduced to soap and water, and was always assigned to the player who had made the worst misplay in the game on the preceding day. The soiled shirt was, in other words, used in place of fines or suspensions. It was known for what it stood for to the bleachers all over the league—and Marquard wore it most of the time! The shirt became so familiar and so dearly loved by the bleacher wags that a game would be advertised thus: "Akron vs. Marquard's Shirt." And, at the end of the last game of the season, the Canton bleachers, in solemn ceremony, filed down on to the diamond, got the shirt from its wearer, and buried it in a remote corner of the field.

As Jennings says, the baseball itself often grins.



He indulged in a high kick and a waltz movement



Had the audacity to get the ball in its teeth and start gleefully across the diamond

Concrete instances of the freakish tricks that have been played by the balls are many, but probably none of the whims of the spheroid ever gave the bleachers quite as much fun as did that which Jesse Burkett, the Giants' right fielder, subsequently dubbed "the cat ball." It happened this way. During a game with Pittsburg one of the players on the latter team knocked what surely could not have been more than a "single" toward right field. Burkett was playing far back, but, seeing the ball about to fall short, dashed forward at top speed to catch it on the first bound. The ball, however, had no intention of allowing Burkett to do any such thing, and instead of bounding, it burrowed its way down into a hole some distance back of first base. Burkett, seeing the ball disappear, rushed to the hole and reached inside to get it. His arm, however, was too big to be poked into the opening and, getting down on his knees, the right fielder began digging away at the soft earth much after the fashion of a dog. As the dirt flew, the runner was encircling the bases for a home run, and by the time Burkett managed to dislodge the cranky leather a run had been chalked up against his team. The bleachers forgot all about the run, however, in their hilarity at Burkett's antics, and in their shouts to him to "get a hook."

Lajoie, while playing on the Cleveland team, once knocked a ball into left field, and the fielder, anticipating an easy catch, stepped back, held up his hands, and made ready to get credit for the sure put-out. The ball, however, stuck fast in a stretch of wire netting on top of the fence, and by the time the fielder succeeded in dislodging it by throwing his glove at it, Lajoie had made the rounds of the bases. A wilful fly ball two years ago slipped from the hands of a Chicago fielder, and, so far as the stands could see, disappeared completely. The fielder looked around him, but nowhere could he find it. The runner reached third base before the confused player discovered that the ball had lodged in the big patch-pocket of the blazer he was wearing.

But of all the odd things that ever happened to a baseball during a game, the oddest was chronicled in a Cincinnati newspaper (the *Enquirer*) on August 16, 1888. Although the game was distinctly an amateur one and although no knowledge is at hand as to the presence or absence of bleacherites, it seems fair to presume that, if bleacherites were present, they certainly must have grinned upon regaining their composure. The account is quoted verbatim: "The Humble Bees and the Wassell Bees played a game at Norwood Inn yesterday before dinner. The game went twelve innings before either team scored, when in the thirteenth inning Briggs Collins, pitcher for the Humble Bees, stung one to right field for a homer. The hit would not have gone for a home run if the lightning had not favored the Humble Bees. As the ball was rolling toward the fielder it was partly struck by lightning. This scared the fielder so badly that he ran to the stable. The ball, half burnt, went to the roadside, and when it was recovered it was tossed around for a couple of minutes, when it fell to pieces."

The writer heard the Philadelphia bleachers laugh loud and long several years ago when a dog that had run into the outfield got in the way of a fielder who was going after a fly ball, caused the player to muff it, and then had the audacity to get the ball in its teeth and start gleefully across the diamond. While on the subject of baseball canines, mention must not be omitted of the mongrel that, during a game played last year between two nines in the Eastern League, ran on to the diamond and got between the catcher's legs just as he was about to catch a foul fly. "Phil" Lewis, shortstop on the Brooklyn team, once told the writer that, while playing in an ante-season practice game against a Southern nine, he had seen a dog trip up one of his team-mates while the latter was doing his best to steal a base. Lewis insisted that the dog was the "mascot" of the opposing team, and that report had it that this particular dog had been chosen as a mascot because of its subtle ability to get in the way of the opposing team at critical moments. As grounds for his belief, Lewis cited the fact that, on the day the dog had tripped the would-be base-stealer, several of the bleacherites had yelled at the animal: "Good work, Bruno, that's your third 'assist' of the season!"

In the second game of a double-header between the New York National League team and Pittsburg in September, two years ago, a grounder bounced off Leach's glove—Leach was the Pittsburg third-baseman—and went into the overflow crowd on the field. One man scored and another was dashing toward third base on his way to the home plate when a bleacherite with a strong partisanship for Pittsburg jumped out into the grass with the generous intention of getting the ball for the third baseman. He had just got his hands on it when fully twenty-five thoroughly New York bleacherites jumped on his back, rolled him on the ground, took the ball from him, and threw it under the seats. Although hardly in strict accordance with the rules of the game, the actions of the twenty-five sympathizers with the Giants' cause gave the rest of the bleachers the heartiest laugh it enjoyed during the whole season. The laughter was augmented, furthermore, when McGraw, of the New York team, rushed over to the man who had tried to get the ball for Leach and, gazing at him a moment, said, in a voice filled with sarcasm, for all the bleachers to hear: "Don't you know you might have prevented a run by stopping that ball?"

In the way of amateur games, that played last year in Washington between the Republican and Democratic members of Congress gave the spectators painful side-aches. The contest was waged on the grounds of the Washington American League Club. As inning after inning passed, the efficient work of Tener, of Pennsylvania, for the Republicans, astonished every one, until, at the close of the game, the Republican "manager" informed the crowd, to its surprise and great amusement, that Tener had formerly been one of the ablest professional twirlers in the history of the game and had been one of the players who made the trip around the world with the famous "Pop" Anson. O'Connell, of the Democrats, knocked an infield grounder in one of the innings, and, in their attempt at collaborative fielding, five of the Republican players got tangled up and were thrown to the ground. O'Connell had made a home run.

One of the best known "bleacher jokers" in baseball history was "Poet" Kenna, of the Milwaukee team. A day never went by but Kenna gave the spectators cause for laughter. He was a college graduate and was exceedingly apt at repartee. During a close game one day in July, a player on the opposing nine made a clearly apparent effort to "spike" the Milwaukee player while he was sliding toward third base on a steal. Kenna made the bag safely and then, sitting on it, grasped the offending player's right leg securely in one arm, and with his free hand unlaced the shoe that had attempted to spike him, took it off the player's foot and, arising, handed it to him with a deep bow. The player flushed and protested that Kenna was mistaken. "I didn't mean to spike you," he said. "Oh, that's all right," replied Kenna, so all the bleacherites could hear him. "If the shoe fits, put it on."

The Soul of Gotham

By Ethel Talbot

When a man's sick in Gotham
And lies awake at nights,
He sees the soul of Gotham
Change with the changing lights.

For when the morning glimmers
Between the chimneys tall,
Then from her dreaming, Gotham
Wakes pale and virginal.

There is a veil upon her,
A radiance round her feet,
And the young eyes of Gotham
Shine misty and sweet.

But when the noon comes, Gotham
Forgets the joy she had;
She is a toiling woman,
In sombre raiment clad.

No care has she for guerdon
Of loveliness outspread,
All day she bears a burden
That she may eat her bread.

The sunset comes on Gotham
Before she is aware,
And wakens out of darkness
The gold lights in her hair.

Her eyes are full of mysteries
Her tender mouth above—
And for a little hour she is
A woman worthy love.

. . . .

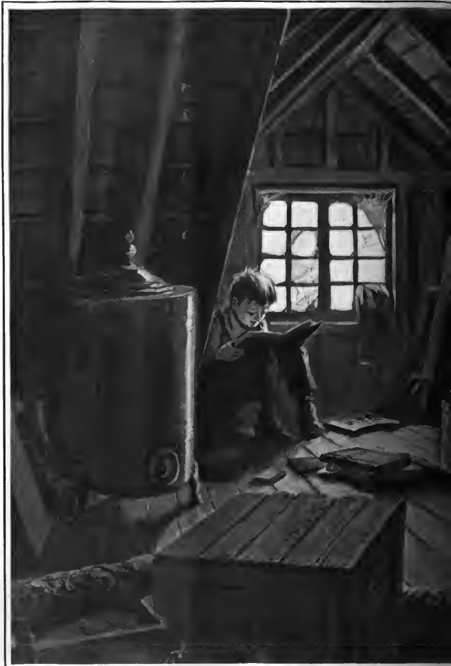
The diamond lights of Gotham
Make starry her bold eyes,
Her wind-blown hair is as a veil
To wreathe her as she flies—

White jewels on her naked limbs—
With laughter through the rout;
But one by one her jewels fall,
Her beauty flickers out.

In the dead hour when darkness
Goes wanly down the west,
Gotham, that tired woman,
Creeps wearily to rest.

. . . .

When a man's sick in Gotham
And lies awake at nights,
He sees the soul of Gotham
Change with the changing lights.

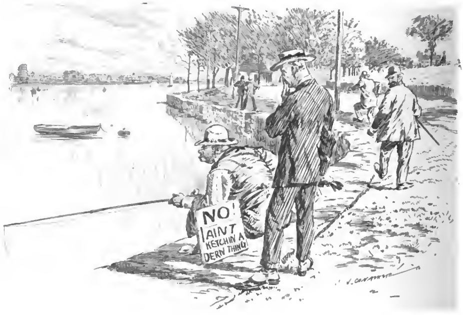


THE THIRST

DRAWN BY

R KNOWLEDGE

MAC DONA. L



THE MOROSE FISHERMAN

WHAT TO SAY

(From "First Aid to the Embarrassed," by Wilberforce Jenkins, D.D.D.D.D.)

When a tall man with the eye of a ferret and the step of a sleuth, who has been on your trail for several days, finds you in, and has you cornered in your own library, and remarks, "I am a bill collector, Mr. Banks."

Answer.—"Are you, indeed? How very interesting! So am I. I fancy I have the largest collection of unpaid bills in this community, and I take a special pleasure in showing them to those who may be interested. Now as a connoisseur in bills, you will appreciate this charming little lot from my grocer. See with what grace he has etched that little allusion to three pecks of potatoes there on the third line. And that engrossed 'please remit'—have you ever seen that mystic, not to say cryptic, intimation more beautifully suggested?" etc., until your visitor flees.

When your landlord, suddenly entering your room for which the rent is two months overdue, finds you busily engaged in screwing your trunk to the floor and stands gazing at you in speechless wonder.

Answer.—"I am very much afraid, Mr. Swallerbox, that the constant moving of my trunk up and down the floor by your very vigilant sweep in her daily and relentless search for dust has seriously annoyed my good neighbors the Blitherses in the apartment below, and I am therefore fastening it to the floor a bit more securely, so that the maid may be unable to move it. I know from past experience that there is nothing so trying to the nerves of a tired man or woman as the impression sometimes gained, even in first class homes like this one of yours, that the apartment above has been turned into a scenic railway with trunks instead of cars to accommodate passengers."

When you have informed the custom-house inspectors that you have absolutely nothing to declare, and after having been bumped by a pier detective a search of your pockets reveals a thirty thousand dollar pearl necklace, four diamond-studded gold watches, and a tiara, in your pistol pocket.

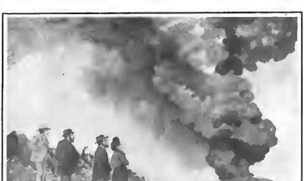
Answer.—"Well, by Jove! I thought these trousers felt queer. In my haste to dress and get back once more upon these beloved American shores I must have put on the trousers of the man who shared my stateroom with me. Just have these things appraised, will you, and I will pay the duty on his behalf at once. I've forgotten his name and address, but I guess I can get it from the purser. Ha-ha-ha! Good one on me, ain't it? I guess I'll have to open a bottle of soda-water for you boys, eh? Or something stronger, perhaps?"

When you have secured the afternoon off to attend the funeral of your grandmother and find yourself seated next to your employer on the grand stand at the ball game, who greets you with a questioning glare.

Answer.—"She, too, was fond of the game, Mr. Slobbers. Why, would you believe it, when her will was read this morning, among other bequests to me, her favorite grandchild, was a rain check admitting me to to-day's game, coupled with a last dying request that as a memorial to her I should forget my grief and come here to cheer the Giants while she was carried to that bourne whence no traveller e'er returns? Repugnant as pleasure of any kind is to me at this time, so great is my affection for her that I am here, steeped in woe, but ready to do my little for her sake to spur the champions on to—play ball!"

If a well set up young man, who might have been an understudy of Jeffries, suddenly appears at the seaside resort where you have been diligently paying court to a fluffy haired little blonde lady for the past ten days, and demands to know what you mean by making love to his fiancée.

Answer.—"By Jingo! Mr. Slapstick, I am glad you have come. I have had all I could do protecting Miss Ruffles for the past week or two from the unwelcome attentions of these hair-brained mollycoddles that seem to think every woman they see falls in love with them at first sight. The idea of any man being fool enough to think a woman who had won the love of a splendid fellow like you could even glance in his direction stumps me, and it is a great relief to me that you have come in person to show them what consummate asses they are. What 'll you have?"



AT VESUVIUS

SAMANTHA: "OH, ZEKE! AIN'T THAT MARVELLOUS?"

ZEKE: "OH, I DUNNO. I RECKON WE'VE GOT SOMETHIN' WHAT KIN PUT IT OUT. AIN'T NEVER BEEN TO NIAGARA, HAVE YE?"

THE VALUE OF IT

"Here's a New England boy who can speak Latin fluently, and he's only seven years old," said Mr. Billups. "I don't see much good in that."

"I do," said little Billie Billups. "He can [illegible] to his ma, and she won't know it."

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

A BOSTON newspaper tells us that Henry Mock, a three-year-old boy of Webster, New Hampshire, can milk a cow with both hands. This is a remarkable achievement for one so small. London *Punch* would probably refer to him as a condensed-milk man.

It is said that a man in Auburn, Maine, has a chronometer that has not varied the fraction of a second in a year's time. We, too, have a watch that ran down twenty years ago, and has not varied a millionth part of an instant from the time of stoppage until now.

Why not have two Presidents of the United States, one for the White House, and another as a sort of President at large whose chief duty shall be to swing round the circle, make Commencement addresses, open exhibitions, and attend public banquets?

The man who observed that there are no birds in last year's nests might have gone farther and remarked that there is no money in last year's checks, without injuring his reputation for either veracity or sagacity.

It is said that the presentation of the freedom of the city to an individual is an empty sort of compliment, after all, but to a man who has been in jail for ten or fifteen years it doubtless would have attractions that would more than make up for its emptiness.

Among the first honors conferred by the new King of England we find George the Fifth making himself a field-marshal and an admiral. It is perhaps natural that His Majesty should be popular with himself, but we regret to have to confess that this looks like favoritism.

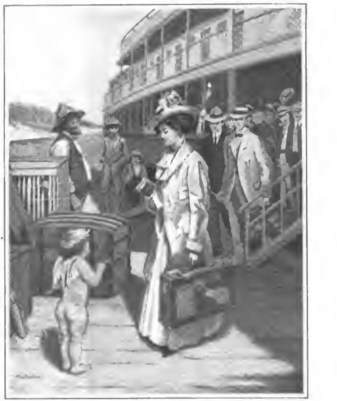
Uncle Sam's customs officers have seized $1,000,000 worth of Panama hats on suspicion of having been undervalued when imported into this country. This is a terrible blow, not so much to the hat industry, but to candidates for Congress who will have just that many less hats to talk through during this critical campaign. It looks like an insidious blow at the insurgents by the administration.

Our advice to you, Ethelinda, is under no circumstances to flirt. Let all your love-affairs be serious, and some day, perhaps, when the right man comes along and does not marry you, you may get a verdict for $50,000.

Spelling is, after all, a very important part of our education. A man in Chicago sued his tailor the other day for breach of contract, the latter having promised that his suit would still present a nobby appearance at the end of six months' wear, but the tailor got out of it by saying that he meant knobby with a K, and not nobby with a capital N.

In a recent town election in a New England community a baker was elected commissioner of roads. It is believed that the quality of his English muffins led the voters to believe in his qualifications for providing durable pavements.

Radium is now quoted at $30,500,000 a pound, which is some cheaper than it was a year ago. Nevertheless, we do not advise its immediate purchase in large quantities, there being indications that within a year from now it may be had for $25,000,000, full weight, with the trimmings on.

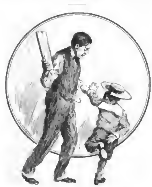


CUPID: "Where are the rest of the girls?"
MISS JOLLY: "Oh, don't worry about the rest of the girls. I'll keep them busy."

SUMMER-RESORT ETIQUETTE

ON THE FARM

I. If you are walking across a cow-pasture with a young lady with a red parasol, and the pet bull of the neighborhood comes up behind you suddenly and tosses the young lady over the fence, do not stop and demand an apology from the offending animal, but run to her side as quickly as you can, and even though you may be very angry at the bull do not decline any assistance he may offer you in getting over.



THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

II. If on retiring at night you find that one of the hens of your host has made a mistake and laid an egg on your feather bed, do not make an ostentatious and angry complaint about it to your landlady, but take it as a special attention, and request her to boil the egg for your breakfast. It may be the only fresh one you will get all summer.

III. Make yourself agreeable always to the farmer's wife. If you get up every morning between two and three o'clock, and chop the kindling-wood for her, and draw the water for her tubs, and help her start the kitchen fire, and hold the cow's head while she is doing the milking, and gather the eggs in the coop, and assist her in pressing the scarecrow's trousers, the chances are that if there ever is a soft-boiled doughnut to be had on the place you will be the favored recipient thereof.

IV. Avoid comic-paper humor, and do not in the presence of any member of the farmer's family rush out to the pump and in a loud voice call out to your friends and fellow boarders to come and join you in a pail of fresh milk.

V. If the farmer courteously invites you to join him in a morning's ploughing, and you decide to accept, remember that you are on a farm and not on Fifth Avenue, or in the Metropolitan Opera House, and therefore wear neither a frock-coat and a silk top-hat or full evening dress with patent-leather pumps and an opera hat. Either of these costumes would be wholly out of place amid such simple pleasures, and smack of vulgar ostentation.

VI. Remember always that kindly acts pay the best under any and all circumstances. So, if you discover that the farmer is hard up for ready money, and his barn is over-insured, go out into the hay-loft for your morning cigarette, cigar, or pipe. You never can tell when a simple little act of thoughtful courtesy like this may help to tide a fellow traveller on the way through life over one of its hard places.

VII. Do not make disagreeable remarks about the food that is placed on the table before you, especially about the butter which your hard-worked landlady has made with her own fair hands. It may not be as fresh as you are, but in the long run it may prove a great deal stronger.

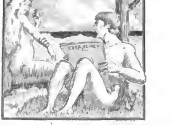
VIII. Do not play practical jokes on the farm hands. There is a certain kind of familiarity that breeds not only contempt, but trouble, and if you see a farmer's hand who stands six feet three in his bare feet lying asleep in one of the fields it is just as well not to run the harrow over his dreaming form, or to pretend that you took him for a hill of potatoes.

IX. If the farmer's daughter is musically inclined and plays *The Maiden's Prayer* upon the melodeon every night, do not put in any disagreeable objections, but inspire her with the belief that the melodeon would work more easily if it were oiled, and while she is not looking fill the oil-can with liquid cement or carpenter's glue. Nature will take care of the rest.

X. Do not complain of the coffee, for the chances are nine in ten that it is not coffee at all, and your complaints would therefore become entirely unjustifiable. Demand the best quality of chicory, and in all probability you will get it.

XI. Be very careful not to mistake the hired man for the scarecrow and shy small stones at him while he is standing in the middle of the field. Your explanation of your error would give you more trouble than the seeming assault upon him.

XII. Do not be exacting in your demands, or expect the same comforts at a farmhouse that you look for in the first-class summer hotels. If you find a few bricks in your feather bed, and have to light a match every night to find the parlor lamp, do not lose your temper, but remember that these are among the simple joys of farm life that you have come to get.



EVE: "How do you like my new outfit, dearie?"

The Natural Solution

By Alta Brunt Sembower

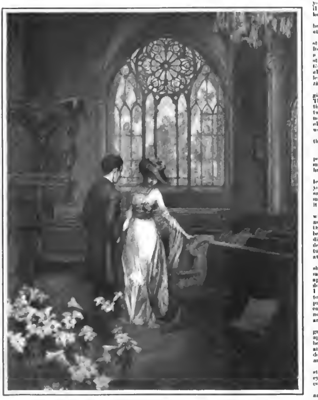
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER D AND EMILY SHAW REESE

GRAHAM, at a sound behind him, turned away from the flower-decked altar. He had been deep in half-wistful contemplation of the Easter-lilies, which, made only the more vividly white by the glow from the stained windows, seemed to breathe a cool austerity as well as a fragrance into the comfortable elegance of the congregation-room. He had been making the most, in the way of thought, of his moment alone after the sermon. He had not many; and now at this purloined moment there was interruption. With a habit of patience, which he had been long in acquiring, Graham turned toward the sound.

There was a soft swish of the vestry door, the quick coming of feet down the aisle, and, in the time of turning round, he was face to face with a young girl who looked at him with a restrained eagerness, and whose gloved hand was outstretched toward his. Graham took the hand with a little wonder. He remembered the face; this was the girl who, of late, had sat in Mrs. Gresham's pew. He had met her somewhere—the remembrance of that was vague. But he had noted the face from the pulpit—in one of those moments of lucid survey between sentences—because it was so freshly young, and yet was lacking in the usual ease of young faces before him. He had felt a twinge of satisfaction at the intensity which his eye had caught in this girl's face. He was glad to see this intensity at closer range: what kind of interest did it indicate?—one might judge of one's intellectual appeal by such a standard. This went swiftly and coolly through his head in the instant during which he held the girl's small hand. The hand seemed to quiver and vibrate in his, but its clasp was firm, and full of initiative.

"I wanted to say something to you that I have thought of"—said the girl, breaking off with a kind of soft breathlessness. "My aunt—Mrs. Gresham—is in the vestry waiting. She has promised me three minutes. I think she thinks I want to make a kind of confession. But—" As she paused there appeared on her forehead a small tangled thread of trouble and embarrassment, as if she doubted, now that she had come, her courage and her excuse. Then suddenly, with a little flash of bravery, she went on, with the same quaint abruptness. "I know that you worry," she said. "Why do you? What is there in the world to make so much trouble and question? And in spite of such things as you say to us! Everybody says—they talk of you as of things that set them thinking—that it is all beautiful, and brilliant, and sure—and, as my uncle says, terribly convincing." There was a little ring of impatience in the girl's voice. The abstraction in her tone, the puzzled knot in her forehead, the suggestion of seeking, herself, for some explanation, saved her from any apparent desire to flatter. But suddenly she seemed to realize the sound of her voice, which was reverberating with soft distinctness through the empty room. She spoke a little lower, some of her fervor gone, but a reminiscence of obstinate question remaining. "And yet I know, I am sure, no matter what *you* may say, even—you do doubt, and question, and are worried." There was an odd gentleness in her look and tone. It was as if suddenly, with the maternal instinct which is the greatest thing in woman, or perhaps with the instinct of her youth to offer comradeship to his, she had a right to question, and help.

Graham stood motionless throughout this long speech. It was one of the tabs put upon him by a brilliant woman of his church that, in the matter of talk, he could "begin in the middle of things." Here was a challenge to his power; yet for an instant he did not seem ready. As he did open his lips to speak the girl again forestalled him. For the first time she looked a little frightened; her face grew crimson.



The young girl unconsciously put out her hand and steadied herself against a pew

"Please, if you like—don't say a word," she said, quickly. "I mean, not a word of yourself. I didn't see, for a minute, how curious I seem—do I not? I only wondered—about the thing. Aunt says I am fatally simple. I live in a village—she says it is written on my face. And when I wanted to know, I asked. It is a question—a something that underlies your sermons. And I meant—I simply *could* not understand them, until I knew what it is that makes them what they are."

"That beclouds them," said Graham, faintly smiling.

The girl shook her head. "No, they are clear. Everybody—men and women, all get something, and are satisfied. Not merely men and women, but men like Mr. Lyons and women like Mrs. Ashby—brilliant, thoughtful. And yet I dare to feel this—this something." She smiled, in rueful confession of her audacity. Graham was looking curiously at her. It was written in her face—to use her aunt's expression—that she had not discussed this with any one else. The unseen presence of Mrs. Gresham waiting in the vestry put the stamp upon that. But the idea was coming out the more daringly now for having been pent up through many sermons.

Her intensity was infectious. Graham suddenly took a turn into the aisle, hands in his pockets. "Did you see old Godfrey Lyons?" he asked, abruptly, as if he had introduced the subject. "How he listened, how he liked it!"

The girl replied with sympathetic brightness. "Oh, he liked it. He leaned forward once and fairly smiled at you."

"I saw," said Graham. His face took on a sudden strained absent-mindedness. He seemed to forget his listener. "Poor, little, tired, lame Miss Evans—life a martyrdom—saying how blest she is to be able still to hear the gospel, 'from young lips, Mr. Graham'—that seems to be *her* marvel. And directly after is Godfrey Lyons roaring like a burst of artillery, 'Sound ethics, Graham, no superstition in *that*.'"

Graham's eyes, keen and bright, came back to the girl suddenly—"They all get something, you say. They don't see division in me. I'm not afraid of that—but is the division there? And if a man sees two roads, can he choose, without being a hypocrite, not to travel only one of them. The figure's absurd, of course, but you see. And sooner or later, anyway, won't it show?"

The girl looked a little bewildered. "But *must* there not be ethics?" she asked.

Graham laughed aloud, softly.

With apparently a sudden idea he came at her personally. "What is it that *you* want, that you miss?" His intensity gave the words a kind of harshness.

She met it simply. "I don't miss anything. I feel that it is all there, all the good is there, in what you say. If you can believe me, after what you have said, I think that is dimly what I feel. It is not mixed, not blended into one thing, somehow. I know it is fanciful. Am I too presumptuous?"

Graham stared at her unsmilingly. "You are a wizard. I boast that no one sees the conflict in me, and you, it seems, have been watching it from afar. Or—perhaps you are an esthetic. It seems to be beauty—harmony—that *you* want. You discover a discord in me." This was the reaction from his sudden confidence. He still spoke lightly, but the disturbance in his face had been enhanced, it was evident, at her last words, by a painful pin-prick of pride.

The girl was beginning to look distressed. She shrank a little at his hint of bitterness. "If I see more than the others do," she said, with a touch of appeal, "it is because I care more for people than I do for theories and things. The others listen to you; I look at you." Her eyes flashed. Then she seemed to see the personal interpretation which might be put upon these words. She took up his illustration eagerly. "But if there is discord in you, then it is not because the chords are wrong, but because they are not played together."

"Of course," he said, rather coldly, "I do not grant, as you seem to, without question, that the appeal of my sermons *should* be simple. May it not be that complexity fits them to appeal to this one and that? Society is complex, full of this and that doctrine, yet it is ready to be reached at varying angles, at various exposed points."

The young girl unconsciously put out her hand and steadied herself against a pew. She looked very clear-eyed and obstinate all at once. "Society may be complex," she said, "but life is simple."

Graham looked more than astonished; he looked angry. Then by a sudden whimsical turn he became gentle; the girl's eyes, clear and even wistful, were not provoking. "Perhaps you have special vision," he said. "For us who live in dim light there are questions. You will grant it to us to study them out."

The girl's eyes were bright, suggesting tears of vexation. But she spoke steadily. "Now you are laughing at me—I deserve it!" In support of her sincerity she went on, without anger. "No one has vision, I know; every one has questions. Only it seems to be so straight and simple, to *feel* for the answer." She was laboring along somewhat. Graham looked unconvinced. She tried to find an illustration. "I bought a gold candlestick, once, for my mother's room. I wanted it for her—it was lovely. I brought it in and she admired it. Then I put it on the shelf, and we looked at it, and suddenly mother laughed, and both together we said, 'It won't do.'" She shook her head, not satisfied with the example. But she let it stand. "Anyway, life seems like that to me. 'It will do or it won't do.' Just for one clear, hard moment face it—then it's over, and you begin living again." She broke suddenly into a smile which ended in a sigh. "And life is very cozy—and sweet—when it's plain like that, I think."

"It is æstheticism," said Graham, obstinately. "'It will or it will not do.' Beauty, fitness, you see, is what you want."

The girl's lips tightened. "I never heard of æstheticism," she said. "My story may have suggested that, but it doesn't express me, then, please! It's only my way of living, and I liked it, so I couldn't help—I positively couldn't help—coming to you about it." She looked suddenly at the vestry door. The three minutes had tripled themselves. She began hurriedly to draw the scarf about her neck. "I don't see why I came," she said, frankly. "It all seems absurd and inexcusable to me now. I hope you will forget it."

"I sha'n't forget it," said Graham. He did not look altogether pleased. He drew a sharp breath suddenly, and turned himself half-round on his heel, and back again, boyishly. Then he put out his hand. "Well, we shall never get together on these points, I am afraid," he said, "but I hope you won't be too hard on me. I'm sorry I have disturbed you."

The girl was looking into his face with a restrained trouble in her own. "Oh, it isn't for me that it matters," she said, simply. There was a little sadness in her tone. She turned to go without more preliminary.

Graham followed her a step. "Where shall I see you again?—at Mrs. Gresham's? When?"

She turned back, looking slightly at a loss; the event of this question seemed not to have occurred to her. Then she laughed suddenly, and for the first time Graham observed that her face—oval, fine-featured, and of a soft brown tint—had a lively prettiness. "If I were at home—in Parheim—you might come and sit by the fire, with mother and me, if you liked. Here"—she paused for a moment—"Aunt and I go out of town to-morrow for this week. After that—everything is of such gayety—you know, you have most part in it—" She gave it up suddenly, growing red, as if she were making too much of his question. "Well, we shall meet somewhere."

She hesitated, smiled again waveringly, and was gone, through the vestry door. The lilies caught Graham's glance in the rebound. They looked to him peevishly triumphant. With a vague sense of injury and reproach he turned his back upon them.

Graham found himself, on the way to Mrs. Van Astren's first-of-May dinner, in an anticipatory mood which he considered a compensating reaction from the dark moments which he had struggled through of late. He was mentally alert and ready for the handsome celebrity whom he was to take out; Mrs. Van Astren like to confess, in deprecation of the praise given her dinners, that she prepared people for each other, and brought them together primed for talk. But as he took his place, a glance at his other side left him for a startled moment wordless.

"Miss Pemberton," said the hostess, presenting him—he was never far from her place—"you know Mrs. Gresham well—her niece."

"I know Miss Pemberton," said Graham.

"You needn't know me," said the girl, softly and youthfully, when eyes were off them. "I have come prepared not to vex you. Mrs. Van Astren told me you were to be at one side, so that I might think what to say."

"What are you going to say?" asked Graham. He wondered for a flash why his amusement should be so grim. The girl did not seem to wonder—she accepted it.

"Nothing," she said, and seemed, simply, to mean it.

She had come out with a good-looking, broad-shouldered young man, whose face was full of the general rueful injury which in the youthful masculine countenance appeals to the sympathy of the world. He was evidently full of the pessimism caused by over-eating. Graham, in the lapses of his own conversation with his brilliant neighbor, heard some of the talk at his left. He did not listen for it; the simple thread of it tangled itself annoyingly at times with the intricate web of thought spun by his companion's suggestions.

"But if you can't have anything you like, you know," said the boyish, petulant voice, "what's the good of living? If a fellow can't have terrapin, nor cheese, nor even eggs—"

"Such certainty," said Graham's neighbor, screened from the sound beyond him, and replying to an appeal of his for a glimpse of things, "is like the illumination of a dreary road. You cannot mistake in your steps, yet there is no joy in taking them. Give me, rather, possible pitfalls. Hope, you know, is always behind a screen, and since it is hidden, marble may serve as well as life to embody it. Dare you look?"

"But if you can't have what you like," said the girl's voice at Graham's left, full of pity and gentle amusement, "can't you like, a little, what you have? One must find *something*—"

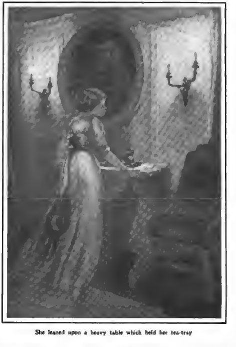
"Ah, you are pessimistic, too," said Graham, suddenly. His eyes were upon the wine-glass in front of him. His neighbor looked at him with a little surprise. Her publications had left small doubt in those days as to the trend of her mind.

"Is it an optimist who speaks of hope without a smile?" she asked—"I had almost said a smirk."

"It is sometimes the man with least hope who is most optimistic," said Graham, vaguely and, as he felt, with shallow reasoning. He was growing irritated with himself. His mind, whose principal virtue, he would have said, was that it was always keenly at his service, seemed bent strangely upon straying into vague paths of its own. He bent himself to his companion's words again with determined enjoyment, resolving that a passing fit of *ennui* should not make him lose an opportunity which to-morrow he would regret.

Meanwhile, with gentle monotony, the conversation at his left continued. The girl laughed suddenly, cheerfully, with a certain gentle audacity. She might have felt in the air some of Graham's cynicism. "Well, I do not cook, a great deal, but I should bargain, easily, with some of these things that you hate, to make a respectable dish. And you should like it. If not, I should take the blame."

The boy was dubious—the matter was a serious one to him. But something beyond the subject seemed to prompt his answer, half laughing: "this of Indian meal? What could you make—a rarebit? Ah, you might—you make a fellow believe you, somehow." An instant's pause was followed by a sigh between hope and gloom. "But you wouldn't." The possibilities of the subject seemed to have been great enough for him. He was gazing, with a boy's forgetfulness of time and place, into the girl's amused eyes.



She leaned upon a heavy table which held her tea-tray

Graham suddenly turned toward them. "I couldn't help hearing, Williams," he said, easily, past the girl's slightly startled face. "And I think I ought to warn you against bringing deep questions to Miss Pemberton for settlement. She plays with them. She has a witch's glass, you know, that shows her how really simple all questions are which we befogged mortals consider worth struggling with."

There was a ring of something not altogether pleasant in the speech. Graham felt the quality of it, and gloried in it strangely. Williams saw nothing in it but a rather difficult pleasantry. He came out rather boldly.

"Well, I don't know," he said, in his boyish drawl, with an attempt, apparently, to answer the spirit if not the words of Graham's speech: "Miss Pemberton has just promised to make me a dish from things I hate—and make me like it." With a flash of [illegible] gentle gallantry he seemed to feel a necessity to defend the girl from Graham's wit. He exchanged a smile with her. Her face was full of gratitude.

Graham, all at once, felt himself to be old and tyrannical. How much older could he be than Williams? A comparison of years would not show much difference, doubtless; in the church the other morning he had felt the same spring of youth that the girl had shown. Yet now he felt, rising, sinking, in him, a sudden fearful wish to see himself in a mirror. Had he grown aged and crabbed in an evening? He gazed at Williams; Williams, unflatteringly forgetful of him, was looking at the girl. She was flushed and bright-eyed. She looked well: a row of pearls at her throat—a touch of Mrs. Gresham's grandeur and good taste—had the same tint of clear purity as the throat itself; the square-necked satin gown, made simply, had dignity and beauty. Williams's eyes, boyish and preoccupied, were kindling with a spark of something more than admiration.

Graham spoke again, very smoothly. "So I argued," he said to Williams, "a genuine witch-potion you would get." He turned half away, as if he had finished with them. Then, irresistibly, he flashed a smile at the girl. The smile was barbed. "Confess and recant," he said, lightly. "It is your witch who beguiles us into questions. She blessed you with two gifts, that of having no problems of your own to trouble you, and the other, much alluring, of drawing out those of others, to the humiliation of the weak owners of them."

The girl's face had grown slightly pale, and the curves of her mouth gave place to straight lines, as she gazed intently at him. After an instant she seemed not unready to reply to his speech, unsmilingly.

"And in return for these gifts," she said, slowly, "what should I give my witch—something dreadful?"

"It is her reward, perhaps, to see the writhings of victims who have succumbed to the human weakness of confession," said Graham. His voice was still level and hard. He was looking keenly at her. She made an unconscious movement to bring her hands together.

"Yet it would be a good witch to endow one so," said the girl in a low even voice, "with no vexing questions of one's own, and the power to see those of others—and help."

"Ah, but when there is no possibility of help!" said Graham, with ironic stubbornness.

The girl's eyes widened with responsive obstinacy; of the same sort which she had shown in their first talk, an obstinacy which resembled a lack of comprehension. Her forehead wrinkled. "When one wants to help, one can't choose but be able," she said with a little difficulty.

"The will—to bless—gives the power, you mean?" said Graham, showing, in spite of himself again, a slight surprise and disapproval at her positiveness.

She wavered from her assurance. "Not always so." She breathed deeply, and her face—turned toward the orchids which filled the centre of the table—took on a more intense earnestness. "Not always, not in many cases, maybe—one wants, pitifully, to help, sometimes, and sees no way—but, when one cares—intensely—it is given one—sometimes—to see a way." She was struggling for expression, pale and preoccupied with her effort to say what was in her mind.

Graham bent toward her. Neither of them—be it said in Graham's defence—saw any great personal bearing in his question. "And you mean, then, in my case—if you were the preacher—you would know—could tell me—*my* question?"

Williams was left behind, and was, for an instant, occupied with his coffee. The girl's eyes were cast down, apparently heavy with thought and resolution. She listened to Graham's question without looking up at him. She hesitated.

"I see—oh, I *do* see"—she repeated herself, shrinking as if to stay his refutation—"a way. It would be my way—"

The hostess was rising. Graham, by instinct, managed his partner's chair. But she was engaged in conclusion of a half-serious discussion with the man beyond her. Graham was left for an instant alone, his thoughts crowding, his head a little dizzy with them. Miss Pemberton was passing him. He suddenly seized the moment. He took a step to her side. There was a kind of roughness in the movement. If they had been small boy and small girl, his next act would have been to grasp her arm and turn her toward him. As it was she felt his compulsion; she paused instinctively before him.

"If you know, then, tell me!" he said.

The girl caught her breath suddenly, and turned as if to go on. Some one, passing them, addressed a laughing question to young Williams. Graham's eyes were burning, intent upon the girl beside him. She suddenly threw up her head and faced him; her face was pale, pleading, determined, all at once.

Her eyes met his. "I should preach God," she said, with scorn—self-scorn, scorn for him—Graham could not analyze it. But suddenly he saw—or remembered vaguely, for in an instant she was gone—that her eyes, wide and flashing, like those of an animal which is courageous at bay, were heavy and bright with tears.

"She is a nice girl," said Mrs. Van Astren, neglecting her tea, "and, what is more rare, a sensible one, generally. But she has no more idea of her own best interests than this Oriental person on my cup. She needs some one to manage her."

"That surprises me," said Graham, after a moment. "I should have thought Miss Pemberton most capable, easily, of managing her own affairs."

"Easily, yes," said Mrs. Van Astren. "Wisely is another thing. She seems to decide too quickly, without a thought; she smiles all through it. You know"—Graham was looking puzzled—"Mrs. Gresham wants her here to live. Mrs. Gresham adores her, and there seems to be no reason why she shouldn't have her. There's a little home somewhere, with plenty more to fill it, and Alice—Miss Pemberton—wasted in it! Here she would be a success—her charms would be something tremendous."

"Her charms, you mean, set off by Mrs. Gresham's gilding," said Graham. He was looking abstractedly over his tea.

Mrs. Van Astren looked sidewise at him. "You don't admire her? Ah, just like a man! Scents traps as a war horse does the battle—and flees from them. All the same, she would have splendid chances—with simpler men—" The lady smiled appeasingly at him. "Did you see young Williams at my dinner?"

"I saw him," said Graham. He put his cup down upon the table beside him. "She will not come, you say, to Mrs. Gresham's?"

"She smiles through tears at her aunt, and says how she loves her kindness—Mrs. Gresham is really wrought up and angry with her—but it is 'no' all the same, persistently, gently. It's vastly irritating. She goes to-morrow, I believe. Parheim, I think she calls the place. A dreary, out-of-the-world village!"

"She will have leisure there, perhaps, to regret it," said Graham. He took up his cup again, unmindful of its emptiness.

"Regret it! Ah, if you could see her! The softness, the kindness, the gladness—positively—of her 'no'! She will never see her mistake." Mrs. Van Astren sighed with vexation, before her own kind heart melted. "And I hope she won't, of course. I should hate to see her unhappy. The girl interests me. I'm sorry you don't like her. She's a queer, gentle, obstinate thing—and, in spite of your cynicism, immensely pretty. Look at her, in that white frock—just out of Parheim! She's discarded Mrs. Gresham's grandeurs, out of principle, doubtless. The absurdity! But don't say it doesn't become her!"

Mrs. Van Astren's voice sank as the girl approached them. There was tea at Mrs. Gresham's. Everybody was there, chatting. Miss Pemberton, in a white gown which, as Mrs. Van Astren had observed, had a simplicity more actual and intimate than the rich simplicity of her dinner-gown, was dispensing cream and sugar. There was a gentle gravity in her face, and a serious preoccupation with her task. Graham had come to Mrs. Gresham's early, only to find that others had felt the same impulse, and were before him, talking in pleased groups under the soft light of candles which improved upon the misty spring air and grayish light outside. Of a sudden he had felt a rather strange distaste for conversation, and had slipped into a corner before a picture. Here Mrs. Van Astren had found him, and had made him have tea with her. Miss Pemberton came up to them.

"Oh, I am too late," she said, sorrowfully looking at their cups. "You've had tea and no sugar. Aunt Helen will scold."

Mrs. Van Astren smiled up at her with the friendly freedom of an older woman. "If it were only for *that* that she should scold you, my dear, you would deserve to come off easily." Her eyes emphasized the slyness of her meaning.

The girl looked at her frankly. Then she colored a little and laughed. "Oh, *that*, Mrs. Van Astren," she said, directly. "Believe me, that will be all right, and I have been scolded, so my punishment is attended to. Aunt will not think of it long. How can she? She goes to Paris in a week or two. She so loves Paris!—the thought of it drowns everything already." For all her frankness, she was leading, with a little embarrassment, away from the subject.

Mrs. Van Astren was not to be led. "And you—you do not care for Paris?" she asked.

The girl's eyes responded for her suddenly with a flash of light. "I love Paris, too," she said, with a little breathlessness. "It is a dream-city to me."

"And you choose to keep it so—like Yarrow—unvisited?" said Mrs. Van Astren, more gently.

The girl looked surprised. "Oh, no, no, I mean to go there." She paused suddenly, smiling. "Sometime. We all have our things to work for—one of mine is to go to such places." She was beckoned away by some one, and smiled the last words over her shoulder.

"It's the oddest thing in the world," said Mrs. Van Astren, "that she doesn't seem to see that she might have her dream true, now."

"The odd thing is," said Graham, for the first time in the afternoon seeming to lend thought to his words, "that she gets it into the air that she isn't missing anything."

Mrs. Van Astren laughed delightedly. "Do you feel that, too? I do, through all my irritation. It's like a delusive fragrance—"

Miss Pemberton was coming back to them with more tea. "You are to have this very sweet," she said. She occupied herself supplying them with everything.

Graham had not spoken. He lingered a moment over the tea-tray.

"To-morrow you go to Parheim?" he said. "Isn't your going sudden—rather unexpected?"

"My mother wrote for me," said the girl, "or, at least—the same thing—wrote and wished me there. It is so with us: she wishes and we are there, like genii of the lamp." She laughed, a little painfully. "You will think now, surely, that I dwell with witches and hobgoblins."

Graham had helped himself to everything. There was nothing to delay her, yet she paused a moment, half wistfully, blushing. Graham took a third piece of sugar, slowly. "I was a cad," he said, "beyond pardon."

The girl, dumb before this sudden remark, was recalled by Mrs. Van Astren to her small but onerous task, and directed to some aspirant to sugar and cream.

Graham found her presently in a corner. She leaned upon a heavy table, which held her tea-tray. She looked less buoyant than usual, but she brightened and smiled as he stopped before her. She wished evidently, with the habit of a person who loves peace, to divert his mind from his last remark to her.

"One must get away, a little, from even the best things, to really enjoy them, don't you think?" she said.

Graham understood that this was not so much an apology for her own aloofness, as an explanation of his. "You have found an excuse for my social remissness," he said. He was, in fact, amused at a quixotic generosity which he had observed before in her. But all at once he saw that, by the perversity with which his mind had lately tricked him, his words carried a sting. The girl kept her gaze steady—she had accustomed herself, apparently, to misinterpretation from him. But suddenly, with her eyes quite steady, an irresistible quiver passed over her face.

The smile as suddenly went out of Graham's eyes; he put his hands mechanically upon the back of a small chair near him, and took the long breath of a swimmer ready to make a plunge.

"I have thought of what you said," he began. All lightness was out of his tone; it was full of resolution.

The girl in an instant stopped him. Her words came with an eagerness which showed that she had wished for this opening. "Don't think of it—don't remember it!" she said. "I scarcely know *what* I said, but I know it doesn't matter. I was carried quite away, somehow—else I shouldn't have dared. I have been ashamed ever since; I have wished to ask you to forget it. Only, believe, too, that I did not mean ill." Graham was gazing at her fixedly. As she looked into his face—it was a face which at that moment seemed to justify her contrition, its youthful lines and natural vigor were so evidently overlaid by the pallor of mental combat and sleeplessness—she had a further impulse. "I can't see why, at all, I ever went to you, so absurdly, that first morning. I wished to so much that something seemed to take me—I have almost a superstition about such impulses. Now, I see that it was almost wicked presumption. I have done harm to you; I have always vexed you; and always when I meant to help, I have added trouble. It is given to some, I *do* believe, to help—but that I should have assumed myself one of them! The only thing now is, you must see, as you do see, that everything I have said doesn't matter, is of no consequence, except to amuse you." She had gone the full length of recantation.

Graham, in an attitude full of intensity, smiled again, rather wearily. "Don't recant now," he said; and this time there was no possible sting in his words. "Don't, please, abandon your position just as you have brought me to it. I have thought of it all, what you said, and what you must have meant—what it could mean to me. And I think—I think"—he seemed groping his way mentally, making sure of his steps as he went—"I think I see—somewhat—in it. It is like a promise of light, light farther on, if I keep my face toward it."

"Oh, are you sure," put in the girl, "that you don't see too much in it? I couldn't—why, you know"—she was fairly intense with her frankness—"I couldn't have meant much. I don't know the first steps of theology, of reasoning—"

Graham gazed at her strangely. "Ah, that is your consistency!" he said. "I have stolen your idea, and it is mine now. I can't help transmuting it. I can't"—he looked distressed for a moment—"I can't see it your way. I can't even see it my way, yet." He shook his head vexedly as over a problem. Slowly his eyes lost their look of keen thought, and finally rested on her, with unmistakable appeal. "You know, the fact is," he finished, in another tone, an exceedingly boyish one, "I can't see yet—until you show me more—the way."

The girl looked, quite simply, distressed. "I couldn't help you one word," she said. "I can't explain anything, or say anything, to help."

"Explain!" said Graham. He laughed freely and confidently. "It's for you just to live."

"I am sorry," said the girl, without catching his spirit, her eyes were full of doubt and wistfulness. "I cannot see how to be really of use. You will, surely, find it disappointing to try to get something out of this, whatever it is. And I—I shall think of it, and be sorry if I have done anything to turn you aside. Your way was brilliant—so brilliant—you will find your own way to an answer, and"—she lifted her eyes brightly—"I shall hear of it, yet, in Parheim."

Graham stood transfixed. "Oh, Parheim!" he said. He bit his lip. He looked suddenly over at the groups which were, with much gayety, disintegrating slowly. The great drawing-room, with its candle-lighted distances and shadowed corners, lent its rather somber dignity gracefully to this amiable levity. "You don't like any of this?" said Graham, abruptly. He kept his face toward the groups, a glimmer of doubt beginning to show in his eyes; he was apparently trying to criticise this world which he had always taken for granted. "I see, of course, reasons why you shouldn't."

Her eyes followed his, at his question, and came back full of amazement. "Why, how unworldly do you think me?" she exclaimed. "You and Mrs. Van Astren! Could one help loving it? There is something within one that cares for comfort and ease and beauty, without one's own doing, don't you think so? For weeks before and after, I dream of visits to Aunt Helen. I never felt wicked in liking them, they are so full—of, well, of business made beautiful, somehow. Everything goes smoothly and guardedly. It has a beauty, hasn't it?" She appealed to him to justify her impression.

"You have it all easily," said Graham in a low voice. "That is," he hesitated, "at least, you don't care to stay with it. Forgive me—I forget I shouldn't know—Mrs. Van Astren told me—about your aunt."

"Oh," said the girl, comprehending. She laughed. "Of course Mrs. Van Astren has found a mystery in it. She loves mysteries—she will have one out of me. There is nothing strange about this. I couldn't stay, you know." Graham accepted this too fully; she saw that he thought she spoke of family reasons outside his right to know. "It is only," she added hastily, "that I go where there is most use for me. Aunt Helen doesn't need me; at home they do—not dreadfully, but some." To his surprise, she gave a sudden girlish note of scorn. "One must do something!" Her bosom swelled. "One must fill a real need, however little." Her eyes had a sort of inspiration in them.

Graham gazed fixedly—as he felt, stolidly. "But there was nothing else to sway you?" he said, bending toward her suddenly, "nothing you hate in this way of life? Nothing—you love—at Parheim? Was it really, only, that they need you—and only a little, too, you say?"

The girl's docility had lasted a long time. Her spirit was beginning to rouse itself. She looked at him with a flash of feminine hurt at masculine distrust. "It hasn't seemed a little thing to me," she said; "at least, it is my nature. I am not made strong and healthy for nothing; surely I am made to help. The feeling is strong within me!"

"I said you had no questions!" said Graham, with sudden irrelevance.

"I haven't—any hard ones!" she put this in justly, but incidentally, as if she saw no bearing of it. She was intent upon his apparent doubt. Her pride was vaguely stung by it.

His doubt seemed persistent. "And if life here were not easy, if it promised work, trouble, tangles for *your* hands to unweave—if you *were* needed here—then?"

"Why, I should come," she cried, with readiness. Why should he question it?

She found Graham's eyes upon her. Slowly, without more words from him, his look deepened, questioned, pleaded, expressed something to her. Before it the fire and independence went out of the girl's face. She trembled suddenly as if something had shaken her. Her hands fluttered before her; she swayed a little toward him, mute, and as pale and suddenly forlorn as a flower in the wind.

Graham himself was pale. "May I come to Parheim?" he said, bending to her.

All at once, with a violence the color came back to her face, in a wave which flooded her from neck to hair, and made her crimson as if from sudden anger. She moved back, away from him, and yet she inclined toward him, too.

"I believe—must I not believe?—that it was for this—and more—that you were sent to me." In another instant he would have held her hand, before the multitude.

Mrs. Van Astren saved them. Unawares she swept into their corner. "Some one wants you, my dear"—she put her hand upon the girl's arm—"to say good-by."

"Good-by?" faltered the girl, confusedly.

Graham's eyes sought hers for permission. "It isn't—for long," he said to Mrs. Van Astren, and flushed; his voice was not quite steady.

"Ah,—so two!" began Mrs. Van Astren. "Not going home? My dear! Why consistency—thou art—nowhere!" It was there, big, bright as the jewel on the lady's finger. But Graham did not point it out; it did not matter. And the girl was gone.

Graham walked home, through a misting rain. Spring was all about him, a backward, city spring. He broke off a wet twig from one of the trees bordering the street, and carried it home with him. The buds were bursting from their brown casings. Graham's heart vibrated with a promise of new things.

The Bitterness of Love

By Shaemas O'Sheel

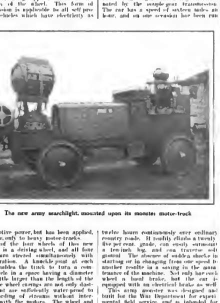
As I went through the rustling grasses
  Over the long low dune,
I saw on the sands two lovers,
  And I saw the waves and the moon.

And I heard the muttering murmur
  Of the sea, and a wind that stirred;
And I heard the lovers breathing
  Many a soft sweet word.

And because I too am a lover
  And my Love is far from me,
I hated the two on the sands there,
  And the moon and the wind and the sea.

An Eye in an Automobile

By NEWTON FOREST



The new army searchlight, mounted upon its monster motor-truck

The latest addition to the equipment of the United States Army is a monster searchlight motor-truck. The device is novel, in that the projector and the generator are contained in one car. The power is supplied to the motors from a storage battery or by a generator, operated in turn by a gasoline engine. The engine and generator of this car are sufficiently powerful to supply the current also for two large searchlights, the rays of which penetrate the darkness for a distance of several miles.

The distinctive feature of the car is the electric motor contained in each wheel, the power being applied direct to the periphery of the wheel. This form of transmission is applicable to all self-propelled vehicles which have electricity as their motive power, but has been applied, as a rule, only to heavy motor-trucks.

Each of the four wheels of this new machine is a driving wheel, and all four wheels are steered simultaneously with one operation. A knuckle joint at each wheel enables the truck to turn a complete circle in a space having a diameter but a little larger than the length of the car. The wheel casings are not only dust-proof, but are sufficiently water-proof to allow fording of streams without interference with the motors. The wheel and motor combination is simple, but very effective. The motor armature has a pinion on either end, one pinion pulling up on one side of the wheel, the other pulling down at the opposite side, and both working at the periphery. An eccentric device permits of compensating movement and divides the force evenly between the two pinions, regardless of any unequal wear or adjustments. Tests of the couple gear made by the United States Bureau of Standards show over ninety-seven per cent. efficiency in transmission of motor energy to the wheel, at full load of motor, and with a gear reduction 25 to 1. So nearly perfect is the transmission by this device that the pinions are made of soft steel and require no oil.

This new car is unusually efficient, and its efficiency is accounted for by the fact that the mechanical losses, aside from those of the engine, are nearly all eliminated by the couple-gear transmission. The car has a speed of sixteen miles an hour, and on one occasion has been run twelve hours continuously over ordinary country roads. It readily climbs a twenty-five per cent. grade, can easily surmount a ten-inch log, and can traverse soft ground. The absence of sudden shocks in starting or in changing from one speed to another results in a saving in the maintenance of the machine. Not only has each wheel a hand brake, but the car is equipped with an electrical brake as well.

This army monster was designed and built for the War Department for experimental field service, and is intended for use under the severest conditions of actual warfare. It will be given a thorough demonstration at the joint manœuvres at Gettysburg this summer. The weight of the car with the searchlight mounted is ten thousand five hundred pounds.

Wanted—Australians

Australia wants citizens, especially farmers, and a delegation from the state of Victoria has been touring Europe to obtain them, and will arrive in this country some time next month in pursuance of the same quest. The intention is to induce a few hundred selected men from the irrigation districts to visit Australia on a land-seekers' excursion in November, arranged at reasonable rates for return voyage by the Commonwealth government.

Only sober, industrious men, in good faith, of the small-farming class familiar with irrigation methods, who have at least $1,000 to $1,500 each to invest and have return tickets, will be expected to avail themselves of the offer.

The land to be settled forms part of a tract now being extensively irrigated by the state of Victoria, under the charge of Mr. Elwood Mead, for many years professor of institution and practice of irrigation in the University of California, and from 1897 to 1907 Chief of Irrigation and Drainage Investigation of the United States Department of Agriculture. The government has spent $32,500,000 on works to supply water for irrigation, domestic, and stock purposes. Of this $12,500,000 has been expended on irrigation works, which command 1,100,000 acres, and which now supply water for 350,000 acres, but additional reservoirs will be needed before the remainder of the area can be fully irrigated. A complete water-supply for irrigation is assumed to be water enough to cover the land to a depth of two feet each irrigation period, the water to be measured at the place of use. The surplus water is sufficient to irrigate 250,000 acres, and settlers are required to utilize it.

The state needs settlers for about 250,000 acres of land, for which it is prepared to guarantee a water-supply of two acre-feet for each acre per annum, and it hopes to secure a considerable number of experienced irrigators from the United States. The reasons why this land is not taken up at home are that the continent of Australia, which is approximately the size of the United States, contains only 4,300,000 people. Farmers settled in Victoria are prospering on land without irrigation. Besides, they are not educated up to the advantages of irrigation, and there are not sufficient prospective settlers here to occupy the land available. The government has, therefore, [illegible] opportunities to experienced American [illegible] to settle in the basin.

A considerable portion [illegible] the land, the greater part of which is held in from 320 to 10,000 acre lots, may be purchased at reasonable rates, but the government, in order to guarantee satisfaction to intending settlers, has determined to deal directly with them, and for that purpose it is purchasing 40,000 acres, some of which it has decided to invite American settlers to take up.

The price of land will range from thirty dollars to one hundred dollars an acre, and payment, with interest at four and one-half per cent., may be extended over thirty-one and one half years. Blocks will be twenty to two hundred acres, averaging about forty to fifty acres in extent, and each block will be guaranteed a water-supply of two acre-feet per annum at $1.20 per acre-foot measured at the farm.

Victoria has often been compared to California and indeed is almost a duplicate, in nearly every respect, of that State, the Murray Valley, which contains the bulk of the irrigable country, being remarkably similar to the Sacramento Valley. Everything grown in California may be grown with equal success in Victoria, but the geographical position of Victoria, by reason of which its period of greatest production enables it to supply the markets of Great Britain and other European countries with perishable produce during the winter months, gives this Australian state a great advantage.

The area provided for settlement is especially suited to the growth of oranges, lemons, peaches, apples, grapes of all kinds, and other fruits and vegetables, and some remarkable profits have been won.

At the Mildura irrigation settlement the net returns on all lands under cultivation within the area, over the last ten years, work out at thirty-five dollars per acre per annum. Sultanas at this settlement average a yield of one ton of dried fruit to the acre, which, after deducting all expenses in connection with the output, returns to the grower no less than $135. Crops of sultanas have reached over two tons to the acre. Currants as a rule yield about the same quantity as sultanas, but last year the crop was exceptionally heavy, reaching in some cases as much as three tons of dried fruit to the acre. With regard to citrus fruits, oranges and lemons have returned as many as 600 cases to the acre, while the gross return from lemons has reached $1,000 an acre.

The Broken-off Bahamas

Dr. J. K. Small, of New York, has recently returned after penetrating the interior of Andros, the largest island of the Bahama group, and the only one that has not been fully explored. He was the first white man to do so and his explorations have established its remarkable resemblance to the southern Florida peninsula. The rock ridge of Andros and the near-by pine belt correspond to the Everglade keys of Florida, while the marl and the savannahs, with their strips and patches of pine lands, reproduce the soil and scenery of the peninsula itself. "In fact," says Dr. Small, in his report, "we were in many situations where the surroundings were so strikingly similar to those we were accustomed to in Florida that a second thought was often necessary in order to definitely locate ourselves. After tabulating the species of plants known to occur in southern peninsular Florida and Andros, we find about three hundred and fifty species out of the five hundred and fifty growing on Andros common to both places." Another striking botanical observation was that a few common plants of the northern United States, such as cattail, pondweed, smartweed, fleabane, dodder, fireweed, and Virginia creeper "seem perfectly at home in both the temperate Alleghany Mountains and tropical Andros."

The geographical, geological, and vegetable resemblance of the big "out island" to the tip of the Florida peninsula, fully one hundred and fifty miles due west, are, in short, so marked that one result of this expedition will be to strengthen the belief of those who are of the opinion that the Bahama Banks once projected from Florida in peninsular form. That was before the advent of man on earth—in days when the Gulf Stream is thought to have flowed across what is now the northern part of Florida, the southern part being an island of the West Indies. This theory is strengthened not only by the similarity between the Bahama and parts of Florida, but by the total dissimilarity of the islands to the West Indies proper.

The Indian Sod-house

It is said that the finest house ever designed by an Indian is the sod house of the Wichitas, the only tribe that ever accomplished successfully the erection of such a structure. A few years ago the Wichitas abandoned these huts to take up their life in the [illegible] frame shacks provided for them by a beneficent government, and, in brief, there are only a few old men of the tribe alive to-day who understand the art of building a sod house.

A sod house looks easy to build but it is not. The turf was gathered early in the spring while it was yet fresh. The sod cutting usually took place immediately after a rain and the sod was removed to a thickness of about eight inches. Buffalo-grass sod was the only kind that answered the purpose of the builder. He began to lay the foundation as does the stone-mason, digging away the earth to the depth of about one foot. The grass portion of the chunks of sod was laid to the outside, and the house was built to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, in the form of a pointed dome. There was no hole in the top for smoke to pass out; it was carried away through a pipe on the outside of the hut. The door was usually in the south, and there were no windows.

Through each butt of sod was run a willow wand, and these wands were bound round the structure. The grass remained green, and would grow if there was plenty of rain. It was not at all uncommon to see the sides of a sod-house turn green as spring approached, just as did the pastures near it. The houses were warm in winter and cool in summer. They never leaked. Often the Indians had barns made of the same material. But now that the Indians live in frame shacks the once famous sod house is practically a thing of the past.

How Stamps Are Gummed

Officials of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington aver that one of the most delicate operations connected with the manufacture of our postage stamps is the gumming thereof.

When the sheets have been printed they are passed under a roller, from which they receive a thin coating of gum, and then gradually over coils of steam pipes until they are dried. Much care is exercised to get the layer uniform on every part of the surface.

The gum in the little vats, from which it drops to the roller, is maintained at an even temperature and thickness. Tests are frequently made of the warmth and humidity of the work room.

But even with the perfection of mechanical exactness, some allowance must always be made for the season of the year. For summer sale a slightly harder gum is used, because of the trouble occasioned by the sticking together of stamps. In winter precaution against the cracking of the gummed surface through contraction is necessary. A third grade of the material for other seasons is known as "intermediate."

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"I never have 'that tired feeling' any more. I eat Grape-Nuts, and I feel its effects in improved mental strength very forcibly." "There's a Reason."

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THE GOVERNMENT AND THE MARKET

By Franklin Escher

As the summer draws to its close and midday meditations on the chances of catching the early train are superseded by more serious thoughts on what the coming season may be expected to bring forth, political considerations loom large on the horizon. In all the literature emanating from Wall Street discussion of what for want of a better term is known as "prevailing political uncertainty" is being given a prominent place. From reading some of these market letters, indeed, one might come to the conclusion that the greatest enemy capital has in the whole world is the United States government, and that the administration is putting in a busy summer planning what sticks can best be thrown into the wheels of progress and how the country's big business interests can best be harmed.

So myopic a view of the great and necessary changes now under way does not, of course, make much of an appeal to the unprejudiced mind, and still, in the political considerations which confront the market, it must be recognized that there exists an influence of almost dominating importance. Foremost among these considerations, naturally, is the probable action of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the prayer of the railroads that they be allowed to increase their freight rates. Next there must be considered the possibility that the irrepressible demand for tariff revision which exists all over the country will force the coming session of Congress to take up the matter again and really do something about it. Then, there is the chance of further railroad legislation looking toward the physical valuation of the railways and the bringing of their stock and bond issues under government control. Finally, there are the pending Supreme Court decisions in the government's suits against American Tobacco and Standard Oil, with all the possibility of disorder which might ensue were the dissolution of those vast aggregations of capital to be ordered.

Full discussion of the possible action of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the question of railroad freight rates having recently appeared on this page, it will only be added here that conditions have in no wise changed and that every probability exists that within the course of the next three months a moderate but very general rise in freight rates will be sanctioned by the Commerce Commission. From this question of railroad earnings, at least from any part the government may play in it, the investor has nothing to fear. Serious reaction in business, so curtailing railroad earnings as to force dividend reductions, is always a possibility, but if that comes it will in no way be due to what the government is doing or has done. Business reaction and rate regulation, however the Wall Street commentators may strain their imagination and wear out their pens to establish the connection, have nothing whatever to do with each other.

Turning to the question of the probable reopening of the tariff fight, possible effects on trade and the markets must more seriously be considered. For, in the first place, it is a sure thing that unless the work of the tariff board produces some real results in the near future and unless the Canadian reciprocity negotiations are soon brought to a more definite status, the reopening of the tariff revision fight is inevitable. And, in the next place, if the tariff fight is begun again, business is bound to suffer.

So far as the tariff is concerned, the most conspicuous feature about the present political situation is the utter absence of that satisfaction with the recent revision which Republican leaders confidently expected time would bring. Passed in a storm of protest, the present tariff law, its sponsors believed or at any rate hoped, would, under the soothing touch of continued prosperity, gradually become popular. Very far from being realized, however, have been these expectations or hopes or dreams or whatever they ought to be called. For a time when the fish were biting a little better—when the President just at the end of the last session succeeded in putting through three or four popular bills—it looked as though the consumer might be satisfied with his catch and call it a day's work. Another look into the basket, however, is responsible for his feeling that he might have done better—that the tariff bill, for instance, is too puny a specimen to keep, and that the legislative stream ought to be made to yield something better. So out again has come his rod, and in the firm expectation of doing better he is patiently awaiting the next Congressional session.

That the tariff will actually be revised by the next Congress is very far from being a foregone conclusion, but that there will make itself felt all over the country, and before long, so strong a demand for tariff revision as to make it very much of a question whether the end of 1911 will see the Payne-Aldrich tariff in force, is already strongly indicated. And, so far as its influence on business is concerned, such a condition of uncertainty is quite as unfavorable as would be the definite knowledge that the tariff is to be revised. Indeed, until the matter is approached and handled in a way satisfactory to the great mass of voters at large, this tariff influence is bound to make itself felt. And with so many people of the opinion that actual revision will come at the very next session of Congress, this unsettling influence is bound to become stronger and stronger as the time approaches for Congress to reconvene.

Similarly with regard to further railroad legislation, though in this case the popular demand for action by Congress is far less important and insistent, and the chances are far less that anything will be done. Fear that more restrictive railroad legislation will be passed is bound, however, to exert an unfavorable influence on sentiment and must be taken into account in any forecast of the influence that political considerations are likely to exert on finance.

For this idea that further railroad legislation is to be enacted at the next session of Congress the fact that so many people believe that the law recently passed was a makeshift adopted by the President simply because he saw that the time was not ripe for what he really wanted is chiefly responsible. In the eyes of people who look at it in this way, the law to which the President put his signature embodies only a very few of those provisions which he has set out to have put on the statute-books. In their opinion Mr. Taft has mapped out a programme embracing a physical valuation of all railroad properties and government control of the security issues of all roads engaged in interstate commerce, and will not rest until he gets what he wants. Very wisely, it is claimed, Mr. Taft accepted as much of this legislation as the last session of Congress would give him, which fact, however, by no means indicates that he is satisfied with what was done and intends to let it go at that.

Just what is responsible for this idea that the President is bent on having a government valuation made of railroad properties or of bringing their power of issuing stocks and bonds under Federal control, it is not so easy to see. Mr Taft has at various times in the past, it is true, suggested the advisability of such measures, but never in such a way as to indicate that he considers essential their enactment into law, or that he intends to assume the position of their champion. When the question of what railroad legislation was needed came up last winter, these measures were discussed along with others. So unmistakably, however, has that part of the community which is qualified to judge such matters disapproved of the proposed laws, and so strong is the case which has been made out against them, that it is very much of a question now whether Mr Taft believes that they would be a good thing for the country. No one knows better than the President that, with capital frightened as it has been of late by the real or supposed attitude of the government, the present is no time for empirical legislation. And, strange as it may seem to some people, there is always the chance that men like Taft and Wickersham and Chairman Knapp of the Commerce Commission may care a little bit about the country, too, and may be shaping their actions in accord with its best interests.

What the commission appointed by the President to inquire into the conditions under which the railroads are issuing new securities may report, will have the biggest kind of an influence in determining whether or not there is to be any further railroad legislation. For, headed as that body of examiners is, it may safely be said that the country will place the greatest reliance in its findings. Should the report be to the effect that the big security issues of the past few years have been unjustified and have constituted an unwarranted burden on the country, the country will soon enough raise its voice in demand of remedial legislation. Should the report, on the other hand, sustain the contention of the railroad men that more than the value of new securities issued in the last few years has gone back into railroad properties, the physical valuation idea and all the rest of it will receive a blow which will put an end to it once for all.

It is a hazardous business predicting what an investigating commission may report, but without hesitation it can be said that it is believed by most of those who are in touch with railroad affairs and who realize the absolutely legitimate purposes to which practically all of the capital recently raised has been put, that fair-minded inquiry is rather to be welcomed than otherwise. Here and there instances will no doubt be found where security issues by interstate carriers have not been quite as they should be, but that is far from saying that there will be found to exist general conditions calling for further legislative action. It is possible, of course, that the next session of Congress will take up the question of the railroads and pass more laws, but the chances are strongly against it. The railroad law put through in June is coming more and more to be regarded as a satisfactory piece of legislation and likely to satisfy all needs of the situation for a good while.

Another cloud in the political sky on which Wall Street's attention is anxiously fixed, but which may prove to be not [illegible] after all, is the pending decision of the Supreme Court in the trust cases—American Tobacco and Standard Oil. Are or are not these corporations—and others organized along the same lines—to be allowed to do business as at present? In the opinion of a good many people whose opinion is worth considering, upon the answer to that more than upon anything else depends the future of the market.

It is a big influence, without doubt, and as the time for reargument of the cases draws nearer, is becoming more and more important. At the same time, to assume that a decision adverse to the corporations means disaster to the markets is to ignore the experience of the past. An order of the court declaring illegal the present form of organization of these corporations would mean more than the "substitution of two red certificates of stock for a green one," but would not, it must be borne in mind, reduce the value of their assets by the amount of one dollar. And as to the "disturbance" which it is feared might follow a verdict declaring it illegal for these companies to do business in their present form, it can be said on authority that plans for rearranging their organization in such a way as to bring them within any possible interpretation of the law have long been completed, and that the change of form, if it ever has to be made, will be made with quickness and ease.

In an earnest effort to determine the real attitude of investment bankers toward the issuing of bonds in denominations of less than $1,000, the writer of this page recently interviewed a number of the leading bond firms in the city. In nearly every case the answer was the same—that the railroads up to now have always been able to sell their bonds in the $1,000 denomination and that their issuance in smaller amounts would entail a vast additional amount of trouble both for the railroads and for the bankers who handle the job of marketing the bonds. The whole sales organization, it was pointed out, would have to be changed were bonds of small denomination to be sold.

To look at it that way was all very well in the good old days when the railroads found no trouble in selling all the bonds they wanted to put out, but things have been changing during the past few years—as is evidenced by the way in which the stock houses are advertising for business in fractional lots. There has come into the market, too, a flood of competitive bonds secured on real estate, irrigation projects, standing timber, and what not, practically all of which are designed to catch the savings of the small investor and are being issued in small denominations. To what an extent the lessened demand for railroad bonds is due to the diversion of capital into investments of this kind the railroad men know only too well.

The inevitable result will be that the railroads will have to come off the high horse, discard the "magnificent unit of $1,000," and issue their bonds in denominations accessible to the man with a few hundred dollars to invest. It won't be a question of whether it means more trouble or not, or the enlargement of bankers' selling organizations. That will be purely incidental. The real question will be as to how the investor can be induced to buy the bonds; and the answer to that will be found in bringing them within his reach.

From every standpoint it is well that things are shaping up that way. For one thing, thrift among the people will be cultivated by the existence of railroad bonds which it takes only $100 or $200 to buy, and for another thing the spreading of their securities around among the people will be the best thing in the world for the railroads themselves. Nothing will insure them from harmful or radical legislation in the future as will the fact that a large number of the voters are themselves directly interested. Perhaps if the railroads had been more careful about that in the past, and if there had been a wider distribution of their securities in the Western States, there would be less of a demand now for Federal regulation and control.

Along just those same lines the growth of the trading in odd lots of stock is attracting attention. By an "odd lot" is meant anything less than one hundred shares. Time was when a man hesitated about asking his broker to buy or sell an odd lot for him and when the broker, if he did it at all, considered it a favor. Nowadays it is almost impossible to pick up any financial publication without having the eye meet the advertisements of one or more stock-exchange houses eagerly going after this once despised business. Purchases and sales of odd lots, it is announced, can be made just about as favorably as purchases and sales of "hundreds."

Here again, results go down on the credit side of the page. The chance to buy [illegible] bonds in small denominations encourages thrift [illegible] does the feeling [illegible] savings can be invested in good [illegible] longer the feeling that "it [illegible] to bother with." It is enough, and [illegible] investment having been made, it is only [illegible] for others to follow.

This taking out of the market of $200 worth of stock here and $300 worth of bonds there may seem a trivial matter, but this is a big country, it must be remembered, and the little operation very many times multiplied runs up into big figures. France maintains her position as the world's banker only because of the vast cumulative banking power of a myriad of little savings accounts. We have hardly the same thrifty disposition as the French, and it will be a long time before the accumulated savings of our people begin to approach those of the republic across the ocean, but the drift is in that direction and it doesn't take us long to do a whole lot when once we get at it.

A Remarkable Bank-note

It was no banking corporation, but an artist, that issued what was perhaps the most remarkable bank-note ever put out, and this artist was no other than George Cruikshank. The issuance of this note was coincident with the beginning of the last century, at a time when the penalties for crime in England were excessively harsh. About three hundred offences were punishable by death, these ranging from murder to the theft of a piece of cloth or the passing of a counterfeit one-pound note. Hanging was, therefore, so common that to witness an execution was among the most popular forms of amusement. All windows that commanded a view of Newgate or Tyburn were let at high prices, and parties were made up among people in the country to go to see a hanging.

Now it chanced one day, in the year 1818, that George Cruikshank was passing Newgate when a great crowd was gathered before it. His curiosity was excited, and he went forward and saw the execution of several men and women. Horrified at the spectacle, he inquired as to the crimes committed by the unfortunates and learned that the women were being hanged for passing counterfeit one-pound notes. He learned, too, that the poor creatures often sinned in ignorance, being the dupes of men who sent them to buy some trifle and return the change.

Cruikshank went home and, moved by pity and shame, sketched a grotesque caricature of a bank-note. He called it a bank restriction note—not to be imitated. On it he represented a place of execution, with a row of criminals hanging by the neck. The spaces were filled in with halters and manacles. There was a figure of Britannia devouring her children, and around it were transports bearing to Australia the lucky or unlucky ones who had escaped death. In place of the well-known signature of Abraham Newland was that of "J. Ketch."

This note was seen by Cruikshank's publisher, Hone, who begged it for publication. So Cruikshank etched the note and gave it to Hone, who exhibited it for sale in his window with startling effect. Crowds gathered round and purchased so eagerly that the issue was soon exhausted. Cruikshank was kept hard at work making more etchings, and the crowds grew so great that the street was blocked and the mayor had to send soldiers to clear it. Hone realized three thousand five hundred dollars in a few days.

But the effect in other directions was still more startling. The bank directors were furious. They had met with trouble from the prison reformer Elizabeth Fry, but they seemed to have defeated her. Here, however, was an adversary of a different stamp whom they could neither silence nor crush. They held a meeting and stopped the issue of one-pound notes, a measure which had a sensible effect in diminishing the number of hangings at Newgate. Soon afterward an indignant public compelled Parliament to make juster laws.

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A FARMER WHO SEES WITH HIS FINGERS

THIS BLIND BOY HAS GROWN A PLEASANT GARDEN IN ONE OF THE PLOTS AT THE DE WITT CLINTON PARK VACATION SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY, AND ENJOYS "SEEING" THE PLANTS

A Notable Woman Educator

The circumstance that for the first time in its forty-eight years of existence the National Educational Association has not only elected a woman for its president, but elected a president over the organization candidate, has no bearing in itself upon the equal-suffrage question, but means merely that Mrs. Ella Flagg Young is considered by her professional contemporaries to be the person best qualified by personality and experience for the position. Mrs. Young became almost a national figure when she was appointed superintendent of schools in Chicago only a year ago, but she had had a local reputation as a teacher in the public schools, principal of the Normal College, and professor in the University of Chicago for more than a quarter of a century, having devoted forty-eight of her sixty-four years, with the brief exception of her married life, to the cause of education. The school population of Chicago is only second to that of New York in this country, and Mrs. Young was appointed superintendent over five masculine candidates, all of whom had been examined in alphabetical order, she coming last. The committee of the board of education that made the appointment listened to her for half an hour when her election was unanimous and without debate. Mrs. Young was born in Buffalo in January, 1845, but was taken by her parents to Chicago when a mere child. She was married to William Young when she was twenty-two years of age. He died soon afterward of consumption; and, having no children to care for, Mrs. Young plunged into the work that has made her famous. She is editor of the *Educational Bi-Monthly*, and a member of the Chicago Woman's Club and the Every-Day Club, as well as of the Ella Flagg Young Club, made up of women principals in the Chicago public schools, that is named after her. She has written several books on educational topics, and has been a frequent contributor to the educational journals.

When Mould Is Lovely

Mould over jelly or preserved fruit is justly regarded as a pest; yet scientists who have studied it under the microscope declare that the mould plant is a most lovely creation. These plants are associated in our minds with death and decay, and so an unreasoning prejudice has developed against them. In many cases they do accompany decay, but, as the lily rises above the foulest pond, so a mould may develop its frost-like daintiness and cleanliness, its exquisite coloring, in the midst of putrefaction. Mould plants will thrive also in the cleanest soil, and they are wholly harmless.

The most common of the moulds is the *Penicillium glaucum*, well known to housekeepers as the fungus against which a fight is made at canning time. It first forms a grayish-green mat, and, if removed, gives forth a fine, powdery dust. Under the microscope it is a wonderful thing, but housekeepers are probably less interested in its form than in methods of combating it.

In their struggles for existence the plants are very hardy and obstinate, and nature has provided them with a way of upsetting the most careful plans for their undoing. The spores, which take the place of seeds, sometimes, for a reason thus far unknown to science, pass into a resting stage. Instead of sprouting at once they lie dormant for an indefinite period, and germinate apparently at their own will. A German scientist has found that a spore may lie quiescent for two years, and then, under favorable conditions of heat and moisture, develop into a sturdy growth.

A Dye from Shell-fish

After years of hard study and experiment, the noted Viennese chemist Friedlander, has reproduced the celebrated "Tyrian dye." It has always been known that the famous purple of antiquity was produced from certain shell-fish, but the manufacturing process had not been known hitherto. Having procured a quantity of the mollusks massed near the site of the ancient dyeing establishments of Tyre, where the antique color was used, Friedlander broke the shells and exposed the purple glands to the sun, leaving them to develop color; 12,000 shell-fish were used in making a little more than one gramme of pure dye. The color obtained was rose purple, a violet by far inferior to the violet of aniline dye. Analyses revealed physical and chemical properties identical with those of the indigoes commonly used in printing cotton and other cheap stuffs.

According to Friedlander's calculations, two pounds of Tyrian dye would cost $10,000. But the purple of the Cæsars would cut a sorry figure beside the purple cottons seen in our department stores and on our streets. The most remarkable thing about it would be its price.

In Memoriam

You did not live in vain,
Though life was short
And early fell the night.
A few of us were taught
By you to seek the light.

You did not live in vain.
A few will grieve,
A few will miss your face
And voice. Absent, your soul will leave
A silent, aching space.

You did not live in vain.
You met life's test
Bravely. Without a cry
You gave your all, and best.
You showed men how to die.

Westmore Willcox, Jr.

The Ancient Incubator

Few of those who wrestle with the chicken-incubator problem, and often fail to solve it, realize how old an art they are struggling to master. Thousands of years ago [illegible] in one part of the world and [illegible] in another had the art of incubation [illegible] so highly developed that it was [illegible] profession, the secret of the successful processes being guarded with religious [illegible] and handed down from father to son. The odd stoves called "mamals" that the Egyptians used as incubators date back to remote antiquity. Even before the French Revolution the Paris markets had incubator chickens, thanks to the Réaumur apparatus, which was invented in 17[illegible].

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A Morning with Miss Whoswho

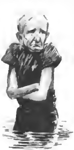
(A SUMMER GIRL)

By E. W. Kemble

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

YOU will find her at every seaside resort from Maine to Florida. You may not have the luck to meet her, but she is there, just the same. She varies in age from twenty-two to fifty-six, and from eighty-seven and one half to two hundred and three, avoirdupois (pronounced a-va-du-pwa).

At a popular resort on the Jersey coast, seated on the beach, I had finished some half dozen sketches of the old ones among a vast horde of bathers when she tackled me.


"Poor little shrivelled up thing"

"Making sketches?" she warbled. I chirped back that I had been.

"So you are an artist, aren't you?" I thought, and then I nodded.

"May I see what you have done?" she twittered, and before I could answer she plumped herself down on the sand beside me.

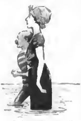
"I do so love art. I came near being an artist myself once."

"Only once?" I asked. She giggled a reply which I could not understand. My little joke was lost in the giggle.

"Yes; I gave it up. I lost interest in it. I've lost interest in everything, it seems." She rambled on, and I listened.

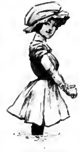
"I just detest this place—so does ma—yet we've been coming here for the last fif . . . oh, for just ever so long! Hate bathing; just loathe it; so does ma. As for the mountains, we just despise them. I suppose that's the reason we come here. We call it Gossipville; everybody knows all about everybody else. I despise it. Don't you? Of course you do. But I just love to study character! There is such a difference between mere gossip and studying character.'

I agreed with her, and, opening my sketch-book, I showed her one I had just made.


"She's caught a man"

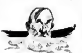
"Oh, isn't that just too perfect for anything! The poor little shrivelled up thing. I feel awful sorry for him. He just hates the water; hates the very sight of it—but that awful wife of his! She has the money, you know. Why, she just makes him go in every blessed day, rain or shine. She's a great big thing, twice his size; lectures on vibrations and things of that sort. Cares no more for him than she does for a stray poodle."

I handed her another sketch. Her lip curled as she spluttered. "Do I know her? Well, I should say I did! You're not going to put her in the paper, are you? Why, I don't see how you dare do it! She's positively the freshest thing that ever happened, chases right up to the first man that comes along and doesn't wait for an introduction; just kidnaps him and proceeds to weave a web around him. Been married twice, ran away from her husband both times, and now she's on the lookout for another one. She is the most rapid thing . . . Here she comes now. . . . I knew it . . . See! She knows you're an artist, now, watch her pose! . . . Did you ever? . . . Can you beat it? . . . for real nerve! . . . Say, honestly, if you put her in the paper I'll never, as long as I live, . . . Well, I'll just think you're too mean! . . . But you won't, will you? . . . Promise me . . . Oh, she'll stand there till you show her away. She's a sort of an actress; sings coon songs; one of those husky voices—you know the kind. Never gets up till noon. Sits up all night. Oh, she's the 'village cut up,' all right . . . Promise me you won't put her in the paper' . . ."


"Sort of an actress"

A long pause; a steady, kittenish gaze. I handed her sketch number three. She burst forth anew.

"Oh-h-h! of all the real things! Well, I never did. . . . Old Mr. Gulp—with the frogelets—he's the joke of the show. He's a temperance lecturer from Maine. Believes in putting down rum—and he does! Says he's on his vacation now, and rules don't hold. He'll talk temperance right at you—and then make a bolt for the bar. But you ought to see him when his wife's around. She's away now. She's a little mite of a thing, and all she has to do is to look at him, and down he goes on all fours. Oh yes; she has the money—of course . . . Oh, I recognize her ladyship, and it's just perfect of her. . . . She's the belle of the beach—in her mind! . . . One of the old families, don't you know . . . tremendously aristocratic—she and her mother—but rather short of funds . . . Have one room on the top floor. . . .

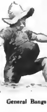

Old Mr. Gulp

"She's been coming here ten years now, and just this year she's caught a man. That's the party with her. Widower—with six brats—glue manufacturer from Hackensack. But all the same she is very aristocratic—has nothing to do with the common herd . . .

"General Bang! that's who it is, of all the world . . . and just perfect, too. . . . That's just the way he goes into the water—deathly afraid of crabs—got nipped by one four years ago, and never really got over it.

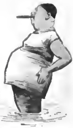
"He's retired now. . . . Used to be a famous Indian fighter—so he says—kill a dozen of 'em a day. But let a soft-shell crab 'shake a day-day' at him, and he'll beat it for the bath-house as if he was shot. You ought to hear him when he's wound up. It takes about three highballs to start him. He'll reel it off by the yard, and it's all about himself and what he did.

"Tiresome? Great heavens! It's deadly. And that poor, patient little wife of his has to listen to it all—and look pleasant in the mean time. Why, if he had been wounded as often as he says he has, he'd be a living porous plaster. I told him that once, and he's cut me dead ever since. Awful jealous of his wife—wants to fight a duel with every man who is at all pleasant to her . . . and you just ought to see her, meeker than Moses and about as expressionless as a hot water bag . . . Has neuralgia awfully . . . goes crazy with it almost . . . Comes from listening to his blood and thunder stuff—haven't the slightest doubt about it.

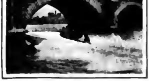

General Bangs

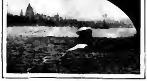
"I'm glad our army isn't filled with hot air balloons like him . . . we'd be an easy mark for the Japs. . . .

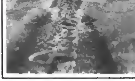
"Well, don't I know who that is? Dear old 'Pop'—everybody calls him 'Pop.' . . . Used to be president of something or other . . . bank, I believe. Got all tangled up with the ruin . . . been in jail for nearly a year . . . lost everything. . . . Has the swellest suite of rooms in the hotel, just the same. Keeps two 'bubble wagons' and has champagne water twice a day. He's just the loveliest man to talk with you ever met. I'd trust him with all my worldly goods, indeed I would.


Dear old "Pop"

"Have you got to go? Got to catch the next train? I'm awfully glad I met you—I do so love to study character, especially when you're in such a gossipy place as this. Now promise me, on your honor as a gentleman, you won't put that fresh little thing's picture in your paper. I've got some stunning photos of myself . . . just had them taken. . . . If you have time, I'd like to show. . . . No? Got to run for the train? Well, I'll mail one to you . . . So long . . . Now, don't forget! I'll send several, so you can take your choice—you can print all, if you care to. . . . By-by!"


The "Miranda IV." shooting Waterloo Bridge


The skimming boat takes nobody's spray


The wash left by the vessel

SKIMMING THE THAMES IN A MOTOR-BOAT

A MOTOR-BOAT WHICH SKIMS THE SURFACE OF THE WATER HAS BEEN BUILT BY SIR JOHN I. THORNYCROFT, WHO IS SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION, WEARING A LIGHT CAP. IT ATTAINED, WHEN TRIED OUT ON THE THAMES, A SPEED OF THIRTY-FIVE KNOTS

The Gentler View

CASTILIAN SHOPPING, ETC.

By Florida Pier

It having long been accepted that shopping is the national pastime for American women, there is a most inspiriting thrill experienced when shopping in Great Britain, which awes and abases them, until they wonder whether they are worthy so much as to enter the portals of a "warehouse." The process is so Castilian in its courtesy and ceremony that, ashamed of their *gaucherie*, they are tempted to postpone even the buying of essentials until they return to America, where shopping is open war between the customer and the saleswoman, with a floor-walker as referee. Proceedings are opened with grave bows on either side, and are stopped just this side of a court courtesy. The adaptable American knee begins the bend, and straightens only on seeing that the better informed duchess, momentarily deigning to play saleswoman, has contented herself with a gracious inclination of the head.

On going into a shop the epitome of suavity comes forward in a frock-coat with a gallant deference that leads you to believe it is the prime minister mistaking you for a visiting foreign power. He asks you what he can do for you and calls you madam. Not perfunctorily, or as though madam were a term applicable to every one! His "madam" has an unction and an emphasis that augur it a title but recently conferred on you, and now, for the first time, used.

You smile gratefully in reply to his question and remain silent in hopes that he will talk some more. You are sure the elegance and refinement of his accent cannot but have some educational value, but he only bows, so a little shyly you confess what it is you are in search of; he conducts you down an aisle, a slightly less impressive frock-coat receives you, and with more bows and dulcet remarks you are waved into a chair, bells are rung, and a sylph trails forward in a black gown that is somehow better bred for fitting so much looser in the front than in the back, and it is just nothing but pure luck that prevents your rising and shaking hands.

The shop is empty—that is, if it is a very good shop, and this gives a very superior tone to things. They have somehow risen above mere trade and the vulgar need of customers. Their business is not run, their reputation is established, and, having once been established, they are enabled to exist in this exclusive, lonely solidity. The clothes and clothes draped about are ugly but good, and in the high-ceilinged gloom of the place a churchly feeling descends upon one, and the old maxim is remembered that it is better to be good than to be pretty. You are never told that a thing is cheap or new. They mention with a sad reluctance that one article is more moderate than another, as though it grieved them to think any one even contemplated buying anything but the best, and they hold it up before you, remarking that the other is greatly superior, their manner implying that they put you on your honor and trust you not to prove unworthy of the high opinion they have formed of your antecedents. There is no cheap appeal to your vanity; it is far more moral than that. It is a question of right and wrong, and the austere atmosphere of the place makes wrong too inharmonious to be contemplated.

To an accomplished British person there may be means of coping with this exalted formality to the extent of getting what one wants, but the American is handicapped. Anything but one's best behavior would verge on treachery. Treasonable as it seems to breathe it, these soft-voiced maidens who remark so genteelly and so inevitably on the weather—the purchase of a package of pins without a brace of amiable remarks on the weather would seem positively surly—are quite as stupid and irritating as our brazen, brisk-voiced American saleswomen. They refuse to understand what it is one wants, repeat endlessly that something "is never done," and are altogether doubly trying for the very unquestionableness of their good intentions. But one's hands are tied. One cannot speak in any but the soothing tones they employ, and when they say that you really wouldn't like what you know you really would, to contradict them is an unforgivable solecism. In America we feel wholly vexed and belligerent in all shops, and there is no doubt but that the cause and the result justify our showing it. In Great Britain self-control and a general high tone are the first two requisites of seemly shopping, and when, on the purchase of a tuppenny ha'penny object which you carry away with you, they tender you a receipt, you leave inflated with the knowledge that the transaction was of no small moment.

It must be confessed that British people accept what appeals to us as homage with the most impervious calm. They let these dignified personages put themselves out just as though it did not in the least matter, while all the time our humility and honesty are surging about inside us, and though we permit what we feel we do not deserve while we are in the shop, it comes upon us with a sudden rush at the end that before we leave we ought to tell them they have been laboring under a delusion. We are not very great people; we are, in fact, hardly great people at all; indeed, to be quite frank—and frankness we feel we owe them in return for the elaborate civility shown us—we are just common folk, almost nobodies. Yet such was the reverence tendered us—for the way in which that ha'penny of change was returned to us no other word will do but reverent—that it would perhaps be cruel to rob them of their belief in us, to deprive them at a blow of their ideals. We must go away bowed down by our iniquity in obtaining what could never have belonged to us, in order that they may retain an idea that was surely very precious.

It is not that one is afraid of animals; it is just that we are at such a disadvantage in dealing with them, for we have no earthly means of telling what is going on in their heads. It is only our respect for a horse that makes us—well—respectful in our treatment of him. It seems so unlikely that the day will not eventually come when horses will realize that they are much stronger than we are and rightly enough should dictate to us instead of permitting us to dictate to them. And what more likely than that the change should take place while one is on a horse's back? No one can say the idea is unreasonable. When a horse is trotting smartly along one is not afraid of what he is doing, that stands to reason; one is only absorbingly interested in what he may be thinking of doing. A change in plans on the part of any one is upsetting if the plans concern you, but a horse, having no way of warning you, even if he was kindly intentioned enough to think it necessary, is apt to act so suddenly, and it is at such moments that actions speak with such jarring loudness. He may feel his actions to be beyond criticism, but as we lack all the deductions which led up to his sudden decision we cannot help disagreeing with him and feeling a little chagrined that we were so much slower than he in coming to what he must feel to have been a simple conclusion.

The Roman Housewife's Utensils

While the housewife of to-day may reasonably pride herself on the conveniences which her kitchen affords, she need not smile too superciliously at the thought of the crude makeshifts of days long gone by. She would certainly not do so were she to spend a little time inspecting the kitchen and other household utensils that were in use two thousand years ago, as exhibited in the National Museum at Naples. Saucepans lined with silver, pails richly inlaid with arabesques in silver, and shovels handsomely carved figure among the household goods of those times.

An egg-frame that would cook twenty eggs at once and pastry-moulds shaped like shells suggest luxuries of the kitchen of two thousand years ago. Gridirons and frying-pans, tart-dishes and cheese-graters were in use then as now.

The Roman lady's toilet-table was well supplied. Ivory combs, bottles of perfume, pots of cosmetics, buttons, hair-pins, and even a hair-net of gold wire figure in the museum.

Bronze thimbles and spindles are to be seen among the relics. The Roman lady even had her safety-pin, for there is a specimen of this little convenience which, before the one in the Naples museum was found, was believed to be a strictly modern invention.

The Roman lady, however, apparently lacked one essential. She had no hair-brush. Neither had she a glass mirror. All the mirrors in the museum, with one exception, are of silver or some other white metal. The exception is a dark purple piece of glass let into the wall of a bedroom at the house Specchio in Pompeii.

In surgical instruments the ancient world was rich. Those found at Pompeii deprive modern science of the credit of more than one invention. Needles, probes and forceps resemble closely those in use at the present day.

PARENTS AND SONS

The Navy is a great organization requiring about 47,500 men. As more vessels of greater tonnage are built each year, it requires more men, which means continued opportunities for advancement, and steady employment at good pay.

Men of the seaman branch, machinists, firemen, carpenters and other mechanics, stewards, cooks, bakers, stenographers, typewriters and men for the hospital corps are needed. Boys over 17 without trades may enlist as apprentice seamen.

The life is healthy, and different forms of athletics are encouraged. The food is wholesome and plentiful and the opportunity to save money is excellent.

The Atlantic fleet will probably visit the Mediterranean next Fall, and there will be ample time for visits to points of interest.

Parents of boys over 17 should investigate the advantages of the Navy as a career for their sons. Four years of training in the Navy is a useful experience, and a man holding an honorable discharge from the Navy will find it a valuable asset.

Apply for full particulars at the nearest Navy Recruiting Station, or write for illustrated booklet to the Bureau of Navigation, Box 85, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

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THE AEROPLANE IN WAR

(Continued from page 11)

flanks, until we find in the last war a line of battle approximately twenty times longer than the fronts of Napoleon at Waterloo. Under modern conditions it might be argued, therefore, with apparent plausibility, that the time for the use of aeroplanes has now come.

But what brought about this extension and wide dispersion of armies in the field? The necessity of mutual defence, the law of self-protection made operative by the destructiveness of modern ordnance and the rapidity of communication and transportation. When aeroplanes are used, whether for reconnoitring or other purposes, this same law will again alter the tactics and logistics of armies so as to procure the necessary protection. And as has been stated before, offensive utilities can never overtake in their development the defensive capacity of man. Two conditions alone manifest the truth of this relative to the use of aerial craft for gaining knowledge of the enemy's position or movements.

Reconnoitring, other than a reconnaissance in force, is supposed to be carried out as secretly as possible and to the degree that secrecy is maintained in securing information is to be found its value, since the enemy, not being aware that his movements have been discovered, will make no attempt to change them or reinforce his columns or alter their direction. But in reconnoitring by aerial craft the element of secrecy is dispensed with absolutely and all observations are made in full sight and knowledge of the enemy, and consequently can possess no determinate value.

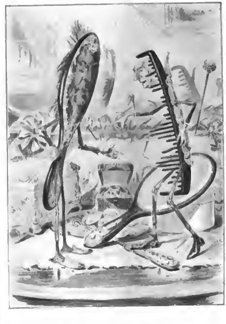
The use of aerial craft for reconnaissance instead of inducing radical alterations in the logistics and tactics of armies only adds, by a single gradation, another phase to the evolution that has been going on in the employment of military forces during the last fifty years, and that slight change coming under the law of man's defensive capacity, nullifies any practical use of aeroplanes for military observation.

Beginning with the American Civil War, and progressing proportionately as were introduced new military ordnance and utilities, has been the increased concealment of troops individually and in force, in marches and in conflict. This science of concealment reached its highest point of development in the Russo-Japanese War. There whole armies marched and fought practically concealed from one another, men in covered trenches, guns in covered pits. Before crossing the Yalu Kuroki's force was obliged to follow a space of road on the left bank entirely visible to the enemy entrenched across the river. During the night pine trees were transplanted so thickly along this bank that the movement of his force was completely concealed as they moved over this portion of the road. Whenever, therefore, aeroplanes or other air-ships become agents of military observation they will be rendered practically useless by the simple expedient of adopting vertical concealment to the same degree that horizontal concealment is now practised.

Moreover, it will be found in future wars that all such appliances will be most largely used by non-militant nations. For whenever a nation denies the possibility of war it scorns its knowledge, endeavoring, on the one hand, to escape by evasion what it is not prepared to meet, and attempting by subterfuge to meet what it cannot escape. Because of this it will be found that in whatever proportion volunteers constitute the nation's military forces in war, in just such proportion will there be made use of such impracticable means to gain information and carry on war. The vast proportion of commanders, being without military instinct or training, will be unable to distinguish between true and false military information; hence, until after several years, or, in other words, until after the militia and volunteers cease to be volunteers or militia, and superior commanders supplant political favorites, there will be almost endless procrastination and disasters resulting from this single cause.

True preparation for war concerns itself alone with the preparation of the soldiers for combat, and has nothing to do with the illusions of hope nor those vain speculations by which men pad their valor and fudge upon the unoffending machines they trundle to and from the field of battle. Only when the men of a nation are militant by upbringing and military by training are they able to understand the wide chasm that separates the soldier from his weapon, and to realize that the degree of perfection in a soldier determines in its final phase the military utility of every instrument of combat.

Ante-bellum war utensils are not determinate factors in war: the innumerable and variant conditions, co-existent with the war itself, evolve the means by which campaigns are conducted and the manner its battles are won or lost. While there never has been and never will be two wars identical in the application of their means yet there remains through all the endless changes in warfare one constant factor—the soldier.



"I say, Brushy, you certainly are getting pretty bald."

"No doubt, no doubt, Comby; and you're losing all your teeth."

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Years back we created quite a sensation when we set out to *co-operate* with our customers and *help them get results* from the space used through us

Out of this grew our *Data-built campaigns*—our *conference idea* and our sales development efforts

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To give a concrete example as to how Mahin Service is regarded by our customers, let us quote the letter recently sent us by the Dain Manufacturing Company, makers of the Great Dain Line of Hay Tools. We established relations with them three years ago

"DEAR SIR —The writer is greatly pleased to note from your letter of the 14th that you have secured the account of the Velie Automobile Company. The Mahin Advertising Company is certainly forging to the front when they secure the clientele such as you have been gathering in lately. Considering the incomparable services you have in store for the Velie Automobile Company, coupled with the aggressiveness of Mr. W. L. Velie, which permeates the institution of which he is head, we believe you have before you the opportunity to develop this into one of the best automobile accounts in the country. For the money, we do not know of more value that can be secured than in the Velie Automobile. We do not know of a more shrewd business man than Mr. W. L. Velie. He commands, you might say, unlimited capital. When he has determined to do a thing, he does it, and, now that he has decided to advertise nationally, we see you have a great opportunity to demonstrate what the co-operation of the Mahin brains and service can do.

"We will certainly await with interest the appearance of the copy that will emanate from your institution, and wishing you the best of success with this account, as well as the other new ones you have secured, I am, with personal regards."

During the past six months we have [illegible]ade contracts with several of the largest advertisers in the country by showing them *what we do*.

And this opportunity we are [illegible]. Won't you come in—look over our offices and see for yourself what we are doing? Or write us and we will send letters from our customers telling what we are doing for them.

We'll also send you [illegible] copy of our valuable booklet, "How to Judge an Advertisement."

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The Real Color of Gold

Few of us have ever been enabled to familiarize ourselves with the color of pure gold, for the reason that gold, for practical purposes, must be alloyed. It is a curious fact that while we might naturally expect to find pure gold richer in color than the alloy, such is not the case. Indeed, pure gold is considerably paler than the alloyed metal, wherein there is a small proportion of copper or copper and silver, a circumstance that gives it a reddish tinge.

Then, too, all gold is not alike when refined. Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than the metal found in California. Furthermore, placer gold is yellower than gold taken from quartz—one of the mysteries of metallurgy, since the gold in placers comes from that which is in quartz.

It is said that the purest coins ever struck were the fifty-dollar gold pieces once in common use on the Pacific coast. The coinage of these was stopped by reason of the great loss by abrasion and also because it was easy to remove the interior of these coins and to substitute baser metals. The California fifty-dollar gold pieces were octagonal in shape and were the most valuable coins ever minted and circulated.

A Long-distance Marriage

SOME years ago a man of Pretoria, in the Transvaal, was married to a young woman of Amsterdam, in Holland, the ceremony forming what the Dutch call *handschoen*, or glove marriage. Though a space of six thousand miles separated the bride in Amsterdam from the bridegroom in Pretoria, they were just as effectually married according to Dutch law as if both had been present in the same church. The bridegroom sent to his friend, or best man, in Amsterdam, a power of attorney to represent him as his proxy at the ceremony, and at the same time forwarded his glove, which, at the proper moment when the two were made one, was held by both the bride and the proxy. The wedding was duly registered at Amsterdam and at Pretoria, where the bridegroom filed an affidavit, setting forth all the circumstances, with the *landdrost*, or magistrate.

This long-distance form of marriage is a purely Dutch institution, the custom having originated in the old times of Dutch Batavian rule.

The Land of Chestnuts

THE home of chestnuts is in France, where they are as common as beans in Boston. On such an extensive scale are they cultivated in the French Republic that in one factory alone, at Lyons, there are handled over twenty-five million pounds every year. The *marrons* are, of course, the chief luxury, but among the poorer classes the smaller chestnuts, or *châtaignes*, are eaten.

The chestnuts are peeled and boiled and placed for three days in a vanilla syrup, then they are drained, coated thinly with vanilla, and prepared for shipment.

It has more than once been suggested that the United States should go extensively into chestnut-growing, it being held that, as sugar is much cheaper here than in France, the candied product would soon undersell the French article. However, as marron trees do not yield profitably till they are ten years old, there is no immediate prospect of a reduction in the price of the candied nuts.

Subterranean Rivers

ON the coast of Africa, opposite the mouth of the river Congo and continuous with the course of that river, lies a submerged valley, the existence and shape of which have been ascertained by means of soundings made by the British Admiralty.

This valley, through which the Congo probably flowed at a time when the western coast of Africa was more elevated than it is at present, is one hundred and twenty-two miles in length, extending to the edge of the platform of submerged land which borders the continent. Its sides are steep, precipitous, and well defined, indicating that they are formed of solid rocks. Other submerged river valleys are found on the western coast of Europe, and similar phenomena exist in various parts of the world where the edges of continents have sunk.

The Celebrated Brontë Books

JUDGING by the books that have been written and read in recent years, by the common verdict as to the Brontë sisters, their story and their work, which prevails, almost without exception, in the literary criticism of the present day, by the tone of personal tenderness, even of passionate homage, in which many writers speak of Charlotte and of Emily; and by the increasing recognition which their books have obtained abroad, one may say with some confidence that the name and memory of the Brontës were never more alive than now, that "Honor and Fame have got about their graves" for good and all, and that Charlotte and Emily Brontë are no less secure, at any rate, than Jane Austen or George Eliot or Mrs. Browning of literary recollection in the time to come.

But if the Brontës live, their books live also.

Mrs Gaskell, herself an accomplished novelist, wrote an account of these lonely girls on a Yorkshire moor, struggling with poverty and consumption, developing genius in the very wrestle with death, taking the heaven of fame by violence, and perishing in the effort. She showed them to us oppressed by poverty and by daily contact with a vicious brother, and yet, through it all, remaining dutiful, loving, and virtuous; she describes the deaths—the piteous deaths—of two of the sisters in the very moment, or on the very threshold, of success, and, finally, her narrative brought us to the death of Charlotte herself — Charlotte snatched from happiness and from motherhood, after one brief year of married life; and so skilful is the telling, so touching the story, that the heart goes out to it, and forthwith the Brontë books must be books of genius, because the Brontës are so interesting and their story is so tragic.

From the Introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward

"'There are books so fine that literature in them is but the expression of those who write them.' In other words, there are books where the writer seems to be everything, the material employed, the environment, almost nothing. The main secret of the charm that clings to Charlotte Brontë's books is, and will always be, the contact which they give us with her own fresh, indomitable, surprising personality—surprising, above all. . . How often . . . does one instinctively expect the conventional solution, the conventional softening, the conventional prettiness or quaintness that so many other story-tellers, of undoubted talent, could not have resisted! And it never comes. Hammer-like, the blows of a passionate realism descend."

"Caroline, Shirley, Mrs. Pryor—delicacy, wildness, family affection—these indeed are the three aspects of Charlotte's personality, Charlotte's genius. So that they are children of her own heart's blood, spirits born of her own essence and warm with her own life."

"If *Shirley*, wherever the women of the story are chiefly concerned, is richer even than *Jane Eyre* in poetry and unexpectedness, in a sort of fresh and sparkling charm like that of a moor in sunshine, it is because Charlotte Brontë herself has grown and mellowed in the interval; because she

re felt more, trembled

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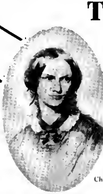
VOLUMES

The BRONTË NOVELS

and Poems Complete


Charlotte Brontë

With Biography

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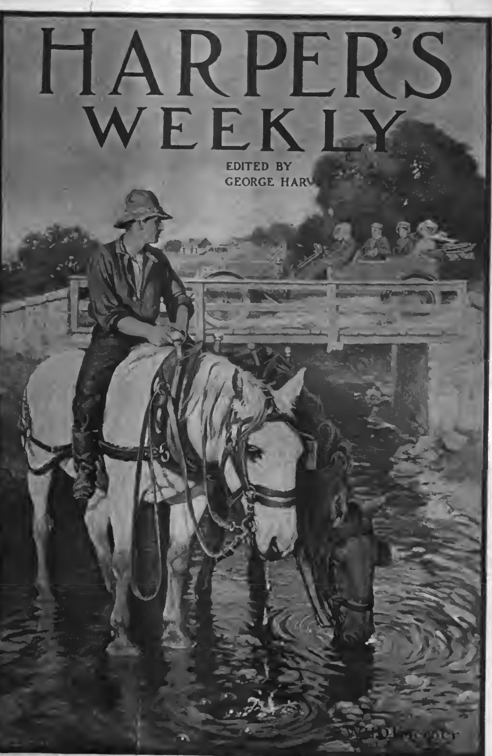
HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY
GEORGE HARV



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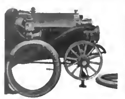
Firestone Quick-Detachable Demountable Rims have outdistanced all others in popular favor. They are already in use by all the leading motor car makers throughout the United States, the following of whom authorize us to publish their names in this connection:



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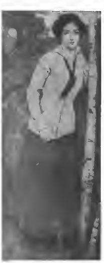
The WILD OLIVE



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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIV

New York, September 3, 1910

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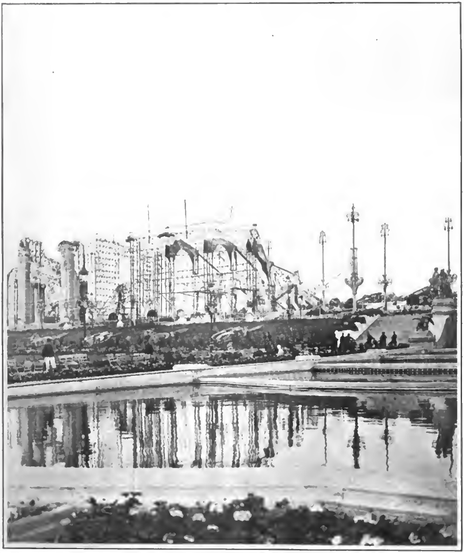

A FIRE THAT COST $100,000,000

The "Palace of Belgium" as it appeared after the fire which destroyed the Belgian Exhibition at Brussels recently. Tapestries, pictures, and other works of art of priceless value were ruined by the conflagration, which was caused by a short circuit in the telegraph building

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

"The Elephant Now Goes 'Round"

SOMEHOW or other, we fail to derive any great amount of excitement from the ROOSEVELT-*Outlook* tour. Harking back a few years, the BARNUM-BAILEY Show was far more impressive, particularly while old P. T. was alive. Even Uncle ADAM FOREPAUGH had a string of novelties that would make a couple of HOWLANDS, an idolatrous ABBOTT, and two car-loads of newspaper reporters look like thirty cents. No; the only one of the old-timers to whom TEDDY can hold a candle was VAN AMBURGH, whom he imitates so closely that one needs a spy-glass to tell them apart. You remember VAN, of course—

"—the man
Who goes to all the shows;
He goes into the lion's den,
And tells you all he knows,
He sticks his head into the lion's mouth,
And keeps it there awhile,
And when he takes it out again,
He greets you with a smile."

Good old VAN! He did the best he could. But it is just as well he passed away. If living now, mortification surely would set in. For, lo! he would behold his successor telling so much more than "all he knows" that all the words in the dictionary hardly suffice; and when it comes to comparative smiles, VAN'S was the merest pucker. Still, allowances must be made. VAN neither insisted upon being, nor pretended to be, the whole show. Therein he differed from the present lion-flirter. Also, he was too fat to gallop madly about on the back of a cow-pony, and he couldn't yawp, and he hadn't been President. The odds would be too heavy. VAN did well to die before his great rival began to perform.

The Circus Up to Date

But what about the new circus, anyway? Is it up to the best of the old? We think yes, decisively. In the first place, it is more comprehensive. To entertain was the sole purpose of the old-stagers. Now we have, not only pleasing diversion, but good business in frank advertising of books and magazines, smart politics, and more humbug to the square inch than old P. T. ever dreamed of. Note a few excerpts from the daring utterances of the Whole Show Himself:

> "I always insist upon absolute honesty and, in the second place, upon obedience to law."
>
> "I stand for the poor man until he does something that is wrong."
>
> "I will not stand for any man if he is wrong, rich or poor."
>
> "If the rich man strives to use his wealth to destroy others, I will cinch him, if I can."
>
> "I shall insist upon honesty if it breaks up the best business in the land."
>
> "I shall insist upon order under all circumstances."
>
> "I am against the corporation when it does wrong."
>
> "I am against the mob when it resorts to violence."
>
> "Whenever I have power, I will keep order on the one hand and I will insist upon justice from the rich man and the corporation on the other."
>
> "I will make the corporation come to time just as I will make the mob."
>
> "I will attack a poor man if he's crooked or I'll attack a rich man if he's crooked. I will attack the rich man more strongly because he has abused his advantage."
>
> "Hey, you, T. R.," a fat man shouted, "go in and lick them at the convention!"
>
> "By George! I'll do that!" yelled the Colonel in reply, and then went into his car.

And so on! There were no corporations present, no "mobs," and only the usual number of crooks, so everybody was satisfied. Just when the Colonel is going to do these things he didn't say. "Whenever I have the power," was as near as he got to a definite date. The phrase, however, was invariably taken by his hearers and has been generally accepted throughout the country as meaning that he proposes to resume the Presidency on March 4, 1913, and to hold it for an indefinite period of time thereafter.

Looking to Supreme Command

Such doubtless is his intention. Obviously, too, there is no question in his seething mind of his ability to achieve his purpose. His words clearly are those of presumptive and assured dictatorship. They comprise no beating about the bush. Not a hint or suggestion of what should or might be done by the courts, by Congress, or by the people themselves. Only what he himself will do and proposes to do. Even the Kaiser, who has recently discovered again that he is the Anointed of the Lord, goes not so far. There is no mistaking ROOSEVELT'S meaning, as to the present. But he is really only trying out the idea. To do so he had to make it unmistakable, and he has acted accordingly. If it goes, all right. If it doesn't, he will consign to hell and damnation any man who ever suggested that such an idea so much as entered his head, and will start barking up another tree. In either contingency he keeps tight his strangle hold upon the Republican party, and so can continue to pour out innocuous jargon for the full content of his own heart and the intense delight of all who revel in turmoil or have no interest in the advantages of peace and quiet. Such disturbance, however, is only irritating; it contains no real menace. When the American people go to the circus, as they are doing now, they go for fun, not for instruction nor for dictation. And the swellest of swelled heads invariably gets cracked in time. We are glad that Mr. ROOSEVELT has made his present inclinations manifest. But we beg to assure him that his mental eyeglasses are on crooked. He may think—doubtless does—that in the minds of thoughtful people he is a serious Pretender to the Throne. But he isn't. The possibility of dictatorship in this Republic is the least of our fears. Our real apprehension is that the only living ex-President of the United States may degenerate from the Common Scold, which already he has become, into a plain Public Nuisance.

Let Him Stay Where He Is

The Democrats must nominate somebody in particular for Governor of New York. They cannot nominate "the right kind of man" or "the wrong kind of man." They must nominate a man. The time to act is, moreover, getting pretty close. The more specific the discussion becomes, therefore, the better. It should be about men who have a chance, and it is to be presumed that most of those who have a chance have already in one way or another been suggested and talked about. There is Mr. OSBORNE, there is Mr. HAVENS, there is Mr. SHEPARD, there is Congressman SULZER; there are some others. Then there is Mayor GAYNOR. We put him apart because he stands apart. There is so much more talking and thinking and feeling about him than about any of the others—he bulks for the time being so much bigger in the public eye—that the others are, as it were, "the field." The day he was shot, nine men out of ten said that if GALLAGHER'S bullet did not kill him it would probably make him President; and eight out of the nine doubtless meant that it would probably first make him Governor of New York.

It may do both; that is to say, it may help to do both; but it need not make him Governor in order to make him President; and one can welcome the idea of his being President while balking at the idea of his being Governor. The Presidency is a more important office than the one he holds. The Governorship is not. To elect him Governor this autumn would take him out of the Mayoralty within a few months. To elect him President in 1912 would at worst cut off only a few of the last months of his term as Mayor. We are not even sure that his becoming Governor would be at all a step toward the Presidency. Quite as likely it would be a step away from the Presidency—for it would seem to many of us a false step. He is making an excellent Mayor, and he might not make an excellent Governor. Although in his speeches in the Mayoralty campaign he would not quite pledge himself irrevocably against running for Governor, he went as far as he could go without giving a distinct and irrevocable pledge. He committed himself to the position that it would be unwise and wrong for him to give up the Mayoralty for the Governorship; that he ought, if elected Mayor, to devote himself singly to that office, and serve out his term in it. That position was correct. He will strengthen himself by sticking to it. He will weaken himself if he departs from it. The demands of his own interest and reputation coincide with the demands of the public interest; and this is true without reference to the probability of his election to the Governorship in case he is nominated—without reference to how much HEARST or any other of his enemies could do to defeat him.

Granting the great desirability of the Democrats nominating a good man for Governor, and granting also that Mayor GAYNOR is one of the best men in sight, if not the very best, we nevertheless wish that the next step toward the end desired might be the elimination of his name.

Helping the Colonel

MR. TAFT says, in his letter of August 20th to Mr. GRISCOM, that the snubbing of Colonel ROOSEVELT by the Republican State Committee of New York was none of his doing, but diametrically contrary to his recommendation conveyed to Mr. SHERMAN in a telegram dated August 14th, advising "a full conference with Mr. ROOSEVELT and reasonable concessions with reference to platform and candidates."

Well; who'd have thought anything else? The President wants the New York Republicans to get together and carry the State, and about the last way to promote that purpose was to stand the Colonel on his head.

The President has tried hard and at much political expense to stand up with the regulars, but what is there about WOODRUFF, ALDRIDGE, and BARNES that would attract him to ally himself with them to humiliate the most influential Republican in the State?

There are a good many Republican voters in New York who don't like the Colonel and would jump at any chance to reduce his importance, but there are more who do like him, and no responsible, national, Republican leader like Mr. TAFT would be likely to see any advantage in stirring up a faction fight in New York State with ROOSEVELT on one side and BARNES, WOODRUFF, ALDRIDGE, and Vice-President SHERMAN on the other.

The gentlemen who are eager to see the great ROOSEVELT comet fade out of the political sky must have patience and let nature and the celestial forces take their course. The Colonel has just now about as difficult a part to play in American politics as any American has ever had. The Albany machine, with the best intentions to the contrary, has been giving him considerable assistance in playing it.

A great many very emphatic votes will be cast in this country at the next election. A due proportion of them will be cast in this State, and the voters who cast them will try hard to express their feelings, and the counting of those votes is likely to make very interesting meditations for the political astrologers. How such a variety of feeling is to be expressed by votes for no more than two candidates is hard to figure out, but an effort will be made no doubt to do it.

Looking to Vermont and Maine

Within a fortnight Maine and Vermont will indicate which way the political weather-vane is pointing for November. Messrs. HOLMAN DAY and JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, two of the most sagacious of down-East statesmen, tell us that the Democrats are likely to elect their candidate for Governor in Maine—and we guess that, in truth, they may. With respect to Vermont, we hereby place our own prediction on file, to wit, the normal Republican majority will be cut in half. Some think it will go as low as ten thousand, but that seems hardly probable. If it strikes twelve or even fourteen, as against Mr. TAFT'S plurality of 28,000, the thud will be sufficiently dull and sickening to make a good many people sit up and take notice.

Harmonizing Mr. Bryan

Remarking upon the labors of Marse HENRY WATTERSON to harmonize Mr. BRYAN into accord with whatever the Democratic party wants to do next, the *Commoner* observes:

> Mr. BRYAN is not at liberty to consider the matter from a purely personal standpoint. He owes something to the men who have thrice nominated him in spite of the influences that are now at work trying to

emasculate our platform and substitute a reactionary for a progressive programme. Can he afford to surrender these supporters into the hands of the opposition, merely to enjoy the plaudits of those who have no sympathy with the platforms on which he has won?

He does, indeed, owe something to the men who have thrice nominated him. He owes them a chance to nominate some one whom they can elect. But what's this about "the platforms on which he has won"? What has happened to our memory that we can't recall them?

Mr. Bryan cannot be harmonized from the outside. An impulse from within must do the business for him if it is ever done. It is conceivable that sometime he may want to see a Democratic President elected, and try to bring it about. But until that time comes there is no use of trying to convert him. If that work is ever done in him it will be a work of grace, and not of mere political persuasion.

Certified Political Virtue

William M. Wilder and Harry L. Pierce are active candidates for the Congressional nomination in the Fourth District of Massachusetts. Among the documents with which Mr. Wilder is commending himself to his public is the following endorsement from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt:

> Mr. Wilder is thoroughly in accord with my progressive policies. I met Mr. Wilder when he was in Washington and knew him very well. The conference I had recently with him was more or less private, but Mr. Wilder is at liberty to say to the press or to any one else that we had a delightful conference and that he is thoroughly in accord with my progressive policies.

We suppose this endorsement is genuine. The Springfield *Republican*, from which we quote it, says it is given out in quotation marks as the exact words of the Sage of Oyster Bay. It is a kind, indulgent endorsement carefully limited as to particulars, but benevolent. It might help to get Mr. Wilder into a club that the Colonel belonged to, but will it help him to get into the House?

We should not think it would. To our mind it is more significant of the candidate's needs than of his merits. And how curiously it falls upon the ear! "Mr. Wilder is thoroughly in record with my progressive policies." Now let us see how Mr. Wilder comes out. If the charm doesn't work in Massachusetts, Mr. Wilder cannot complain, for it seems evident that the endorsement was not forced upon him.

New York Farmers Get Some Points

President Schurman of Cornell, addressing the farmers of the Wayne County Pomona Grange at Newark, New York, on August 19th, talked politics to them, opposing direct primaries, advocating representative government, denouncing oligarchical or monarchical machines, advocating the reform of the tariff by experts, and speaking up for a protected competition and the natural laws of trade as opposed to overmuch government regulation. Dr. Schurman is quite old fogy in some of his ideas and expounds them ably.

Colonel Roosevelt of Oyster Bay, addressing the farmers of the Herkimer County (New York) Grange on August 23d, was more modern and magaziny and agricultural, giving his audience conservation, the betterment of rural life, intensive farming as done by the Long Island Railroad, and the rights, duties, and privileges of farmers' wives, farmers, and farm laborers and *their* wives. The Colonel is an instructive and pleasing speaker on agricultural topics.

President Schurman's institution at Ithaca includes the most important school of farming in New York State. Doubtless he teaches farming enough during term-time and likes to let out on the subject of politics when vacation comes. Colonel Roosevelt's institution at Oyster Bay is one of our great schools of politics, and naturally enough when the Colonel gets away from it he likes to talk about agriculture.

Railroad Lawyers and the Railroad Law

The conference of railroad attorneys on the new railroad law was a sensible move, and the prevailing attitude appears to have been reasonable. The Eastern men, we are told, showed less readiness than the Westerners to accept the accomplished fact of this legislation and meet the Interstate Commerce Commission half-way in the matter of specific enforcements; but the sentiment of the meeting was not in favor of kicking against the pricks. Whether the meeting was or was not in favor of carrying out the intention of the law we are not told; and we are not told, and nobody expects to be told, how these legal gentry mean to protect the interests of their several clients as they are severally affected by particular provisions of the law. On that general line we shall doubtless sooner or later hear from Senators La Follette and Cummins, who will naturally inquire whether or not the teeth they put into the measure are biting, and if not why not.

Meanwhile, one of the criticisms of the law that emanated from the conference is significant. The law forbids a higher rate for a short haul than for a longer haul over the same route covering the short haul, then authorizes the commission to permit exceptions, but finally adds a provision that if a rate is lowered on account of water competition the cessation of the water competition shall not be taken to justify restoring the higher rate. That, thinks one of the attorneys, is against the public interest, because railroads will not voluntarily lower rates to meet any kind of competition unless they can hope to get rid of the competition and then raise their rates again. The significance of the opinion does not lie in the admission that railroads stoop only to conquer, or that they are not eleemosynary institutions, but in the unconscious concession it makes to the commission idea and the necessity of regulation. Competition, it appears, will bring rates down but will not keep them down; if the only way to meet competition legally is to put rates down permanently, then competition won't be met. If, therefore, the public is to get permanent reductions, there must be some other way.

The other way is a commission with power to fix limits to the charges of public carriers on the plain basis of what is reasonable for both the carriers and the public.

Not Yet Expedient

It is the opinion of Lieut.-Col. L. M. Maus of the Army Medical Corps "that the War Department should require every officer of the army, navy, and marines to abstain from the use of alcoholics while on duty with troops or on board ship." So Dr. Maus holds in an article in the *Military Surgeon*, insisting that by such an order the efficiency of the officers would be tremendously increased, and the higher standard of morality immediately reflected on the rank and file.

We doubt that the officers would be pleased by such a requirement. Their liberties as it is are much restricted, especially their liberty of speech. Total abstinence from alcohol while on duty may be a good rule in and out of the service, but it is a long distance from what is desirable to what is expedient to try to compel by orders. There are those who consider that the morality of the service would be much helped by abandoning the Philippines, but such a course is seldom advocated for that reason. Officers of the army and navy are expected to be responsible men. Those of them who cannot be trusted with intoxicants should be turned out of the service. The rest of them should be treated as responsible men.

Beer, Spirits, and Prohibition

Statistics have not a high reputation for veracity, but here are some, furnished by Secretary Fox of the United States Brewers Association, that are interesting if true.

The estimated increase in the population of the United States since the census of 1900 is about twenty-two per cent. According to the figures of the Brewers Association, the consumption of beer in the same decade has increased fifty-one per cent., and the production of distilled spirits forty-five per cent. That looks like a considerable increase in the *per capita* consumption of alcoholic beverages; and yet the general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League is quoted as reporting that forty-one millions of us are now living in prohibition territory, ninety-five per cent. of which has become prohibition, chiefly under local-option laws, during this same decade which seems to have seen the consumption of alcoholic beverages increase about twice as fast as the population.

On the other hand, the number of retail liquor-dealers who pay a Federal tax has only increased about seven per cent. in ten years, an increase only one-third as great as that of population, and one-sixth or one-seventh as great as that of the increase of consumption of intoxicants. The deduction, subject to correction on fuller knowledge, seems to be that prohibitory agitation is not unfavorable to drinks, though it may do something to diminish the number of saloons. An annual allowance of twenty gallons of beer and a gallon and a half of distilled spirits, besides wine, for every American, regardless of age or sex, seems liberal, though low, no doubt, compared with like allowances in some parts of Europe.

Why the secretary of the Brewers Association is at pains to circulate these figures does not appear. A more prudent course would seem to be to make beer diligently and distil spirits while the sun of prohibition continues to shine on those industries. Has he noticed that Mr. Lloyd-George of the British Cabinet lately disclosed that the raising of the taxes on British drinks, while a failure as a revenue measure, has had an unexpected but highly gratifying effect in cutting down the consumption of intoxicants in the British Isles?

Summer Reading

Have people on vacation read any better books this summer than last summer? Have they read more old books, more books than everybody admits are worth while? Have they read less fiction? Have they read less of the fiction that is plainly ephemeral? We should like to believe so, but a little observation has not been encouraging. Observation is easiest on railroad trains, though possibly not most enlightening there, and glances at the backs of books in people's hands on trains do not beget a very high opinion of the average of taste among us. What strikes one most forcibly is the great number of perfectly new dollar-and-a-half novels, by authors whose names one has not seen before, which somehow get themselves sold and read. The statistics of sales and of library patronage show that certain well-known novelists reach a big public, but evidently a lot of people take their literary nutriment also from the far greater number of novelists who are not well known. It seems probable that many purchases are made simply from casual and hurried inspections of news-stands, and the men who run those establishments doubtless have a good deal of influence on the choices of their patrons, as it is well known the keepers of real bookstores have always had. Cover designs probably count too, and the enlarged reproductions of frontispieces which one sees in shop windows are doubtless effective with the hurried buyer who merely wants something to read and doesn't know what. But more purchases are probably determined by word-of-mouth commendations from people who have happened to read the books commended than in any other way. One glances at a bookstall and happens to see a book So-and-so says is pretty good. That is enough. It is so with plays, too. That a man one knows has seen a particular show and thinks it worth while seems to have more weight than the printed verdict of professional critics. Perhaps it is that one feels one's friend is, at any rate, disinterested; but more likely one doesn't take time to reason that far or, indeed, take one's choice seriously at all. If one did, the old plays and the old books would both fare better.

Fists More, Razors Less

The Rev. Harvey Johnson (colored), of Baltimore, says: "Teach the colored children how to box and they won't carry razors." So he deprecates shutting out the fight pictures from Baltimore.

Preston Brooks

A letter from an aged brother of Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, to Roger A. Pryor, printed in the Columbia (South Carolina) *State*, protests that Northern newspapers paint Preston Brooks as a bloodthirsty ruffian, whereas his home people know him to have been "a brave, chivalric, tender-hearted gentleman." General Pryor replies that Preston Brooks was what his brother describes him to be, and the *State* speaks of him as a "soldier and statesman, honored and lamented, now and ever in South Carolina."

It must be a long time since a Northern newspaper has devoted space to Preston Brooks. He is not at all a current issue. For our part, we have never thought of him as a bloodthirsty ruffian, but rather as an old-style South Carolina gentleman, bred in a school where self-control was not much respected, who, carried away by the emotions of his time and State, committed a disastrous and irretrievable blunder. He caught Charles Sumner cramped over and under a desk in the Senate Chamber and by repeated blows splintered a cane over his head. He nearly killed Sumner, but Sumner finally got well. Brooks, however, died within a year. Our supposition has been that he died because, being in his nature chivalric and tender-hearted, he could not endure the abhorrent position in which his act had left him. It is no kindness to the memory of Preston Brooks to invite reinspection of his great misfortune.

The Pursuit of Happiness

It would be cynical to say that Happiness is like the snakes of Ireland, for each one of us, at some time or other, has had glimpses of her in the distance. But, at any rate, she is more secretive than the wisest serpent, swifter than the deer, more cunning at escape than the fox, and, indeed, if we pursue her to the end, she will never be caught alive; when we hold her, at last, it is but to find her dead. But occasionally, of her own free will, she drops down upon us by chance in her light-hearted, casual way, and we have a taste of what her companionship might mean. It is the patient and the hopeless and the bravely destitute that Happiness chiefly affects; as if she knew all too well where she was most needed and most appreciated. It is not the despairing she visits, but those who have learned to renounce with a certain ease of spirit and detachment. "After all," she seems to say blithely to these, when she flutters in upon them, "you thought I never came, but I do, only not too often." For she is a goddess, Happiness, one of the old pagan goddesses, haughty and capricious and wilful, and a rare and exacting visitant.

The old way of teaching children that happiness is a reward to be won finally in heaven, after an arduous service to virtue in this life is no longer fashionable, and we see the young people of the present day out on a perfect rout chasing happiness or, as they familiarly call it, "a good time." And they never catch it. Despite of all the noise and the paraphernalia and the rush and the expense and the moving from mountains to seashore, and motoring over foreign lands and bedecking and bedizening themselves for luncheons and dinners and games and tournaments, Happiness, whom they pursue, is just as shy of them, just as far distant, as if no means had been taken to pursue her. She pauses only for her elect, occasionally, and not all those who call upon her shall find her.

Heine has a little poem (Heaven forbid that any one should attempt to render it, inimitable as it is, in another tongue), which says that Happiness is a light creature at best, never fond of remaining in one place; she strokes your hair, kisses you lightly, and off she goes. But Madame Misery is, on the other hand, a staid, home-keeping matron; she presses you fondly to her heart, assures you that she is in no hurry, sits down on the bed beside you, and takes out her knitting.

We used to be told that Happiness dwelt in heaven, and that in this sad world we should be devoutly thankful for any mitigations of misery. It was a useful doctrine, too, for nothing so increases the power of misery as the continually thwarted pursuit of a happiness seldom caught and impossible to cage. A little girl who, at perhaps too tender an age was immersed in the works of George Eliot, felt much discouraged and heartsick when she came to the somewhat abrupt dismissal of Gwendolen Harleth. The unsympathetic author, having deposited her high-spirited and showy heroine in a small house with her dull, widowed mother, comments that Gwendolen had reached a stage when escape from misery and danger was, itself, a kind of happiness. However gloomy such an outlook upon life may seem to one fifteen, it is yet the ground we all of us reach sooner or later. We come to know that:

"God hath created nights
As well as dayes, to deck the varied globe;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of desolation as in white attire
Which better fits the bright, celestial quire—
Some in foul seasons perish through despaire,
But more through boldnesse when the dayes are fair."

But Happiness, like most of the Olympian tribe, is one member of a trinity and has two sisters, both desirable visitants, more accessible and friendly than the capricious goddess. These are Content and Peace. To be sure, they demand a long and ardent wooing; they refuse to have much to do with the young and eager who have not yet submitted to life's test. But a lifelong service, humble and persevering, will win them, and once more they are faithful friends and show abiding virtues.

Happiness, with the capriciousness of a woman from one of Hardy's novels, has the elusiveness of a sprite and the wantonness of Puck. Be wholly absorbed in another pursuit, give yourself heart and soul to the world's work, the betterment of social conditions, the acquisition of some department of knowledge, even to the tender care of a little child or the earning of an honest living, and before you are half aware, when you are sitting idle before your open fire at night, you will raise your eyes to find Happiness smiling at you from across the hearth. Like Emerson's Sphinx, she says:

"Had I a lover
Noble and free,
I would he were nobler
Than to love me."

But if in the gratitude of your heart you notice her too much, take too much account of her, she will escape again. She will have none of a man who is not nobler than to love her. The most we can *afford* is to sue for the favor of her two sisters; for to win them and hold them requires no little virtue. Age usually has more or less of their kindly society. As for youth, hard as it may seem, the more Happiness flouts them the more virtue they attain. They flourish best in the "dusky robes" of disappointment and thwarting. The chase hardens their sinews and failure teaches them high-heartedness. They are lured by the constant escape to more and harder adventures and finally they come to see, as age advances, the superior charms of Peace and Content. Meantime they have had all the excitement of hunting what cannot be caught. There are a thousand lessons to be learned as side issues to the pursuit of Happiness, the greatest being disinterested activity and detachment. Who learns to cultivate these gains something more satisfying, more abiding, and in the nature of eternal values, than any butterfly Happiness that dances in and out of the spirit's dwelling.

Correspondence

MEAT, TRUSTS, AND TARIFF

Chicago, Ill., *August 10, 1910*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I believe it is the general understanding that Congress, after an investigation, has found the trusts guiltless of having had anything to do with the periodical boosting of prices of our daily food. It has seen fit to fully absolve the meat trust, which is the principal one, of any complicity whatsoever in raising prices. This trust absolutely controls the market on meat, and because of its facilities to buy, transport, and store things, it in a measure controls the market on eggs, butter, and other dairy products, poultry, apples, and grain as well.

Maybe there is some reason for the statement that we are not producing foodstuffs in the same ratio we did ten years ago; but there is another reason besides, namely, the grasping greed of the meat trust. How otherwise can it be explained that good steak is one-third, or eight cents per pound, higher than three years ago? If we are that short of meat products, why is it we export same to a value of over seventy million dollars a year? This does not seem at all consistent with the statement of under-production. The truth of the matter is it is done to keep up the local market.

A stock raiser or feeder may bring to the market one shipment and make money, and on the very next, less than three weeks apart, lose money, the stock being up to the top notch in weight, quality, and appearance. Can some one explain this? If there were so great a scarcity of meat as is talked of, the doughty beef barons would take all the high-grade stock offered, and at good prices, too, since they can take care of the dressed products in their vast cooling and chill rooms. The packers make their own prices at which they will buy stock, and there is no one to gainsay them. A stockman may visit buyer after buyer, and they all will quote him the same price. Such being the case, he must sell, as it costs him additionally each day his stock is held in the pens at the yards.

That momentous piece of Congressional legislation—the Payne-Aldrich tariff—must not be blamed for prevailing high prices either, as we are told it is the most beneficial tariff yet placed upon the statute-books. And, furthermore, they tell us that under its benign operation we will thrive and wax fat, and that prosperity will be everywhere in the land. What bosh! since people know better. Have the average wages of the working classes increased over sixty per cent. within ten years, as foodstuffs, clothing, rent, etc., have? Answer, he who can.

I, for one, am heartily tired of this juggling with the tariff in the interest of protected monopolies, like the meat trust, steel trust, sugar trust, etc.

I am, sir,
Chas. F. Sundell.

A QUESTION OF MEMORIALS

Wakefield, R. I., *July 20, 1910*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—After reading your kindly comment on mine of July 11th, it seems to me you do not quite take the point of view intended to be expressed therein. A person's memory may be perpetuated in any one of several ways, by a hospital, a monument, or a fund for the relief of suffering and saving of lives.

As far as inspiration is concerned, the monument carries that impulse to the few that see it, and there, very often, it stops. The hospital or the fund for relief is mentioned in the press hundreds of times where the monument is mentioned once, is brought to the attention of thousands where the monument is brought to the attention of one. The help given by the fund is very real, while that given by the monument is largely only sentimental.

After all, this question of memorials is largely a question of individual taste and opinion. To my mind helping the many with real practical help carries with it more inspiration than helping the few. That is all.

I am, sir,
Joseph Kerr.

The great monuments hereabouts—Washington at the Sub-Treasury, Farragut in Madison Square, Sherman in the Plaza—are seen daily by very great numbers of people. The notion that they languish in obscurity and influence only a few is most amusing.—Editor.

T. R. CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF

July 24, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I desire to call "the false prophet" who, in the correspondence column of the Weekly, advises Roosevelt's retirement, to thus avoid the "storm of censure that sooner or later overtakes all public men." The prophet evidently assumes that Roosevelt's activities in public life are inspired wholly by personal ambition. And, as "by that sin fell the angels," his timely warning to T. R. is issued. The prophet then proceeds to misquote Wolsey's advice to his faithful Cromwell. And thus by inference at least compares Roosevelt to the then degraded and disgraced Wolsey. He entirely misses the fine economic philosophy that the real man Wolsey expresses further on, when he says to Cromwell: "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and Truth's—then if thou fall'st, thou fall'st a blessed martyr." These are the "ends" that Roosevelt is aiming at. The disinterested service that Wolsey should have given but could not until his eyes were "new opened." T. R. has amply proven his ability to take care of himself in most any company. He has probably figured out the net result of this public career of "high-blown pride," which the solicitous prophet greatly fears will soon "break under him." The prophet would also have peace. Evidently not "for the common good and love of all," but that he might rest out an easy life. This particular brand of peace has been the desire of cowards since this old world was peopled with men. But in the march of progress "peace" has always and will always take a back seat for a time, that each stride forward may place her in a more becoming position.

I am, sir,
W. H. Dewey.

WOMEN'S DEALING WITH MEN

New York

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—It is perfectly logical and consistent that Denver, where woman suffrage reigns, should forbid "Salvation Army lasses" from entering saloons to collect from men. The first object of woman suffrage is to protect women and acting on the principle of equal pay for equal work, provide them with some more wholesome occupation than "slobbering" over men and "begging" from them, religiously or otherwise.

The only women that can teach a man to do good for good's sake, are his mother, grandmother, or whatever women reigned over his childhood and infancy. The sooner women get this truth through their heads, the sooner such tragedies as the "Elsie Sigel" episode will be done away with, not to speak of many an unhappy marriage and babes suffering from a father's sin. A woman may drive a man to hell, but he has to go to heaven by himself.

I am, sir,
G. H. H. Magrath.

AN AXE NEEDED HERE

Nashville, Tenn., *August 6, 1910*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Suppose "his grammar may be a bit awry upon occasion" is, of course, to be excused. Why not? These things we, the readers, must be all the time allowing for the benefit of our friends and guides. For instance, near the close of page 5 (August 6th) I must read, "Angels doeth no more." But I forgive you because of the many good things you say and because they are well said.

I am, sir,
Reader.

A PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN

Glencoe, Ill., *August 4, 1910*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I am a candidate for Congress in the Tenth Illinois District as a *progressive Republican* against Foss and Cannonism. Illinois is going to have some stand-patters stay at home this year.

Our North Shore District (the Tenth Illinois) is overwhelmingly insurgent. Eugene Foss's campaign literature and tactics used in Massachusetts are going to defeat Brother George Edmund Foss in Illinois.

I am, sir,
F. C. De Lang.

Teddy and the Elephant

The Elephant marched out
With Teddy at its side—
"Hooraw!" the people shouted. "See him prodding at its hide."
And Teddy made his bow
And waved his battered hat—
"Hooraw!" the people shouted. "What do you think of that?"

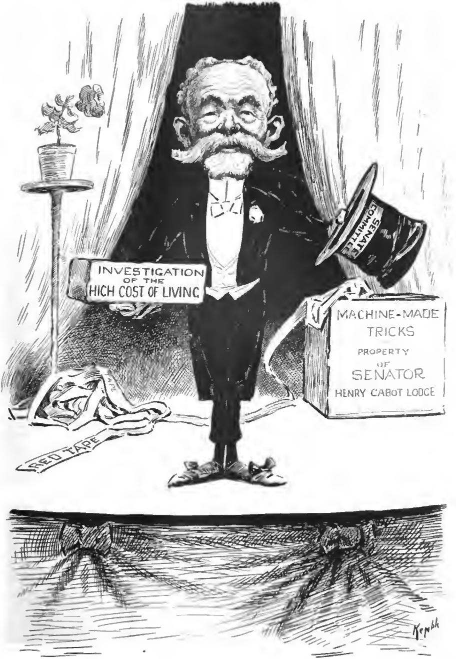
The Elephant was sore,
The Elephant was glum—
"Observe," the people murmured, "how our Teddy makes things hum."
And Teddy said "Stand up!"
With a portentous frown—
But with a sullen trumpet the Elephant sat down!

The people watched with awe,
The people watched with fear—
"The Elephant," the people said, "will get a lesson here."
Then Teddy cried, "Back up!"
But when the words were said
The Elephant quite calmly went walking straight ahead.

And Teddy said, "Do this!"
And Teddy said, "Do that!"
"Hooraw!" the people shouted. "He will make it skin the cat."
The Elephant gave heed
To all he had to say
Then stubbornly and wickedly it went the other way!

"Well, well!" the people cried,
"Well, well!" they cried again—
The Elephant with joyous squeaks was disobeying then.
The show was quite a hit
Though nothing was attained
Except to show that Teddy was the one who should be trained.

Jefferson Toombs


INVESTIGATION OF THE HIGH COST OF LIVING
SENATE COMMITTEE
MACHINE-MADE TRICKS PROPERTY OF SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE
TAPE
RED TAPE
Kemble

A SUGGESTION FOR THE SENATOR'S COMING CAMPAIGN

"TAKING THIS EMPTY HEAD-GEAR IN MY LEFT HAND, I PROCEED TO DRAW FROM IT THIS BEAUTIFUL GOLD BRICK, WHICH I NOW PRESENT, WITH MY COMPLIMENTS, TO THE DEAR AMERICAN PUBLIC"

DRAWN BY E W KEMBLE

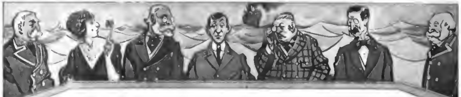


Table D'Hôte Talks

BEING THE RECORD OF A LITTLE JOURNEY WITH BOGGS

By John Kendrick Bangs

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING

I.—AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE

THE good ship *Digestic* was getting down to business. The American shores had disappeared behind the far-off horizon line, and the Atlantic Ocean, apparently realizing that it was more or less in the public eye, was putting on a good deal of side. A good many passengers found themselves so absorbed in the contemplation of the beauties of the sea, seen for the first time, perhaps, at close range, that they paid no heed to the call for dinner, so that when the Captain took his seat at the head of the long table in the dining-saloon there were hardly more than a corporal's guard to break bread with him. He was a genial gentleman and played the host to perfection.

"Welcome to our city, ladies and gentlemen," he said, as he unfolded his napkin and glanced smilingly around the board. "I trust you have all succeeded in getting your sea-legs on this afternoon?"

"I don't know about the rest of us," said Boggs, "but I guess I'm sprouting mine. I don't believe I'll ever get my left leg straight again."

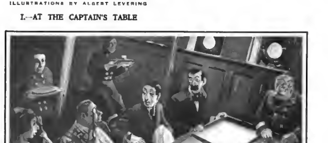
This was Boggs's first remark, and it drew everybody's attention to him at once. The Lady With The Gold Lorgnettes seated opposite to him raised them coldly to her eyes and gazed into his thin face superciliously, while the Coquettish Spinster with the Yellow Curls tittered.

"Most extraordinary remark," observed the Fat Little Englishman farther along. "W what the dickens is the matter with your left leg, sir?"

"It looks like the last end of a nervous parenthesis," said Boggs. "I have been standing on deck for the last two hours watching America fading away in the distance, and every movement of this wobbly old ocean has put a strain on that left leg of mine that has given it the graceful curve of a young and innocent moon. To-morrow I shall turn the other way in the hope of getting my right leg to match, so that when I walk on deck I shall look like a human port-hole."

"Is this your first trip, sir?" inquired the Captain with a smile.

"My first offence, Captain," returned Boggs. "Fact is, I never saw this little old ocean of yours before. I'm from Missouri, sir, where we see a good deal of water from one year's end to the other, but we take ours on the instalment plan, and not on the hoof, the way you have it here."



"Aren't you satisfied with your stateroom?"

"By Jove!" ejaculated the Fat Little Englishman, apparently addressing the pepper-pot. "Here's a fellah never saw the ocean before! Most extraordinary."

Boggs turned his innocent blue eyes upon the speaker.

"You saw it the first time once, didn't you?" he queried.

"Nevah, sir, nevah!" retorted the Fat Little Englishman.

"Well, let me tell you, my friend," said Boggs, "you've got a wet sight coming to you some day. Better put on your rubbers, or you'll wet your feet."

"What is your first impression of the sea, may I ask?" put in the Student of Human Nature, sitting at the Captain's left, regarding Boggs with some amusement and no little interest.

"Dampest proposition I ever struck," said Boggs, "and as for the scenery, it strikes me it's pretty darned monotonous. It reminds me more of a Pop convention than anything I've seen this side of Nebrasky, every wave in sight, big and little, like a lot of frothy delegates, putting in a little special motion of its own, and no head or tail to the whole business. Is it true, Captain, that Britannia rules the waves?"

The Fat Little Englishman's chest immediately began to swell.

"We maintain that she does," said the Captain.

"Well, you'll excuse me for saying it, sir, but she don't seem to me to be on the job," said Boggs. "Here's a first-class hotel flying the British bandanna running along on a peaceful mission, carrying a lot of well-meaning people like ourselves armed to the teeth with letters of credit and traveller's checks which we intend to squander upon the effete bargain-counters of Europe, and what happens? We no sooner get out beyond American control than this damp old subject of the British Empire gets up on its hind legs and wallops everything in sight. A cross-section of Niagara comes galumphing along and slams the front elevation of your boat until she creaks like a pair of three-dollar shoes at a prayer-meeting; while at the same time a ten-thousand horse-power geyser that makes Noah's deluge seem like a common garden piker sneaks in under your cellar door and lifts your stern forty miles up in the air, and leaves it there quivering like a telegraph pole in a cyclone. If I had your job, sir, I'd send a wireless to Britannia and tell her to get busy with that ruler of hers before there's another Declaration of Independence on her hands to file away among the treasures of the British Museum."

The Fat Little Englishman uttered an ejaculation that sounded like the contemptuous puff of an empty siphon.

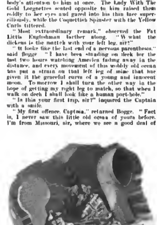
"How verry Amerrican!" he said, scornfully. "Have you any idea, sir, that your people at Washington could do any better?"

"Possibly not under our Constitution," said Boggs, with a pleasant smile, "but with a man like Theodore Roosevelt in the chair, I kind of think we could give the ocean a run for its money. If it came to a show-down between the two, something would bust, and up to date there haven't been any punctures in Teddy's tire. He explodes some, but after the thunder has died down and you come to look for the hole it ain't there."

"I'm sorry you don't like my ocean," put in the Captain, amiably, with a wink at the Student of Human Nature. "Maybe if I knew your objection to it I could give orders to have things changed a bit."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," said Boggs. "I haven't any objection to it. I suppose as oceans go it's a pretty respectable old pond, but it strikes me it's a pretty big proposition to get chummy with. How many gallons of water do you reckon it contains to the square mile, Captain?"

The Fat Little Englishman gave a fairly good imitation of an apoplectic fit at this point, while the Coquettish Spinster With the Yellow Curls went off into a real one, the chief ingredient of which, to judge from superficial indications, was giggles. The Captain scratched the back of his ear, and then tickled the end of his nose as if reflecting.



"Most extraordinarily persistent chap I ever saw!"

"I am afraid you'll have to go to some dealer in useless information to find that out," he said.

"What earthly good would it do you to know how many gallons of water there are to the square mile?" demanded the Fat Little Englishman, his breath having returned.

"What good does it do anybody to know how long Halley's comet's tail is?" retorted Boggs. "As for me, sir, I always did take an interest in national statistics. What's the use of knowing only the things that everybody else knows? It's asking queer questions that makes the world progress. If Christopher Columbus and my friend Ike Newton hadn't gone in for strange facts America would never have been discovered, and nobody would have known that London *Punch* wasn't the centre of gravity. It gives me a thrill when somebody tells me that Rockernegie's fortune in Lincoln cents piled on top of each other would form a column high enough to reach to the moon, and when they add that invested in porous plasters at ten cents apiece and pasted on the surface of the United States they would cover every inch of it from Maine to California I just simply stand amazed. And you can't imagine what a relief it is to the monotony of the long winter evenings out in Missouri, when there's nothing else doing, to sit before a log fire and try to figure out if some man in the United States owned the earth and wanted to mail it to some friend in Europe to take care of for him, how much postage at two cents an ounce it would take to turn the trick."

"Excuse me, Captain, but have you a padded cell on this steamer?" demanded the Fat Little Englishman.

"What's the matter?" asked Boggs. "Aren't you satisfied with your stateroom?"

The Fat Little Englishman scorning to reply, the Captain reverted to the ocean.

"I should have thought, Mr. Boggs," he observed, "that the very bigness of the sea would appeal to you. you Americans are so fond of big things."

"So we are, sir, so we are," said Boggs. "Especially out where I live. We're used to big things out there—big States, big farms, big appetites, big men, and, at a pinch, when the plain truth ain't quite up to the mark, big whoppers, but we like 'em under control. Take this hotel of yours, sir. Physically she is a good deal smaller than this old swamp we are trying to get across, but to my mind she's the bigger thing of the two because she's useful. She's a tool that enables a man to give the merry ha-ha to the stormy blast, and to go scooting wherever he wants to with his flags a-flying, and his band a-tooting, in spite of all the fussing and fuming of your vasty brine."

"Where, may I ahsk," demanded the Fat Little Englishman, "would your fish come from if it were not for this ocean to which you have taken so violent a dislike?"

"My dear sir," returned Boggs, "I wouldn't swap one steaming stack of buckwheat cakes for every canned sardine that has been taken out of this old fish-pond in three million years, wherefore it is the judgment of the court that your question is irrelevant, immaterial, and misleading, designed to befog rather than to clarify the issue, and the defendant's objection is therefore sustained."

"But," put in the Lady With the Gold Lorgnettes, "how could you go abroad, Mr. Boggs, if you had no ocean to float your ships?"

"By rail, madam," replied Boggs, courteously. "For if the ocean were not here it is perfectly plain to all reasoning persons that somebody would build a railroad over its bed, and those who still pined for water could buy it in stock of the company."

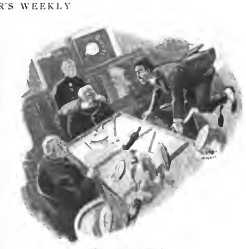
"And I," said the Captain, shaking his head sadly, "would be out of a job."

"Not a bit of it, sir," retorted Boggs. "On the contrary, your job would be a great sight steadier than the one you are now holding down with such obvious difficulty. You would become the commander-in-chief of a hotel that never wobbled. You would have a definitely fixed address, so that it would not be necessary for you to go out on your front piazza every morning to take observations to find where in thunder your establishment had drifted to during the night. Your office would be as steady as a rock, instead of bobbing up and down like an elevator in an earthquake, high as the roof of a sky-scraper one minute, and grovelling down under the surface of the earth like a submarine wine-cellar the next; and in case of fog you wouldn't have to blow a confounded old horn with a voice like a tiger with the bronchitis every minute to keep the hotel across the street from ramming a hole through your parlor windows."

"Fawney!" roared the Fat Little Englishman. "Two hotels in collision! What a preposterous notion!"

"Preposterous isn't the word," retorted Boggs. "The thought is a terrible one, sir. Can you imagine for a moment what would happen if the Waldorf Astoria were bobbing around on this ocean like a cork in a sea of soda in a dense fog, and it should suddenly be banged smack in the ballroom by the cornice-line of a Mills Hotel? There'd be a social mix-up that for intensity would make the French Revolution look like a debate in a Sunday-school; and yet that's what we folks on board here have to take into account every time we set out with our friend, the Captain, to distribute our hard-earned wealth among the suffering masses of the Continent."

"It's a pity you were not on hand when the earth was made," said the Fat Little Englishman, sarcastically. "No doubt you would have made a better job of it."



"W-w wow-wait a minute!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Boggs. "I might have made a few suggestions, perhaps, but I'm not kicking about the earth as a whole. It's a pretty successful little old ball, considering the haste in which it was made. I'm not so sure it wouldn't have been better in respect to some minor details if it had been made in six years instead of in six days. We might have had a greater conservation of our natural resources, and then again we mightn't. To my way of thinking, though, the ocean might have been more advantageously distributed. Half of the water we have in sight at this moment sluiced into the desert of Sahara would have turned that African Sand Trust into a cabbage-patch large enough to supply three worlds as big as ours with its favorite fruit."

"Mercy! Cabbage!" groaned the Lady With the Gold Lorgnettes, sniffing at her salts.

"If you had ever known what it was to be really hungry, madame," said Boggs, "you would know that a nice juicy slice of corned beef smothered in buttered cabbage leaf becomes a delicacy than which the tangerine—"

But the Lady With the Gold Lorgnettes was apparently not open to argument, for Boggs had not got farther than the buttered cabbage leaf when she rose from the table and made a hurried, but none the less dramatic, exit from the saloon.

"I am afraid I have recalled some sentimental episode in the lady's life," said Boggs.

"I think rather," said the Captain, diplomatically, "that your observation, sir, has aroused more immediate sensations of a peculiarly intimate character. But you were saying that you would have made a more satisfactory use of the earth's natural resources, and I grant you that the ocean would do wonders could it be turned into the Sahara."

"Yes, sir," said Boggs, "and there'd still be enough water left which, if squirted down the valley of the Mississippi, would turn that dusty crick into a real river, and wash enough sand out of its mouth to make it navigable for something with a deeper draught than a Saratoga chip. Ten square miles of it toted out to Arizona would transform the Alkali Desert into a garden where a moderately industrious man could raise something besides Gila monsters and freckles, neither of which was necessary to the higher life; and yet here it is, heaving and howling, yapping and yowling, day and night, an unmitigated nuisance with never a thought of making itself useful. Why, it ain't even fit to drink!"

"Ah, well," said the Student of Human Nature, "I must confess I rather like the ocean in its rampant mood. It is vastly more picturesque than when it is peaceful and still."

"I grant you that," said Boggs. "It looks to me as if somebody was squirting the Rocky Mountains out of a siphon."

"It seems to me, too, that after all is said and done," continued the Student of Human Nature, "this old puddle, as you call it, is very much like our own people—full of strength and power, much of it misdirected and extravagantly wasted, but serving great purposes still. It is the embodiment of restless energy."

"That's all right," said Boggs, "but what does it all come to? It never gets anywhere. It larrups the rocks of Maine and it washes the sands of Africa, but what is the net result? Maine's just as rocky, and the sands of Africa aren't a bit cleaner than they were before wash-day dawned. Outside of a few fish, for which it gets no pay, what does it all come to? What's the use of rampaging if you don't get anywhere?"

"Oh, as for that," said the Student of Human Nature, "where does anybody get? Do we get anywhere, for all our striving and struggling? In the long run what do we really accomplish in this world in spite of all our toing and froing?"

Boggs shook his head and waved his hand deprecatingly.

"You're getting a leetle bit too prophylactic for me," he said, "but on general principles I should say that by our toing and froing we manage to fill our stomachs, while this blamed old aggregation of pickled H-2-O— W-w wow-wait a minute."

Boggs rose suddenly from the table and made a bolt for the door, through which he disappeared precipitately, leaving us to our own devices for about five minutes, when he returned, looking rather pale and green.

"You were saying?" smiled the Captain, as Boggs doggedly resumed his place at the table.

"I was saying," said Boggs, somewhat out of breath, but still speaking with determination, picking up the dinner-card as he spoke—"I was saying, sir, that by our toing and froing we at least managed to fill our stomachs, while this blasted old swimmin' hole of yours don't do a gosh-blamed thing but empty 'em."

He paused a moment, and wiped his eyes, then, turning to the steward, he observed:

"Waiter, you may begin all over again with me. I've paid for this dinner, and I'll be teetotally gol-darned if I don't keep at it until I get one that 'll stick."

"Most extraordinarily persistent chap I ever saw!" muttered the Fat Little Englishman, as we adjourned to the smoking-room, leaving Boggs to lay in a stock of raw material for the exercises of the night.

The Sands

By Shaemas O'Sheel

THE wind swirls the tangle of her tresses where she stands;
She stoops and gathers in rose-pale hands
A myriad grains of the dry, white sands.

A moment she holds them wonderingly:
Whence and how have they come to be
Part of the strand where her feet go free?

She sifts them slowly through fingers slim:
The wind whirls them seaward, a current dim;
They are soon forgotten, as any whim.

She gat[illegible] [illegible]reams as the drifting sands,
Musing [illegible] understands:
She [illegible] them with rose white hands.

What is the Life of a Car?

By Herbert L. Towle

MANY a car, by dint of constant tinkering, continues to run after it is "all worn out." When an automobile reaches this stage of its existence, it may be said to have no value. Long ago it has probably changed hands several times. For the individual owner, therefore, the practical question is, "How far will this car run before I want to get rid of it, and what will its selling value be then?"

Until very recently it was the custom to consider the automobile purely a means of recreation. If it was ready to run, well and good. If not, an afternoon would be spent fixing it up, and no particular harm was done. Latterly, however, a new class of owners has arisen, comprising physicians, business men, commuters, and others, who depend on their automobiles for necessary daily transportation. To these owners their automobiles are useful only so long as they can be kept in daily service. Two or three weeks may be allowed during the winter for overhauling, but it is essential that the automobile shall not give out in unexpected ways. If it simply wears out, the various parts can be watched and replaced or refitted. When, however, things begin to break or come loose, the car must be passed on to a less exacting owner, though with care its subsequent mileage may be considerable.

To be specific, let us assume that a car is used to go a couple of miles to and from the station or place of business in practically all weathers. During the day, the owner's wife uses it in various ways, such as for paying calls, marketing, and taking out her friends; also it is run as a rule on a pleasure excursion of from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles each week-end. It is housed in a private garage, and is kept clean and in order by the handy man under the owner's directions.

The car for this service will probably have from twenty to thirty horse-power. In twelve months it is likely to run about ten thousand miles. How many seasons such as this will it bear before it ceases to be thoroughly dependable?

The answer will depend almost wholly on the quality of materials and workmanship in the car. A high-grade, high-priced car may easily run fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand miles without developing weakness in any part. It will wear out, it is true; but it will wear out by degrees, and a yearly overhauling will make everything sound for the next twelve months barring minor adjustments, and the like.

It may, indeed, be said of the high-grade car that its useful life is not limited by the durability of the major wearing parts—cylinders, pistons, gears, bushings, etc.—since all of these, even the cylinders, can be replaced without prohibitive expense. The end of its usefulness to the average owner is reached rather when the thousand and one minor wearing parts become so loose and so noisy that, although the car still runs, there is no longer pleasure in driving it. In modern cars more or less is done to defer the inevitable day when minor parts wear out, but when they do it is frequently impracticable to do anything except buy new ones throughout, which would cost more than the remaining value of the car. It is true that in many cases ingenuity will avail to minimize the expense, and it is also true that the tendency is steadily toward making it easier to refit or replace the small as well as the large wearing parts, and to defer the day of their wearing out, by providing lubrication. Nevertheless, it may be said broadly that the car has reached the end of its usefulness when its noise is no longer bearable.

How is it with the cheaper cars?

For one thing, the cheaper car does not last as long. Where a thirty-horse-power car, costing from $2,500 to $3,000, will run 50,000 miles before ceasing to satisfy the exacting owner, the $1,200 car of like horse-power is exhausted when it has covered 15,000 or 20,000 miles. As for the cars rated at twenty horse-power and thereabouts, and sold at $900 to $1,000, 10,000 miles seems to be about their limit of mileage in the hands of the first owner.

The fact is that it is impossible to build as good a car for the lower as for the higher price. The gears, shafts, axles, and frames must be of cheaper steel, more hastily finished and put together. The bearings are necessarily quite different from the costly, but almost indestructible, ball and roller bearings of the expensive cars. The fitting is more hastily done, and detail refinements of both design and construction are everywhere slighted in order to get the factory cost within the permissible limit. The result is not simply that wear is more rapid, but that it can less confidently be predicted. The high-grade car is not exactly like the "One-Hoss Shay", yet, at all events, it doesn't break down, but simply wears out. The design of the cheap car is not so well balanced; something or other is sure to break or loosen before its time, and little unpleasant surprises, such as the loosening of the steering gear, the shearing of a key, or the stripping of a badly hardened gear, are to be expected after the first year of service. These things may not necessarily condemn the car for subsequent pleasure use, but they do unfit it for the exacting requirements of business use.

As for the value of the car when sold at the end of its ten thousand or fifty thousand miles, that is a subject on which it is hard to generalize. Probably as many used cars are sold at too high as at too low figures. A low-grade car can generally be sold for about half its first price at the end of its first season, though whether it is worth as much may sometimes be questioned. The high-grade car at the corresponding period of its life will admittedly command a lower sum: that is to say, one cannot sell it after fifty thousand miles at half its first price. A quarter is more nearly correct, but that is due partly to the simple lapse of time and partly to the likelihood that similar cars can be bought for less money than the used car cost when new, owing to lessened cost of production. Even at that, however, the writer regards the high-grade car, bought with a view to running it, say, fifty thousand miles before selling, as the more economical purchase of the two.

The American yacht "Westward," built by Herreshoff, commanded by Barr, and owned by A. S. Cochran. She is coming back from Europe loaded down with cups

A scene aboard the "Westward," the winner of the Kaiser's Cup at Kiel, where she defeated the Kaiser's yacht "Meteor" and several crack English racers. Charlie Barr is at the wheel. The "Westward" is 97 feet on the water-line, 26 feet 9 inches beam, and 16 feet 11 inches draught, and carries 13,450 square feet of canvas

The "Dixie II." winning the British International Motor-boat Cup Race over the Larchmont course. She was steered by her owner, Frederick K. Burnham

TWO NOTEWORTHY AMERICAN VICTORIES

An English View of Taft

By Sydney Brooks

London Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STROTHMANN

JUST before the Presidential election of 1908, I was privileged to set forth in these columns such opinions as I had been able to form of the candidates, the parties, and their programmes. If I again have the audacity to obtrude myself, the present amazing state of American politics must be my excuse. Any one who is interested in American affairs—and for fifteen years or more they have been my constant study—must be doubly interested in them now. It is rather odd that the two peoples with the greatest genius for politics, the English and the Americans, should find themselves simultaneously in a state of political chaos. Our chaos in Great Britain has in it more momentous possibilities than yours in America, and, indeed, touches issues that go right down to the fundamentals of government. Yours is, perhaps, no more than the temporary confusion inseparable from a period of transition and readjustment. None the less, it is so dramatic, so sudden, and so unlooked for, that the temptation to explore its sources is irresistible.

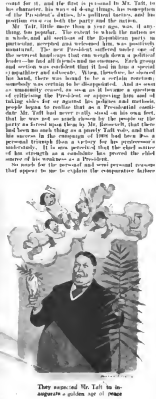
Who, twelve months ago, would have prophesied that Mr. Taft's first year in the White House would close, as it has closed, on a note of failure and of something like despair; that he would see all round him little but a dissatisfied nation and a distracted party; that the popular confidence—not in the man, but in his methods, not in his personality, but in his policy—would be reduced nearly to vanishing-point; that his loyalty to the Roosevelt policies would be called into question; that his sole legislative achievement would be condemned by public opinion and repudiated by a powerful minority in his own party; and that men would be talking of a Democratic victory at the next Congressional elections as a probability that is all but a certainty? Not one of these things would have been thought possible or even credible a year ago. Mr. Taft entered the White House amid abounding omens of an effective and successful reign. He had received at the polls a larger plurality than had ever been accorded to a Presidential candidate. People looked upon his advent as heralding another "era of good feeling." After the tumult of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency, they expected Mr. Taft to inaugurate a golden age of peace—peace between the White House and Congress, and between the President and the worlds of business and finance. The American people, in my judgment, had no wish to see Mr. Roosevelt's policies either reversed or abandoned. But they hoped it might be possible to prosecute them with less violence and with greater regard for the nerves of industry and commerce. They felt that Mr. Roosevelt's aggressive and spectacular propaganda had served its turn, and that it was for Mr. Taft to continue the work of reform with the minimum of disturbance to political and economic stability. They expected him to follow in his predecessor's footsteps, but more warily and with a less reverberant tread, to develop his policies, but less vehemently, with fewer outbursts, in a better temper, and with more dignity. The task was assumed to be eminently congenial to the new President's views and temperament, and the hope of America was that the moral and mental upheaval which Mr. Roosevelt brought about with so much turmoil and friction might, under the mellower direction of his successor, bear fruit in legislation that would be passed and accepted almost unanimously. Everything, in short, seemed to favor Mr. Taft when he stepped into the White House. Everything seemed to point to his Presidency as a time of quiet, progressive, and valuable achievement.

Such was the anticipation. How completely it has been falsified it is almost superfluous to demonstrate. With Washington more distracted by factional strife than it has been for nearly thirty years, with the insurgents cutting loose in the Senate, with "Cannonism" overthrown in the House of Representatives, with the country alienated, disillusioned, and bewildered to know what the President is driving at, with no real sign of political leadership anywhere, with Mr. Knox careering in his shirt-sleeves round the whole domain of foreign policy, with the administration's programme doomed to impotence, and with the whole political atmosphere resonant with recrimination—with all this even a trebly bandaged mole would be aware that something was amiss, that the bright hopes of a year ago were completely frustrated, and that the signal triumph of 1908 had resulted, in 1910, in an equally signal collapse. But how is it to be explained? How comes it that Mr. Taft, the evangelist—as every one thought him—of peace, has brought not peace, but a sword?

There are, it seems to me, three main reasons to account for it, and the first is personal to Mr. Taft, to his character, his ways of doing things, his conception of the President's duties, his political tactics, and his position vis-à-vis both the party and the nation.

Mr. Taft, little more than a year ago, was, if anything, too popular. The extent to which the nation as a whole, and all sections of the Republican party in particular, accepted and welcomed him, was positively unnatural. The new President suffered under one of the severest handicaps that can weigh down a political leader—he had all friends and no enemies. Each group and section was confident that it had in him a special sympathizer and advocate. When, therefore, he showed his hand, there was bound to be a certain reaction; somebody was certain to be disappointed. And as soon as unanimity ceased, as soon as it became a question of criticising the President or approving him and of taking sides for or against his policies and methods, people began to realize that as a Presidential candidate Mr. Taft had never really stood on his own feet, that he was not so much chosen by the people or the party as forced upon them by Mr. Roosevelt, that there had been no such thing as a purely Taft vote, and that his success in the campaign of 1908 had been less a personal triumph than a victory for his predecessor's understudy. It is now perceived that the chief source of his strength as a candidate has proved the chief source of his weakness as a President.

So much for the personal and semi-personal reasons that appear to me to explain the comparative failure of Mr. Taft's Presidency.



They expected Mr. Taft to inaugurate a golden age of peace

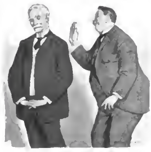
The fortunes of politics have told not less heavily against him. Mr. Roosevelt, always a consummate tactician, had the supreme shrewdness to let the tariff question alone. Mr. Taft had no option but to awaken it. His speeches in support of the platform on which he was elected squarely committed both himself and his party to a revision of the Dingley Act that was to be "mainly downward." We all know what happened. These pledges were cynically, shamelessly repudiated. The Republicans revised the tariff upward, and the Democrats assisted them in the process. As usual, the organized few rode roughshod over the unorganized many. A squalid, feverish chaotic struggle of all the "interests" in the country to get their heads into the trough was the spectacle that Congress presented, as it always has presented during a tariff session.

It is not difficult to imagine what would have been Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the whole revolting spectacle. As soon as he saw that the Republicans were disavowing all their ante-election pledges and were substituting for the Dingley tariff a bill that was nothing less than a fraud upon the nation, he would have raised an early and strident protest; he would have appealed to the people over the heads of their representatives; he would have made each clause and schedule a separate battle-ground; he might—he probably would—have provoked a serious split in the party ranks, and for the time being have impaired his Presidential effectiveness, but he would at least have secured a bill that was not a hodgepodge of chicane. Mr. Taft's methods were much less sensational and much less successful. The debates dragged on for nearly four months without a sign from him, his intervention, when it did come, was tardy and ineffective. Moreover, Mr. Taft, who is really much too honest and outspoken to be a politician, aggravated the popular feeling by championing the Payne Act as "the best ever," by upbraiding the insurgents for their lack of party loyalty, and by singling out for a word of special recommendation the Republican Senator who, in the popular mind, most represents the predominance of special interests. The six months of his office had resulted in a split party, a disillusioned nation, and a bill execrated by those who had the greatest claim to be the spokesmen of the "Roosevelt policies"—the policies which Mr. Taft had proclaimed it his special mission to clinch.

And just as Mr. Taft underscores his failures, so he minimizes his successes. He contrived, for instance, to slip into the Payne Act a clause empowering the Federal government to levy a tax of one per cent. on the net earnings of all corporations. That is an innovation so momentous that to an English onlooker it appears almost revolutionary. If its legality is upheld by the Supreme Court, it will for the first time in American history, as I understand the matter, enable the Federal government to supervise, regulate, and tax every joint-stock company—even though it holds its charter from a State—whose profits exceed $5,000 a year. That, surely, is the longest step which has been taken in our time toward the readjustment in favor of the Federal government of the constitutional balance of power—a balance that hitherto has inclined somewhat peremptorily to the side of the States. If the Supreme Court sanctions the proposed impost on corporations, State rights, I submit, will have received a blow not less severe than that dealt by the Civil War, and most of the existing text-books on the American Constitution will have to be rewritten. Yet by most Americans this striking performance seems already to be forgotten. I hardly ever hear it quoted as an item on the credit side of Mr. Taft's account. In the same way the reforms he has instituted to bring appropriations into proper relation to revenue—reforms that will save the United States many millions a year—have gone for the most part totally unrecognized.

From the personal and political reasons of Mr. Taft's failure I pass on to consider what seems to me the fundamental and all-embracing cause of it. What was the outstanding fact of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency? It was, I think, this—that he was the means of launching issues that appealed more to men's bed-rock opinions about society and economics than to their party affiliations. His policy of the "square deal" cut clean across the traditional lines of party division. It fitted in with none of the old shibboleths and catchwords; it rendered them, in fact, meaningless. It was a national and not in any sense a sectional policy, not a movement of Republicans against Democrats, but of the people against plutocracy and privilege. Mr. Roosevelt initiated two campaigns against the American money-power. One was aimed at capital, the other at capitalists. The first campaign, by an unsparing investigation of the trusts and the railroads, by an increasing strictness of Federal supervision over their conduct, and by the systematic preservation of the natural resources of the country, aimed to bring under public control whatever was excessive and against the common weal in the powers of organized wealth, and to prevent the promoter and the financier from profiting disproportionately at the expense of the community. The second campaign dealt rather with the millionaire as a private citizen and was designed to extract from him by income and inheritance taxes a fair return for the wealth he had been enabled to amass. Those who opposed these policies did so not as Republicans or Democrats, but simply as conservatives, speaking the universal language of conservatism. Those who favored them did so as radicals *sans phrase*. Mr. Roosevelt, in short, taught his countrymen to think continentally, instead of sectionally; he continually exalted the national interest above any other interest whatsoever; he formulated policies that subordinated parties and "politics" to the common welfare. Thanks to him, men are entering Congress with new standards of what legislation should be; men who are impatient of the "reactionaries," like Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Cannon, who stand fast in the ancient ways and do all they can to thwart the projects of the new school; men who are no longer willing to look upon themselves as legislative ciphers when any question arises that does not concern their own particular constituency; men who are zealous for the broader public good and who naturally, therefore, find themselves in opposition to a Congressional procedure that stifles individual effort and initiative and that reduces nearly all legislation to a process of trading and bargaining among a multitude of interests and localities. It is to such men, stirred by such ambitions, that the downfall of "Cannonism," the revolt against the Payne Act, the enthusiasm for the Roosevelt policies, and the present confusion of American politics are really due.

The injection of these wider issues into the cast-iron system of American party government was bound to bring about a period of uncertainty and distraction. There are Republican conservatives and Democratic conservatives, Republican radicals and Democratic radicals. But neither party, as a party, has yet wheeled round to face squarely and sincerely the novel problems that have been propounded to the people. Each, possibly, is undergoing a secret process of dissolution and realignment, but the results of that process are not yet reducible to set terms. The country as a whole, in my judgment, favors the Roosevelt policies, the policies of radicalism. But the operative leaders of the Republican party are, openly or in secret, against them. Mr. Roosevelt overcame their opposition by a series of electrifying appeals to the nation. Mr. Taft's tactics are very different. He is as little qualified to repeat the Rooseveltian methods as was Prince Bülow to wield the mighty weapons of the Iron Chancellor. He has, therefore, struck out a line of his own. He does not intend, as I see it, to jeopardize his whole Presidency by antagonizing the conservative leaders of his party. He hopes, on the contrary, to bring them over to his point of view by dexterous persuasions and remonstrances, by playing upon their patriotism or their common sense, by reminding them that if they fail him power must inevitably pass to their Democratic opponents, by every method, in short, except that of coercion. The resultant situation is almost comically paradoxical. Between Mr. Taft and the conservatives there are harmony and good-will. Between Mr. Taft and the radicals there are mistrust and estrangement. Yet the measures which the President is trying to pass—for no one seriously questions the sincerity of his devotion to the Roosevelt policies—are measures which the conservatives abhor and which the radicals enthusiastically support. Where Mr. Roosevelt used the minority in Congress and his popularity in the country at large to write radicalism on the statute-book, Mr. Taft, with the same object in view, is attempting to attain it by moulding, coaxing, and palavering the conservatives into becoming radicals. That is the difference between the methods of the two men, and it is a difference which betokens wholly opposite views of the functions of a President. Is he to be a leader or a moderator, a vigorous and assertive champion and innovator of this policy and of that, or a mere harmonizer and conduit-pipe between Congress and the nation? Mr. Roosevelt chose one way; Mr. Taft has chosen the other. It will be of supreme interest to see which of these two paths leads nearest to the goal



Singling out the Republican Senator for a word of special recommendation

The Motorist and the Law

SOME OF THE REGULATIONS, AMUSING, INCONSISTENT, AND ADMIRABLE, WHICH THE AUTOMOBILIST IN THE EASTERN STATES MUST REMEMBER AND OBSERVE

By Charles Johnston

THE drollest thing I have yet discovered in the automobile laws of our Atlantic States is in the wording of an amendment just added to the Massachusetts law. Defining and enjoining the familiar "honk honk" which startles your nerves if you happen to be a mere pedestrian, the new amendment says that, when stalking the foot-goer, the motorist shall slow down and give a timely signal with his bell, horn, or other device for signalling, "provided, that in the thickly settled parts of a city or town no bell, horn, or other device for signalling shall be sounded so as to make a harsh, objectionable, or unreasonable noise, except in the case of fire and police department vehicles and ambulances." Fancy even Boston gravely making it lawful for policemen to utter harsh, objectionable, and unreasonable noises!

It used to be said that the morals and manners of Boston are not so much an example to the rest of us, as a rebuke. Even with that startlingly worded amendment on its head it is certain that the Massachusetts law is a long way ahead of any other Eastern enactment, or at least was so, until the New York Legislature passed the recent Callan law. And it is well worth noting that the improvement of the New York law along Massachusetts lines is, in all probability, due to the conference of Governors which met in Washington at the beginning of the year. For one of the most memorable and attractive sessions of the conference was the closing debate on the automobile laws, at which their excellencies, waxing confidential, told how they themselves had been arrested for violating the speed laws.

Governor Draper gave an admirable account of the Massachusetts law. The discussion, as was to be expected, assumed an intellectual air; while he cited figures, one could feel behind the figures the imaginative idea. Take, for instance, this: In 1903, said Governor Draper, the number of automobiles registered in the commonwealth of Massachusetts was only 3,241, while in 1909 the number had gone up to 23,002, an increase of more than sevenfold in six years. But the increase was not in numbers only, but in power. For in 1903 only fourteen per cent. of the number of registered automobiles were more than ten horse-power, while in 1909 nearly eighty per cent. were more than ten horse-power. What a vista is here suggested! But seven short years ago, the fair roads of Massachusetts were only beginning to be streaked with motor-cars; but now, in the present year of grace, there are nearly thirty thousand of them; and where once they were only little ten-horse affairs, they are now big "fifties" and "sixties."

Governor Draper had more to say of the fair roads of Massachusetts. He told how, many years ago, the commonwealth had begun to build State roads, until to-day it has something like eight hundred miles of fine highways under the supervision of the Highway Commission, roads which cost, on the average, between six and seven thousand dollars a mile, some of them gravel, some macadam, some treated with tar or oil. Even these highways—which are among the best in the world, as Governor Draper says with justifiable pride—are eclipsed by the hundred and fifty miles of parkways, more costly, and with a better surface, in the metropolitan district which extends for ten or fifteen miles all round the "Centre of the Universe."

So here we have a picture of a thousand miles of beautiful roads, ceaselessly threaded by the indefatigable "auto," for the repair and extension of which the commonwealth pays out a million dollars a year. And we have in the picture, nearly thirty thousand cars, of ever-growing size and power, using these roads and wearing them into ruts. Quite justly, the swiftly speeding motorists are somewhat heavily taxed toward the up-keep of these roads. The cost of licenses is graduated; the cars falling into classes for each ten horse-power, and the license costing half a dollar a horse-power. To be exact, the registration fee in Massachusetts for an automobile of less than 20 horse-power is \$5; from 20 to 30 horse-power it is \$10; from 30 to 40, \$15; from 40 to 50, \$20; and \$25 for every automobile of 50 horse-power and above.

The problem of a really good road surface for automobiles is still unsolved. Governor Fort justly boasts that New Jersey has done much; and every one who has climbed up or down that formidable hill of the Palisades at Fort Lee will acknowledge it, but the surface is here and there cut into ridges, especially on the down-grade; and the very newest thing in auto roads, up past Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive, New York, which seems to be gravel tightly rolled and treated with oil, is already showing signs of wear and tear, though it is still quite new.

Governor Draper told the assembled heads of States that he estimated that the net receipts from the fees received in Massachusetts for the present year were expected to amount to about \$200,000, which sum would be expended for the care of the State highways. So we have a bill of a million dollars for the repair and extension of State roads in Massachusetts, one-fifth of which is paid by the owners and drivers of automobiles. That is how the budget stands; and a debt of thanks is owed to Governor Draper for giving such a clear statement of the general problem.

There is another admirable provision in the Massachusetts law, to which Governor Draper justly pointed with satisfaction, a provision the vital need of which is brought home to the rest of us whenever we have occasion to take the humble but necessary trolley, especially on one of the main automobile arteries, such as Broadway, New York, anywhere between the thirties and the hundreds. Let me illustrate. You stand on the sidewalk, watching for your trolley to come along. Always, of course, three or four of the wrong ones come first. But the fifth is the one you want, and you get ready to descend into the highway and climb aboard. Just at the moment, however, when the lug, jangling, lunging Noah's ark on wheels comes up to your crossing, a string of automobiles, private cars, runabouts, and taxis flies past between you and your trolley, at lightning speed, and either you are irremediably cut off, and have to climb back to the sidewalk and watch four more of the wrong cars go past, or you take your life, and the lives of your family, if you happen to be blest therewith, in your hands, and dive through the honking, impatient procession, and climb, panting and gasping, and in imminent danger of palpitation, aboard your trolley, where you sink down limp and exhausted on a seat, or, more realistically, hang your shattered person on a strap. That is the fact in nature. Now hear the admirable Massachusetts law: "*In approaching or passing a car of a street railway which has been stopped to allow passengers to alight or embark, the operator of every motor vehicle shall slow down, and, if it be necessary for the safety of the public, he shall bring said vehicle to a full stop.*" That sounds like the millennium, yet it is the actual law in Massachusetts. We shall presently see how New-Yorkers stand, in this regard, under the new Callan law.

There is also, in the Massachusetts law, a provision which has been pretty generally adopted elsewhere. To appreciate it fully, we must imagine a speeding motor-car on a lonely country road, somewhere in the primeval forests of New England or New York; and, coming slowly and trustingly from the opposite direction, a shebang of rustic build, drawn by an aged but hysterical nag, and piloted, preferably, by a maiden lady of mature years. We all know what is likely to happen, especially if there is a rather narrow plank bridge just about the inevitable meeting-place. But as to what now happens, under the ideal law of the Bay State, we may hear the word of the law itself: "Every person operating a motor vehicle shall bring the vehicle and the motor propelling it immediately to a stop when approaching a horse or other draught animal being led, ridden, or driven, if such animal appears to be frightened, and if the person in charge shall signal so to do, and if travelling in the opposite direction to that in which such animal is proceeding, said vehicle shall remain stationary so long as may be reasonable to allow such horse or animal to pass; or, if travelling in the same direction, the person operating shall use reasonable caution in thereafter passing such horse or other animal."

This excellent provision is further fortified by certain sentences in a very persuasive section headed "Penalties." It takes the place, in a very practical way, of the old English law concerning traction engines, which for years barred the fair roads of Albion to automobiles. Under that law, not only had the traction engine to crawl at three miles an hour, but it had to be preceded by a man with a red flag, whose duty was to wave the flag at approaching horses. But the Massachusetts provision accomplishes in a far more effective way the end in view.

New-Yorkers have quite recently had brought to their attention the examination of chauffeurs under the new Callan law; and we have all mentally approved, especially those of us who have watched the gyrations of green hands on some of the vehicles for hire. But Massachusetts has long had the same provision, and to this fact also Governor Draper pointed with pride, at the conference of Governors. The examination is practical. The chauffeur must know the law; he must know the rules of the road and the traffic regulations of cities; and he must know the innards of an automobile. He must prove his knowledge, first on paper, and then on the street in a car, and if he fails, like the Macbeth family, he fails. He generally passes, however, and in glad recognition of his success transfers two dollars from his pocket to the State treasury, receives a license, and wears a badge on some prominent part of his person, as the law says. Here again our new law follows the Boston model; but the Massachusetts law has an additional provision, of more than Caledonian caution and foresight. In general, the law declares that no unlicensed person shall operate an automobile, but makes an exception in favor of unlicensed persons driving, if the chauffeur is with them in the car; on the understanding that, if anything happens, the chauffeur shall act as whipping-boy, and, if necessary, go to jail. Severe penalties are dealt out to drivers who, after knocking down a pedestrian, "hit it up" and drive on without stopping to help the victim. For both these offences the offending driver may be punished by a fine of $200 or six months' imprisonment, or both; and for a second offence the culprit goes to prison for a year, without the option of a fine.

In Massachusetts, as now elsewhere, it is a crime for any person to take an automobile from the garage without the owner's consent, a provision directed, of course, against the noxious practice of "joy-riding," with all its deplorable concomitants.

Governor Draper had some wise things to say concerning that highly contentious subject, speeding. Speed limits were unnecessary, because a machine may be driven recklessly at five miles an hour as well as at fifty; but in the present development of the industry I believe it is necessary to have a proper speed limit established as *prima facie* evidence of lawbreaking. As he pointed out, the real danger is not velocity, *per se*, but recklessness. Any one who has watched the automobiles in Paris whiz along with practically no limitation of speed, has again and again marvelled at the skill with which accidents seem to be avoided. There is any amount of velocity there, but very little recklessness. Yet, it is not easy to determine recklessness, and thus it is convenient to have a speed limit, not as a rigid thing, but as *prima facie* evidence of reckless driving. The difficulty of the question is shown in the wide variation of this limit in different States. In Massachusetts, with which we are for the moment concerned, the speed limit, out in the country, is twenty miles an hour; in cities, fifteen; and where the operator's view is obstructed, eight. But it is recognized that any one may have to put on a spurt, perhaps up to fifty miles, for a brief space, to get out of a tight place; therefore it is provided that only where the higher speed is kept up for a quarter of a mile is the offence of speeding committed.

Pennsylvania is clearly behind the times in having no examination for professional chauffeurs. The aspirant simply has to fill out a form, pay two dollars, swear or affirm that he is a perfectly good chauffeur, and the thing is done, and he is entitled to display the two-and-a-half-inch badge conspicuously. Then again, in Pennsylvania, while they have a graduated fee for automobiles, the highest fee is no more than $15, as against $25 in Massachusetts and elsewhere. The regulations as to number-plates are the same, except for the added proviso that "the maker's name of the car" must also be on the number-plate. Pennsylvania, like Massachusetts, has a reciprocity clause. A motorist in good standing in his own State is allowed ten days' grace in Pennsylvania, provided that his State allows Pennsylvanians a like privilege. Lamps must be lighted an hour after sunset and kept burning until an hour before sunrise in Pennsylvania, as against half an hour in Massachusetts. Pennsylvania has not yet adopted the drastic law providing for imprisonment without the option of a fine, in the case of intoxicated drivers guilty of a second offence, nor does there seem to be any special penalty for knocking down pedestrians and speeding away without stopping to help them. It is simply stated that the offending car shall stop "upon request of the person injured, or any one accompanying him." In Pennsylvania the speed limit is twenty-four miles in the open, and twelve in towns and villages, as against twenty and fifteen in Massachusetts; and here we come on a motive which once did service in comic opera and illustrated supplements, but which is now time-expired: the story of the village worthies who pass a low speed ordinance, and enrich their treasuries by pulling too hasty motorists. That is expressly prohibited by the law of Pennsylvania; they must accept the State speed limits; and all local ordinances to the contrary are null and void.

New Jersey follows Massachusetts in providing that every automobile shall have two brakes, "powerful in action and separated from each other," as against the "good and sufficient brakes" of the Pennsylvania law; and New Jersey further follows the Bay State in providing for the lighting of lamps a half-hour after sunset. New Jersey examines its would-be chauffeurs, as New York now does, but allows "any proper person of the age of sixteen or over to run a car," whereas most States make the minimum age eighteen. New Jersey is equally liberal in the matter of registration fees, having a graded rate of $3, $5, and $10, less than half the rates in most States. The speed limit in New Jersey is twenty-five and fifteen miles—presenting a third variety within three States. But New Jersey has an explicit exception, providing that "the foregoing provisions concerning the speed of motor vehicles shall not apply to any speedway built and maintained for the exclusive use of motor vehicles, if the said speedway at no point crosses any public street, avenue, road, turnpike, driveway or other public thoroughfare, or any railroad or railway at grade." The New Jersey law somewhat inconsistently provides that "no person shall drive a motor vehicle upon any public street, public highway, public road, public parkway, turnpike or public driveway in this State in a race, or on a bet or wager," without making it clear whether this prohibition applies to the speedways just provided for. New Jersey also has a special provision that a physician caught speeding on his way to a patient shall have his number taken, and then be allowed to proceed on his way, though he may later be hauled up and penalized.

In the matter of reciprocity, New Jersey is a little bit stricter than the States we have described, allowing only eight days' grace to reciprocating non-residents, or four periods of two days each. And it is provided that "said license shall be so prepared that it will endure in a legible condition under ordinary atmospheric or weather conditions for at least eight days," which certainly suggests that they must expect strenuous weather in New Jersey. A recent New Jersey supplement provides that "any person who shall drive a motor vehicle for any bet or wager or for the purpose of breaking any speed record theretofore made, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Now we come to New York and the new Callan law, approved by Governor Hughes on the last day of May this year, the law under which the chauffeurs of New York have just been examined. Under the new law New York has much the same graduated registration fee as Massachusetts, namely, $5, $10, $15, and $25, the last for cars of fifty horse-power and over. This fee, it is stated, is in lieu of all taxes, general or local. A striking provision of the new law is that concerning the number-plates to be hung on the front and rear of automobiles; they are to be of "a distinctly different color each year, and there shall be at all times a marked contrast between the color of the number-plates and that of the numerals or letters thereon." And it is further provided that the chauffeur's number-badge shall vary in color each year, keeping the same color as the number-plate on the machine. Here, one may say, is the creation by law of a fine industry in enamelled plates, for New York has well over a hundred thousand cars already, and the number is steadily going up.

The New York reciprocity clause has no time limit, as against the ten days' grace of Massachusetts; it simply provides for non-residents the same grace which their State allows to New-Yorkers, whatever that may happen to be. As to speed, the Callan law provides that cars must be driven "in a careful and prudent manner," and declares that a speed in excess of thirty miles for a quarter of a mile "shall be presumptive evidence of driving at a rate of speed which is not careful and prudent." Thirty miles is the highest speed limit we have yet come across in our comparative investigations, and it seems to me that this high limit proves that it is being pretty generally recognized that it is not velocity, but carelessness, which constitutes the offence, and that, under certain circumstances, a high speed may be prudent, while slowness is rash and dangerous. In cities and towns, fifteen miles is the speed limit in New York; and the village elders are especially forbidden to make lower rates as an excuse for local hold-ups. New York chauffeurs must pay $5 for their licenses, besides passing the new examination; so that, if there be fifty thousand chauffeurs in the State, their licenses will bring in a quarter of a million dollars, a very satisfactory contribution to the upkeep of our roads. If the average motor license further costs $20, and there are 100,000 cars, we may add two millions more, to say nothing of fines and penalties. But these figures are mere estimates, subject to later correction.

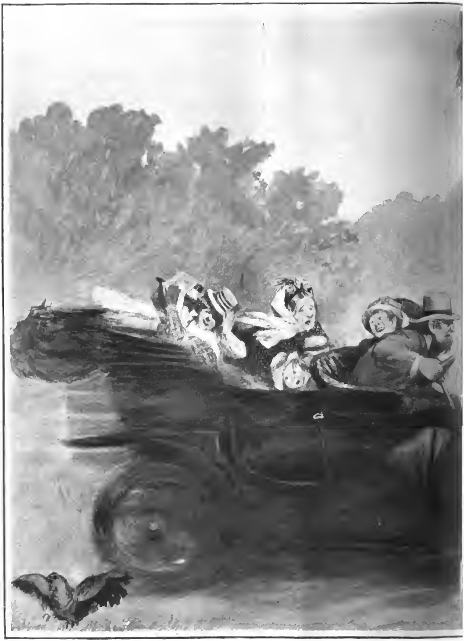
New York follows Massachusetts in the stringent treatment of those who, while intoxicated, operate motor vehicles, or who, having caused an accident, fail to stop and make such amends as they can. The penalty in each case for a first offence is a fine not to exceed $500, or imprisonment not to exceed two years, or both; any person convicted of a second offence "shall be guilty of a felony punishable by imprisonment for a term not less than one year and not more than five years," without the option of a fine. It is further provided that the license of such an offender shall be cancelled, and shall not be reissued except by special permission of the Secretary of State. These seem to be the chief characteristics of the recent New York law, except that it now embodies the excellent provisions regarding those of us who embark on trolley-cars, already alluded to; and that it is distinctly liberal in the matter of racing, in due recognition of the Long Island cup races.

Connecticut has the trolley-car safety provision to the extent of ordering the motorist to slow down to three miles an hour. It has substantially the same restrictions on racing as New Jersey, with a speed limit of twenty-five and ten miles, for country and town. Connecticut has a color scheme for number-plates: bright yellow letters on a black background, contrasting with our New York white on blue. And the Nutmeg State seems further to have the highest registration fee in this part of the country: fifty cents per horse-power up to twenty-five horse-power, and after that sixty cents, making a fee of $33.50 for a sixty horse-power car.

In Rhode Island the fees are $10 to $25; every one must pass an examination before obtaining a license to operate; and the State generously allows twenty days' grace to non-residents. The speed limit in Rhode Island is twenty-five miles for the country, and fifteen for the towns. Racing is prohibited on all highways.

New Hampshire, on the contrary, encourages races, just as New York does, and, further, only charges $10 for registering an automobile.

Finally, we come to Maine, with its speed limit of fifteen miles for the country and eight for the towns; and its registration fee of only $2, which suggests that there are not many motor-cars in Maine. The little bibelot which contains the Maine law has also a section, delightfully idyllic in suggestion, concerning teams with wheels, drawn by more than four horses, oxen, or mules, "on the highway from the spool-mill in Willimantic, by the residence of Asher Hathaway, to Francis' siding on the Aroostook Railroad"; and there is one other section, delicious in its Old World simplicity, which I am tempted to quote in full, to give a final flavor to our imagined tour. In Maine, it is provided, "three or more bells must be fastened to one of the foremost horses drawing teams on snow without wheels." We had previously fancied that the horses which did the drawing were themselves the teams; and we rather balk at the suggestion that there is such a thing as snow with wheels; but let that pass. The atmosphere of that little section is a poem, a breath from the olden time.



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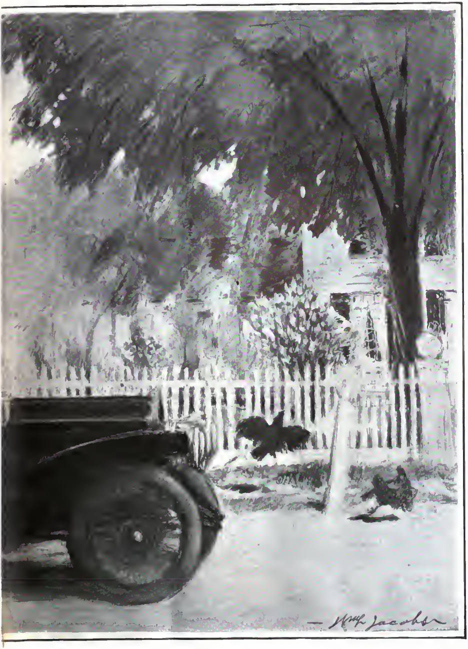
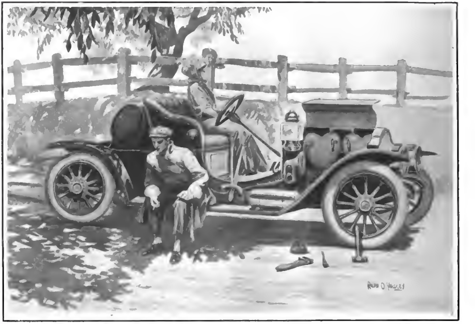
DRAWN



CHURCH

JACOBS



EVEN IN THE MOST MODERN ENGINE THE SPARK-PLUG DOES NOT ALWAYS WORK

NOTES FROM QUEEHAWKETT

THE ladies' athletic tournament at the Queehawkett House, on Saturday afternoon, was a brilliant affair, the most remarkable record being that made by Miss Mamie Hickenlooper, of Squam, in the Hobble-skirt race. Miss Hickenlooper was an easy winner, covering the hundred yards in three hours and forty seven minutes.

Miss Dobbley Winchester, of the Bellevue Hotel, informs us that the following fiancés were registered on her books last week: Hiram Gilson, of Waterville; Alf Rogers, of Tilton; Thomas Shurtleff, of Amesbury; Bill Leonard, of York; Murray Phippen, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania; four gentlemen from East Aurora, whose names have unaccountably been lost; and Hank Witherbee, of Queehawkett. Our congratulations to all.

Owing to political differences between William Wigley and Pete Robinson, the cornetist and trombonist, respectively, of the village band, the concert on Thursday evening was not as successful as hitherto, Mr. Wigley insisting upon playing *Traumerei*, while Mr. Robinson was executing *Tannhäuser*. We respectfully suggest that the differences of these distinguished virtuosities be adjusted before the next concert takes place, and that the two men get together, even if it be only on *Yankee Doodle*.

The author's readings given from his own poems by Mr. Horace Henderson Spinks, the well-known magazine poet, for the benefit of the Insane Asylum on Friday, was a great success. Nobody in town attended the readings, but over three hundred dollars' worth of tickets were sold during the week previous, and everybody is happy over the result. Mr. Spinks returned to his home in Jersey City on the milk train Saturday morning. He will be universally regretted.

A sad accident is reported from the Mountain View Hotel. Some miscreant having stolen the eyeglasses of Wilbur Hike, the talented but near-sighted barber of the Mountain View, the latter, in trimming the whiskers of the Rev. Dr. Stigby, of Kansas, completely severed that gentleman's shirt collar from the rest of the garment, and destroyed the doctor's only necktie. No blame is attached to Mr. Hike, but if the person who stole his eyeglasses falls into the hands of the proprietors of the hotel, we fear things will go hard with him.

IN THE FUTURE—THE MORNING DIP

It has been found that Professor Gewgaw, the eminent naturalist, who suddenly disappeared from the Cedar Grove House, on Thursday last, left behind him a trunk full of the most remarkable geological specimens yet collected, comprising not only several pieces of granite from the hills, but a large supply of red bricks and common garden cobblestones. Whether Professor Gewgaw was collecting these for some great museum or not is not known, but they will be held in trust for him by the sheriff until he has paid his bill at Cedar Grove.

At a meeting of the Queehawkett Golf Club, held last night, it was unanimously resolved to increase the links to three holes. Personally, we have never had much use for the game, but if through the enterprise of the directors of this club we may hope another season to attract the President to Queehawkett, the game will not have lived in vain. The presence of Mr. Taft in our midst for a short season every year would add much to the fame, and therefore to the prosperity, of Queehawkett.

The guests of the Jigsaw are mourning the sudden demise from appendicitis last week of Norah O'Brannigan, for many years the honored cook of that popular caravansary. At a meeting of the boarders held on Sunday night, resolutions of sympathy with the management were passed, in which it was touchingly stated that Miss O'Brannigan was a fine woman, even though an indifferent cook, and closing with the suggestion that one of her own pies, suitably inscribed, be erected to her memory, as a sort of tablet, in the corridors of the hotel.

The ideas of our forefathers in matters architectural day by day gather new force, as was shown in the mishap at the Clayburg, on Wednesday evening, when during the weekly barn-dance in the parlor the floor caved in. If the Clayburg had been built by a modern architect an entirely superfluous cellar would have been placed beneath it, and there would have been many casualties when the floor gave way. As it was, having only a foot and a half leeway between the floor beams and the ground, no one was hurt, and the whole affair can easily be jacked up again at slight expense.

Owing to the sudden cessation of the water service in town last Sunday morning, some of our enterprising managers were sorely put to it to provide their guests with their regular Sunday-morning bath. Colonel Stiggins, of the High Rock, showed his usual resourcefulness in meeting the complication by sending a siphon of soda water to every room provided with a shower, which the guests used with refreshing effect. Indeed, such was the novelty of the expedient that a number of guests advised the Colonel to advertise his special siphon baths in his next season's circulars.

If the proposed city ordinance compelling bakers to sell their bread by the weight instead of by the loaf goes into effect, there is a hotel in this town that will probably go out of the regular hotel business and become a bakery, to the great enrichment of its proprietor. We shall of course not mention it by name, but if by any chance the proprietor of the Revere House takes offence at this paragraph, all we have to say is that any man who fits any of our caps is entitled to wear them, whether he is an advertiser or not.

AMONG THE DUMB ANIMALS

DURING the very hot season, known familiarly as the dog-days, most of our canine friends are appearing with short pants, and very little bark on.

Jennison Hicks of Greenes Corners, Iowa, reports a donkey that, after having inadvertently swallowed a quart of gasolene, has stopped braying after the manner of his kind, and now honks like an Italian touring-car.

A tame squirrel, the property of Alonzo Martindale, proprietor of the Martindale Mountain House, at Squatterskill Landing, New York, earns his board and lodging by cracking all the nuts used in the dining-room of the hotel.

We do not ordinarily look for art criticism among the bovine race, but it is an interesting fact that a painting of a field full of loose hay, made by Leighton Wiggins, of the Bangor Academy of Fine Arts, proved so realistic to an angry bull last week that after tossing the artist over a stone wall fifty feet away the animal returned to the painting and browsed upon it during the remainder of the afternoon.

Barton Witherbee, of Newport, Rhode Island, is the proud possessor of a terrier that is such an ardent and persistent ratter that he barks and whines and struggles continually whenever he finds himself in the presence of a lady wearing a pompadour. It would be interesting if some of our authorities on the ways of animals would tell us whether this is a matter of instinct or taste.

One of the most extraordinary effects of diet in the history of gastronomy has just reached us from Colorado, where a pet goat belonging to Andrew Jackson Migglefuce, after having consumed a dozen copies of a well-known New York newspaper, no longer baahs as he used to, but invariably utters a sound like "Ex-tra! Ex-tra!" every time he opens his mouth. It has been necessary to muzzle him to keep the neighbors from running out of their houses to see what the news is.

O YE OF LITTLE FAITH!

"I NEVER did like that suit."

Bigley jumped up from the breakfast-table with a show of impatience.

"I can't help it if you don't," he exclaimed. "I paid fifty dollars for it, and I can't afford to throw it away."

A pause.

"But I'm going to," he added, savagely. "I've suffered enough in it. It is too small, and I simply can't stand it. I put it on this morning for the first time in weeks. But I'll take it off and never wear it again. You can throw it away."

He started out of the room. He was thoroughly uncomfortable.

"Well!" cried Mrs. Bigley, "imagine what you would say to me if I should throw away any of my clothes because they didn't turn out well."

"Nonsense! I wouldn't mind a bit. What's the use of making myself uncomfortable? It doesn't pay."

"That's the difference between us. You can afford to make those experiments, but I can't. I'd never hear the last of it."

"I should want you to do just as I am doing. Well, I can't wait to get this off."

He was gone ten minutes. He reappeared in another suit.

"I left it on the chair," he said. "Give it away. Throw it out. I never want to see it again. Good-by. I've just got time to catch that train."

He kissed her and hurried off.

When he got to the train he suddenly put his hand in his pocket and remembered that he had forgotten his purse, which was in the pocket of the waistcoat he had discarded. Was there time to go back? No. He had enough change to get him in to his office.

But that fifty dollars! Ah! His wife might give away the suit to some one, and forget to go through it.

He hurried to the 'phone. She answered almost immediately.

"Say! I've been thinking about that suit. Perhaps you would better not give it away. I may be able to have it altered."

"Did you think—"

"Oh," carelessly, "I didn't know but some one might come around to-day. Just hold it till I come home. Put it in a safe place, and I'll see about it."

"All right."

Bigley smiled to himself all the way in. He congratulated himself on his presence of mind. He might have mentioned that fifty, and his wife—!

When he came home that evening he was met in the hall by his wife. She had on her street dress. She had just come in.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"Shopping."

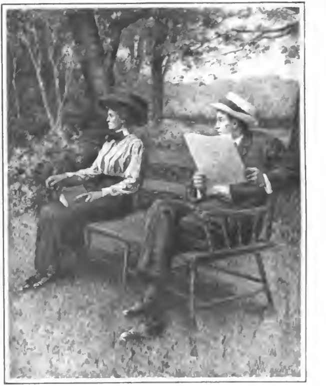
He turned pale.

"What did you get?"

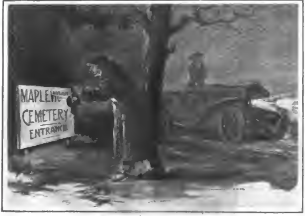
"A lovely cape—for fifty dollars."

"Where did you get the money?"

"Out of your clothes. Do you know, my dear, I shouldn't have thought of looking there if you hadn't telephoned."



WANTED: A MUTUAL FRIEND



"GEORGE, CAN'T WE STOP HERE AND REST?"
"NOT YET, MY DEAR."

EXPERIENCE TEACHES

"SHURE and oi t'ink ut pays to be honest, afther all," said Pat. "Oi troied thot phoney weight business in my grocery-shtore lasht year, and oi losht money by ut."

"How so? Did you get found out?" asked his friend.

"No, sorr," returned Pat. "Oi made the mishtake of fillin' me weights wid lead, so that ivery mon that come to me for wan pound of sugar got twinty-three ounces to the pound."

DANNY'S WEAKNESS

"WELL, Missus Mulcahey, oi see be the papers Danny's been discharged from the pinitintiary," observed Mrs. O'Houligan.

"Yiss," sighed Mrs. Mulcahey. "Danny niver could hould anny koind of a job."

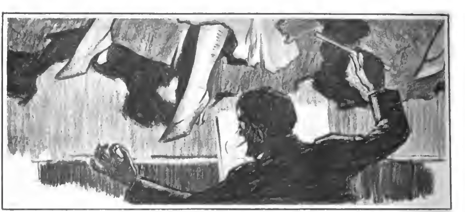
WHAT WAS IN IT

"Did ye bring the paper home, Silas?" asked Mrs. Witherbee.

"Ya-as," said Silas.

"Anythin' p'tic'lar in it this mornin'?" asked the lady.

"Ya-as," said the farmer. "Tew quarts o' peanuts and a bottle o' hoss-liniment. Kinder thought you and I might have a leetle spree for supper."



Only a Clown

By "Viator"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITLE

WHEN the pock-marked Tartar waiter caught sight of Briggs, who was a special correspondent, and Leary, the Irishman, he jammed his cigarette between his teeth and, dodging swiftly through the close-packed rows of tables, he came across the hall in an instant, facing us with a ribald grin.

"This way, Mr Briggs. I'll find you a table."

We gave up our furs and snow-shoes to the attendants, threaded our way through the auditorium, and sat down at a table somewhere in the fourth row near a party of officers who were already being served with a second bottle of champagne apiece.

A Russian music-hall is always an interesting place, but I had been there a good deal during the past month, and had it not been for Briggs, who had insisted on dragging me out, I should certainly have gone to bed of the spleen that evening.

The "turns" were all women, all foreigners, and I had seen them dozens of times before. The "seven English poppies" went through their high-kicking evolutions to the vast delight of the Russians, the "three Roumanian sisters" performed their popular "kissing dance," the "two *chanettes*" from Paris said everything by suggestion that could be said, yet even the "five Spanish *toreras*" failed to excite my enthusiasm, as the sweet champagne at thirty shillings the bottle was execrable.

"Look here, I'm off," I said at about 1.30 A.M.

But my companions would not hear of it. Leary had only been in St Petersburg a few days, whither he had come, full of fervor and ideas, to study the "revolution" (it was only two months after the day known as "bloody Sunday"); so in response to a deft kick from Briggs under the table I made up my mind to see the night through.

I turned round to contemplate the house.

The seven English "poppies" had finished their turn by now, and some four of them were seated among the party of officers having supper together with the "two *chanettes*."

Not far from them, directly behind us, sat a girl whose curious beauty immediately attracted my attention. I think it was her eyes, or possibly it was the effect of the unusually long lashes, but they shone and danced and then suddenly all the light seemed to fade and a kind of film dropped across them, like the membrane of some animal's, and then I noticed that she was quite simply dressed and that her lips were constantly moving. I glanced at the man she was sitting with, but there was nothing notable about him. He was a thick-set, typically moujik cast of fellow with rather a yellow skin and the usual pug nose, but when he spoke the eyes twinkled and smiled like hers and, no doubt, that was why she liked him. For that was evident. She was a gay little person, too. Neither he nor she paid much attention to the stage. They sat laughing, chatting, very close together, and every now and then the girl would place her hand upon his and then they would both laugh with such unaffected pleasure that it was a joy to watch them.

I know not why, but the girl so fascinated me that I could not keep my eyes from her. I wondered what she was. The man was obviously a moujik, but this little laughing sprite beside him, smoking cigarette after cigarette with her bubbling lips and eyes of velvet, she was not of the peasant stock, and I sat and [illegible] these two people, so entirely different yet so absorbed in each other, and thought what a strange thing it was, that physical tie which drew man and woman together, and what precisely the tie could be that linked this dainty girl to such a man with his sallow, cracked face. Then a Viennese singer, whose bodice seemed to be made expressly to fall off her back, began to sing a droll song and I turned round to the stage.

Some half a dozen more officers strolled in at that moment and gathered round their comrades at the long table in front of us. The Tartar waiter rushed about in search of chairs and champagne, and presently some of the Spanish torera girls joined the party, and most of them insisted upon buckling the officers' swords round their waists.

Upstairs, all the boxes which run round the theatre were full and gay supper parties were taking place in the small rooms attached to them at the back, and every now and then one of the *amour mamzelle*, or beautifully gowned women employed by the management to incite men to drink, would come and peer over the rail into the theatre, casting a critical eye at some potential customer. These women, some of them remarkably handsome, most of them coming from Caucasus, flitted about the whole theatre like harpies of destruction. Their office, I knew, was strictly economic. They were all under the control of a manageress, who looked after them with a care many a mother might envy, and their sole business was to flit from one box to another and urge men to drink and lose money, on a joint commission basis.

Just above me, some two of them were doing a fine trade with a couple of wealthy Siberian moujiks, as they are called, who were pulling out their hundred ruble notes from immense pocketbooks lying among the dishes as fast as the two harpies, who were cheating them, could get them to stake on this or that throw of the dice-box. And every time that one of the moujiks lost he would break out into peals of laughter and empty his glass of sweet champagne, and the note would disappear between the white bosom and the corsage of one of the two girls. The moment a glass was emptied the harpies replenished it, and the moment a bottle was empty one of them called out to the waiter to bring another. I rather enjoyed the mechanical cynicism of these two girls, who treated the whole affair in a purely matter-of-course way, and the more amorously inclined the moujik farmers became the more cold and calculating the two harpies kept them at bay. I watched their pocketbooks grow to quite a normal size. I began even to conjecture precisely at what hour they would be empty.

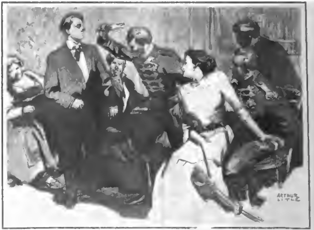
"I beg pardon, that chair is engaged."

I recognized the voice immediately as that of the girl I had been so interested in, and turned round from my contemplation of the harpies inquiringly.

A tall young officer stood in front of her table with one hand on the empty chair beside her. The man she had been speaking to was not to be seen. To all appearance, she was alone.

"Engaged!" laughed the officer. "Who to?"

"To my friend. He's coming back directly," the girl answered, quietly, without the slightest trace of fear.



"[illegible]u know who you're talking [illegible] you lout?"

"Your friend! Well, I can't help that. The chair is empty now. He can get another, if he wants one," retorted the youth, who had plainly been drinking.

"But he's been sitting here all the evening. You can't take his chair away like that," pleaded the girl, placing one hand on the chair, as if to pull it away.

The officer looked at her for a moment impudently.

"Can't I? Who says so?" he blurted out.

He wrenched the chair from her grasp and saluted.

"You can tell your little friend I've taken it," he snarled. Then he sauntered back to the table with the chair and sat down next to the thinnest of the "poppies," who discreetly relieved him of his sword.

Leary had been watching the scene too, and turned to me with heat.

"What a brute!" he said. "By Gad! I wonder what that chap will do when he returns!"

We had not long to wait, for almost the next moment the man strolled through the auditorium and edged up to his vacant place.

He looked round, deliberated with the girl, then slowly and coolly walked up to the officer sitting upon his chair next to the thinnest "poppy," who was eating cakes.

"There's going to be rough-house," said Leary.

"Shows how little you understand the Russians," retorted Briggs, who was not a special correspondent for nothing.

"What? Yes, I took your chair. You haven't bought it, have you?" the young officer laughed, with his mouth full of caviare, while his comrades glared furiously upon the moujik intruder.

"Beg pardon, but you've no right to take my chair." The moujik spoke quite calmly, almost apologetically. "Give it me back, please."

The young officer grew purple in the face.

"Do you know who you're talking to, you lout? Go away, or it will be the worse for you." The officer's eyes bulged and rolled threateningly.

"I've only asked for my chair," began the moujik, calmly, but before he could get out another word the officer sprang to his feet.

"Get away, you brute!" he shouted.

"Certainly," the moujik answered. "I don't want to make a row. But even an officer can be polite."

"Can he!" flung back the officer, and he dealt the man a heavy clout across the face with his clenched fist.

The moujik took the blow without saying a word. He looked at the officer for a second, then moved silently away.

As he passed our table I noticed a hot red streak across his face, but the man seemed singularly impassive, almost incredibly calm in the face of such an insult administered publicly before the whole theatre, but no one ventured upon any comment, and the officer insolently returned to the "poppy" and his champagne.

"Told you so," said Briggs. "These chaps daren't say anything to the uniform. Makes me sick."

We all turned round to see what the man would do.

I was interested chiefly in the girl, who, to my surprise, showed no trace of anger or annoyance. The man strode up to her table, emptied his glass of vodka, lit a cigarette, and then passed his hand across his face.

"Show much?" he inquired, coolly.

"Only a little," said the girl. "Never mind. I'll sit on your knee."

She got up as the man sat down and seated herself upon his knee, as if nothing had happened at all.

"It's tremendous," said Leary. "And that's what we in England call the Revolution. By gum!"

"That's it," put in Briggs. "The psychology of the whole thing is in that man. That moujik there—he's Russia, cold, mysterious, impenetrable. It's not human. It's just negation, ridiculous, hopeless negation."

Briggs felt rather pleased with himself after this little speech, but I felt a confused sympathy for this pair, seemingly so indifferent to all around them—this girl so happy, so fond of a man thus publicly buffeted by a drunken officer, who without a word or a murmur, with the shame of it burning upon his face, accepted the affront like some pariah whelp in an Eastern city.

"Doesn't look a weak chap, either," said Leary, who had an eye for such matters. "Takes it like a true moujik, anyway."

He certainly did. They chatted to each other much as before, though the girl didn't laugh so much; they drank more vodka, smoked more cigarettes, and at about 2.30 they got up and left the hall.

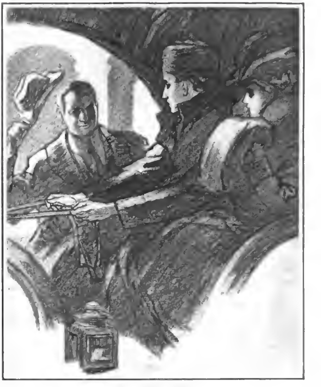
"Well, if that girl sticks to him after that, I'll be shot," said Leary.

"Stick to him! Of course she will," interposed Briggs. "You don't understand. That fellow couldn't do anything against an officer. Suppose he'd stuck to the chair, he'd have got run through the guts, that's all. He knew that, and so did every one else. You see, these Russian moujiks—"

"Hullo! He's coming back, by Jove! That's the man, isn't it?"

Leary was right. The theatre was fairly empty now—in fact the actual performance was finished and the third part of the night's entertainment, when people sit about and drink, was in full play; but that was the man, without a doubt, pushing his way slowly through the emptying hall, toward the table he had left about half an hour ago.

I watched him with an interest of shame and pity. What could he be returning for? Perhaps one of them had left something behind. But no. He strolled up to the table, passed it, passed us so close that he almost brushed against my legs, and made for the big table where the officers sat carousing with drunken hilarity.



"Me! I'm only a clown"

As he passed I looked searchingly up into the man's face. It was tight-set but otherwise perfectly calm. A lighted cigarette hung from his lips. He moved easily, walking up to the officers' table with the soft elastic step peculiar to the Russian, which comes to him perhaps from his habit of wearing high boots.

The officers were far too deep in their cups to take any notice of him as he stood there calmly surveying them, glancing carefully at each one in turn, deliberately making up his mind. The young officer who had struck the man had changed his seat and sat at the other end of the table with his back toward him, toying with the sham ringlets of one of the *chouettes*, who was teaching him the chorus of her latest success, "*Viens, viens, vé le petit enfant chéri.*"

Anticipating trouble, we rose instinctively to our feet.

The man walked leisurely round the table, fixed his eyes intently for a moment upon the officer who had struck him, and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

But the officer was scarcely in a condition to remember him, and after glancing round took no further notice.

"*Pazholak.* Please," the man said, "I want a word with you."

"*Viens, viens, vé le petit enfant chéri!*" The officer bawled out the start of the *chouette's* chorus, as she sat upon his lap with one of her knees pressed against the table. "Here, have a drink!" he cried out.

To my surprise, the moujik drew back and gave the officer a resounding thump on the back.

"*Pazholak!*" he repeated.

The effect of the blow was instantaneous. The "poppies," and the *toreras* ceased giggling and screaming and all the other officers turned round on their chairs, aghast at the moujik's effrontery.

"Put that woman down," said the moujik, "and stand up," and the fat *chouette* relapsed sullenly into the next chair.

The young officer stared with drunken amazement. He was evidently trying to think. He put his hand on the *chouette's* plump shoulder and tried to assist himself to rise.

So for a second or two the man and the officer glared at each other, then suddenly, without a word, almost before we could realize what had happened, the moujik seized the officer by both ears.

An agonized shriek wailed through the theatre. I heard a tearing sound. I saw a streaming flow of blood. Next moment the officer fell back writhing upon the floor, and I saw his two bleeding ears quivering like little pieces of blanc-mange, one in each of the moujik's hands.

It took place so quickly that nobody moved or spoke. The moujik looked at the two ears with a droll expression of satisfaction and dropped one carefully among the champagne bottles.

"I've promised the other," he remarked, casually.

Then before the other officers, stupid and heavy with drink, had risen excitedly to their feet, some to raise up the officer lying in a faint under the table, some vainly seeking to unbuckle their swords from the girls' waists, the man wheeled round and disappeared, unmolested by the people, out of the hall.

Outside, just as he was getting into a sleigh, where the girl I had seen with him was seated awaiting him, Leary and I caught him by the arm.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the Irishman, clapping him on the back.

"You must be as strong as a bull. What the deuce are you?"

The man pulled the ear out of his pocket and threw it in the girl's lap. Her eyes glimmered like stars.

"Drive off," he shouted, and as the sleigh leapt silently across the snow, he turned round upon us and threw back with an admirable nonchalance, "Me! I'm only a clown."

Two for three for five

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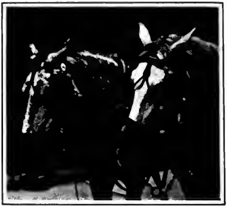

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THE NOON HOUR IN NEW YORK

Judging a Second-hand Car

By H. W. LADD

A SECOND-HAND automobile is proverbially an unknown quantity to the inexperienced buyer, and many a car has proven a veritable Pandora's box of troubles to its second or third owner. Nevertheless, any automobile that is worth running at all has some value to some one, and in many cases it is better economy to buy a used than a new car. The buyer's sagacity is shown mainly in being able to forecast the sort of service which a certain car will give, and in appraising its value so that he does not get the short end of the deal.

If the buyer knows nothing about automobiles, it is decidedly wisest for him either to purchase a new car of reputable make or to engage the services of an unprejudiced expert. Some manufacturers or their agents, however, make a practice of overhauling their own used cars and selling them with substantially the same guarantee as new cars. Such machines can generally be purchased with confidence.

In selecting a second-hand car it is important to bear in mind the service required. If the latter is pleasure-riding simply, a less reliable car will serve than if its work is in the nature of business. A physician, a real-estate operator, a business man who lives a mile or more from the station or store, must be able to depend implicitly on his car. For him a second-hand low-grade car is costly at any price. A high-grade car, however, if put in first-class condition, may give good service for several years.

In order of importance, the maker's name and reputation are the first consideration. The product of a new manufacturer may be good, but the fact remains to be demonstrated. Avoid the product of a concern that has failed, even if the car itself be good, for the reason that new parts will be hard to get and the reselling price will be almost nothing. Other things being equal, it is well to buy of an agent in the neighborhood, as that promises good treatment in the matter of replacements and minor attention.

In estimating the value of a second-hand car, the market prices of cars of like model and date afford a rough guide. The condition of the particular car, however, is important, as it may represent a considerable difference in mileage remaining, besides the possible cost of overhauling. The tires alone, if bad, may require an immediate outlay of from $100 to $300. If the car is bought of a professional trader in second-hand cars, its condition will bear careful examination; since the trader is under great temptation to sell cars simply on their reputation and appearance without regard to the amount of work which may be required to put them in usable shape.

Only a man personally experienced in the repair of cars can judge the condition of an old car closely. Nevertheless, even the amateur, if he has had a season's driving experience, can tell a great deal by close attention to the points at which wear usually first shows itself. Of these points, the chief is usually the steering-gear. This comprises a considerable number of elements with many joints and bearings, all of which wear loose sooner or later. The steering-column should be rigid. If shaky, the cause is probably to be found in the bolts attaching the steering-bracket to the frame being a loose fit in their holes, and a shop job will be required to make them permanently tight. Grasp one of the front wheels by opposite spokes and deflect it, noting how much play there is before the steering-wheel turns. Rock the wheel sidewise and note if the steering-knuckle is loose on its pivot-bolt. If the mechanism shows considerable play it must be overhauled, as a neglected steering-gear is dangerous on a rutty road.

Note whether the engine is quiet or noisy. Noise in the engine, especially if there is distinct knocking, indicates the need of overhauling. Lift the cover-plate from the transmission gears and note whether the latter are worn, by comparing the wearing with the non-wearing surfaces of the teeth. When the car is demonstrated, note whether gear shifts are made easily and quietly, or the reverse. Frequently some particular shift—e. g., from intermediate to high gear—will be noisy, owing to local wear.

Scrutinize the radiator. Many sorts of radiators are almost impossible to repair after they begin to leak. Notice whether the car rattles much on a rough road, and if so ascertain whether the noise comes from important or unimportant parts.

Remember that a high-grade car is worth fixing up, even if it is somewhat run down; but that a poorly built car is a bad investment, even if it is temporarily fixed up.

Personally, the writer considers it better to buy a car "as it stands," and do the overhauling afterward, since that gives the purchaser a chance to see how the work is done. A first-class job of overhauling on a car two or three years old costs usually from $200 to $400, and the average seller is not likely to spend such a sum in fixing up his car to sell. If, however, the car is bought of a responsible concern, or if its former owner be known, there is no harm in accepting an overhauled car. It is well, however, to figure on spending $100 or so for minor fixing up, exclusive of tires. Painting, if required, costs from $50 to $100.

It is hardly worth while to alter a car radically, and the older it is the less worth while do alterations become. The body may be changed or rebuilt if no changes in the chassis are required, but such changes as lengthening the wheel-base, enlarging the wheels, changing the angle of the steering-column, etc., nearly always cost more than they are worth. Unless the chassis is designed to carry a tonneau or a roadster body interchangeably, it is not advisable to change the body from roadster to tonneau, or vice versa. Nowadays the chassis is often made to suit one or another specific model of body.

Concerning Nefs

THE Duke of Saxe-Coburg possesses a unique collection of nefs—small models of ships executed in silver. Nefs are very rare. At last accounts the British Museum did not possess a single specimen, and at South Kensington they were poorly represented. The nef believed to be the finest in the world is owned by the Tsar. It was presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Tsar of that time.

The Saxe-Coburg collection comprises more than forty nefs, and is undoubtedly the largest and finest in existence. It includes beautiful specimens manufactured in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

Little is known touching the early history of these craft, but in olden days such models were frequently presented by one royal personage to another. Their primary use was as receptacles for table utensils or wine. They were constructed with the greatest care and skill, and the smiths were at great pains to render them faithful models in every detail of the vessel they were meant to represent.

As historic relics they are of great value, since the rigs and characteristics of the battleships and merchant-vessels of the various periods are correct.

The manufacture of nefs seems to have been abandoned long ago. Their cost was great, a fact which no doubt helped to render them unattainable to any but the most ardent collectors.

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"I had been treated by four different physicians during 10 years of stomach trouble. Lately I called on another, who told me he could not cure me; that I had neuralgia of the stomach. Then I went to a specialist, who told me I had catarrh of the stomach, and said he could cure me in four months, but would have to have his money down. I could not raise the necessary sum, and in my extremity I was led to quit coffee and try Postum.

"So I stopped coffee and gave Postum a thorough trial, and the results have been magical. I now sleep well at night, something I had not done for a long time; the pain in my stomach is gone, and I am a different woman.

"I dreaded to quit coffee, because every time I had tried to stop it I suffered from severe headaches; so I continued to drink it, although I had reason to believe it was injurious to me, and was the cause of my stomach trouble and extreme nervousness. But when I had Postum to shift to it was different.

"To my surprise I did not miss coffee when I began to drink Postum.

"Coffee had been steadily and surely killing me and I didn't fully realize what was doing it until I quit and changed to Postum."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Finance

RAILROAD BONDS VERSUS REAL-ESTATE MORTGAGES

By Franklin Escher

THE day of the strong-box is over. With the possession of money comes the responsibility of putting it out advantageously at interest. To its owner idle capital is no ornament, but rather a reproach. The servant who tremblingly wrapped up his talent in a napkin found but little favor with his master or his fellows.

In the United States the two most important forms of investment are the railroad bond and the first mortgage on real estate. Railroading is our principal industry, and to most people the railroad bond has always been considered the backlog of investment. But with the formation during the past few years of big companies which make a business of buying and selling real-estate mortgages and of placing them within the reach of the small investor, it has come about that in point of popularity this kind of security is coming closely to rival the railroad bond. Just at present, with the railroad bond market in so unsatisfactory a state and the companies which sell mortgages taking full advantage of the fact and doing everything in their power to popularize what they have to sell, the relative merits of the two kinds of security are being widely discussed.

Advocate for the railroad bond, step forward and say what you have to say. Wherein is the railroad bond a superior form of security for the investment of surplus savings?

In the first place, because of its marketability. The man who has put his money into a railroad bond has bought something which he can at any time sell. He is not tied to his commitment; if at any time he wants to get out of it he has a broad and open market in which he can sell. There is no red tape to be untied, no large commissions to be paid. He takes his bonds to a broker and sells them and gets his money. The broker charges him $1.25 per $1,000 bond. Under the circumstances the investor in railroad bonds is free to act as he likes—he has his money invested and still has it liquid. It is where he can get it at a moment's notice and no opportunity can slip by him because he is tied up so that he cannot take advantage of it.

Furthermore, this quality of quick marketability makes it possible to borrow easily on railroad bonds. Among the qualities which collateral must possess to make it acceptable to banks as a basis for loans, marketability takes first place. Can this collateral be readily sold in case the loan is not paid?—that is the first question the bank asks. In the case of good railroad bonds there is only one answer and that is that it can. It is more than a matter, furthermore, of whether or not the loan will be granted. It is a matter of rate as well. A man need have had but very little experience in borrowing money from banks to know that the quality and marketability of the collateral offered make a whole lot of difference in the rate charged.

It is unnecessary to say much here regarding the importance of being able to borrow fully and readily on one's investments. In the case of the individual it may be some unexpected expense, such, for instance, as the burning down of one's house, which makes imperative the need of ready money, while in the case of the business firm it may be some unavoidable reverse. In either case, where resources have been banked up in the form of good railroad bonds, it is unnecessary to sell out the investment, the bonds forming a kind of security on which any bank will lend freely and at a low rate of interest.

The second great point in favor of good railroad bonds is that they offer the discriminating investor the opportunity not only for a steady income, but for a decided increase in principal. Reference is here made to bonds of high grade only, the other kind of bonds having their uses, but not being concerned in this discussion at all.

This matter of increment in principal is one of the main points made in favor of railroad bonds by those who advocate their purchase for investment. The intrinsic value of a railroad bond, it is pointed out, is something which can be definitely ascertained. The dividend-paying stock of a railroad may be known to be worth a great deal of money, but just how much it is worth it is impossible even for the expert analyst to say. A good bond, on the other hand, is intrinsically worth just about so and so much, nor is there any great difficulty about determining its price. Under the weight of an over-issue of the bonds the price may go down, or under the stimulus of easy money-market conditions it may go up, but always it is possible to tell just about where the bonds are selling relative to where they ought normally to sell. Stocks have a par value, but no absolutely ascertainable point from which it may be said that they are "up" or "down." Bonds have. When the first-mortgage four-per-cent. bonds of the best railroads in the country sold down around 90 three years ago, everybody who knew anything about the matter at all knew that they were selling far below their actual value, the fact that nobody had any money with which to buy them being the only reason that such a condition could ever exist at all. It didn't exist long after the credit position had been straightened out and investors were once more in a position where they could buy.

Far from being a disadvantage, such fluctuations as take place in the price of good railroad bonds, their friends claim, are of the very greatest advantage to investors. A first-class four-per-cent. railroad bond selling at 103 or 104 is palpably above its investment value—too high to buy and as plainly so labelled as though its real value were inscribed on the bond itself. Similarly, when bonds of this sort get down around 95, bankers and investors realize that they have swung down below their true level. High money-rates, high cost of living, the tying up of capital—these or other things may have brought about the decline, but by the man who is familiar with what has happened before, it is realized that the operation of such influences is bound to be temporary and that the bonds are bound to "come back" sooner or later.

Plainly stated, it is often possible, on account of the operation of outside influences, to buy the best railroad bonds at such a price as to make a profit on the purchase almost a certainty. Nor by any stretch of imagination or of the English language can the man who buys in this way be said to be speculating. The intrinsic value of a Pennsylvania or Baltimore & Ohio first mortgage bond is as ascertainable as the value of anything that can be named. The chance which occasionally comes around to buy securities of this sort at several points below their true value is just one of those conditions developed by the imperfect state of our financial system, and is welcomed by patient and discriminating investors in every part of the country.

The third point in favor of railroad bonds is what might be called their impersonal character. A man who buys a bond is, in effect, lending money, and where the party to whom he is lending it is a great railroad, he is going to have his dealings with a pretty desirable sort of a debtor. There is going to be no running around after the interest, no need of threatening foreclosure proceedings unless it is speedily paid. January and July bring with them no necessity for worrying as to whether the regular check will be received or not, no wondering as to whether the poor fellow ought not to be given a little more time to pay up. Where the debtor is a big corporation, the personal feature does not figure at all. The interest day comes around and the bondholder clips off his coupon and sends it around to the bank, where money to pay it will long before have been deposited. There will be no question about its being paid on presentation. Among bankers, railroad-bond coupons are treated exactly like currency.

Advocate for the real-estate mortgage, you have heard what has been said in favor of railroad bonds—step forward and show forth the advantages possessed by the kind of security you have to offer.

First, perhaps, should be mentioned the fact that mortgages do not fluctuate in price—that the buyer puts so-and-so-much in and can count upon drawing so-and-so-much out. If the fact that a bond fluctuates means that the buyer has a chance to make a profit on his principal, must it not necessarily mean that there exists also the chance to make a loss?

How often has it happened that investors have bought what they considered "good" railroad bonds, only to have the price decline materially below what was paid. Allow that the interest is regularly paid, and that upon their maturity the bonds are going to be paid off, how about the intervening period when the price is down and the investor who wants to sell out finds that he can do so only at a loss? That never happens in the case of a mortgage. The holder in looking over his newspaper never comes across the pleasant information that the security he has bought can be had in the open market at a price considerably under what he paid for it.

The second point in favor of the real-estate mortgage is that it is usually secured on property which the holder of the mortgage is able to keep track of. Apartment-houses, dwellings, office buildings, hotels—the holder of the mortgage can see the tangible security on which he has lent his money and can at any time tell definitely just what the security is worth. How is it in case of the railroad bond? The security back of the first-mortgage bond of Pennsylvania or Baltimore & Ohio needs no watching, but there are numberless issues of railroad bonds rated as first class which have no such security back of them. Many bonds of exceedingly high standing, in fact, are not mortgage issues at all and are secured by earning-power only. Granted that this earning power has been demonstrated and that there is every probability of the road's continuing to earn very much more than is necessary to take care of the interest on its bonds and pay them off when they mature, can such security in any way be said to compare with the security of a mortgage based on tangible real estate? In the one case the lender can at any time see with his own eyes by just how much the value of the collateral security exceeds the amount of money he has loaned on it. In the other, he is absolutely dependent for his information upon published statements of earnings which may or may not represent the actual state of affairs.

Nor does the "personal element" enter into modern mortgage investments to any very great extent. Where one neighbor lends money to another on the security of his house or farm, the personal element figures largely in the transaction and the collection of the interest may be a mighty unpleasant business, but most mortgage investments nowadays are not made on that basis. The man who wants to invest his money in a mortgage nowadays is more apt to go to some one of the big companies making a specialty of investments of that sort, and the mortgage he gets is apt to be secured on some million-dollar hotel, apartment, or office building. Often, too, the mortgage will be guaranteed by the company which sells it to him, that institution standing between him and the borrower and seeing to it that all details pertaining to insurance, taxation, etc., are properly attended to.

Thirdly, in favor of mortgages, there is to be considered the fact that such investments do not usually have a distant maturity date, as do most railroad bonds, and that an adjustment of interest rates to current conditions is therefore possible. The man who buys a mortgage which has been made during a time of cheap money and which bears a comparatively low rate of interest is not tied up to his investment for a long period of time—within a few years, presumably, his mortgage will mature, and if by that time the money-market has come to favor the lender, he will be able to reinvest his capital in a mortgage bearing a correspondingly higher rate of interest. Railroad bonds usually run for a long term of years and are rigid as the interest they pay. With mortgages, the interest varies according to current conditions.

From what has been said in favor of railroad bonds and real-estate mortgages as investments, it is evident that a very high degree of excellence attaches to both classes of security and that selection between the two is bound to be very largely a matter of individual choice. If any distinction at all can be made, it is that on account of the profit possibilities and the ready convertibility into cash of the railroad bond, that form of investment is more likely to appeal to the active man of business who is in touch with current affairs. Women who administer their own affairs, on the other hand, and trustees of estates, are more likely to lean toward the non-fluctuating guaranteed real-estate mortgage.

If it were possible to ascertain what proportion of the money put into automobiles would have been put into bonds had the auto craze not developed, it would be possible to get some sort of a line on the extent to which the automobile has hurt the bond-market. It isn't possible to do anything more than guess the extent of the diversion of funds, but without hesitation it can be said that it is very great and that the bond-dealers are right in their claim that not in years has anything developed which has hurt their business as much as it has been hurt by the automobile craze.

Lamentable as it may be from other points of view, it is not the buying of automobiles by people who can't afford it which has reacted most upon the price of bonds, but rather the buying which is done out of surplus funds which would otherwise be available for investment. The man who scrapes together the cash and puts his last cent into a car is not the kind of a man who would put money into bonds anyway. It is the thousand dollars of surplus here and the two or three thousand there which would normally be used to buy a few additional bonds, but which goes to buy a new car instead—that is what counts. That is the buying power the bond-dealers rely upon and which at present they find so grievously lacking.

It is a matter, furthermore, not only of principal, but of income. To run a car costs money—money which if there were no car to be run would in all probability be saved and, eventually, in one form or another find its way into bonds. There are lots of people whose income allows them to run cars and yet to save money, but there are thousands and thousands to whom the additional expense of keeping an automobile means just the difference between being able to save and not being able to save, of being able to buy a bond or two at the end of the year or of not being able to. The aggregate of this buying power is very great and its loss is making itself keenly felt.

To the man just beginning to get interested in financial affairs there is nothing more puzzling than the sympathetic movement of securities, the way in which some unfavorable development leading to depress the copper shares, for instance, will drag down the price of railroad stocks as well. What sense is there, he asks, in a decline in some stock bringing about a decline in shares of an entirely different nature?

That the "market" moves as a whole and that there are plenty of reasons why a break in any part of it is apt to induce selling in other quarters, is well known. At the same time it is something of a question whether the average man interested in security movements does not perhaps pay too much attention to "the market" as a whole and too little to the individual stocks in which he is interested. It seldom happens, it is true, that the leading stocks of one group go up while the leading stocks of another go down, but a very little study of the records is all that is needed to see that movements may be in the same direction without being anything like uniform in extent.

The shrewd investor knows this and makes his commitments accordingly. The market, as a whole, may at any given time have declined so radically as to make it seem certain that any good securities purchased will yield a profit in the end, but before doing his buying the close observer will figure carefully just what part the stock he is thinking of buying has played in the decline. Did the influences tending to put down the general price level work directly on this particular stock? To what extent was its decline caused by the decline which took place in the rest of the market? These and a good many other similar questions he is apt to ask himself before he does his buying. The "market," after all, is made up of a whole lot of different component parts.

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W. L. Douglas shoes have been the standard for 30 years. They are absolutely the most popular and best made shoes for the price in America. W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of his shoes, which guarantees them to hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy.

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The Cause of Baldness

The microbe of baldness has been discovered; but the microbe is not the cause of baldness. The microbe is found on bald heads, because it lives where hair cannot live; but it is no more to be blamed for baldness than the weed growing rank on worn-out, abandoned land is to be blamed for the condition of the land.

Baldness and hardening of the arteries (arterio sclerosis) arise from the same cause. The scalp is irrigated and nourished by different groups of arteries. These carry nourishment to the hair. If the head-covering compresses the arteries, as it does occasionally, the blood cannot circulate with force enough to reach the hair's roots. As a result the hair dies and the head becomes bald, first in spots, then all over, wherever the roots of the hair do not receive nourishment, just as grass dies on a prairie whose irrigating canals run dry.

The hair disappears first from the terminal points of the arterial systems, because, as those regions are the last to be reached by the irrigating fluids, they are the first to suffer when the streams diminish. The scalp is one of the advance-guards of the system; one of the first to signal the proximity of the enemy. Since a covering of hair was placed upon the scalp to protect the scalp, it is foolish to shave the head or to strip the hair of its oily cover by using alkaline washes, alcohol, or soap shampoos. Cold water is unnatural and has a tendency to do serious harm not only to the hair and the head, but to the whole system. The head should not be shaved after sickness, because the convalescent needs the protection given to the scalp by the hair.

The chief care in case of falling hair should be the maintenance of the blood supply. The blood should be enriched, purified, and made to circulate. If the comb and the brush bring out hair it is because the hair is dead and ready to fall. Strong hair takes the place of hair that falls out; weak hair, hair that will die, is liable to take the place of the hair that is left to fall naturally.

Baldness and gray hair are very different matters. The normal color of the hair depends upon the deposit of pigment in the fluids running through the nutrition channels. Man's hair is like the pelt of the animal; it whitens where the skin is irritated, subjected to pressure, or kept wet.

Alkaline and alcoholic washes, or soap and water, hasten the discoloration of the hair. Habitual frictions of the scalp with beef marrow or oils gives the hair nourishment. That oily fluids are the natural capillary nourishment is shown by the microscope. Before the hair springs from the follicle it bathes in the fluid held in the terminal cup of the sebaceous glands, which tones the color, strengthens the pigmentary deposit, and renders the hair more or less impermeable to the destructive action of atmospheric heat and cold.

To sum up, the head should be protected by its hair, the scalp should be massaged with oils, and the general system should be so cared for that there will be no diminution of the blood-supply of the scalp.

The Flowers of the Sea

Like the land, the sea has its flowers, but the most brilliant of the marine flowers bloom not upon plants, but upon animals. The living corals of tropical seas present a display of floral beauty that in richness and vividness of color and variety and grace of form rivals the splendor of a garden of flowers. The resemblance to vegetal blossoms is so complete that some persons find it difficult to believe that the brilliant display contains no element of plant life, but is wholly animal in its organization. Among the sea animals that bloom as if they were plants are included, besides corals, the sea-anemone and the sea-cucumber. It has been remarked that among the coral gardens the birds and butterflies of the upper world are replaced by fishes of curious forms and flashing colors which dart about among the animal flowers.

The Perfect Clock

The most accurate timekeeper in the world is said to be the electric clock in the basement of the Berlin Observatory. It is enclosed in an air-tight glass cylinder, and has frequently run for periods of two or three months with an average daily deviation of only fifteen one-thousandths of a second. Yet astronomers are not satisfied even with this, and efforts are continually being made to secure ideal conditions for a clock by keeping it not only in an air-tight case, but in an underground vault where changes neither of temperature nor of barometric pressure shall ever affect it.

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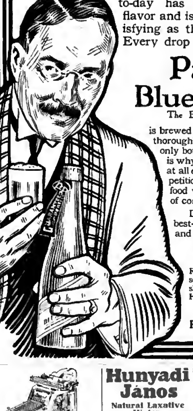

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Made and Bottled Only by Pabst at Milwaukee.

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Uncle Sam Washes His Money

THE Secretary of the United States Treasury at Washington has purchased a machine to launder United States notes. He estimates that when washing money becomes general at all the subtreasuries the government will save thereby at least one million dollars a year. This is just one of the items of economy that Uncle Sam is putting into practice.

More than two hundred million dollars of tainted greenbacks—tainted, however, with billions of disease germs—were withdrawn from circulation and destroyed last year. This vast amount of wealth, of course, had to be replaced by new money. A certain citizen, reading about this, and knowing that Uncle Sam was casting around for economy methods, thought he could invent a machine for washing money, and sell it to the government. He did. The first machine, it is said, cost $1,000. Experiments in washing and ironing notes have been conducted for some time at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and have convinced the officials that the method is a thoroughly practical one. It is estimated that at least eighty per cent. of the issues can be retained and the life of a bill doubled, and at the same time all germs will be destroyed by an antiseptic solution.

The installing of this machine will no doubt result in the establishment of a money-cleaning division of the Treasury. The apparatus is made of hardwood, and resembles in a way the ordinary clothes-washing machine. It has an upright handle above a central oblong oscillating vessel, with air-chambers at each end. In the central vessel is warm soaped water, in which the money is placed. Then the handle is worked back and forth. The air in the chambers is compressed by the contents of the vessel, thereby forcing the water through the money by pneumatic pressure. The process is as simple as washing linen. After leaving the washing-machine the notes are put through a starching and ironing process. Of course this new process is intended only for bills that have become soiled from use. Bills that have become too worn for washing will be destroyed as heretofore and new notes issued in their stead.

A Great Man's Working Trousers

In a village in the heart of Touraine there lives an old man whose pride it is that he once had the honor of making a pair of trousers for Balzac. The old tailor delights to tell of his meeting with the distinguished Frenchman.

When the tailor got to the château where Balzac was staying, he found him in the garden at work on a novel. He was so busy that the tailor waited in silence. Many sheets of paper, covered with fine writing, lay around him. He would write a spell, then stare wildly about, and then go at it again as if he knew that a world was waiting for his words.

After standing near and watching the great man awhile, the tailor at last felt that he must interrupt Balzac in order to get his measure for the trousers. Balzac was extremely good-natured; smiled as the tailor measured him, but spoke but once.

"No feet," said he, as the tailor finished his measurements. Then he turned to his work.

The worthy tailor had no idea at all what this meant, but for some reason he had not courage enough to interrupt the novelist again to ask. However, the tailor chanced to meet a servant on his way out, and of him inquired what M. Balzac meant by "No feet."

"Oh," responded the servant, "Monsieur Balzac wants his trousers made without any openings at the bottom, so that he can sit and write without having to put on slippers."

The Japanese Policeman

JAPAN has a police force modelled after the French system. In various places throughout Tokio there are small koban-sho, which resemble sentry-boxes, but are larger.

Three men are attached to each box daily. One remains inside resting, while another stands at the door, and the third patrols a beat, returning at regular intervals to the box. Stations are changed every eight hours. After twenty-four hours' work the three officers are given the same length of time to rest, and three other men are sent to the box.

During their "off" days the men are employed in taking census returns, making reports regarding the condition of streets, bridges, embankments, drains, and cemeteries. They also report weddings, births, deaths, theatrical performances, and the presence of suspicious persons.

The Seaweed Harvest

THE right to harvest seaweed, which was suppressed during the Revolution, was restored to the French coastal population by Napoleon in the early days of the First Consulate. The suppression had piled tons of weeds along the coasts, for the life in the sea is so intense that seaweed grows even in regions where ice arrests all other vegetation. The mountains and valleys under the sea are covered with plants; and this submarine vegetation includes thickets and forests in whose shelter live marine denizens of many kinds.

In Brittany, where bladder-wrack abounds, it is called, in Breton patois, "goemon." The law gives the "seaweed fishers" the right to harvest the weed from March 31st to August 15th. The harvest is reaped only by daylight, with sharp cutters, rakes, and prongs like cutting-blades. When the time comes to harvest "goemon," the "plant fishers" line-up their carts along shore at low-water mark. The carts stand hub deep in the sea, the horses breast deep, and the women rake from the carts, with skirts floating on the water.

The weed is an excellent fertilizer, affords good nourishment for cattle, and makes fine fuel for the people who have no forests. In many places seaweed is eaten with relish. At Land's End the peasants eat "goemon bread" at feasts. The "bread" is a perfumed jelly in a case formed by its own natural crust. In some places seaweed is dried and powdered; the powder, which is sweet, is used instead of sugar, being a near relation of glucose. In China and Japan sea-wrack is eaten flavored or seasoned in different ways, or pickled in vinegar. The "swallows' nests," prized by Asiatics, are a product of the same growth.

Seaweed gives the chemist bromides, soda, potassium, and iodine. Some seaweeds contain mineral substances, some are rich in fucoglycine, a product used with good effect as a substitute for cod liver oil. The sea's riches are inexhaustible; all that man needs is the knowledge required to use them to the best advantage.

Cheating the Guinea Boys

HUMAN nature is pretty much the same everywhere, even in New Guinea, as the following story shows:

In certain parts of New Guinea, wallaby, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and the traveller in search of sport finds the pursuit of them an exciting occupation. Wallaby steaks are a refreshing change from canned meats, and the natives are only too glad to have the remnants of the carcass.

On one occasion a Britisher had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast, and secured four wallaby, an ample supply for his whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that, although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it, none of the native boys in the party would touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that, if they ate wallaby before reaching a certain age, it would stop their growth.

These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallaby are few, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

A Surprising "Bag"

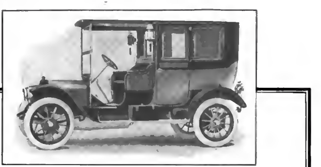
A CALIFORNIAN, who was shooting quail in a large vineyard near Santa Rosa, had met with excellent success. Indeed, his "bag" was so fine a one that an element of mystery entered into the affair.

At first he thought he must be shooting tame quail, the birds behaved so strangely, refusing to fly until nearly trodden underfoot, and then fluttering through the air in a most unnatural manner.

The hunter's dog continued to bring in live birds, which he supposed at the outset he had wounded; but when their number began to exceed the number of his shots, the fact was borne in upon him that this was a very strange hunt.

Finally he came upon a bird lying upon its back and kicking. He picked it up. It appeared to be uninjured. Setting it upon its legs, he watched to see what it would do. It staggered and floundered a few feet farther, and then fell helplessly on its back.

Then a suspicion of the truth came to the hunter, and he proceeded to investigate. It turned out that the quail had been feeding on frost-bitten grapes, which had fermented on the vines. They were quite drunk, and as completely incapacitated as human beings are in a similar condition.



The Aristocrats of Town Cars

IN that service in which style is an indispensable qualification—town cars for Winter use—the White Limousines and Landaulets are offered as conspicuous examples of correctness. There is an indefinable air of style about them—a patrician elegance evident in every line—in the deft touch of the artist which has overlooked no detail. The appointments are rich and luxurious while showing a proper sense of repression—the inconspicuous things are as carefully handled as though you were to see them—in fact, the ensemble proclaims their aristocratic lineage.

About Size—The Limousine Without being cumbersome or unwieldy, the body is large enough to carry five passengers comfortably, yet by clever designing the car has a neatness and trimness out of all proportion with its actual capacity. The body is of aluminum, and one never feels it is too large even when alone, yet it is not crowded when every seat is occupied.

The Appointments The inside dome Electric Lights, the toilet articles, the silk curtains which shade the French plate windows, are all of a quality and sumptuousness which mark the White products. The Broadcloth, Whipcord, or Leather upholstery is offered in any shade desired, and is of a quality in keeping with the other details. Even the window spaces have been carefully planned to give the occupant comfort and elegance. The window sashes are of polished rosewood, brass beveled, and the doors are extremely wide and low—a convenience for women when elaborate toilets are worn. In fact, nothing has been overlooked that could contribute to the comfortableness and refined appearance characteristic of the White cars.

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Room with private bath: $3.00 to $5.00 per day

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Room with detached bath: $3.00 to $8.00 per day
Room with private bath: $5.00 to $8.00 per day

Two Connecting Rooms with Bath:
Two persons, - - $5.00 to $8.00 per day
Four persons, - - $8.00 to $15.00 per day

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All rooms at $5.00 or more are same price for one or two persons.

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Motor-car Don'ts for Neophyte Owners

By Stewart Iven De Krafft

You are, or you may be, one of the 300,000 buyers of an automobile who never before have owned a car. It is your collective investment which has made it possible for the manufacturers of this country to turn out a product valued at $[illegible] in the year of grace 1910, a very tidy sum for the various interests vitally concerned in the making of the motor-car and its up-keep. It is estimated that on July 1st of the present year more than a billion and a quarter of dollars was invested in automobiles of all kinds in the United States; it is your demand for a car which has spurred the maker to greater endeavor, and your complaints which have remedied some glaring construction faults, until the nearly perfect machine is in sight.

That the factories cannot meet the demand of the agents and buyers is illustrated by the fact that the present writer, while in Texas, in the scouting-car for the recent 1910 Glidden tour, was offered $10,000 for a car which cost $1,350, f. o. b., at the factory at Racine, Wisconsin. The extra fittings brought the actual selling price, *not cost*, which is about twenty per cent. less, to $1,500. And this car had taken five weeks to make the run from Cincinnati to Dallas in the dead of winter, over roads a man on horseback would not attempt to negotiate.

Don't imagine that the manufacturer is a highwayman, or the selling agent, either, for that matter.

Don't attempt to buy a $10,000 car for $2,500. It cannot be done.

Don't purchase a car until you have decided how much money you care to invest.

Don't invest on your own judgment, or be beguiled by alluring advertisements. After deciding upon the amount you intend to spend, go to some person you can trust who knows cars, tell him your needs and desires, and be guided by his advice.

Don't overlook the fact that all agents are "delighted" to demonstrate their cars. In having this "demonstration," be sure and take in all kinds of country and roads; you never can tell when you want to make a tour, or the call you may make on the car.

Don't forget that it is machinery—not paint, varnish, and upholstering—which brings you to your journey's end.

Don't fail to read the book of instructions which all makers give with each car sent from the factory. If you are hazy about any instruction, ask the agent. He will explain.

Don't think that your ability to employ a driver excuses you from knowing how to operate your car. You should know all about its mechanism yourself, so as to be able to drive, either for pleasure or in case of emergency. Also the automobile laws of many States require the owner and driver to pass an examination before receiving a license.

Don't, above all things, "joy-ride." No sane person balks with death, and "joy riding" is responsible for ninety per cent. of the automobile disasters ending in death and maiming.

Don't fail to have the agent's representative instruct you in the proper way to drive your car. Have him remain with you until you master the fundamental principles. The time necessary depends upon your nerve and knowledge of machinery.

Don't in driving your car, fail to keep uppermost in mind that the cardinal thing is to *stop* it—not start it.

Don't lose your head; keep cool. The mere fact that your life is in danger in an accident is no reason why you should kill or maim a dozen to escape what, in many cases, is the result of your own folly.

Don't start on a trip—no matter how limited you may think it will be—without seeing you have plenty of oil, gasoline, and water. Otherwise you are courting trouble.

Don't take some one else's word that you have supplies and tools. See for yourself. You should not start out on a trip without a change of clothing and a supply of clean linen.

Don't fail to observe the rules of the road. Slow down when approaching a vehicle; if animal-drawn, stop; if the horse is frightened, alight and lead him past the car. It is the best missionary work you can do to increase the popularity of the automobile. Besides, it saves damage suits growing out of accidents.

Don't try to "hog" the road or "burn it up." States and municipalities have laws and ordinances which are made and enforced for the protection of the public. Study them and avoid arrest.

Don't try to take a steep and winding hill on high speed. The second speed will take you up faster and with less strain on the car.

Don't attempt to coast down a steep hill without being sure that your brakes are equally adjusted.

Don't fail to test your brakes before starting out; have them equally adjusted and avoid accidents.

Don't imagine that your foot-brake will stop you in a hurry. The emergency brake lever is at your hand for a purpose.

Don't start out without seeing that your nuts and bolts are tight.

Don't allow the motor to race. It is hurtful.

Don't ride on soft tires. They make punctures easy, and blow-outs are more liable to occur.

Don't have tires too hard; about eighty pounds pressure is right. Every tire has stamped on the rim the pressure needed. Keep tires pumped up to that pressure. If you use a foot pump and have no pressure indicator (which costs $1.50) have the tire bulge when the car is empty. Then you are safe.

Don't forget that tires cost money—from $32 to $90 each. In case of cuts, dig-outs or blisters, wash with gasoline and use liquid cement. If you have an extra shoe, replace the injured one, giving the repairs time to dry and harden.

Don't imagine that a patch on an inner tube repairs the trouble; it is an emergency shift. The heat generated by friction will melt the cement in time. Have it vulcanized as soon as possible, which practically makes a new tube.

Don't vulcanize outer tubes; it burns the cotton fabric. In case of serious tire-trouble go to your dealer—it is up to him.

Don't neglect to have inner-tube valves perfectly set. Much so-called "tire trouble" is caused by slow leaks in the valve rather than in the tire.

Don't jam on your brakes if the car skids, you may tip it over. Slow down, let your car roll, and drive carefully.

Don't drive fast or turn corners at high speed on a wet, slippery pavement, or you will invite skidding.

Don't imagine that you can prevent skidding—that is impossible. Metal or studded rubber treads will reduce the possibility in winter, also the speed of the car. In touring, chains are used, but these are more for traction in wet clay roads.

Don't "jump" the car by quick opening of the throttle; start gradually, as if you were driving a horse.

Don't fail to throw your switch from the battery to the magneto, once the motor is running.

Don't fail to see that the shifting-gear is neutral in starting. Then adjust spark and throttle valves according to instructions which go with the car, throw on your switch, and crank.

Don't neglect to crank rapidly, and with the left hand, always pulling up, unless you want a broken wrist or arm.

Don't drive with the spark so much advanced that the engine pounds. It is hard on the engine, also a sign that you are a poor driver.

Don't blame the engine if a cylinder misses; it is probably caused by a dirty spark plug. Test the plugs if you have time; but, better still, replace a faulty plug with a new one. It takes only a minute, and road repairs are harrowing things at best.

Don't light a match to see how much gasoline there is in the tank. The fools are not all dead yet, but this is one way of killing them.

Don't fill the gasoline tank when the lamps are lighted. You may spill some of it and cause an explosion.

Don't neglect to see that the car is well lubricated.

Don't let your exhaust emit a cloud of smoke. You are burning up "gas" and oil needlessly, both of which cost money. Besides, you befoul the atmosphere.

Don't go on an extended trip without testing your battery. No battery, no spark; no spark, no start.

Don't think that if a six-volt igniting battery is good, an eight-volt is better. It isn't.

Don't neglect to keep your lamps filled. You may need them badly some time.

Don't let your acetylene tubes become filled with water; your headlight equipment needs attention if you would use it to light the road.

Don't leave the car alone with the motor running idle.

Don't believe that your radiator will do its work without water. It won't. Filter the water unless you want it clogged with sand and alkali.

Don't let the radiator freeze. Cover it in cold weather, and drain it at night.

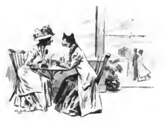
Don't fail to strain your gasoline.

Don't fool with the carburetor. It is adjusted before leaving the factory. If your mixture of gasoline and air is too heavy or light, go to the garage.

Don't neglect to secure a license.

Don't become imbued with the idea that these "Don'ts" are intended for the experienced driver. They are not.

Don't imagine that these warnings are the result of one man's experience. They are selected from the opinions of some of the most skilful professional drivers in the United States.



MILK-TABLE GOSSIP

MRS. TABBY. "It is rumored that your husband Tom is living a double life!"

MRS. MALTESE. "I'm afraid that he's living eighteen of them!"

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Warm Weather

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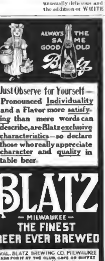

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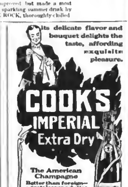

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Legacies to Royalty

MANY monarchs of Europe, not to speak of other personages of royal extraction, frequently receive legacies from subjects of whose existence they have been ignorant.

The late King Edward received many of these testimonials from his subjects at their death; and of living rulers, the Kaiser and the Emperor of Russia must be set down as the principal legatees of admirers.

Not so long ago William had left him by a Munich testator the sum of $25,000, "as a humble subject's mark of appreciation of the splendid monarchical and statesmanlike qualities which His Majesty has displayed, and to signify dissent from the criticisms that are from time to time levelled against him." Not all the Germans who make their wills in favor of the Kaiser are so flattering as this, for once a tradesman in Berlin sought to make his Emperor his heir only on condition that His Imperial Majesty should bring about certain changes in his mode of public address. The savings of this tradesman remained in his own family.

The Tsar has had many legacies left him, the majority of which came just after the efforts which he made a few years ago in support of the Hague Peace Convention.

Edward VII. was the possessor of a portrait that served as a constant reminder of the most curious will ever made in favor of a royal family. The picture was that of Henry W. Gibbs, Q.C., C.B., who, for a period of six years, in the fifties, was the private tutor of Edward, then Prince of Wales. In the will wherein Mr. Gibbs bequeathed this painting to his former pupil he also left to Queen Victoria a packet of letters "in the red box that contains my patent as Queen's Counsel." To the present King, George V. (then the Duke of York), and to the then Duchess of Fife, Gibbs left the sum of one hundred guineas each, while to the Princesses Victoria and Maud he bequeathed $12,500 each. In the case of the latter, however, the will was revoked on the occasion of her marriage to Prince Charles of Denmark, but a codicil made her the recipient of one hundred guineas, so that it should not appear that she was forgotten.

An odd feature of legacies left to royalty is that they sometimes come from misers who, either through enmity toward their own kinsfolk or because they are friendless, make their sovereign their heir. A well-known instance in this relation was that of one "Daddy East," as he was called, who some thirty years ago left every cent he possessed to Queen Victoria. East was well-known to Londoners who frequented the Bloomsbury region. It is said that he was the most successful beggar that ever prowled that quarter. He lived in a dirty cellar, and dressed in rags, a circumstance that led no one to suspect that he was the possessor of quite a fortune.

It would seem, however, that the police had their suspicions, for, when he died, a thorough search was made by them of his cellar, with the result that over five hundred pounds in gold was found hidden under the cellar floor. There was also unearthed a will, carefully drawn up by a lawyer and properly attested. It consisted of but two lines, requesting that the money that was found should be handed over to Her Majesty the Queen for her own use.

Another curious will, made in favor of a member of the Guelph family, was that drawn by an eccentric old country lady at the time Edward, in his younger days, was making his tour through India. The testator directed that two hundred and fifty pounds should be forwarded to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, a sum which, it was hoped "would help in some trifling degree to pay the enormous expense which the Heir Apparent's trip has involved."

Kings at Work

THE modern monarch has so much work of a purely business-like character to do that for the most part he finds it necessary to adopt strictly business methods, regarding himself, so to speak, as the head of a great commercial concern.

Probably the most energetic and business-like of the European rulers is William of Germany. It has been said that the Kaiser is in his office busily attacking affairs of state when most of the other sovereigns are still abed—that is to say, he is hard at work by six o'clock in the morning. William long ago found that such early habits on his part were necessary if he was to accomplish his task successfully. Besides signing innumerable documents, every one of which he reads himself, the Kaiser holds many conferences with his ministers and chiefs of departments. It is said that the Emperor either writes or dictates about fifty letters a day.

The late King Edward was one of the busiest and most methodical of monarchs. No doubt his successor, George V., a man of pronounced practicality, will follow his father's ideas. Edward maintained at each of the royal palaces what was nothing more nor less than a simple office, devoid of all the luxurious appointments that one might expect to find in the private apartment of the ruling head of Great Britain. On an average there were about 40,000 letters or official papers of one kind or another that demanded his attention or that of his secretary during the space of a year. Edward was most particular that all his letters and papers should be arranged and filed according to an excellent system largely of his own invention. He never kept any of them after the necessity for so doing had ceased.

Of all the offices of kings, that in which the ruler of Italy performs his daily task is said to be the plainest and least pretentious. This arises partly from the fact that Victor Emmanuel's tastes are of the simplest, and that his views on business matters are very strict, and partly from the rigorous Spartan method of his upbringing, in the course of which he was taught to forego all that savored of luxury. He is at his desk every morning not later than nine o'clock, and, naturally, insists upon a like punctuality on the part of his public servants.

There is a story to the effect that, on one occasion, Victor Emmanuel observed that the work of one of the government departments was very much behindhand. Wishing to ascertain the reason therefor, the King turned up at the office of the chief one morning just before nine o'clock. The first of the subordinate officials of the department did not appear until two hours later, and it was noon before the chief himself arrived. When he did arrive, what was his astonishment and chagrin to find the King himself at his desk doing his work. Within a short time there were gazetted some important changes in that department.

The Emperor Francis Joseph starts his business day at seven and gets through early. He is a good worker, however, and keeps his assistants hard at it till closing time.

The Tsar of Russia is another hard worker in his office, where he has been known to put in a day that commenced just after breakfast and lasted well into the evening. The Tsar, like the King of Italy, maintains the plainest sort of an office: it is simply furnished, with plenty of desks and cabinets of drawers, embracing an elaborate card-index system.

The Number of Animal Species

IN 1830 Günther made a list of all the known animal species. In 1881 another list was made and the two lists were compared. In 1830 there were about 78,588 species; in 1881 the number had increased to 311,653. And as the minimum yearly increase since then has been 12,000, about 600,000 are known at the present time. This is a large figure, but it is probable that it is insignificant compared with figures of the species as yet undiscovered.

The world of the lower animals is teeming. In 1905 the naturalist Sharper listed a quarter of a million insects and expressed the belief that a quarter of a million was only a tenth part of the number of insects on earth.

Flexible Sandstone

THERE have been exhibited from time to time at international expositions abroad specimens of flexible sandstone from Kaliab in the Punjab, India. Slabs of this stone between three and four feet in length are said to bend under their own weight, giving forth a creaking sound resembling that made by a strip of tin. Placed in a box with only their ends supported, the slabs assume a curved form.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

R. Ford Harper

September 10 1910 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

"The Hon. Thelismer Thornton is as racy a native in his way as Hosea Biglow or David Harum."
—New York Evening Post.

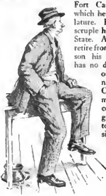
THE RAMRODDERS

A New Novel by
HOLMAN DAY

Author of "King Spruce," "The Eagle Badge," etc.

[This review of THE RAMRODDERS appeared in the New York Evening Post, July 23, 1910.]

STORIES of American politics commonly suffer from too much intention. It is over-clear what the author is driving at in the way of partisan or moral effectiveness. Yankee politics has seemed to afford a particularly uncertain foothold to the novelist. Either seductions of dialect and local color have proved too strong, or the imagination has been insufficiently stirred by the public scene. **Twice of late, however, with "Mr. Crewe's Career" and "The Ramrodders," a really vigorous narrative has emerged from the vague limbo** in which float the materials of the historical story-teller's art. Mr. Churchill's theme was the corrupt dominance of a government by a corporation; Mr. Day's is its dominance by an insincere tradition. The name of the State involved is nowhere mentioned in the course of the story, but that is not because the author feared to acknowledge his locus. This kind of anonymity, formal as it may be, serves to enhance the suggestion of a wider meaning in the parable. However, the "color" is unmistakable. **The Hon. Thelismer Thornton is as racy a native in his way as Hosea Biglow or David Harum.** His fund of rustic parables is inexhaustible, and no contretemps is too serious to be hit off, Lincoln-wise, with some analogy from "up our way." Thornton has been known for many years as the "Duke of Fort Canibas"—an up-State district which he represents in the State Legislature. His adroitness and lack of scruple have made him a power in the State. At eighty-five he determines to retire from politics, and to make a grandson his successor. Harlan Thornton has no desire to enter politics, and is outraged to find himself nominated by an unscrupulous trick. Once in the game, however, he makes up his mind to play it according to his own rules, not his grandfather's—to play fair, and to put himself on the honorable side of every issue. Thornton, Senior, has no such intention. He believes that his grandson will be very quickly shaken down from his untenable heights by contact with practical politics. A reform agitation is in progress, and the Duke of Fort Canibas feels that neither of the advertised candidates for the Republican nomination is strong enough for the situation. Consequently, he persuades a contemporary of his own, an ex-Governor, to stand for the nomination—believing that he will stand by the party machine in the Governor's chair. Young Thornton comes out of the fight a strong man. There are, of course, two girls in his case, but they are neither of them conventional, and the "love-interest" is not too obviously lugged into a story of unusual force.



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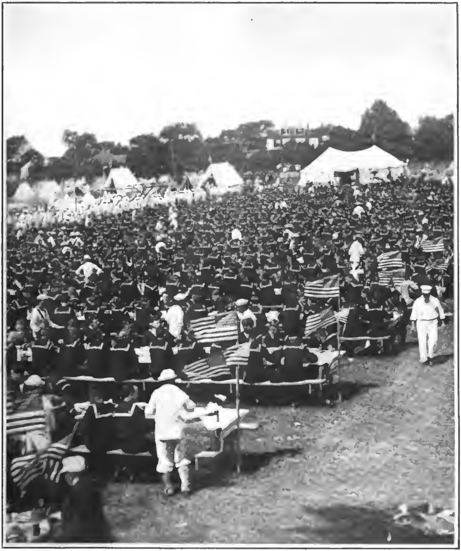

FEASTING THE SAILORS OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET

A gigantic clambake was given at Newport, R. I., recently to nearly four thousand bluejackets from Rear-Admiral Schroeder's battleships. The men were waited upon by white-clad apprentices from the Naval Training Station. The sailors' menu included fish, chowder, sweet-potatoes, and watermelon, and every man jack of them had all he could possibly eat

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Comment

Is it not a circumstance most fortuitous, a veritable blessing from Heaven, that at this time when our court of last resort, the final arbiter of all vital disputes, is being virtually reconstituted, we have in the appointive seat a great and sober judge, jealous of the honor of his profession, keen in discriminating between intellectual, judicial, and individual capacities and consecrated to the fundamental truth that this is and must continue to be a Government of laws and not of men?—From "A Plea for Conservation of Common Sense," in *The North American Review* for September.

The Issue Autocracy

The issue is joined and we must fight or fall.—Theodore Roosevelt.

This is true. And the issue is nothing else than Mr. Roosevelt's plain proposal to change our government from one of laws to one of men, or rather of one man—himself. He "stands" not merely "for fair play under the present rules," but also "for having those rules changed." His personal denunciation of judges of the Supreme Court as "fossilized" is serious only as inciting disrespect for judicial tribunals—sinister, it is true, but of comparatively little moment. What is important in the highest degree is his determination to effect a complete change of basis in the forming of decisions.

The chief duty of the higher courts, under our present system of government, is to interpret statutes enacted by Congress and to determine whether such statutes conform to or conflict with the fundamental law embodied in the Constitution. With the merits or demerits, advantages or disadvantages of such enactments, the courts have nothing to do. The people themselves, acting through their Representatives in the lawmaking bodies, are the sole judges of all questions bearing upon the desirability of suggested legislation.

Mr. Roosevelt does not criticise the Supreme Court for failing to interpret laws after the manner set forth in the Constitution. On the contrary, it is the very fidelity of the judges to their oaths of office that he deplores and condemns, upon the ground that decisions so reached are often "in direct contradiction to the spirit and needs of the time." He, therefore, would change the standard from strict observance of limitations carefully presented by the Constitution to personal opinion on the part of the judges as to immediate needs.

The revolutionary character of the proposal is apparent. Deprived of sheet or anchor, unhampered by restrictions of any kind, free to pronounce the law, not what it is, but what in its judgment it ought to be, the court would become a judicial tyrant. But that is not Mr. Roosevelt's intent. Back of the court would be a greater power, an omnipotent authority, from which the judges would derive their opinions respecting the needs and spirit of the time. "The New Nationalism," Mr. Roosevelt declares, "demands of the judiciary that it shall be interested primarily in human welfare rather than in property"; and the New Nationalism also "regards the Executive power as the steward of the public welfare." Since the Executive is also the appointive power, it is easy to perceive who would be the master interpreter. There would remain the possibility of recalcitrancy on the part of a judge. But Mr. Roosevelt provides for even this remote contingency. "The prompt removal of unfaithful or incompetent public servants," he declares, "should be made easy and sure." This makes the chain of autocracy complete.

The device is as ingenious as it is devilish. No argument is necessary, no illustration essential, to ready comprehension of the limitless bounds of Executive authority thus fortified. Congress would be helpless; the State governments would be paralyzed; an absolute monarch would occupy the White House. There is, in our mind, not the slightest question of Theodore Roosevelt's ambition and determination to achieve this position by whatever means, fair or foul, he may have at his command.

It is, then, not as a common scold, nor as a public nuisance, but as an avowed enemy of the Republic, as a foe of popular government, as a virtual traitor to American institutions as they were created and now exist, that Roosevelt, the force, must be regarded, must be met, must be crushed.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

President Wilson to the Lawyers

Everybody seems to agree that nowadays, right here in free America, democracy needs a lot of looking after. The note of free-and-easy confidence and optimism on the subject, once so common, is grown decidedly rare. People may differ about the precise character of the danger. While some fear that "the interests" will simply go on increasing their power, others are more concerned lest there be a sudden revulsion to socialism. But that there *is* danger to democracy in the way business is now carried on, and that something must be done about it—something serious and thoroughgoing and difficult—this feeling is in the air. Along with it goes the desire for guidance and counsel, the demand and searching, more or less unconscious, but more and more urgent, for leadership. Now this demand is directed toward the politicians, now toward the scholars, now toward the clergy and others committed to good works, now toward those very masters in business whose power is the most disturbing feature of the situation. In an address before the American Bar Association at Chattanooga last week, President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton turns it full upon the lawyers.

He speaks as himself a lawyer, and the reasons he gives why our present emergency presents to his profession a peculiar and transcendent opportunity and obligation cannot be lightly dismissed. It is hardly too much to say that he makes out his case; that he shows that the bar *is* the profession, that the lawyers *are* the men, whose aid and counsel democracy in America is at present peculiarly in need of.

Democracy in Need of Legal Advice

To show how President Wilson shows this would be to give in different form a great part of an address which would much better be read in the form he himself gave to it; but to indicate briefly the train of thought he follows may be permissible.

Our present struggle, he points out, like all the past struggles of society, is a struggle for law. The history of liberty is a history of law. What we are fighting for is not right ideas about this new order in business, about corporations and trusts, about our own and other people's rights and duties, but the embodying and establishing of those right ideas in law, so that society shall be actually conformed to them. And the need is not merely for law, but for a kind of law that laymen will not readily find or frame. It comes, too, at a time when the understanding of law, particularly constitutional law, is far less general than it used to be, and also the interest in law; at a time when legislatures listen with impatience to constitutional discussions; when the great mass of lawyers have been themselves drawn into those distinctly business activities which characterize the age, and devote their knowledge and skill solely to the service of particular interests. The lawyer-statesman is the only man who can meet the precise need of society to-day; and the call for him is all the more urgent because it comes when law and statesmanship seem to be nearer a complete divorce than at any time since a group of great lawyers framed our Constitution. Expert legal knowledge and instinct, exercised in statesmanship—this is the requirement.

It may be put more specifically. The dominant device of the time is the corporation—so distinctly a legal device that it is in great measure a legal fiction—and the marvellous extension of its function has submerged the great mass of individuals and raised up a few to a height where they are practically freed from individual responsibility. To rehabilitate the individual—by rescuing the submerged, by making responsible the over-powerful and over-privileged—is the task in hand: and it is clearly a task for the same kind of skill that has created the corporation and made its immunities so bewilderingly effective. More specifically still, the problem for the lawyer-statesman, the problem of the corporation, is to "abandon at the right points the fatuous, antiquated, and quite unnecessary fiction which treats it as a legal person": There is this happy illustration:

> One thinks of the old Confederation, which we had to abandon because it tried to govern States and could not command individuals.

And there is a wealth of amplification and enforcement of the central appeal which makes it, one would say, irresistible by men of any nobleness. It would be hard to find in the oratory of recent years—even since political insurgency set a new standard of candor with public questions—another taking account of our present state which goes straighter to the vital issues, or offers so practical a lead.

Patriotism as a Controlling Motive

Yet there is a way of looking at things which would pronounce President Wilson unpractical because he appeals, not to the self-interest of the lawyers in front of him, but to their disinterestedness; because he does not show them a way to make money or save it, or to advance themselves or serve their clients, but a way to be patriotic; because he addresses himself to simple patriotism as a motive strong enough to shape the conduct of many men. There come times to us all when we find it hard to believe in anybody's disinterestedness, anybody's patriotism. The constant revelations, in the press and in our own experiences, of selfishness, of chicanery, of cold-blooded or hot-blooded pursuit of the main chance, sometimes bring us to moods of complete scepticism of nobleness. Human nature—our own included—seems to us a thing incapable of being really governed by any motive but self-interest. Spurts of generosity, sacrifice, there may be; but steady persistence in unpaid service—and this by many men—is for the time unthinkable. It is never, in fact, very easily conceivable—after one has left one's youth behind. But the weight of evidence is, in fact, like one's own ordinary faith, rather in favor of most men's being capable of patriotism, as of other forms of unselfishness. There are a few priceless, well-attested examples of men who for years have steadily set their country's welfare above every kind of private interest and desire: men who, through the distracting play of all varieties of human motives, through politics, war, business, diplomacy, have held unchangingly to some great patriotic purpose. "Beware of Burghley," wrote, in a dark hour for Elizabeth's England, one conspirator to another; and for year after year, decade after decade, the eye of the great Cecil was forever at watch, ferreting out the agents of Philip and France and the Papacy, sleeplessly guarding the liberties of his country and the life of his queen. Yet the duplicity of his age was at least equal to that of our own; most historians think it was greater; and Burghley employed all the guile he knew.

Unquestionably, our country at present demands, for the rendering of the peculiar service it must have, a combination of shrewdness and patriotism, of knowledge of evil and devotion to the right, of lawyer-like sophistication and soldier-like consecration, such as men's ordinary dealings will not disclose. But other countries have had such service. So has ours had it—at least twice in its history. It is right, and it is not unreasonable or unpractical, to ask now, simply and straightforwardly, of the kind of men who seem best fitted to render it.

Suppose the Truce Should End

For something like a year and a half this country has been speculating about the true relations of Taft and Roosevelt. For about a year it has been discussing the rift in the Republican party. Gradually the two uncertainties have drawn together. The courtesies and good-will offerings between President Taft and the out-and-out insurgents ceased some time ago—more's the pity! Peacemakers and busybodies had not ceased, up to the time the Colonel went West, to oscillate between Beverly and Oyster Bay, but the communications between the two leaders were rather absurdly indirect, and for a day or two the best that could be said of them was that they had not become openly hostile. The Colonel declared he had not attacked the administration—with "yet" strongly implied. Then the President put the candor of complete detail into his denial that he had anything whatever to do with turning down the Colonel in the New York State Committee. Neither statement would have been necessary if there had still been real friendliness, understanding, co-operation. The two men, one was bound to see, had drifted almost as far apart as the two factions of their party.

The Colonel is a progressive, and the President is—well, not an insurgent. The breaking off of friendly intercourse between him and the progressive leaders was regrettable, because he and they had really more in common than he and the stand-patters had; because by co-operating with the progressives he could probably have got a better tariff bill and other results the country needs. But a break between the President and the Colonel might not be altogether regrettable. Like the removal of Mr. Pinchot last winter, it might clear the atmosphere, lessen the need for pretence and hypocrisy, and greatly simplify the task of the average Republican in making up his mind where he stands. Many a Republican would like to choose Taft and the progressives, and some, doubtless, would like Roosevelt and the regulars. But that choice cannot be offered. The divergence on public policies would, however, present itself at last as a personal rivalry, a human issue, intense and passionate—like the struggle between Clay and Jackson; and plenty of people would rather have it in that form. There would be criminations and recriminations galore. A party does not break in two like a lump of protoplasm.

Taft and Tariff Reform

It was easy to find the weakness of the President's letter to Congressman McKinley for the Republican campaign text-book. Most of the papers pounced on it at once. He made his letter mainly a setting forth of how Congress has redeemed the Republican convention promises, began with the tariff, and, of course, therefore, got into trouble right at the start. The convention promised that the basis of the revision should be the difference of cost of production here and abroad, and Congress did not follow the rule. Congress had not the information needed for a revision on that plan, and made no sincere effort to get it. So the President only hurts his case and his party's case by referring to the tariff pledge at all.

All very true. The Weekly has several times remarked with regret that the President is not much of a politician. Neither is he a good advocate when the facts are against him, and the facts of that revision are decidedly against an apologist for his party. But there is something else about the tariff in this letter that ought not to be neglected, for it is valuable—much more valuable than the cleverest kind of special pleading would have been. The President comes out squarely and unequivocally for further revision by taking up the various schedules separately just as soon as the Tariff Commission reports on them. That is the most practical and business-like plan of tariff reform that has been proposed since the present agitation began. Take with it the President's perfectly candid admission that excessive tariff rates do enable and encourage manufacturers to combine instead of competing, and we have the high-water mark of Republican commitment to that reform. Make every allowance and abatement for the President's mistakes and fallings short, for his too quick parting with the insurgents and his too great trustfulness of Aldrich, and don't forget Winona, either, and nevertheless this remains true—that no other Republican President, living or dead, ever did so much as he has done toward freeing his party and his country from high-protectionism. He bids fair, in fact, to play precisely the rôle which this paper, on his entering office, hoped he might come to play—the rôle played by Sir Robert Peel in the history of tariff reform in England. That, one recalls, was not a course that won popularity or continuance in power. It merely won the respect of honest people—and served the country.

Contrast this record of President Taft, faults and blunders and weakness and all, with that of his predecessor—of the man who has been roaring virtue and courage all over the West and will soon be displaying himself to the South—and one's gorge rises. One sympathizes with Brother Ogden of the *Post*, who the other day found parliamentary language inadequate and proceeded to free his mind with any other that came to hand. For it is actually suggested that *tariff reform* is one of the policies for betraying which William H. Taft may be supplanted by Theodore Roosevelt!

Gambling in Cotton

Cotton sold for twenty cents a pound last week. That is to say, a little of it sold for that price, for a very little while, on the New York Cotton Exchange. The fact made good head-lines, for that was the highest price since 1873. It does not appear, however, that any of the farmers who grow cotton have been getting that price, or that the manufacturers have been paying that price. This was an affair between speculators—men who neither grow nor spin, but merely buy and sell, or, more often, merely agree to buy or sell. The growers of cotton have, it is true, been getting a good price for it. Cotton is high, for natural reasons. How much higher it is because of speculation and the success of a "bull" campaign nobody seems to know precisely. But it is said more mills are shut down than at any time since the Civil War, and the mill men give the high price of their raw material as the reason, and blame chiefly the speculators, not the farmers. The situation is serious, and ought to lead to a closer study than we have yet made of the effect of speculation—that is to say, gambling—in a commodity of general use. If it can be established that speculation alone has so disturbed prices as to bring actual productive industry to a halt, then it ought to be possible to do something about it. In fact, something will have to be done about it.

Mayor Seidel Begs to be Excused

Mr. Seidel, the Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, has both dignity and manners. Declining to serve on a Roosevelt reception committee, because, he says, of "the unscholarly and unfair position that Mr. Roosevelt has taken in the discussion of the movement in which I have spent all my spare time and energy," he still conveys to the reception committee the assurance that as Mayor he extends to their guest "the courtesy that every man is entitled to in a republic."

Very polite man, Mr. Seidel; and yet not without due stiffening in the spinal column. Officially he is ready to welcome Mr. Roosevelt, but personally he does not like his opinions. And yet when it comes to Conservation, Mayor Seidel and Mr. Roosevelt must stand pretty close together, and indeed when Mr. Seidel has read the Osawatomie speech it will be interesting to have him expound on what points he and Colonel Roosevelt stand apart.

A Matter of Grammar

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In an article entitled "Why the Englishman is Happy" in your issue of August 13th, the following sentence is used (middle column, page 10): "An Englishman, on the other hand, is a person untutored, who has never been either to school or to college."

I invite your attention to the idiom: "he has never been to school or to college." Why not be grammatical and say "*at* school" or "*at* college"? Would the author of the article in question say "He never *was to* school or college" or "He never *will be* to school or to college"? Because, if not, why should he say "*has been to*"?

I have been to Montreal; I was to Memphis; I shall be to St. Louis next Thursday; I have been to the theatre; I shall be to the theatre on Saturday afternoon.

Sounds queer, doesn't it? Having listened to much acrimonious discussion on this subject, should be indebted for an expert opinion from Harper's Weekly. I am, sir, S.

Our expert grammarian is resting his mind on the shores of Maine. In his absence, will it not be a sort of first aid to suggest that verbs of motion seem to get on harmoniously with the preposition "to," while verbs of position do better with "at"? In "I have been to Montreal," "been" seems to have a sense of motion just as it has in "I have been to school." You had to go to get there.

When our grammarian gets home he will be glad to write you a number of pages on this subject. For ourselves, we are a little timid about questions of grammar, which, indeed, seems to us to bear some such relation to language as theology does to religion. Some people seem to understand religion, and others theology, and so some people understand about grammar and others have the use of language. Why any one that has the use of language should bother his head about the statutes, or the feelings of the grammarians, or why any one who has religion in his heart should concern himself about the opinions of the theologians, we are always a little at loss to understand. Nevertheless, both the theologians and the grammarians do a useful office if they stick modestly to their proper job. The task of the theologians is to study salvation and expound its processes in so far as they can discover them. The task of grammarians is to study the writing of good writers and the talk of good talkers and try to discover how they do what they do. But as for grammarians or theologians making laws to govern religion or language, that, of course, is ludicrous. In themselves they have no authority, except such as is a voluntary tribute to their learning or their wisdom. It is the practice, not the theory, of religion that saves it alive, and so it is as to language.

These are, of course, incendiary and rebellious remarks and imperfectly just, as will be observed by our grammarian when he gets back from Maine and points out that there are rules of grammar about which all educated persons agree, and that to teach them to the *young* is to teach the young the use of the instruments of thought and expression. And no doubt when our theologian gets back he will point out that the standards of faith must be defined, both for the convenience of those who accept them and of those who do not.

Meanwhile when you come across a phrase like "been to school," that *you* know is perfectly good, if you can't make it match such grammar as you know, say, as you have said, that it is an idiom. Then find some big grammarian who has studied language with his ears as well as his eyes open, and he will tell you how it came to be an idiom and why it is grammatical. The big grammarians, like some of the great theologians, walk humbly, teach wisdom, and comfort the soul of man. But don't bother with the little ones.

Not Degrading

Apropos of the removal of Dr. Eliot's *Harvard Classics* from the library cars of the Burlington Railroad, the *Evening Post* says:

> The classic is read and should be read only when the desire for it arises; it should be the object in itself. It is only degrading it to make it a mere instrument for whiling away the dreariness of a long journey on the cars.

Beg to dissent. A railway car is a good-enough place to read the best of books until the reader gets too tired. We have seen people read the *Post* on trains. But it is true that most travellers tend to weariness and light reading. It is far from degrading to a classic to while away time over it. The pity is that there are not more readers who have the mental fibre to do it.

William James

There must be something that is pretty good for the faculties in the Swedenborgian variety of the Christian religion. That sect has never been greatly extended, and is, we suppose, a waning society. But some men of a very valuable quality have been bred in it. One was Charles A. Dana. Another is John Bigelow. Another was that Henry James whom Lowell said was the best talker of his day, and who was the father of Henry James, the psychological novelist, and of Professor William James, who has just died. Swedenborg had visions, and was not in the least afraid to think, talk, and write about things out of man's ordinary ken. Some of the same gift seem to be inherited by his spiritual children. Probably neither of the two sons of Henry James the elder was Swedenborgian, but they both had visions. Henry has always been rummaging in the back parts of people's heads and trying to measure and weigh their souls. William was never afraid of the intangible, but weighed and measured it even more literally than his brother Henry.

Very lately Professor James went on the retired list of Harvard College in order to have more time to devote to writing. We wish he had been longer spared to that employment. No American writer wrote more to edification than he. Nobody else gave quite so many ideas to the page as he.

The Mystic Sense

A JEWELLER in a small handicraft's shop held out a heavy silver ring with a queerly engraved seal, saying: "I can't explain the device to you. It is made for a sea-captain. He's a friend of mine, and the emblem is just *mystic* to him." The very fact that a word becomes so warped and common means, at least, that a great many people are becoming aware of a new matter. Something has swum into their ken, and the word that stands for the experience is bandied wildly about the world. When one pauses to reflect upon the meaning of the word "mystic," it is odd to note the base uses to which it has come. All the minor poets write of "mystic gleams" and "mystic glamours," "mystic sheens" and "mystic clamors"; its use in the sense of magic is very widespread. But there are also small railroad stations in out-of-the-way spots that rejoice in the new word as a designation. As a matter of historic fact, the noisy, ubiquitous word derives from a Greek word which means shut (*μύειν*). A mystic was one who was being initiated into certain esoteric religious doctrines about which he must keep his mouth shut. Some conjecture that the word referred rather to the keeping of the eyes shut to all sense-impressions in order that the spiritual vision might be seen. Or it might have referred to the fact that until a man was admitted to the mysteries, his eyes were shut to spiritual truth. But in all probability the first explanation is the true one, and the word simply refers to the fact that the profoundest experiences cannot be imparted. They dwell in the great realm of silence, and are truest when they are stillest.

The notes struck at the close of the nineteenth century, still ringing through the first decade of the twentieth century, stating the "dominant's persistence," are the notes of democratic sympathy and a mystic universalism. If we were to try to formulate some of the mystic tendencies of our own day we should say, first, that the mystic sets his faith as much upon his feeling as upon his reason. He is ever for expansion, for pushing out the barriers of consciousness, and for this purpose he uses feeling, intuition, trust, as easily as reasoning or sense-perception. These latter deceive us as often as the former. At any rate, for the mystic there is to be no cutting off of a part of the human faculties. We are to accept ourselves as wholes—creatures that feel and think, and both powers lead us to our goal.

Secondly, the mystic, relying upon his feelings, takes it for granted that, beyond the physical and perceptible world, there are other worlds toward which his emotions and his trust point. The vase of the mortal mind is all too shallow to hold the truth of spiritual worlds, but it is none the less a fact to him that a natural, inborn hope has a right to posit some fulfilment.

But, because the unseen world will not admit of direct apprehension, the mystic makes use of symbols as a means of approach to that which lies beyond a sense-perception. Everything in being what it is, he believes, is the symbol and promise of something more. Each object that, in the general float and pageant of existence, passes our vision is but the symbol of the archetypal and stable reality. The symbol is used when most we realize that we, in our mortal finitude, can but vaguely apprehend the infinite significance.

The great difficulty with symbols is that they have a twofold tendency, on the one hand, to petrify, and on the other, to evaporate. Petrified, they lend themselves to all sorts of solid and deceiving superstitions, as often with slightly instructed Roman Catholics; too slightly honored, they evaporate, become a thin mist and go up in air, as among Unitarians. Here the mystic does his best work. For he will have nothing without life in it; he revives and enlarges the ideas for which the symbol stands. He is forever extending the frontier of consciousness; reinterpreting, inventing new symbols and new cults and new forms of life. He is rarely a welcome member of organized religions, because he refuses to be content with what is. He has the soul that circumstance "can neither hurry nor defer." He will not be enthusiastic over small and narrow schemes and ideas, nor will he defer the instant when new bottles must be bought for new ideas.

The mystic is never a Pharisee, never a snob. He does not believe in classes or privileges or exceptional favors or advantages or sects. If he lives much in an absorbed interest in the dwellers above the empyrean, he brings an equal interest to bear upon a worm or a leaf. There is no big and no little left in his scheme of life. All that he perceives, all that he believes and hopes, go to make up that which he worships, namely, the Whole. It is, to the mystic, God's universe, and by that he means a good universe, where evil belongs to the temporal, passing pageant, but where good lies stable and eternal through whatsoever deeps of darkness and channels of blood we wade to it.

Thirdly, the mystic believes that this eternal good is Love—Love as ruler, divine arbiter and ultimate refuge. It is unnecessary to point to the unpleasant, anthropomorphic phrasing of the early church mystics. This is utterly out of date now, and has nothing but an historical interest. Mysticism has worked itself out into a very pure form of Christianity, believing, as its main tenets, in the love of God and the brotherhood of man. More and more it comes to express itself in terms of democratic sympathy and universalism; to express itself among the poets as an identification of the self with nature, as in TRAHERNE, VAUGHAN, WHITMAN, BROWNING, WORDSWORTH, and TENNYSON; or, among ordinary mortals, in tolerance, philanthropy, social service. If the word God is less lightly on the mystic's lips than upon other men's, it is because he feels so deeply that such great words must not be carelessly uttered. As his idea of what such a word might mean expands and heightens, he realizes that no words can frame the thought, and so more and more he tries to convey his conception in daily life. The old sage said long since, "Who knows most of God will say least." The mystic knows that the best of his thought must be conveyed through a transformation of the daily life; an adapting of the little acts and words that make up existence to a great conception never formulated.

If the science of the mystic is supernatural, that means no more than that the natural is forever enlarging its boundaries, and the realm of the possible has no limit.

Correspondence

FOR THE CURE OF PRICES.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, *August 8, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Not long ago certain political orators used to speak of prosperity as being inseparable from the reign of their party, and pointed to panics that occurred during the time when their opponents were in power. People began to actually believe that as long as the Republican party held the reins there would be no panics. This view, with others equally absurd, was largely dissipated in the dark days of 1907. And now on the other side, certain Democratic orators are trying the same thing, and argue with great vehemence that the present high prices are a result of Republican misrule. Both ignore the fact that the difference between the administration of the two parties would be so slight as to have little effect on the vast economic forces that produce these things.

The fact is that, though measures of the party in power undoubtedly play a large part in the production of the present high prices, the primary reason lies in certain economic movements, which men have noticed but seem not to have connected with the present situation. "All good things come from the soil" is a very true maxim, and the real prosperity of the nation is tremendously dependent upon healthy conditions where this wealth is created. One of the most potent reasons for the present high prices rises from the fact that the production of grain has not kept pace with the growth of the class that consumes it and its products. People object to the high prices of meat, but the price of beef is directly dependent upon the price of grain, the problem of stock raising being largely the chemical one of converting feed into beef. The price of harness and shoes and other leather products also occasions complaint, but hides are derived from the same source, and are dependent upon the same factor. And so on through a long list of the very products whose high price is causing Americans the most concern.

The remedy for the present inflation of prices lies in remedying this disproportion between producer and consumer. And this is to be done in two ways. First, by introducing scientific intensive farming in the place of the aimless and wasteful methods too often used by unprogressive farmers. This is at last becoming a fact, gradually but no less surely. Agricultural institutes have become a fixture. Farmers are sending their sons in increasing numbers to scientific agricultural schools, in an attempt to learn the right way of producing the most grain. The Agricultural Department is doing a great work in its educative campaigns, sending over the country its great corn specials and skilled lecturers on practical problems connected with agriculture. European countries are far ahead of us in this regard. Centuries ago, the need for careful and intensive farming became apparent to support the large populations on such a limited area and with comparatively poor soil. But in America the need has never been so apparent. The soil was rich, results were easy to obtain, what matter if they were not of the best? It is only now with high prices and the insistent objection of the laity to this condition that farmers are giving their energies to this practical conservation, so apparently profitable. Economic forces are gradually righting themselves, and intensive farming being now such a necessity, it is bound to come.

The second way to remedy the disproportion between the production of farm products and the consumers, is not only to increase the output by scientific methods, but to decrease the consuming class and increase the output at one stroke, namely, by arresting the flow of country boys and girls to cities, or to provide others to take their places. This flow is already beginning to slacken, by reason of the same play of forces in response to the demands made upon them. Life in the country is becoming quite a different thing from the life that drove the young people to what was then richer and better. Roads are being made fit for travel, telephones, automobiles, and electric cars are solving the problem of making life in the country districts less solitary and more cultured as a result of communication with others of different classes. Communication with the culture and benefits of the city is no longer a rare thing, but is becoming more and more a matter of course, and the nearer country life approaches to life in the city in communication with one's fellows, the less will be the reason for this unnatural emigration to the cities.

The government has a large handle to the situation in this regard, in that it has the jurisdiction over and guardianship of homeless orphans. Why cannot the government of the State use its prerogative to place these children in the country for their rearing, a situation which will not only be desirable from a social point of view, in remedying the lack of young people in the country, but will be beneficial to them morally and physically. Away from the temptations that the city offers to those not protected by strong homes, their morals will be easier to control and their physical well-being easier to attend to. The economic results of such a step would be boundless, in supplying material for a strong agricultural class, instead of feeding the criminal classes, as is too often the case.

But in another way are economic forces operating to reduce high prices. The poorer classes of the city, oppressed by high prices for food and clothing, and considering that the farmer has a profitable occupation not affected by these prices, are tending to flow to the country, gradually supplying the agricultural classes with the labor they need so much. Having to pay for a $10 hog, they consider that it would be better for them to produce that hog and profit by its sale than to get the little end of the bargain by buying it.

Thus the problem of high prices is a temporary one induced by overstraining of the economic forces that operate here. But these forces are proverbially elastic, and are returning to their normal condition. Great are the forces of economics, and it seems they are solving the problems they created.

I am, sir,
ROBERT D. ARMSTRONG.

A Perfectly Corking Time

I

THE Emperor Nero, drunk with shame
And flattery fawning on limitless power,
Conceived an act that would hold his fame
Conspicuous unto the world's last hour.
So he wrote a poem that he was God,
And, mounting his golden palace dome,
Sang he would scourge the world with his rod
As his fagots were burning imperial Rome.

Proclaim my Godhead, oh, lyre!
For the world shall bow to my will!
With blood I shall bathe it, with fire
Like a meteor, kill!
Bend to my lash in dread,
For your criminal blood shall flow!
Oh, would that Rome had a single head
I could cleave at a blow!

But the Roman people arose. Their wrath,
Long slumbering, now like a flambeau blazed,
And they hurled their Tsar down the flaming path
As the powers of hell drew back amazed,
For the man, turned monster, had started well
Till measureless power bred endless crime,
Yet until he was hurled through the gates of hell
He had a perfectly corking time!

II

A man there was and he made his prayer,
(At a later date than Nero's time)
To wringing the neck of the millionaire,
For the people were sick of financial crime.
And he wrote a series of songs in prose
That leaped like fire, and the silent Fates
Stood spellbound, for the words were those
Of the President of the United States!

I am right and you're a liar!
Be the fact as it may, it is nil!
Than fact or than law I am higher,
They bend to my will!
They bend, or I'll break them in wrath,
And ye who oppose me shall know
As the cost of obstructing my path
The weight of my blow!
Opportune is the moment, and I,
Opportunist supreme of the time,
Charge that our captains of vast industry
Are attainted of crime!
If finance and if industry sways
Beneath the dread weight of my blow
The People will follow my devious ways!
They know that I know!

And the people arose and lashed success
Wherever it reared its golden crown,
And laws ran riot in wild excess
Till a nation's credit was battered down.
From the saturnalian debauch of laws
Frothed the criminal sentence on Standard Oil,
And civilization was given pause,
For the thing like a plague stayed the hand of toil!
Are your prisons choked by the criminal rich
For the eighth commandment thus newly found?
With America's credit thus thrown in the ditch
Are her wounds by this salve to honor bound?
Oh, bosh! The millionaire is free,
But his mills and railroads have felt the blows
Struck at their splendid prosperity,
For credit and confidence slowly regrows.

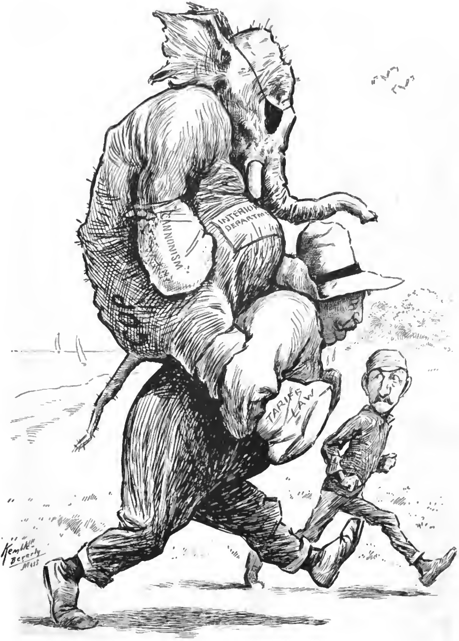
Who is your plumed knight with thrilling command
Battling for right without favor or ruth?
Does a gentleman's honor and faith with his hand?
Is his constant attendant the cold, naked truth?
Ask Foraker, Parker; or visit the tomb
Of great silent Harriman—genius so rare
That death cannot smother; or read of the doom
Of niggers at Brownsville, and judgment declare!

Now again, back again, back with the blare
Of trumpets and tomtoms proclaiming "the cause"—
My people, my policies, whitewash, and glare
Of personal government high above laws!
Howl, howl in conventions his magical name
And hold on his whirlings the glare of the lime;
Suppress every feeling of national shame,
For he's had a perfectly corking time!

III

Is there a parallel? Roosevelt? Nero?
Each scourged his empire avenging its crime;
Both actors, both factors, to sell each a hero,
And each had a perfectly corking time.

SELRANC.


CANNONISM
INTERIOR DEPARTMENT
TARIFF LAW
Kemble Beverly Mass

IN TRAINING FOR THE FALL EVENTS

"SAY, MURRAY, WE'VE GOT TO TRIM HIM DOWN A GOOD DEAL BEFORE WE CAN GET IN GOOD RUNNING SHAPE"

DRAWN BY E W KEMBLE

The Women's War in England

THE SHELVING OF THE FEMALE SUFFRAGE BILL HAS CREATED A SITUATION THAT MAY ONLY BE RESOLVED BY BLOODSHED

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE British House of Commons recently brought to a close a two days' debate on woman suffrage. The question came before it in the form of a bill for extending the Parliamentary franchise to such women, about a million in all, as already possess the municipal franchise. The House of Commons passed the second reading of the bill by a majority of 109, and immediately afterward by a majority of 145 voted to refer it to a committee of the whole House. This was at once a victory for the suffragists and a profound disappointment to them. It was a victory because after a prolonged and intensely serious debate the House adopted their contentions. It was a disappointment because by referring the measure to a committee of the whole House, the Commons killed all chance of its becoming law during the present year. Had they referred it to a grand committee which would have settled all its details and then presented the result to the House for final ratification or rejection, there might have been a possibility of the bill reaching the statute-book in the autumn session. But this course was deliberately not adopted. It was felt, and rightly felt, that the measure was of such importance that it should only be dealt with by the House as a whole, and as the time of Parliament is already fully mortgaged for the remainder of the year, referring the bill to a committee of the whole House was tantamount to burying it beyond all hope of an early resurrection. The principle of the measure was asserted—though not, be it noted, by so large a majority as it had received on previous occasions—but steps were carefully taken to prevent effect from being given to it. All that the suffragists obtained from the fullest and most earnest and most searching debate that has yet been held on the subject in the House of Commons was an academic vote of approval in favor of their case—a vote that will not lead, and was not meant to lead, to any tangible results.

The debate was so extraordinary as to be, I believe, quite unique in Parliamentary annals. Although the government, as a government, could not take the bill under its official wing, it very wisely granted two whole days for its discussion. Not being a ministerial measure, every member was free to speak and vote as he pleased. All the ordinary bonds of party discipline were absolutely severed, and for once in a way the House presented the unparalleled spectacle of perfect freedom of debate untrammelled by any sense of party obligation or loyalty. The result was an amazing and very interesting exhibition of the most diverse and contradictory opinions. The bill was proposed by a Labor member and seconded by a Liberal; its amendment was moved by a Conservative and seconded by a staunch Ministerialist; the Prime Minister not merely opposed the bill, but came out flat-footed against the enfranchisement of women on any terms; the leader of the opposition voted for the bill and mildly laughed at the fears of those of his own followers who objected to it; the Home Secretary denounced it as an anti-democratic measure in that it would mainly place women of property on the voting registers, and the Secretary for War, while admitting its imperfections, supported it as a step toward the political equality of the sexes; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, while in favor of woman suffrage, refused point-blank to vote for a bill that was so drafted as to preclude the possibility of its scope being widened by amendments in committee; Lord Hugh Cecil, a Conservative of the most orthodox school, blessed the bill; Mr. Lyttleton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies in the last Conservative administration, was unable to understand how any member who availed himself of the services of women during an election as canvassers, speakers, organizers, and so on could refuse them the vote; while Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Conservative ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, passionately declaimed against the enfranchisement of the sex as almost the violation of a law of nature. I cannot, in short, recall any debate in which cross-voting and cross-thinking were more piquantly indulged in. Every aspect of the bill itself, of the movement of which it scarcely professed to be more than a first legislative instalment, of the politics of the sex question, of the results that might or might not flow from passing the bill, was discussed, assailed, defended, apologized for, or laughed at in a debate that enlisted nearly all the finest speakers and most experienced statesmen in Great Britain. And except that every one realized and admitted that the question was one of a gravity and complexity that could hardly be exaggerated, the net result of their deliberations was to leave matters much as they were beforehand.

That is a result with which it is perfectly certain that the women suffragists will not remain satisfied. It will, I imagine, inevitably embitter them and instil into their agitation an extra vehemence that will stop little short of ferocity. It was hinted more than once during the debates on the bill that unless it became law the scenes of violence and disorder with which the public has been familiarized during the past few years would be repeated on a yet ampler scale. I can quite believe it. It will indeed surprise most Englishmen if a bill enfranchising women is passed without bloodshed. That it will be passed in the long run hardly anybody doubts. But no government will ever make it a party measure, because no government that is ever likely to hold office in Great Britain will be a unit, or anything like a unit, on the question. What probably will happen will be that some government will bring in a bill—it is already urgently needed—dealing with the numberless anomalies and contradictions of the British electoral system; that an amendment will be introduced admitting women to the suffrage; and that the government will undertake to accept the amendment if the House endorses it. In that way, five years or so from now, woman suffrage may conceivably become a reality. But the advocates of the cause are in no mood to wait five years. They want to see it triumph at once. The bill which was debated on July 11th and 12th represented the minimum of their demands. It was the result of a compromise among the various sections of the movement. The extremists intensely disliked its moderation and only consented to have it put forward in their name in the belief that the House of Commons, while certain to reject a more advanced measure, would adopt and give effect to a bill allowing women who already voted at municipal elections to vote also at Parliamentary elections. Now that even this meagre fraction of their claims has been denied to them, the result is pretty sure to be a recrudescence of the militant campaign. "I venture to say," remarked Mr. Asquith at the close of his speech, "and to say with all solemnity and earnestness, to the promoters of this movement, high-minded, chivalrous men and women as I know the bulk of them to be—I venture to say that the cause which cannot win its way to public acceptance by persuasion, by argument, by organization, and by peaceful methods of agitation, is a cause which has already in advance pronounced upon itself its own sentence of death." That is not at all how the militant suffragists view the matter. They know well enough that it is their vigorous methods which have brought the question to its present prominence and they are quite prepared to adopt yet more vigorous methods to insure its success. Their temper is more than bellicose, it is little less than bloodthirsty. There are scores of women—stretching all the way from women of title to factory hands—who will stick at nothing to further the cause; and if they become convinced that shooting a cabinet minister will help matters along, unquestionably they will shoot. Let there be no mistake about it: England is going to see some strange and distressing sights before this question is settled. Since Fenianism spluttered to its close no movement has arisen in Great Britain that is so likely to repeat its tactics and methods as the woman-suffrage movement. I set no limits to the fanaticism of some of its adherents.

After all, one cannot blame the women for feeling impatient. The suffrage movement in Great Britain has been going on for over fifty years and the goal is not reached yet. Many bills were introduced admitting women to the franchise long before the militant school of propagandists arose and many of them actually passed their second reading. But nothing more was heard of any of these measures; they never got beyond the initial stage; and their discussion was looked upon rather as a welcome break in the seriousness of House of Commons life and as an occasion for a riot of Parliamentary humor. The public was not interested in the question. The press boycotted it. Meetings, addresses, and petitions multiplied, but they yielded no "copy." More and more women joined the ranks of the suffragists, but the agitation they organized had the fatal defect of dulness. The temperate appeal to reason fell on deaf ears. It is safe to say that up to the end of 1905 the average Englishman had hardly given a thought to the movement, knew next to nothing about it, and was profoundly indifferent to its fortunes. If he has now been forced alike out of his ignorance and his apathy, if woman suffrage is to-day, as it unquestionably is, in the front rank of the political questions and topics of the moment, the result is altogether due to the new tactics adopted by the women themselves. A record of their activities during the past five years would show there are few devices patented by men for the conversion of politicians that the woman suffragists have not made their own. They have heckled every single member of the Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith cabinets. They have been thrown out of innumerable meetings, not always in the gentlest manner. They have invaded the once sacred precincts of Westminster Hall and the lobbies of the House of Commons and have there raised such pandemonium that for several months no woman was allowed to listen to the debates from the Ladies' Gallery. At the last general election they flooded the constituencies with banners, leaflets, placards, and admirably effective speakers. When Mr. Winston Churchill, defeated at Manchester, sought an asylum at Dundee, he was pursued from meeting to meeting by a suffragist with a bell. The law courts have echoed to women's defiance of man-made law. They have broken the Prime Minister's windows; they have chained themselves to his railings. There is scarcely a town in England that has not been thrown into an uproar by their propaganda. They have organized imposing processions and held monster meetings in Hyde Park and the Albert Hall. A suffragist with a collecting box outside a London railway station or addressing an open-air gathering in a side street has become one of the commonest of metropolitan sights. Every candidate who runs for Parliament is rigorously questioned as to his views on the suffrage question. Over six hundred women have gone to prison for various acts of violence and illegality connected with the cause and many of them have refused when in prison to take food and have been subjected, without repining, to the unpleasantness of being fed by force.

What has been the effect of these tactics?—tactics pursued with an ability, enthusiasm, and daring never exceeded by men? I think it may fairly be said that since they adopted militant methods the women suffragists have won half the battle. That is to say, they have compelled the country and the House of Commons to attend to them and to discuss their demands in a serious and chastened spirit. There is no flippancy in a Parliamentary debate on woman suffrage nowadays; there is no indifference, but, on the contrary, the keenest interest, in the attitude of the public toward the question or at least toward its exponents. People have been shocked, startled, repelled, and disgusted even, by the new tactics, but they can no longer pretend to ignore a movement on behalf of which so many hundred women have gone to prison without bravado or regrets—least of all when they find the movement supported by women of all classes, trades, and professions, by the mill hands of Lancashire as fervently as by Newnham and Girton graduates; when they see it rapidly extending its operations, adding to its resources, and enlisting the backing of many of the country's foremost men; and when they observe it entering more and more into the calculations of responsible political strategists. In 1905 there were only three organizations working for the woman's vote; to-day there are twenty-one. On the nature of the case they make out I need hardly touch. The arguments for woman's suffrage are very much the same in all countries. Everything that can be said on the philosophy of the question has long ago been said. It is a subject the pros and cons of which have been as thoroughly explored as the pros and cons of vegetarianism. True to their national bias in favor of the concrete, the English suffragists rather neglect the merely theoretical side of their cause and lay the greatest stress on its tangible and material aspects. More perhaps in Great Britain than anywhere else is the movement for the political enfranchisement of women a by-product of those great economic and social changes which within the last century have made woman less and less the dependant upon man and more and more his equal and competitor. This has given it a spirit of business-like unreality somewhat lacking to the propaganda in other countries. It has also had the effect of making it a matter of intimate concern to the women of the working classes. You do not in England hear the suffragists talking very much about "natural rights" or democratic principles or the injustice of taxation without representation. They do not ignore these points or the conclusions to which they lead, but neither do they ignore them. What they are far more concerned in pressing home is that there are certain specific disabilities under which women suffer in England and certain specific reforms which, if they had the vote, they believe they could accomplish. The legal inequalities attaching to women in England, restrictions placed upon them but not upon men in various trades and professions, the various definite problems of women's work and wages, education, temperance, factory legislation, housing reform, sanitation, and so on—these are the matters that the suffragists place the most emphasis upon. Whether in asking for the vote they carry with them the majority of their own sex is very doubtful. I rather get the impression that in England, as in America, the bulk of the women are apathetic and indifferent, and that of the remainder a considerable majority are vehemently in favor of it and a small minority somewhat less vehemently opposed to it. As for the men, few of them realize the seriousness of the movement or the effects it is likely to produce in such a country as Great Britain. Before another half-decade has gone by they may have plenty of opportunities for informing themselves on both these points.

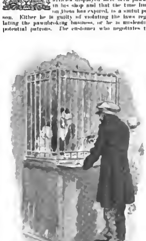
A Corporation of "Uncles"

SCENES IN THE AUCTION-ROOMS WHERE UNREDEEMED PLEDGES ARE SOLD, BY NECESSITY OF LAW, AND REPURCHASED BY PAWNBROKERS ACTING WITH A FRIENDLY UNDERSTANDING

By Frank Marshall White

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. E. CESARE

THE pawnbroker who mounts the sign "Unredeemed Pledges for Sale" above the conglomeration of watches, fountain-pens, mechanics' tools, etc., in his window, thereby intending to convey the impression that the articles displayed have been pawned in his shop and that the time limit on them has expired, is a sinful person. Either he is guilty of violating the laws regulating the pawnbroking business, or he is misleading potential patrons. The customer who negotiates the pawnshop with the idea that he is able to buy cheap because one profit has already been made on the article he acquires is laboring under a delusion. As a matter of fact the pawnbroker stands in the same relation to the customer as any other retail dealer in the same kind of property. The contents of his window may, indeed, be unredeemed pledges, but the articles were not necessarily pledged in the shop where they are on sale. They have been purchased to be resold, from a middleman who bought them at auction; for under the laws of the State every pawnbroker is obliged to dispose of all his unredeemed pledges to the highest bidder.



The articles are sold behind close-barred cages

Another detail of the pawnbroking business not generally known, perhaps, is that the law compels the pawnbroker, when called upon to do so, to render an accounting to any legitimate holder of a ticket representing an unredeemed pledge, and to return to the ticket-holder any surplus above the amount of the loan and the interest for which the article may have been sold, less 10 per cent. for the expenses of the sale. Ignorance of this circumstance on the part of most patrons of the pawn-shops enables the pawnbroker at least to double his emolument on nearly every transaction where a pledge is unredeemed, since he invariably allows a big margin for profit when the loan is made.

Down toward the Chatham Square end of the Bowery, in dingy buildings, the upper floors of which are largely occupied as cheap lodging-houses, the bulk of the traffic in unredeemed pledges, which amounts to something like a million dollars per annum, is carried on. Over three doors in this unlovely thoroughfare the red banners announcing "Pawnbrokers' Sale This Day" continually float, one of the auction-rooms being devoted to the sale of men's and women's clothing, another to that of jewelry, watches, and diamonds, and the third to the sale of miscellaneous material.

The unredeemed jewelry that gets into the Bowery auction-rooms does not make a scintillating display. As a rule articles of any great value deposited with the pawnbroker are redeemed by owners, or by their friends, or the tickets are sold to speculators who take the property they represent out of pawn before they are forfeit. Consequently only cheaper articles of adornment or of utility, such as watches of little value and table utensils, are the staple articles of commerce here. The same scene is visible in any of these auction-rooms five days in the week, from half past ten o'clock in the morning until noon, and from one o'clock until four in the afternoon. A big glass show-case, in which are deposited the articles for sale—watches, chains, rings, brooches, necklaces, knives, forks, and spoons, with specimens of everything else that can come under the head of jewelry, stands in the middle of a badly lighted, ground-floor apartment about twenty feet square. The auctioneer, with a diamond ring on each hand, sits on a low platform some four feet back of the show-case. With him on the platform, crowded as close as their chairs will permit, are seated half a dozen others; as many more are standing behind him and on either side; and in a double row of chairs between him and the show-case, and on their feet back of these chairs, are a score more. The men who sit nearest the auctioneer's feet are holding him carelessly by the ankles, and the group might be taken for a fraternal order about to be photographed in some rite emblematic of brotherly love. None of the hundred men in the room are attired with any pretensions to smartness, though most of them appear well-to-do, and all expose heavy watch-chains and jewelled rings. Only two or three women are interested in the sale; their garments are not of the latest fashion, either, but each one displays somewhere a gem of price to demonstrate that poverty is not the reason for lack of sartorial splendor. At the side of the room opposite the auctioneer is a platform some five feet high, on which is a tall desk, at which, seated on stools, are the pawnbrokers whose unredeemed pledges are being disposed of and the auctioneer's clerk, who keep duplicate accounts of the sales.

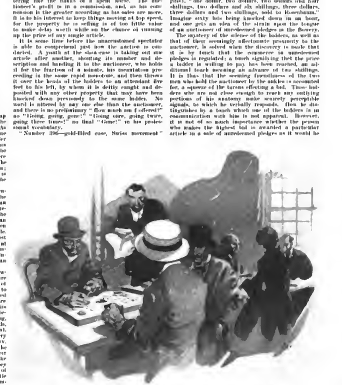
A deaf man coming into the auction-room while a sale is in progress might believe that the auctioneer is an automaton, for he stares straight before him with seemingly unseeing eyes, his lips moving ceaselessly and rapidly and with a machine-like motion, which continues for many minutes at a time apparently without a pause for breath, while his cheeks are fluttering like the flanks of a spent horse. The auctioneer's profit is in a commission, and, as his commission is the greater according as his sales are more, it is to his interest to keep things moving at top speed, for the property he is selling is of too little value to make delay worth while on the chance of running up the price of any single article.

It is some time before the unaccustomed spectator is able to comprehend just how the auction is conducted. A youth at the show-case is taking out one article after another, shouting its number and description and handing it to the auctioneer, who holds it for the fraction of a minute, his incantation proceeding in the same rapid monotone, and then throws it over the heads of the bidders to an attendant five feet to his left, by whom it is deftly caught and deposited with any other property that may have been knocked down previously to the same bidder. No word is uttered by any one else than the auctioneer, and there is no preliminary "How much am I offered?" no "Going, going, gone!" "Going once, going twice, going three times!" no final "Gone!" in his professional vocabulary.

"Number 396—gold-filled case, Swiss movement" (the use of the nominative "watch" is superfluous), cries the attendant at the show-case, passing the article toward the auctioneer. "Five dollars, four dollars, three dollars, two dollars, one dollar," is the form of that functionary's chant, beginning at a top price and running it down until it is accepted by a bidder, when it may be run up again. However, the auctioneer of unredeemed pledges is not so prodigal of time and vocal effort as to use the entire word "dollar," or to make two syllables of his numerals. Philology and articulation are sacrificed to celerity. Six and eight are the only two numbers he pronounces in full. He says ni for nine, sev for seven, fi for five, fo for four, tit for three, tee for two, and dee for dollar; and employs the old New York State shillings—twelve and a half cents—in the verbal subdivision of the dollar, not only to reduce syllabic confusion, but to prevent the raising of bids less than twenty-five cents at a time. Thus a dollar and a quarter becomes dol-tee; a dollar and a half, dol-fo, and a dollar and seventy-five cents, dol-six. Likewise bids must advance at least twenty-five cents at a time, since an advance of twelve and a half cents is out of the question, and such advances as five, ten, or twenty cents are impossible. Articles of very trifling value are occasionally bidden up in cents, to be sure, but the necessity does not often occur.

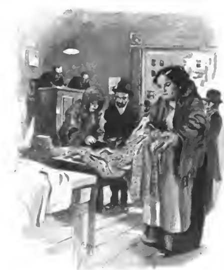
As he takes lot 396 in his hand, our auctioneer runs on without a pause after the disposition of the previous article: "Fi-fo-tit-tee-dee-six-dee-tee-fo-six-tit-tee-Rosenbaum," which means that the watch has gone down from five dollars, the price at which he started it, to seventy-five cents, when the first bid was made, and then had been bidden up to $3.25 and knocked down to Rosenbaum, all in probably one-quarter of the time in which an amateur might have run off the syllables. The sentence would be translated thus: "Five dollars, four dollars, three dollars, two dollars, one dollar, seventy-five cents" (here the bidding begins), "one dollar, two dollars, two dollars and four shillings, two dollars and six shillings, three dollars, three dollars and two shillings, sold to Rosenbaum." Imagine sixty lots being knocked down in an hour, and one gets an idea of the strain upon the tongue of an auctioneer of unredeemed pledges in the Bowery.

The mystery of the silence of the bidders, as well as that of their seemingly affectionate proximity to the auctioneer, is solved when the discovery is made that it is by touch that the commerce in unredeemed pledges is regulated; a touch signifying that the price a bidder is willing to pay has been reached, an additional touch meaning an advance of two shillings. It is thus that the seeming friendliness of the two men who hold the auctioneer by the ankles is accounted for, a squeeze of the tarsus effecting a bid. Those bidders who are not close enough to reach any outlying portions of his anatomy make scarcely perceptible signals, to which he verbally responds. How he distinguishes by a touch which one of the bidders is in communication with him is not apparent. However, it is not of so much importance whether the person who makes the highest bid is awarded a particular article in a sale of unredeemed pledges as it would be



Handsome chronometers and rings are passed among the bidders for examination at an auction of pictures or horses. For the auctioneers and the bidders are virtually a close corporation. While they may have no written contracts, there exists among them a gentlemen's agreement, by virtue of which they keep prices down and outsiders from coming in. An unwelcome bidder may be driven out, not only by the auctioneer ignoring bids, but by the others running up the price of any article to which he may take a fancy to a prohibitive point. It is said that some of the Bowery auctioneers, in order to encourage trade in unredeemed pledges, give a percentage of their commissions to certain bidders whose purchases are sufficiently large to make it worth while.

The auctioneer is supreme in the conduct of a sale, but it should not be imagined that he is a never bending great man. Indeed, he occasionally relaxes into much appreciated witticisms. For instance, when a clumsy attendant treads upon the feet of a standing bidder, who utters a cry of pain, the auctioneer stops the sale to remark to the offender: "Abie, them feet is for Mr. Myer to walk on, not for you." Or a bidder ventures to insinuate that the auctioneer has put the starting price too high for a plated article. "As an honest man do you say that price is high?" the auctioneer sternly demands. The person addressed avoids a direct answer. "I ain't a honest man," he responds, briefly.



Considerable space is required for the display and handling

In another Bowery auction-room, where a sale of more valuable watches and jewelry is in progress, the articles are sold behind close-barred cages, and more time is given to the disposition of the unredeemed pledges. Handsome chronometers and diamond, ruby, and emerald rings are passed among the bidders for examination, but a lynx-eyed woman, elderly and stern, with a white pompadour, who stands on a platform overlooking the gathering, keeps every article under close surveillance until its return. That business is done principally with regular customers is indicated by a tier of small wooden drawers at one side of the auctioneer's platform, on each of which a name is inscribed, and in which purchases are placed by an attendant as they are knocked down to one or another of the bidders.

The entire first floor of a Bowery building is devoted to the sale of unredeemed clothing, for considerable space is required for the display and handling of this species of portable property. The garments to be sold are stacked up in racks on one side of the room, and on the other side is a series of bins into which purchases are thrown as their sale is recorded. The auctioneer is a bland person of middle age, with smooth face and lofty brow, whose head moves slowly up and down, as he recites the varying prices of the merchandise under his hammer, like that of a deftly balanced china mandarin, while his eyes roll to the ceiling in seeming ecstasy—as bids advance, to descend abruptly to the level of the bidders when a sale is made. The tone of voice and the manner of this auctioneer are benevolent and suave, but that the velvet glove covers a hand of steel is apparent if murmurings as to his decisions are heard. "Don't get fresh in *here*," he more than once savagely admonishes disaffected bidders. Others he subdues with the ominous threat: "You mind your business, or I'll mind it for you."

It is an auctioneer unmistakably of Celtic antecedents who conducts the sale of the miscellaneous articles from the pawnbrokers' shops that do not come under the classification of watches, jewelry, or clothing. There are more women among the bidders for this class of merchandise than frequent the other sales, but, like the men, they are regular purchasers and in the combination. The outsider at any of these pawnbrokers' sales in the Bowery stands as little chance of recognition by the auctioneer as an insurgent with Speaker Joseph Cannon.

Not all the unredeemed pledges of the New York pawnbrokers are sold in the Bowery auction rooms. For instance, those articles pawned with the Provident Loan Society—the biggest private pawnbroking institution in the world, and a philanthropic one, which, during a single year, has made loans amounting to more than $10,000,000 in small sums to 250,000 residents of the city—those that are not redeemed at the expiration of fourteen months are sold at one of the most reliable auction-rooms on Fifth Avenue, officers of the society being present at every sale to withdraw such property as is not bid up to a fair price. Further, the society notifies all borrowers when a pledge has been sold, in the event of there being a surplus after the amount of the loan, with the interest and the expenses of the sale, have been paid. Withal, while the other pawnbrokers charge interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per month for the first six months of the year, and 2 per cent. for the other six on amounts of less than $100, and 2 per cent. a month for the first six months and 1 per cent. for the last six on amounts over $100, the Provident Loan Society charges only 2 per cent. per month for the first six months and 1 per cent. for the last six on amounts up to $250, and 10 per cent. per year on amounts between $250 and $1,000, their maximum loan. As an additional inducement to thrift among borrowers, only half of the monthly rate of interest is charged by the society on loans taken up within two weeks.

Four Hundred Million Dollars a Year for Pests

By Robert A. Sanborn

ALL of our undesirable citizens are not two-legged, nor are they all, by habit, city dwellers. Some of the most undesirable have no legs at all, other pernicious varieties have many, and millions of the most destructive sort inhabit the forest, the orchard, and the truck-garden. Of the no-legged kind there is our own peach brown-rot, and the white-pine rust of Europe, while of those many legged, we have already with us the imported codling moth which costs the country $15,000,000 a year, and on the other side of the water there ravages periodically the "nonne" moth, which, like all predaceous creatures, is ever watching its opportunity to emigrate to fresh fields and victims new.

One of our national responsibilities is, first, to weave such a mesh of legislation that these unwelcome strangers shall be held up to inspection; and, second, to appropriate funds to provide competent inspectors who recognize these menacers. Why this is a responsibility of the gravest importance, commensurate with that of sifting the raw materials of citizenship, can be shown by parading some facts and figures of recent scientific history.

The three Fates who have the weaving of this web of legislation in their hands are the United States Department of Agriculture, the House Committee on Agriculture, and the Association of Importing Nurserymen. For two or three years these three bodies have held occasional weaving circles. The web is not yet woven, though the pattern is about selected, and perhaps another session of Congress will give the finished product to the market. The Fates in the case have not found it easy to pull together. One interest is apt to draw a little harder on one thread than is good for the pattern.

Up to date, this web, by name the Simmons bill, is the best legislation to prevent the importation of insect pests and plant diseases that has ever been considered in Congress. The bill probably would be operative now had not the activities of the late session been bunched into the concluding few weeks. It was framed by the Bureau of Entomology, the House Committee is friendly to it, and the nurserymen balk at only one clause.

What sort of a tangle will the visiting insect meet when the Simmons bill takes effect? To begin with, when the box in which he sleeps arrives at its destination and he is brought forth into daylight, together with the plant of his abode, he will find a cold, scientific eye gazing into his. Thus in the beginning of his career in his adopted country also his ending. There will be no more underground ways by which he can elude the vigilance of science. The travels of the marauding worm and the insidious fungus will, by the operation of this bill, be subjected to a limelight of information and regulation.

Hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person to import nursery stock from abroad without a special permit from the United States Department of Agriculture. Before the permit is granted the department must know how much and what kind of nursery stock is to be imported, the country and district where it is grown abroad, name and address of shipper, approximate date of arrival of stock, and where and to whom it will be consigned. The transportation company must notify the department upon the arrival of the stock, which must be accompanied by a certificate of inspection made by a foreign expert before the stock was shipped, certifying that it is apparently free from infestation or infection. The stock will be subject to inspection by scientific authorities on the premises of the person to whom it is shipped, and if infected it may be fumigated at the expense of the owner or agent, or, if necessary, destroyed.

So far all the Fates agree. The one provision over which the entomologists and nurserymen cross blades is that which empowers the Secretary of Agriculture to lock in a hard and fast quarantine any foreign district in which a plant disease or devouring insect is raging. This would relieve the State of New York from the unequal fight it has been and is waging with the white pine rust. That is, the fight is equal enough so far as preventing the disease from establishing itself within the State is concerned, but unequal in the effort to eliminate the possibility of infection in other parts of the country. White-pine stock bearing the rust may still elude the State inspectors and go into private hands, or may go through the State to some other State where the inspection service is not so efficient.

This disease is, so far as is known, actively established in only one district of Germany, from which most of our white-pine seedlings are imported. White-pine culture has been abandoned in Holland, as well as in parts of Germany and Russia, solely because of the grip of this fungus. It has been imported into this country, in New York, the Northwest, and in parts of New England, but has not yet spread extensively. It threatens the Eastern and Western white pines, and also the sugar pine, in fact, all the five-leaved varieties. Last year the State Department of Agriculture of New York destroyed 300,000 German white-pine seedlings in the nursery at Lake Clear, and the United States Department has destroyed two other private importations. All this trouble and danger might have been avoided had the quarantine power been at the discretion of the government. Quarantine power in this case is especially needed, as the disease cannot be discovered until it has progressed to an advanced stage.

Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology, estimates that we are suffering damage to the amount of $400,000,000 annually from pests that have been accidentally imported. Without such legislation as the Simmons bill the tax placed by insects and plant diseases upon our crops will increase. This bill would have saved the New England States the $900,000 they spent last year fighting the gypsy and brown-tail moths. The State of Massachusetts has alone spent over $2,000,000 fighting the gypsy moth. Nests of this insect are found every year in large numbers on imported nursery stock, and as wide awake as most State authorities are to the imminent danger of this pest it is certain that without centralized facilities for checking the importation of foreign nursery stock some nests of the moth will eventually elude inspection, and the moth will get free in other sections of the country.

Our gate is also wide open at present to the entrance of two other dreaded European pests—the "nonne" moth, and the white-pine spinner. In Sweden, between 1897 and 1902, the "nonne" moth ruined more than 7,500 acres of white pine, and in Prussia in 1852, 55,000,000 cords of wood were destroyed by its work. The greatest outbreak of the pine spinner occurred in middle Germany between 1862 and 1872, when some 25,000 acres of white pine were eaten clean, and an estimated damage of $565,000 was done.

The result of the passage of the Simmons bill would be the organizing of all the national interests concerned to watch for and prevent the entrance of dangerous insects and plant diseases. It would systematize under the head of the Secretary of Agriculture the business of inspection of imported nursery stock. State agricultural experiment stations and colleges would be kept informed by the United States Department of Agriculture of dangerous zones abroad and the approach of possibly infested stock. It would do away generally with small private importations of stock which gives opportunity for so much carelessness and irresponsibility of handling, and the possibility of scattering pests among the orchards and forests.

The Governor Who Stood Firm

AUGUSTUS E. WILLSON, OF KENTUCKY, AND HOW HE PUT DOWN A CONDITION OF CIVIL WAR WITHIN HIS STATE

By Charles Johnston

GOVERNOR Augustus E. Willson, a staunch Republican, was elected Executive of the typical Southern State of Kentucky a fortnight before Christmas, 1907, and inaugurated in the ancient city of Frankfort. Thereby he took upon himself two formidable quarrels: the fight over the pardon of the men accused of shooting Governor Goebel there in Frankfort, and the destructive cyclone of the tobacco war. Just three days before Governor Willson's inauguration, a mounted band of Night Riders, several hundred strong, had descended on the town of Hopkinsville, in the southwest corner of the State. They wore black masks, and every man wore on his breast a white "A," badge of the secret society sardonically called "the peaceful army." The Night Riders, swarming through the Hopkinsville streets, cut off railroad and telegraphic communication from outside, terrorized the telephone operators, locked the fire stations, and then proceeded with their destructive work. Within a few minutes the torch was set to three large tobacco-warehouses, and when the firemen, startled by the uproar that greeted the crackling flames, ran toward the fire, they were met by a cordon of masked men, who ordered them back at the point of the pistol, and the big warehouses burned on.

The owners of these warehouses had incurred the anathema of the Night Riders by selling their crops to the so-called "Tobacco Trust," against which the tobacco pool of the large Kentucky growers was then engaged in a death struggle. Within an hour, $200,000 worth of tobacco was destroyed, and, what was a far more serious matter, the fair fame of Kentucky had been smirched by an act of anarchic violence.

The appetite of the Night Riders grew. On New Year's night a big Augusta warehouse with twelve thousand pounds of tobacco was burned, and the organized terrorism soon spread throughout the whole southwest of the State. The baser side of this terrorism showed itself in the beating of farmers and their families, for refusing to "come in" with the pool, armed and masked bands making domiciliary visits, threatening the farmers, terrorizing their women and children, and, when threats and terror were ineffective, dragging them forth and lashing them with thorns. The attacks of the Night Riders were at first directed against the large warehouses which sold to the "trust," but they showed far more savage and lasting hatred against the scattered farmers, whose sin was their wish to harvest their crop and sell it in their own way, to the best advantage of themselves and their families. On January 3d, the town of Russellville was attacked by the Night Riders, and tobacco valued at $100,000 was destroyed, two factories of the American Tobacco Trust being burned to the ground.

Governor Willson, though he had been inaugurated only a few days before, rose at once to meet this dangerous emergency. He knew the region of the disturbance well, for he had been born there, and he passed his childhood there. He determined to meet armed violence with armed force. Addressing the Legislature, he said: "The people of Kentucky are brought suddenly and squarely to face the question whether the laws of more than two million, or the violence of a few hundred, shall prevail. There can be no doubt of the final result. Anglo-Saxon common sense and law always win in time. Our people had better lose not only part of the value of their tobacco, but even their farms, than their liberties, and presently there will be a reaction in public opinion. Judges and prosecuting attorneys who fail in the critical moment, will have to answer for their neglect of duty, and finally everything will straighten out. Many who are most guilty will go to the penitentiary, and the rule of law and order will be resumed everywhere. The Executive will faithfully uphold the law, but it is the people's law, and its strength is in the support of the people for their own laws."

Governor Willson went on to advise the Legislature to pass a law providing for a change of venue from the seat of trouble to other counties, so that the fear of violence might not hinder indictments and verdicts, but, as might have been expected, the Legislature did nothing. At this point comes one of the most dramatic events of the war. A meeting of those interested in the tobacco industry was called, to see whether some way of conciliation might be found. Governor Willson addressed the meeting, ending a strong speech with the words: "The law cannot be defied. It must be obeyed. It does not request, it commands and will enforce obedience. The poorest man, single and alone, may demand the whole power of the commonwealth if necessary to protect his constitutional rights. The law must be enforced. I believe the people will stand by the law, for the strength of the law is the people, and the strength of the people is the law."

One of the justices of the Court of Appeals, who had been instrumental in calling the meeting, a very popular and attractive man, then spoke, and spoke in defence of anarchy. Alluding to the Governor's announced determination to use the State troops to put down the Night Riders, he said: "I do not believe in soldiers, but I endorse every word uttered by the Governor about upholding the dignity and supremacy of the law. But I have never seen the time when you could push an idea through an Anglo-Saxon's head with a bayonet."

The suppressed excitement of the meeting broke forth in wild applause. Governor Willson was profoundly surprised at the attitude taken by the judge. He was convinced that, if left unanswered, this speech would incite crime and violence in a dozen counties within twenty-four hours. When he rose to reply, he said to the members of the convention: "Why do you cheer when it is said that soldiers should not have been sent to Hopkinsville? Do you recall that two weeks ago armed and masked criminals rode into Hopkinsville, shot into innocent homes, and burned up property, and that up to this day not a man has been arrested? The law of the State must and will be supreme. These soldier-boys are Anglo-Saxon too. I am an Anglo-Saxon myself, and so are you, and I know that down in your hearts you want the law enforced. If necessary I will call on every one of you"—and this was directed especially to the Justice—"to shoulder a musket and help to enforce it, and you will come, too; and it is wrong for other sentiments to be expressed, and for high judges of the State to advise anything else."

Warming up to his great theme, the Governor continued: "Every outbreak decreases the value of every acre of land in Kentucky and endangers the liberty of every man who is cheering these utterances, and unless suppressed the State will be abhorred as a place unfit to live in. The liberty of the people is worth more than all the tobacco that ever was or ever will be raised in Kentucky. Night Riders, and so-called 'peaceful armies' will be suppressed relentlessly, and all the power of the State government will be used to do it."

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Governor Willson of Kentucky

This is the most stirring and characteristic utterance of one of the manliest men in these United States; and it has the greater value because Governor Willson had behind him neither the force of the Legislature nor the strength of public opinion. He stood almost alone for the majesty of the law. But the strong will won its victory, and the meeting, which had a moment before cheered the popular judge to the echo, now veered round and passed an enthusiastic resolution backing up the Governor. But the resolution did not stop the war. Nor, at first, did the determined and vigorous use of State troops by the Governor. But public opinion, as the Governor had predicted, rapidly turned. Law-and-order leagues were enrolled in several of the western counties, and presently a State League was formed, of fearless and determined men organized into companies which patrolled the roads and guarded their neighbors against the attacks and outrages of the Night Riders. Yet these outrages continued under the mantle of darkness. Plant beds were destroyed, barns were burned, railroad stations were destroyed, and independent tobacco-growers, men and even women, were scourged with thorns. A lady, one of the victims of this system of terrorism, thus wrote to the Governor: "I feel that I cannot endure this terrible strain much longer. When we lie down at night we do not know whether it is for the last time, or whether all our property will be destroyed before morning. The torture that the poor country people are suffering is worse than death."

For months, while the war was at its height, it had been almost impossible to secure any indictment by a grand jury against the Night Riders in any but two or three counties, where, to quote Governor Willson's own words, "a brave circuit judge used all the power of his great office to suppress lawlessness, while other officers, professing virtuous sentiments, connived at packing the juries with Night Riders, so that the trials in some courts, where men were plainly guilty, were farces." But at last the forces of law and liberty began to make headway. For nearly a year, the State troops, mounted infantry, patrolled large districts of the State. It was hard service: detachments riding long, hard rides every night through winter and inclement spring, on lonely all-night patrols through hostile neighborhoods. The whole force of militiamen on guard in the State never, however, exceeded three hundred soldiers, whose patrols covered many counties and many thousand square miles. The troops were at all times under strict orders not to parley with the lawless, but to attack them instantly, whenever they found them in masked bands. The Night Riders, ordinarily brave enough, as Governor Willson expressed it, to fight their numbers or more than their numbers, became panic-stricken at the idea of being killed in masks, and even in large bodies they would not venture to ride roads patrolled by a squad of only two or three militiamen. Nothing, said Governor Willson, could more forcibly illustrate the power of the sentiment of the people for law and order than the panic which overcame the lawless bands in the face of the power of the State, when three hundred militiamen absolutely held back and drove to cover this great criminal organization of ten thousand Night Riders with their many sympathizers. The Night Riders claimed that they had thirty-two thousand members, but the better opinion is that there were from eight to ten thousand. In a few months a handful of soldiers suppressed the whole conspiracy, drove the leaders into hiding, and put an end to the rule of fear.

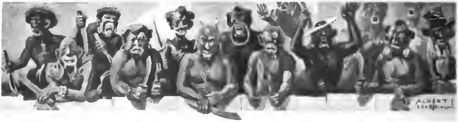
Thus was the reign of terror ended, by the pluck and grit of a single man. It is reassuring to think that there is such a man among us, ready and able to face what was practically a civil war, for the honor of his State, and the sacred cause of liberty and law. There may be many such. Governor Willson has demonstrated that there is one. But it must not for a moment be thought that the genial and kindly, though very determined, Governor of Kentucky did not understand the feeling which inspired the Night Riders, and made them believe they had a righteous cause. Their case was very like that of some of the organizations which, in their struggle for better conditions, shorter hours, and brighter lives, have believed themselves justified in committing acts of violence and outrage. Governor Willson is, and always has been, a friend of organized labor, and of all organized effort to better conditions. He sees that the end is right and necessary, and that end has his heartiest good will. But, while good conditions and higher pay are desirable, liberty is sacred; and the right of any man to use his own property as he wishes, as long as he works no unlawful harm to his neighbor; the right of every one to sow when he will, to gather his harvest as he will, and to sell it to whom he will, for what price he will, is one of the fundamental civil rights, without which there can be neither liberty nor civilization. This is Governor Willson's creed; and he holds the place he does because he not only saw this principle in clear light, but was ready to invoke, and did invoke, the final force of the State to make it effective. And he made it effective, giving back to the farmers of western Kentucky the fundamental birthright of liberty which the Night Riders menaced, and would have destroyed, and thus restoring the good name and honor of his beloved State.

The future Governor was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1869, gaining the A.M. degree three years later. Going West, to Louisville, he entered the office of General John M. Harlan, even better known to fame as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; and in due time Augustus Everett Willson succeeded to Judge Harlan's law practice. At four Republican National Conventions, beginning with 1884, Governor Willson represented the Louisville district, and in 1908 he represented the State of Kentucky at the national convention which nominated Mr. Taft for the Presidency. From 1876 Governor Willson has taken an active part in the politics of his native State, and has spoken in all but seven of its hundred and nineteen counties. And throughout his whole political life he has made it a matter of honor to respect the opinions and character of his political opponents. He believes religiously that every man has a right to his opinion, and has a right to have it treated respectfully. While unfaltering in his faith, he has always earnestly opposed the bitterness of political struggles in Kentucky, and his greatest wish and most earnest hope in his campaign for Governor was to end political hatred in Kentucky, and to be a missionary of peace, good will, and true liberty. But Governor Willson's view is not limited to his own beautiful and charming State. Speaking at Buffalo on Washington's birthday this year, he said: "I stand as one who wishes our country to go forward, to grow not only in glory but in grace, the grace of good-will to man, of love of country, of brotherhood for and partnership with the American man, no matter in what part of the Republic he may live. What is needed is a greater readiness to co-operate for the larger good. We are all partners; what is to prevent us being brothers?"

Baiting the Umpire

By George Jean Nathan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING



With them, probably, the shout would be, "Eat the umpire!"

BASEBALL is the national side-show. The baiting of umpires is the real big-tent entertainment. In Spain, by way of passing the time, they bait innocent bulls on holidays. In America, by way of the same thing they bait inoffensive men in blue suits every day in the week during the warm season, and twice on Saturdays. What the Latins call "fêtes" the Americans call "double-headers." Also, what the Latins call "matadores" the Americans call "bleachers." Some years ago, the Spanish sport-loving public was satisfied with one bull in the ring, just as the American public was satisfied with one umpire. But, as taste became more hysterical and bloodthirsty, the Spaniards demanded at least two bulls for killing purposes, and the Americans, following suit, demanded two umpires. That is the real reason the Solons of baseball added the extra referee to the game. They told the second umpire he was supposed to "watch the bases." It was a snare. He was put there simply to gratify the public's augmented longing for "sport."

In comparing the national sports of Spain and the United States, it may be readily seen that the bull has a marked advantage over the umpire. The bull has two horns that he is allowed to use in self-defence. He is given a fair chance for his life. The umpire is not. The bull, furthermore, is not compelled to abide by any printed rules in the process of having his mortal coil unwound for him. The umpire is. He is not allowed to protect himself. Clause No. 65 of the rules governing baseball says that "under no circumstance shall a player dispute the accuracy of the umpire's judgment and decision on a play." When he applies for a job, the umpire is beguiled by that clause. But no sooner has he donned his blue serge suit and placed a lozenge in his mouth, than he perceives the trick that has been played on him. There is an unwritten law among the players that Clause No. 65 is in violation of their rights, and they feel justified in doing away with it, accordingly, whenever they see fit. There are twenty-five clauses telling the umpire what *he* must do, but only the solitary No. 65 telling what the *players* must not. And, as has been indicated, No. 65 does not count.

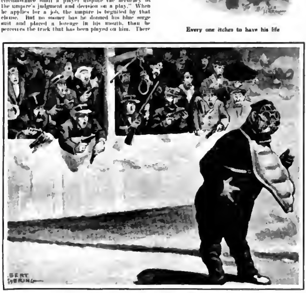
But the players do not concern us. They may feel like killing the umpire, but they must stand by and let the bleachers do the job for them. The bleachers are governed by no regulations and may "kill" umpires in any manner and at any time they, in their infinite wisdom, may choose.

The favorite way of doing away with this much-tried official is by word of mouth. Sometimes this is supplemented by leather cushions, pop-bottles, and apple cores, but usually the assault is committed verbally. It is rare sport. Hundreds of thousands of games of baseball were played in the United States during the season of 1909, and yet it is a matter of record that in only *one* of these contests was no umpire's scalp sought. The exception occurred in Jersey City, New Jersey, on Sunday, April 18th. The game in point was played between the Jersey City Eastern League team and the New York National League team, the latter winning by a score of six to three. Before the game, the management of the Jersey City club, as a safeguard against further Chancery Court proceedings to restrain the team from playing ball on Sundays, distributed cards to each spectator requesting the elimination of all loud speech. This was obeyed by the eighteen thousand persons present, and, as a consequence, a record was established. The entire nine innings were finished without any "umpire-killing" whatever. It was miraculous. You cannot kill an umpire in whispers. It is as unsatisfactory as it is impossible.

Every one itches to have his life

"Kill the umpire!" is the battle-cry of baseball. Compared to the umpire, the proverbial fat man is a universally loved individual. If there are twenty thousand men at a ball game, each one of the twenty thousand, as well as all the small boys on the near-by telegraph poles, hate the umpire. Every one itches to take his life. According to the shouted consensus of opinion, hanging is the favorite means for the disposition of the gentleman. "Hang the umpire!" sound the bleachers, in tones of thunder. The electric chair, the guillotine, asphyxiation, poison—none of these will do. The umpire must be hanged. Such is the lynch-law of the stands.

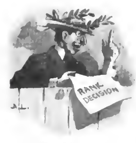
In the famous world's championship series last year between the Detroit and Pittsburg teams, Umpires Klem and Johnstone, of the National League, and Umpires O'Loughlin and Evans, of the American League, were "killed" in almost every inning of every game played. In fact, things got to such a point that the National Baseball Commission was forced to step in. The players had tried to do a little assassinating on their own account. For verbal assault with intent to kill, players Leach, Clarke, Cammitz, Maddox, and Donovan were fined twenty-five dollars each, while Miller, for insisting that one of the umpires must be killed at once because he had called a ball a strike in the fourth game when Miller knew very well it was no such thing, was fined twice that amount.



The baiting of umpires is the real entertainment

Once in a while, to vary the monotony of simply clamoring for the umpire's immediate demise, the spectators take it upon themselves to accomplish his death with their own hands. And once in a while they would succeed in their laudable purpose if it were not for the unwelcome intrusion of the police. Twice during last September, at the Polo Grounds in New York, a squad of guardians of the law saw fit to spoil a good half-hour's amusement by escorting an umpire to the club-house, when a vast throng of lovers of clean sport longed to indulge in a little killing-bee. The umpire, in the second instance at least, *should* have been killed, according to the bleachers. There was justification a-plenty. Had he not robbed the home team of a game by calling a player out for not having touched a base? To be sure, the player should have touched the base according to the rules, and, to be sure, he failed to do so; but was that any reason for the umpire's decision? It most certainly was not. Any umpire who does not know enough to give favorable decisions to the home team in a case like this ought to be killed. The police are the greatest foes of good sport in this country. Thirty-seven times last season, in the two big leagues alone, did they interrupt the killing of umpires.

According to bleacher law, there are three particularly justifiable motives for doing away with umpires. An umpire may be killed, first, if he sees fit to adhere to the rules and make a decision against the home team at a close point in the game. Secondly, an umpire may be killed if he sends a member of the home team to the bench when the player in question has done absolutely nothing but call the umpire names and attempt to bite his ear off—an umpire has no business to be touchy. Thirdly (and this is a perfect defence against the charge of murder), an umpire may be killed if he calls any batter on the home team out on strikes when the player has not even struck at the balls pitched. That the balls go straight over the plate has nothing to do with the case.



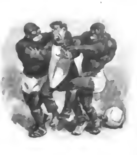
The umpire killer in his glory

It was estimated by a well-known baseball writer at the conclusion of last season that, judging solely from the newspaper records, three hundred and fifty-five umpires in the United States had been molested physically during the period stipulated. That is, three hundred and fifty-five of only the more spectacular instances had found their way into the prints. That the number of actual attempts to do physical injury to umpires was many times in excess of that chronicled cannot be doubted for a moment when it is remembered that there are, in this country, tens of thousands of professional and amateur teams which play a total of hundreds of thousands of games each season. And each game lasts at least nine innings. What a magnificent field of opportunity!

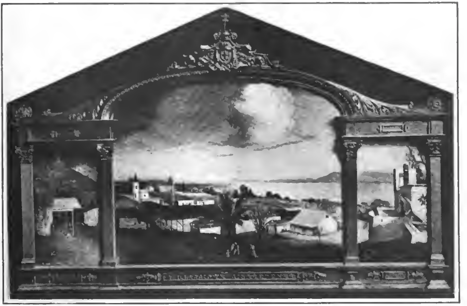
There is ample proof at hand to show that killing-the-umpire is a distinctively American sport. Other countries have tried baseball, but they have not tried killing-the-umpire. That is probably the reason why they have not waxed enthusiastic over baseball. For baseball without umpire-killing is like football without girls in the grand-stand. It simply can't be done. That foreign countries know nothing about our king of outdoor sports was indicated forcibly when, in the fall of 1909, the Detroit team made a trip to Cuba under the management of Outfielder McIntyre. In the entire series of twelve games with the Havana and Almendares nines, not one single objection was made by either the Cuban players or the silent Cuban spectators to a decision of the umpires. The Americans did not know what to think of it—until they counted up the gate receipts at the end of the series. Then they realized that, in their own country, it is the delight in killing-the-umpire rather than the pleasure in watching the game that draws the tremendous crowds through the turnstiles.

When the University of Wisconsin ball team went to Japan last fall at the invitation of the Keio team of Tokio, nine games were played on the Keio grounds at Mita Tokio and all nine games were umpired by one man—a Japanese named Nakano, a former player on the team representing Waseda University. Not once in any of the games did the Japanese spectators make any demonstration against Nakano, and, as a result, the games took on the appearance of "roll-the-ball"—the Japanese sport most familiar to Americans, bazar-goers, and Coney-Islanders. As one of the Wisconsin players said afterward, "For sheer excitement and outbursts of enthusiasm it rivalled a field-day at a deaf-mute asylum." In Victoria, Australia, where a determined effort is being made to popularize baseball, the prime movers in the campaign, appreciating full well the important and necessary relation that killing-the-umpire bears to the game, have tried the novel experiment of working up the hostile spirit toward the referee by playing the baseball contests—all or in part—before the huge football crowds. These crowds are demonstrative in the extreme, and it is hoped by the baseball promoters that part of the excess football emotional tumult may, in time, be directed against the umpires, thus insuring the success of the game. At Melbourne particularly, where baseball games have been tried on Saturday afternoons preceding the regular football matches, considerable progress has been noted in working up the feelings of the thirty thousand or more spectators against the umpires. Things are going so well, in fact, that there are now twenty-three baseball teams in Victoria as compared with five in 1904. The figures are vouched for by P. B. Seyffarth, one of the leading baseball campaigners in Australia.

In addition to the countries named, baseball has been tried recently in Great Britain, in Mexico, in Central America, in New Zealand, Canada, Italy, and in the Sandwich Islands. In none of these lands, save Australia and the Sandwich Islands, however, does it seem destined to become the national game. The reason is not far to seek. They have begun at the wrong end, these foreigners. You can't "institute" baseball. You must begin by building up a bleachers. The bleachers will "institute" killing the umpire, and then the game of baseball itself will begin to flourish. In Australia, the matter has been approached in the correct way. In the Sandwich Islands, baseball cannot possibly fail. The natives will take to umpires as naturally as they have taken to missionaries. Only with them, probably, the shout will be, "*Eat* the umpire!"

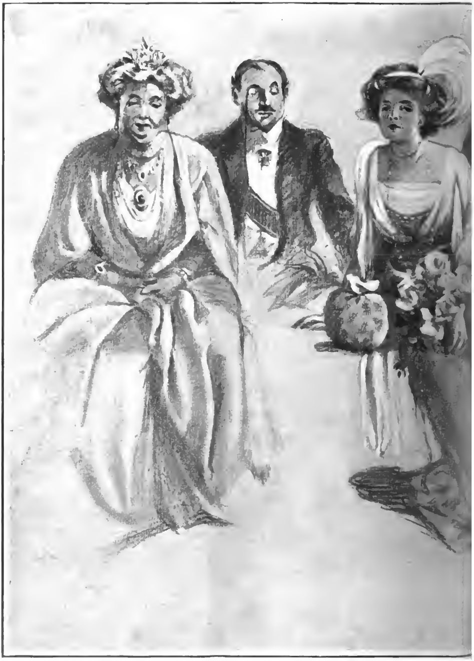


This might please the bleachers enormously



AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S GIFT TO QUEEN HELENA

THIS TRIPTYCH, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN OF ITALY RECENTLY BY MR. LLOYD C. GRISCOM, WAS PAINTED BY ROBERT HALE, OF CHICAGO, ONE OF THE YOUNGER ARTISTS AMONG THE AMERICAN COLONY AT ROME. THE CENTRAL ILLUSTRATION SHOWS A VIEW OF THE VILLAGE BUILT BY THE QUEEN FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SUFFERERS FROM THE EARTHQUAKE AT MESSINA. MR. LLOYD C. GRISCOM, WHO WAS THEN AMBASSADOR TO ITALY, SUPERINTENDED THE BUILDING OF THE VILLAGE, AND THE PRESENTATION WAS MADE IN COMMEMORATION OF THE QUEEN'S EFFORTS ON BEHALF OF THE VICTIMS



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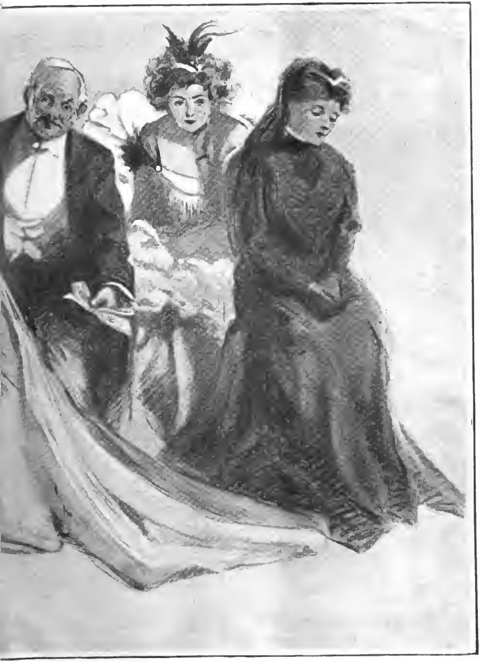


T SELLERS

E BARRATT

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

WITH THE CENSUS MAN

"NAME, please," said the Census Man.

"Norah Jemmison Hickleberry," replied the lady.

"Married or single?" asked the Census Man.

"Both," replied the lady.

"How do you make that out?" demanded the Census Man.

"Golf widow," replied the lady.

"Now, sir," said the Census Man, "have you any children?"

"Yes," said Billups, "there's my wife's three boys—Jimmie, Tommie, and Billie. Then there's my two boys and daughter—Harry, Horace, and Amandy. And then there's our twins Reginald and Edmund, and the three girls, Anna, Susie, and—"

"Hold on there," said the Census Man. "Lemme get this straight. You say your wife's three, and your three, and the twins, and Anna and Susie, and the other one. I don't quite catch the scheme."

"Why," said Billups, "I married a widow with three children, after having been a widower with three myself for three—"

"Oh, Gee!" ejaculated the Census Man. "Let's bunch 'em. How many altogether?"

"Now let's see, Mr. Peavey, have I got you all down?" asked the Census Man.

"Wa al," said Mr. Peavey, "there's one little runt of a cuss that's danglin' around my darter Susan 'most every minute. But ye needn't count him. He's here all the time, and I reckon he eats more'n any three reg'lar members o' the family, but he don't amount to nothin'. Ye might put him down among the diseases we've had from time to time. Three cases o' the measles last year, one whoopin-cough, two chicken poxes, and one no account fiancee."

"And now, madam," said the Census Man, "as to your family—"

"Well, there's Flossie and Fido and Tom," she began.

"Fido?" demanded the Census Man. "Isn't that a queer name for a child?"

"Child?" retorted the lady. "Who said he was a child? He's a black and tan. Flossie and Tom are Angoras."

"Oh?" smiled the Census Man. "Well, I meant children."

"Oh!" returned the lady, "children, eh? I'll have to refer you to our nursery governess. I really haven't kept track of them."

POEMS OF THE MONTHS

SEPTEMBER

WHEN the tan is deep on lovely Mabel's cheek,
And the freckles round her nose play hide and seek;
When the 'skeeter comes along
With a swelling ombongpong,
Rather sleek,
When the airy Summer Maid begins to freeze,
Getting cooler by some forty-nine degrees,
And goes on her cruel way
Bouncing every fiancé
That she sees!

When the Oyster comes a-sailing o'er the bar,
And resumes his former ways so popular,
With the Codfish and the Smelt,
In the new-born month that's spelt
With an R;
When the ripened grain awaits the Reaper's hand;
And a blight comes o'er the brazen Village Band;
When we hear Stump Speakers trill
Bits about the Tariff Bill
O'er the land;

When the Huskin'-Bee is buzzing everywhere,
And the punkin wins rich prizes at the Fair;
When we hear the gentle croon
Of the Wild Duck and the Loon
On the air;
When the Tadpole sheds his adolescent tail
In the pretty little mill-pond in the vale,
And hops out upon the log,
There to warble like a Frog
Strong and hale;

When the Pippin getteth ready for the bob,
And the frosty breezes round about us throb,
And the pearly Corn doth lure
With its song so sweet and pure
To the cob;
When the Sun begins to seek an earlier set,
And the Landlord sends a bill for all we've got;
When the Lobster grown obese
Ends his days in scarlet peace
In the pot;

When the Frost is on the Punkin and the Pea;
And there's mighty little doing by the sea;
When the hills grow chill and bare,
And the town begins to flare
Merrily;
When the sleep of Summer finally is slept,
And the peeping birds their pretty pipes have pept
And the autumn breezes blow—
Who is he that doth not know
It is Sept?

CARLYLE SMITH.

I love you!!!
Tootsey
My Affinity!!!

"WELL, IF THAT AIN'T WILLIAM'S WRITING!"

ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER

BE very careful at this time of your corn-crib lest some one crib your corn. If the corn itself appears to suffer from fatty degeneration of the kernel you will do well not to postpone consulting a chiropodist any longer than you can help.

Farmers who run boarding-houses in connection with their agricultural pursuits, and who desire to make their farms attractive to maiden ladies, should keep their premises tolerably free from snakes, though when the end of the season comes and accounts are rendered it is always well to have a few adders handy.

Remember that sweet corn is not half so sweet when you shave the kernels off, but if you do shave them be very sure to use a safety razor, lest you cut the cob and thereby render it unavailable for use in the construction of your winter's pipe.

During the rainy season the only effectively dry method of picking huckleberries is to pull the bushes up by the roots, and, carrying the whole thing into the drawing-room, remove the berries there. If your wife is using the drawing-room to do her preserving in, try either the spare bedroom or the library.

As the cold nights come along be careful that the pig you are fattening for Christmas is kept properly warm. If you have nothing else at hand than the football sweater left by the young Harvard student last season, this will come in nicely, but do not try to put it on the animal alone unless you are yourself in the pink of condition and are wearing a mackintosh. Also be careful to remove the capital H from the chest of the sweater before using.

In driving your pigs to market remember that experience teaches us that the best way to get them there quickly is to try to drive them somewhere else. By the natural force of contrariety, one of the leading characteristics of the perfect pig, they will gravitate in the other direction.

September is not a propitious time of year in which to look a gift-horse in the mouth, especially if the animal bites. If you must inspect the creature in this vicinity be sure to wear a muzzle in the shape of a baseball mask on your own face, and if possible do all your inspecting through a telescope or a pair of opera-glasses. Similarly a gift jackass should be inspected in the heels in the same way, with a ball-catcher's pad over the inspector's facade in addition to the mask.

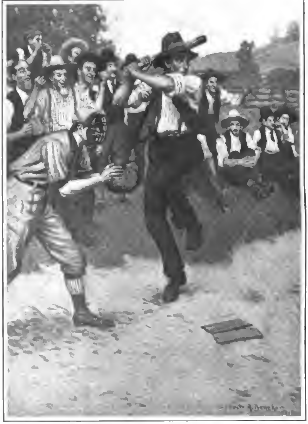
Do not try to shear your sheep with the manicure set the blond boarder left at your farm-house when she inadvertently departed without paying her bill. If you cannot find your shears give the animals a thorough soaking in Hawkins's dandleberry hair restorer, and the wool will come out in chunks without use of scissors of any kind.

Cows should be kept free at all times from excitement, and great care must be taken that their tranquillity be not disturbed on any account. If they become restive, a chapter or two of some pastoral novel, or a few poems by Martin Farquhar Tupper, read to them in a soft, crooning voice before milking-time will do much to restore them to that even and equable frame of mind which alone is compatible with a perfect lacteal output. Nor should you ever decorate their horns and tails in loud colors or striking plaids; soft, unobtrusive pastels being rather more in keeping with the bovine nature.

If the strawberries planted two years ago have not yet appeared above the surface it is safe to assume that something has happened to divert their attention, and that they will not now appear under any circumstances, so that no harm can come from your removing the barbed-wire fence from around the patch and sowing the latter to early November wild carrots, mullein-stalk or June dandelions.

At this season of the year it is probable that the sons of some of our farming readers are about to start off for college, and their outfit is requiring some attention. As a mere suggestion in case one of your boys is of a lazy disposition it is recommended that the pillows of his divan be filled only with a sufficient amount of balsam to give the required aroma, the deficiency being made up by a mixture of bristles and chestnut burrs in equal proportions. This will serve to keep him awake at least while he is out of bed and occupying the divan.

For autumn evenings a pleasant pastime in the line of picture puzzles consists in taking the contents of the waste-basket of your literary boarder and trying to put the pieces of his original manuscripts together again so that the torn-up paragraphs shall make sense.



TWO OUT AND THE BASES FULL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

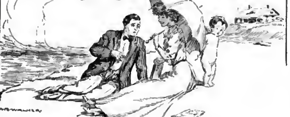
MISS FLAXILOCKS writes to inform us that she is deeply in love with two men, both of whom have proposed to her, and she does not know which to accept. Under modern conditions we see no reason why she should not take both, giving precedence to the elder of the two men. Reno is not, after all, very far from Squantum, where Miss Flaxilocks lives, and after two or three years of happy married life with Number One it will be a comparatively easy matter for her to run out to the training-quarters at Reno and qualify for another happy married life with Number Two.

We are very sorry, Mr. Peterson, that we cannot use your poem in which occur the lines,

"And his glowing carmine whiskers
Were like lush and lithe Hibiscus
In the fall.

The sentiment of the poem is all right, but it takes a great deal of genius to back up such a rhyme as whiskers and Hibiscus, and so far, your verses indicate nothing more than talent.

Mrs. Williston Hickleberry, of Malden, Pennsylvania, wishes us to send her our receipt for Pin-money Pickles, Washington Pie, and Sponge-cake Floating-island. We shall be very glad to do so immediately upon the arrival of the consignment of the Pin-money Pickles, Washington Pie, and Sponge-cake Floating-island, which, from her request, we presume she is sending us. Mrs. Hickleberry will, of course, understand that we cannot very well send a receipt for anything we have not received, but we promise to give the matter immediate attention as soon as the box of good things reaches us. Only we should much prefer, if it is not too late, that she substitute a quart of Apple-jack for the Sponge-cake Floating-island.



THE EAVES-DROPPER

THE SUPREME TEST

"I THOUGHT you said this bathing-suit was in fast colors," said Binks, indignantly, to the bathing-master of whom he had bought his dollar suit that morning.

"Yes, sir, that's what I said," returned the bathing-master.

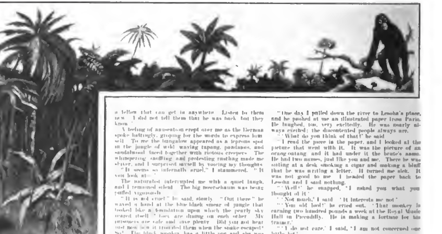
"Well, every blessed stripe on the blooming thing has come off on my back," retorted Binks.

"Ah, but wait until you try to get 'em off your back," smiled the bathing-master, suavely. "Then you'll see."

A Jungle Graduate

By James Francis Dwyer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY COPPERSTONE GEIGER



THE moonlight fell upon Schreiber's bald head as he jerked his body out of the depths of the rough-hewn lounge chair. His eyes were turned to the blue-black smear of jungle, but his ears were absorbing the faint sounds that came from the interior of the bungalow. The narrow path, like a whitewashed strip, reached fearfully toward the weird tree masses, and alongside it the coarse rirro grass stood up haughtily as if protesting against the man-made barrenness. The jungle resents a cleared space; it speaks of the presence of human beings.

"What is it?" I asked softly.

"Nothing," murmured the naturalist, but his grip on the unplaned pine limbs which formed the frame upon which the Dyak mat was stretched did not relax. He gave one the impression of a man sifting the noises of the night with his whole body.

Suddenly his head came sharply down between his shoulders, and the chair groaned a protest as he left it with a spring. A black line appeared upon the moon-whitened path, and the heavy German pounced upon it with the agility of a cat.

"It is that damn vermilion snake," he grunted, holding the wriggling thing up by the tail as he shuffled toward the door. "This is the second time he has escaped."

When the chair had again received him with a long-drawn creaking sound, I put a question.

"Did you see him before he started across the path?" I asked.

"No," snapped Schreiber. "I just felt that things are not right. That is easy. When he escaped it caused a little silence and just a little change in the note of those that didn't keep altogether quiet. Listen, please, now."

From inside the darkened bungalow came a peculiar wasp-like buzzing that filtered unceasing into the mysterious night. The surrounding jungle appeared to be listening to it. At first it defied the attempts of the ear when it sought to analyze the medley, then the different noises asserted themselves slowly. It was the inarticulate cry of the German's prisoners. There was the soft moaning of the wakelat gibbon, the *pat pat* of the civet, the whimper of the black monkey, the snuffling of caged small things, and the rustle of snakes that crawled wearily around their boxes. The sounds seemed to bring to the place a peculiar aura that put the bungalow apart from the untrammelled jungle that surrounded it on all sides.

"They are all right now," murmured the German, contentedly. "They are quiet, so."

"But how did they know that the vermilion snake had escaped?" I asked. "They're in the dark."

The naturalist laughed, the pleasant laugh of the man to whom a question like mine brings the thrill of subtle flattery.

"How?" he repeated. "My friend, the gibbon he there felt it in his blood, *ja*. He whimper softly, oh, so softly, and the news ran along the cages. The dark makes no difference to the wild people. Every little bit of their bodies is an eye. Every little hair listens and tells them something. That is as it should be. I felt the change in their notes. I was dreaming of Van Wyck's place in Amsterdam just then, and I wake up mighty quick. The black monkey stopped quiet, for the black monkey is wise, but the tone of the others changed to pianissimo very, very sudden. A snake is a fellow that can get in anywhere. Listen to them now. I did not tell them that he was back, but they know."

A feeling of amusement crept over me as the German spoke haltingly, groping for the words to express himself. To me the bungalow appeared as a leprous spot on the jungle of wild waving tapang, pandanus, and sandalwood laced together with riotous creepers. The whimpering, snuffling and protesting rustling made me shiver, and I surprised myself by voicing my thoughts.

"It seems so infernally cruel," I stammered. "If you look at—"

The naturalist interrupted me with a quiet laugh, and I remained silent. The big meerschaum was being puffed vigorously.

"It is not cruel," he said, slowly. "Out there" he waved a hand at the blue-black smear of jungle that looked like a foundation upon which the pearly sky reared itself "they are dining on each other. My prisoners are safe and have plenty. Did you not hear just now how it troubled them when the snake escaped? So! The black monkey has a little one and she was afraid. The jungle life is not a lengthy one for the weak. I was at Amsterdam five years ago—*Ich Gott!* it seems fifty years ago—and at Hagenbeck's I see a civet cat that I trapped years ago. She looked well. Would she be alive here? I do not know."

The irritating droning noise continued to pour out of the bungalow. It floated out into the night that appeared to be all ears in an effort to absorb it.

"No, captivity is not bad if they are treated right," continued the naturalist, "and can you tell me where they are not treated well?"

I didn't answer. Confronted with a request for reasons to back up my stammered protest, I found myself without any. Schreiber's captives were well fed. The baby monkey was guarded from the snake.

The big German smoked silently for several minutes, his eyes fixed on the jungle belt in front.

"The zoological people treat their animals better than society treats human beings," he said, gently. "And the naturalists? Well, they treat them well. I never knew one who did not."

He stopped for a moment, and then gave a little throaty gurgle. Memory had pushed forward something that displeased him.

"I made a mistake," he remarked, harshly. "I did know of one. The night is young. I will tell you of him. It happened a long while ago when I first came to the Samarahan River—Fogelberg and I came together. This man's name was Lesohn—Pierre Lesohn—and he was a naturalist of a kind. That is, his heart was not in his work. *Nein!* He was always thinking of other ways of making money, and no man who calls himself a naturalist can do that. This business calls for everything—heart, soul, brain, all. That is why I said Lesohn was not a naturalist. The devil of discontent was gnawing at him, and in this work there should be no discontent. No, my friend.

"You will read of Pierre Lesohn—Professor Pierre Lesohn and his trained orang-outang"

"One day I paddled down the river to Lesohn's place, and he pushed at me an illustrated paper from Paris. He laughed, too, very excitedly. He was nearly always excited: the discontented people always are.

"'What do you think of that?' he said.

"I read the piece in the paper, and I looked at the picture that went with it. It was the picture of an orang-outang, and it had under it the brute's name. He had two names, just like you and me. There he was sitting at a desk smoking a cigar and making a bluff that he was writing a letter. It turned me sick. It was not good to me. I handed the paper back to Lesohn and I said nothing.

"'Well?' he snapped, 'I asked you what you thought of it.'

"'Not much,' I said. 'It interests me not.'

"'You old fool!' he cried out. 'That monkey is earning two hundred pounds a week at the Royal Music Hall in Piccadilly. He is making a fortune for his trainer.'

"'I do not care,' I said, 'I am not concerned one little bit.'

"'Ho, ho!' he sneered. 'You want to work in this stinking jungle till you die, eh? I have other things in my mind, Schreiber.' I knew he had, but I didn't interrupt him just then. 'Yes,' he cried out, 'I do not want to be buried out here with the wahwahs singing the "Dead March" over my grave. I want to die in Paris. And I want to have some fun before I die, Schreiber. There is a little girl whose father keeps the Café des Primroses—*Mon Dieu!* Why did I come to this wilderness?'

"'And how will that help you?' I asked, pointing to the paper that had the picture of the smart monkey in it.

"'How?' he screamed. 'How? Why, you old stupid, I, Pierre Lesohn, will train an orang-outang too.'

"'It is not good to make a brute into a human,' I said. 'I would not try if I were you.'

"Lesohn laughed himself nearly into convulsions when I said that. It was a great joke to him. He fell on the bed and laughed for ten minutes without undoing his lace. He was a smart man, was Pierre Lesohn—too smart to come out of Paris. The smart men should always stay in the cities. The jungle is not for them. It agrees only with men who have made a proper assay of their faculties. Lesohn never had time to make an assay. He was too busy scheming."

Schreiber stopped and again leaned forward in the big chair. Something had gone astray in the buzzing noise from the prison house, and like a maestro he listened for the jarring note. Softly he rose from his seat and slipped into the interior darkness.

When he returned he relit his pipe slowly—the jungle life makes a man's movements composed and deliberate—then he settled himself back in the seat of his own manufacture.

"The little one of the black monkey is ill," he explained. "If it was in the jungle it would die. Here it will live, I think. But we will get back to Lesohn, the smart Frenchman who should have stayed in Paris. He pasted that picture of the man-ape over his cot, and he looked at it every day. It got between him and his sleep.

"'Two hundred pounds a week,' he would cry out. 'Think of that, you old, squareheaded Dutchman. That is nearly five thousand francs! That is four thousand marks! Could we not train one too?'

"'Not me,' I said. 'I like the orang-outang just as he is. He suits me like that. If he got so clever that he could smoke my cigars and read my letters I would not like him one bit. He would be out of the place that God gave him in the animal kingdom.'

"I annoyed Lesohn by telling him that. I annoyed him very much. Three days afterward a Dyak trapped an orang-outang that was just getting out of its babyhood, and the Frenchman bought it quick.

"'It is just the size I want,' he said to Fogelberg and me. 'I want to train it as quick as I can. Ho, ho! you two fools, just wait. There is a little girl whose father keeps the Café des Primroses—wait, Dutchman, and see things. Professor Pierre Lesohn and his wonderful trained orang-outang! Five thousand francs a week! Is it not good?'

"But Fogelberg and I said nothing. We knew the status of the orang-outang in the animal kingdom, and we were content to leave him on his proper plane. Mother Nature fixes the grades, and she knows that the orang is not the fellow that shall send notes to his sweetheart or puff cigars when he is sitting in tight boots that squeeze his toes that have been made for swinging him through the palm trees. From the ant-eating manis with his horn armor, right up to Pierre Lesohn, Mother Nature has settled things very properly and very quietly.

"Lesohn was not the man for the wilderness. No, my friend. He was all inside, all nerves, and he wanted to feed on excitement ten times a day. And there is no excitement here. Not a bit. People in the cities think that there is, but they are mistaken. This is a cradle where you get a rest if you sit quiet. Do you understand? The Frenchman could not sit quiet. His imagination made him a millionaire after he had that orang-outang two days. It did so. It bought him a house at Passy, and a carriage and pair, and the smiles of the ballet-girls at the Grand Casino. Some men are like that. They make their imaginations into gas-wagons and ride to the devil. And Lesohn was taking something that didn't improve things. He kept a square bottle under his cot, and he toasted the monkey and the good times that he was going to have in Paris—toasted them much too often for my liking.

"That monkey learned things mighty fast. He was a great mimic, a very great mimic. Every time Fogelberg and I pulled down to Lesohn's place, the Frenchman trotted the damn hairy brute out to do things for our approval. Fogelberg didn't like it. I didn't like it. *Nein!* We told Lesohn and he laughed and made fun of us.

"'Oh, you two old Dutchmen!' he cried out. 'Oh, you two old monkey-snarers! You wait! Professor Pierre Lesohn and his trained orang-outang at five thousand francs a week! Five thousand francs! Think of it! In the Café des Primroses I will think sometimes of you two fools on the stinking mud banks of the Samarahan.'

"He was going mad thinking of the good times he would have on the boulevards. He drank—*Gott in Himmel!* how he drank. He saw himself strutting in Europe with the monkey bringing in the money. He was mad, all right. And I think that orang-outang began to think that he was mad. He would sit alongside Lesohn and puzzle his old head to know what the Frenchman was so excited about. The brute didn't know of the dreams of Monsieur Pierre Lesohn. No, my friend. He didn't know that the Frenchman was going to make a pedestal of his wisdom upon which he could climb and kiss his fingers to the Milky Way. Oh, no! He was only an orang-outang and he didn't know that people would pay four thousand marks a week to see him stick his blue nose into a stein and puff at a cigarette. *Ich?* It sickens me.

"Then one day the monkey got sulky and would not do a single thing. I think Lesohn was drunk that day. He must have been. The brute was sulky and the Frenchman was drunk. Pierre told me of it afterward. The *mias* knocked over the specimen-cases and went cranky. Lesohn went cranky, too. He saw the boulevards and the house at Passy and the ballet-girls and the Café des Primroses floating away on the monkey's tantrums, and he got sick. He got very sick. He swigged away at the flat bottle till he went nearly mad, and then he done something."

The blurry depths of the jungle appeared to pulsate as Schreiber halted in his story to listen again to the sounds that came from within. There was a witchery in the soft night. It touched one with mysterious fingers. It watched outside the lonely bungalow, wondering, inquisitive, wide-eyed.

"He must have been mad," continued the German, "mad or very drunk. The Samarahan flowed right by Lesohn's bungalow, and the Samarahan was alive at that place. Dirty, ugly, scaly-backed crocodiles slept in the mud there all day long. Ugh! I hate crocodiles. They turn me sick. The Frenchman he was mad, though—mad with drink and mad because he thought the orang-outang was turning stupid."

"Well?" I gasped, "what happened?" The night was listening to the story. The buzzing noise from the prisoners died down to the faintest murmur.

"Well," repeated the naturalist, "Pierre Lesohn taught that orang-outang a lesson in obedience. He tied the animal to the trunk of a tree near the mud banks—yes, near the stinking, slimy mud banks that smell like asafœtida and then he, Pierre, laid himself down on the veranda of his bungalow with his Winchester rifle in his lap.

"The orang-outang whimpered, and Lesohn laughed. He told me of this afterward. The orang whimpered again and again. Then he cried out with fear. A bit of the mud started to move, and the big *mias* was afraid, very much afraid. You know the cold eye of the crocodile? It is the icicle eye. It is the eye of the monte sharp. No animal has such a cold eye. The shark? *Nein!* The shark has a fighting eye. The crocodile doesn't fight. He waits till all the cards are his way. He is a devil. That tied-up pet of Lesohn's attracted the dirty brute in the mud, and the orang-outang had been fool enough to tell him by that whimper that he was helpless. See?

"The crocodile watched him for one hour—for two hours—for three hours. He thought it might be a trap. Lesohn watched, too. He was teaching the monkey what mighty smart fellows come out of Paris.

"The crocodile knocked the mud off his back to get a better view, and the orang screamed out to Pierre to save him. He screamed mighty hard. He chattered of the things he would learn if Lesohn came to his aid quick, but Lesohn smiled to himself and sat quiet.

"The crocodile dug himself out of the mud and looked at the *mias*, and the *mias* shivered in every bit of his body. Lesohn told me all about it afterward. He said the monkey cursed him when the crocodile flicked the water out of his eye and moved a little farther up the bank. That icicle eye had the orang-outang fascinated. He lost his nerve. He shrieked and he prayed in monkey gibberish, and that gave the crocodile plenty heart. *Ach* yes! He thought that he held four aces in the little game with the orang, and he thinks it good to take a chance. He made a big rush at the tree, but Pierre was waiting for that rush. He threw the rifle forward quick, the bullet took the brute in the eye, and he flopped back into the stinking mud with a grunt of disgust.

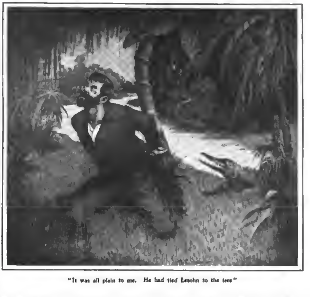
"You see what Lesohn was? He was a madman. Next day when Fogelberg and I went down there he told us all about it, and he laughed a lot. The orang-outang was so mighty afraid that Lesohn would repeat the stunt that he was hopping round doing everything that he could. *Gott!* he was much afraid, was that monkey. I bet he dreamed of nights of that icicle eye of that crocodile. Every time Lesohn looked at him he shivered as if he was going to take a fit, and he whimpered like a baby. That crocodile had watched him for three hours. See?

"'Look at him!' screamed the Frenchman. 'No more sulks from him! I tamed him! Here!' he yelled to the orang, 'bring me my bottle!'

"Didn't that monkey rush to get it? You bet he did. He went as if it was a matter of life and death to him, and I suppose it was, to his thinking. And Lesohn shrieked with laughter till you could hear him at Brunei. He reckoned that the cold eye of a crocodile was the very best thing in the world to bring a monkey to his senses.

"'I will take him over to Singapore next week,' said Lesohn, 'and from there I will get a boat to Colombo, and then ship by the Messageries Maritimes to Paris. Five thousand francs a week, Dutchmen! You will read of me. *Mon Dieu!* Yes! You will read of Pierre Lesohn—Professor Pierre Lesohn and his trained orang-outang.'"

Schreiber halted in his recital. A wind came out of the China Sea, charged down upon the jungle and slashed the fronds of the big palms like a regiment of cuirassiers thundering through space. It died away suddenly, leaving an atmosphere of weird expectancy that put one's nerves on a tension. The night seemed to listen for something that it knew was coming.



"It was all plain to me. He had tied Lesohn to the tree"

"Go on!" I cried, excitedly. "Tell me! Tell me what happened!"

"Four days after that night," said Schreiber, quietly, "I pulled down the Samarahan. When I came in front of Lesohn's bungalow I called out to him, but I got no answer. 'He is in the forest,' I said to myself; 'I will go up to the hut and get a drink.' It was a mighty hot day, and the Samarahan is not a summer resort. *Nein!* It is not.

"Did you ever feel that a silence can be too much a silence? Sometimes in the jungle I feel a hush that is not nice. It was here to-night when the vermilion snake escaped. Often in the forest it chokes the whistle of the cicada and it seems to stop the little blades of grass from waving. *Jah!* It is strange. Whenever I feel that silence I am careful. I am not afraid, but I know that other things that can feel in a way that I cannot feel are much afraid.

"It was that kind of a silence that I feel when I was going up the path to Lesohn's bungalow. It was like ice upon my spine. It came around me and touched me like ten thousand cold hands. I am not imaginative, no, but in the jungle one gets a skin that feels and sees and hears. And my skin was working overtime just then. It was telling my brain something that my brain could not understand.

"I walked on my toes through the mangrove bushes at the top of that path. I know not why, but I did. I was near to making a discovery. I knew that. I stopped and peeped through the branches and I saw something. *Gott!* Yes! I saw something that made me reach out for the news that my skin was trying to tell me. I knew, and I did not know. Do you understand? I chased that thing all around in my brain and I was getting closer to it each minute. The things I thought of made it come closer, and my lips got dry. I thought of what Lesohn had done to that orang, how he had tied him to the tree and frightened him into a fit with the cold stare of that scaly-backed crocodile, and while I thought of that I watched the veranda of the bungalow. I seemed to see that monkey tied to the tree and that icicle eye looking at him from the mud, and then—why, I knew! It came on me like a flash. I felt as if I was hit with a sandbag.

"For three minutes I could not move, then I staggered toward the veranda. Do you know what was there? *That big ugly brute of a mias was fumbling with the Frenchman's rifle, and he was crying like a human.*

"'Where is Lesohn?' I cried out. 'Where is he?' And then I laughed like a madman at my own question. My skin, that was all eyes and ears, had told me where Lesohn was. *Jah!* It was so.

"The big *mias* sprang up on his feet and he looked at me just as if he understood every word I said. My legs were as weak as two blades of grass. I had not seen the thing done. *Ach!* It was strange. I thought I had dreamed about it, but then I knew I hadn't. It was the silence, and the crying *mias*, and something inside me which told me it is not good to touch a bottle too much. 'Where is he?' I cried out again. 'Show me where he is?'

"The orang wiped the tears from his ugly blue nose and touched me with his big, hairy arm, and then he started to shamble toward the mud banks where the Frenchman had tied him to give him that little lesson in obedience.

"I was sick then. That atmosphere turned me all upside down. I knew what had happened. Yes, I knew. My mind had pieced things together like the pieces of a picture puzzle. I knew what Lesohn had done to the brute. I knew the imitative ways of the *mias*, and I knew that Pierre was often drunk—very often drunk. And then there was the knowledge which my skin had strained out of the silence. A cold sweat ran from me as I followed the orang, and I clutched the rifle tight as I got near the mud bank and looked around for something to confirm the horror that my soul had sensed. And the proof was there. It was a coat sleeve tied to the tree where the Frenchman had tied the *mias* a week before, and the sleeve wasn't empty. *Nein!* The cords had been tied around the wrist of Pierre Lesohn, and the cords were very strong. They had stood the strain of the pull, and—and it was there as a proof of what had happened.

"It was all so plain to me. Lesohn must have been drunk, see? Well, while he was drunk it had come into the ugly head of that brute to let Pierre get a thrill from the icicle eye of the scaly-backed devils in the mud. He had tied Lesohn to the tree, and then he got the rifle and copied the Frenchman by sitting on the veranda to watch for the first one of those things that would find out that Pierre was helpless. It was plain—oh, so plain to me. But the Frenchman, in educating that orang, had forgotten to teach him how to load a rifle. It was unfortunate, was it not? The rifle was empty, and when the dirty brutes came out of the mud, the *mias* could do nothing. *Gott!* no! He just fumbled with the breech and cry like a human being till I came along, and then it was too late."

"What did you do then?" I cried, as the German's heavy bass tones were pursued and throttled by the palpitating silence.

"I did nothing," said Schreiber, quietly. "Lesohn had told me what he had done to that brute. Fate—Nemesis—call it what you will—has funny ways. I looked at the orang-outang, and he backed away from me, crying. And he looked back a dozen times, still crying, till the jungle swallowed him up. Somewhere out there"—the German waved a hand at the dark forest that was watching and listening—"there is an orang-outang with a tragedy on his mind."

"The Ascension"

Some Famous Tapestries

SIX OF THE CELEBRATED BARBERINI TAPESTRIES, WOVEN DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, WHICH, AFTER ADORNING THE SISTINE CHAPEL OF THE VATICAN, HAVE BEEN ACQUIRED FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, NEW YORK. THEY WERE RECENTLY PLACED ON EXHIBITION AMONG THE MORGAN LOAN COLLECTION IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

By Walter L. Beasley

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

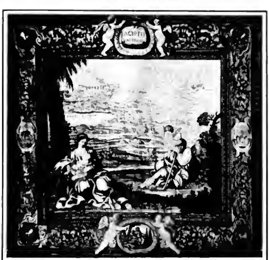
"The Crucifixion"

THE celebrated Barberini tapestries, which rank among the art treasures of the world, and will be hung on the walls behind the great white sanctuary of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, have just been placed on public exhibition in the rotunda and among the Morgan Loan Collection in the new west wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This famous set of tapestries, twelve in number—of which three are not on exhibition, owing to their more or less mutilated condition—portrays events in the life of Christ. They were formerly in the Ffoulke Collection in Washington, but, through the efforts of the late Bishop Potter and of the Rev. Morgan Dix, they were acquired and presented to the cathedral by Mrs. E. Coles. They were made in the papal tapestry-factory founded by Cardinal François Barberini, in the Barberini Palace at Rome, under the patronage of his uncle, Pope Urban VIII.

In 1625 Cardinal Barberini was sent on an art mission, accompanied by a number of the most distinguished savants and littérateurs of Italy, to study the tapestries in the palaces of France. The sight of these fine French textiles inspired Cardinal Barberini with the desire to endow the Eternal City with a similar royal manufactory for the pontifical court.

He made a series of extensive investigations into the quality of the wools, silks, colors used, and the method of weaving, dyeing, etc. In 1630 he completed his investigations, and three years later was enabled to achieve his object. The papal manufactory was established, and flourished for fifty years thereafter.

The celebrated artist Jean François Romanelli was the creator of the cartoons. The master weaver was Jacques della Riviera. The principal series of tapestries woven was the "Scenes in the Life of Christ," at first intended to cover the magnificent Throne Room in the Barberini Palace, at Rome, to add lustre to the ceiling painted with the splendid frescoes of Cortona. Afterward they hung for a period on the walls of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.



"The Flight into Egypt"

The borders of the tapestries, for the most part similar, are of great decorative beauty. The design consists of laurel garlands tied with ribbons interrupted at the corners and centres by medallions. The tone of each border harmonizes with the color-scheme of the individual fresco-like composition. The borders have the coat of arms of the Barberini family and Pope Urban VIII, in each of the four corners, consisting of three golden bees encircled in a wreath in a field of azure. In the centre of some of the top borders is the sun rising above the sea, which the Barberini family adopted as a crest to their escutcheon; in others there is an old fashioned Roman plough drawn by two bees and guided by a third. In the centre of the side borders of a number is a figure representing Charity nursing a child. The ploughing work assigned to the bees is thought to represent the activity of Pope Urban in the affairs of Church and state. The rising sun is intended to represent the grandeur and circumstance shed upon the name of Barberini by the elevation to the Papacy.

It is stated at the Metropolitan Museum of Art that twisted white wool of the best quality composes the "chaine," or warp, while for the woof fine wools, as well as a great amount of silk, especially for the high-lights, were used in the tapestries. The texture is soft and flexible, and the weaving is so close that one can count eighteen chain threads to an inch. The weaving of the tapestries was done on the high warp loom. They average in height fifteen feet eight inches, by thirteen feet in width. Three of the largest, *The Flight into Egypt*, *The Last Supper*, and *Giving the Keys to St. Peter*, are fifteen feet eight inches high and seventeen feet in width.

Romanelli the famous cartoonist was born in 1617. One day, while he was painting in the Vatican, a cardinal stopped and examined his work, and was so pleased with it that he presented him to Cardinal François Barberini. After the death of Urban VIII Romanelli went to France, where he executed many frescoes for Louis XIV.

"Christ Giving the Keys to St. Peter"

"The Adoration of the Shepherds"

"The Last Supper"

The Gentler View

THE GREAT EMOLUMENT, ETC.

By Florida Pier

There is something so diverting about being a woman that it is little wonder that many women content themselves with simply being. The difficulty in believing that so preposterous a thing has actually come to pass is sufficient to keep a woman absorbed to the end of her days. The fantasy of her composition compels her to hands held high in amazement, and the amazement, lasting, renders the gesture perpetual. The reason that women are such general possessors of a sense of humor is owing greatly to their being always aware of the basic joke. They are in a position to know, as no man ever quite can, precisely how amusing the world is. The very fact of their existence convulses them the moment they realize it, and if they are perhaps given to taking a frivolous view of things it is not surprising, once the quality of their starting point is well understood. To be a man is so dull, usual, and uneventful, that men are pushed to an almost pathetic interest in games, theories, and matters outside themselves. A woman might come to those when the occupation of being a woman had ceased to occupy her, but it never does, and she dies regretting that all outside things will have to be postponed to another time, her regret softened by the knowledge that they are, after all, but makeshifts for the diversion she has happily had. Surely, if one were to believe in reincarnation, the next step would be to believe that after the difficult and engrossing task of being a woman one would be given a turn at the restful, rudimentary business of being a man. It would seem only fair that the sexes should be undertaken turn and turn about. A woman needs a period of masculinity, as one retires to a farm to get pulled together after the complicated restlessness of city life. The simple, heavy fare and placid stolidity of atmosphere produce the health that fits one for another go at the over-stimulating, wholly absurd and fantastical business of being a woman. This not only makes reincarnation seem possible, but highly necessary. Any other arrangement would be over-tiring and unjust.

Quite apart from a woman's actions—and these are only excluded from discussion because the amusement they give her is shared by the world at large, not because they are a small part of her entertainment—glance at her method of thought. The faintest intimation of it should bring forth exclamations of delight. One goes to an Aubrey Beardsley done by W. S. Gilbert, for comparison, the text a collaboration by Lewis Carroll and Carlyle at his most violent but austere. Her thoughts are so decorative, unreasonable, and inspired as to design. She arrives noticeably by lawless methods, her passion for lawlessness being only a whit less marked than the frequency with which her methods are justified. Picture any one privileged to indulge in so fascinating a thing as feminine thoughts for an entire lifetime. It is a staggering emolument. The marvel is that so many women never take advantage of it. Thought to a woman is like constantly upsetting a basketful of fleas. She has the fun of being both the fleas and also the excited spectator of their activity in movement, and unexpectedness in choice of landing. If she is not right she is amusing, and when she is right she is consoled for what is generally an awkward and colorless situation by having got there by an irresistible route. And beside her, living in what outwardly seems the same world, is man, doomed to a lifetime of thinking neatly, acting as the result of thought, principle, or feeling, catalogued responsible, wholly unaware of the sadness of his fate, save from an excess of envy by a protecting disbelief in and scorn of what he can never enjoy—feminine thought. It is little wonder that every effort is made to make life pleasant for him in other ways, as the sum of them can never balance the diversion of which he is deprived.

When a train feels wrong no amount of questions reassuringly answered can convince you that you are on the right train. You want to believe, naturally enough, that you have not made a fearful blunder with unthinkable consequences, and it only proves how strikingly wrong the train feels that, after guards, fellow passengers, and trainmen have assured you all is well, you are still weighed down by a terrible doubt. Short lived comfort may be secured, but its ebb leaves you in a worse predicament, for you now remain silent before recently acquired fellow passengers rather than have them pronounce the dreadful words that you have all the time been going in the wrong direction. You can endure mute realization, you can manage, with difficulty, to get out at the wrong terminus, provided, of course, that you are not obliged to look at the name on the sign-board, but you cannot enunciate the words, "Is this——?" and have some one answer, perhaps casually, "No, it's ——," naming a name of horrid strangeness.

It is not only that you feel with prophetic, fateful certainty that you are on the wrong train, but countless details support you in your theory. Sheets of water appear that no one warned you of, or that, even worse, were not there when you took the same trip a year ago, careless and light-hearted in the company of those who knew. A ruin is passed which obviously could not have been built in the last twelve months, even taking into account the enterprising spirit that has lately entered old countries. That ruin has a bold leer that plainly says there is no longer any need of keeping from you the fact that you are being carried goodness knows where, since you cannot jump from the train and you are now too dispirited to get out at any but the last station. The landscape looks strange—stranger and less friendly than any landscape you have ever seen. It not only does not look familiar—that it should look unlikely for short stretches is only to be expected—but it does not look like the kind of country that would eventually lead up to the place you booked for. It does not exhibit any of the right tendencies—in fact, it is of a totally wrong character, and you do not like the names of the stations. They contain a menace, as though it was a very wild country indeed, with sinister habits of its own. If it resembles any place it is the land you so frequently stumble on in your dreams; the land where your purse is unexpectedly empty, and hotels won't take you in, and fierce crowds ask you why you came, and you can't remember, but think you could find from your trunk, which the crowd informs you was left at home, and for that you will have to bound their country on the north, south, and west. It may be this nightmare land you are passing through, for it can surely be no other. Even when the train miraculously pulls into the very station you bought a ticket for, and you tumble out pleased and grateful at this sudden turn of fortune, there is never a suspicion as to your having entertained needless fears, but only a great thankfulness that at the last moment the wrong train repented and, softened by your helplessness, reformed, changed its route, and only in the nick of time became the right train.

Why the Moon Dried Up

Interesting speculations have been put forward to explain the dryness of the moon's surface. As it is fairly certain that the moon at one time had a plentiful supply of water, the absence of it from its surface has to be accounted for in some way. The old theory was that the excessive heat developed on either side of the moon, which is turned to the sun for fourteen days at a time, evaporated all the water, and that the attraction of the moon's gravity was too small to hold this vapor to it, so that it was consequently thrown off by centrifugal action. But a new theory has been advanced.

To explain the new theory we have, of course, to start in the laboratory. A crystal of any kind—say a lump of rock-salt, of alum, or of the rock called quartz, or a piece of limestone or granite, contains a great proportion of water. If we heat any of the above-mentioned crystals in a retort the water is recovered and we get a powder instead of a crystal. But if this powder is placed near water, it will, on cooling, absorb it. Now the interior of the moon was at one time undoubtedly very hot, so hot, in fact, that its rocks were in a molten state. Now as these rocks began to cool, their nature cried loudly for water in order to enable them to form their characteristic crystals. The water seeping down through the moon's porous crust satisfied this demand until it was all used up. This, then, is the theory.

The application of this theory to the earth is obvious. The interior is highly heated, and the rocks have to be in an amorphous condition, for they can certainly contain no water, as the water of crystallization is given up at a very low comparative temperature. The great oceans exert enormous pressure on the crust, and we know that in several parts of the Pacific the water is in direct connection with the heated interior through subterranean volcanoes. As the earth continues to lose its heat by radiation it shrinks and cracks, and the old crust does not fit. In this way communication is established almost automatically between the two affinities of cooling rock and water. All the water must certainly disappear then from the surface of the earth eventually. There will not be enough even then, from present computations, to satisfy all the melted material of the interior.

Horses that Fish

Along the shores of Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, lie miles of low sandy banks, the greater part being covered with little vegetation save coarse grass, wild parsley, and other salt-water weeds. To this region come those who shoot the canvas-back duck that frequents the little streams and salt marshes with which this coast abounds, feeding upon the wild parsley and marsh grains. On some of these banks are a breed of small wild horses, known in the neighborhood as "banker ponies." They are quite untamed and uncared for, have rough shaggy coats, and are generally about twice the size of a Shetland pony, now and again one reaching the size of a small horse.

Each year the herd-owners drive them into pens, where the foals are branded with the owner's mark, and those required are caught and sold to the dealers. It is said that these beasts have to be starved into eating grain and hay or grass, their whole subsistence up to this time having been the rank salt grass of the marshes, and fish. The latter they catch for themselves at low tide, using their hoofs to dig deep holes in the sand below high-water mark; and they greedily devour the fish so left stranded, often fighting over an especially tempting one.

In captivity they are said to display intelligence, though seldom a reliable temper. They are tamed by darkness and semi-starvation, and make excellent draught animals, showing strength far beyond their size. They eat voraciously, consuming as much as full-sized horses.

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Finance

THE CURRENT PERIOD OF READJUSTMENT

By Franklin Escher

To the rank and file of those interested in Wall Street affairs the argument of prices has always been irresistible. The ticker tells the tale, they tell you down there, and conditions are pretty accurately reflected in security quotations. The potency of prices!—how powerful a force, in the hands of those who know its use, that has ever been. Prices at the high levels of last fall—surely that must mean prevalence of the soundest of conditions and brilliant promise for 1910. Prices at their present low point—surely that must mean that current conditions are pretty bad and that the outlook is anything but favorable. So reasons the rank and file. So it has always reasoned.

Between conditions and prices there is a very distinct connection. But not the kind of a connection which says that when conditions are good prices must be high. The question, unfortunately, is not as simple as that. Prices, for instance, can be high, as they were last fall, with conditions very far from being sound. Or, as at present, with conditions sounder than they have been at any time since the panic, prices may be depressed. Anteriority, as the financial writers love to call it, the discounting of conditions away ahead of time, is a most important thing and must be given full consideration.

In the financial markets, as in most other lines of strenuous endeavor, wisdom after the event is far more commonly to be found than the ability to look forward—at the present time, for instance, there are a hundred people who can tell you all about what has been the matter with the market, to every one person who saw it coming when the boom was on, a year ago. In the light of what has happened it is not difficult to point out where the situation at the year's beginning, which was so generally considered strong, was, in reality, lamentably weak. So far as markets are concerned, however, conditions prevailing a year ago are ancient history and of about as much account. What interests investors now is not why brilliant early-year promises remain so dismally unfulfilled, but rather what progress toward readjustment has been made and as to how the current rearrangement of conditions is going to affect the future.

It needs but a very slight acquaintance with matters financial or commercial to realize how drastic has been the readjustment which has been going on. In the more important lines of industry, steel, textiles, and the like, in the security markets, where prices have been so sharply marked down and the issuing of new securities handled with such care; in the big decline which has taken place in general commodity prices—in these and many other directions open evidences of the readjustment process are to be seen. That it has made extensive progress every one admits. The only question is as to how much further it will have to go.

Considering first the output of iron, the "barometer of general industry," it becomes quickly apparent that the readjustment of the past few months has been of a thorough-going kind. The year opened, it will be remembered, with iron production absolutely at high-water mark. December's make had been 2,635,000 tons; January ran but slightly below. Active as was the steel business at the time, that was over-production, and everyone connected with the industry knew it. Iron piling up in the yards threatened to duplicate in the iron business what had been happening in copper. It was realized that supply was far outrunning demand, and that if a serious state of things was to be avoided, a firm check would have to be put on production. So that was done. March showed a reduction in output of 1 per cent. In April it was 2 per cent., in May 7 per cent., in June 2 per cent., in July 8½ per cent. Here in the space of five months was a cut of no less than 20 per cent., production being brought back to where it was in July a year ago when the steel business was just about getting on its feet again.

That was what took place in the iron business. Space is not available to put down what happened in textiles and building and other great lines of industry, but in very nearly every case the readjustment has been quite as thorough. Business now is being done on a very different basis from a year ago. Signs of hectic activity are no longer to be seen. Where at the beginning of the year the one idea was to enlarge to the utmost the capacity for doing business, a spirit of caution and conservatism now prevails. The selling end is receiving more and more attention.

Prevalence of such conditions means that the readjustment in business has pretty well run its course. Here and there—in the copper industry, for instance, and in the manufacture of automobiles—further rearrangement will have to take place. But in most lines of industry the weak spots have been pretty well eliminated and the basis on which rests the commercial structure made sounder than in a good while.

Drastic as have been the means employed by the commercial world in putting its house in order, no less thorough has been the readjustment in financial conditions. Prices, in the first place, which toward the end of last year had reached unreasonably high levels, have been ruthlessly scaled down. Effective check, secondly, has been put upon the issue of new securities. A banking position, in the third place, which only a few months ago promised to cause serious trouble this fall, has been so carefully and firmly handled that the danger of trouble may now be regarded as almost negligible.

Concerning the fall in security prices but little need be said—the public is, unfortunately, only too well aware of what has happened. From the gilt-edged mortgage bond to the little non-dividend-paying common stock the whole list has felt the force of the liquidating movement. In some quarters the decline has been more pronounced than in others, but everywhere there has been this strong tendency toward lower levels. There is not a single class or group of securities which has escaped.

Along with this decline in securities there has taken place a decided diminution in speculative operations. A certain amount of outside dabbling in the stock-market always goes on, but by what has happened in the market during the past few months it has been reduced to a minimum. Ever since January speculative interest has been on the wane, less and less stock being carried on margin. Very little is being carried that way now. As prices have gone down and down the little speculators have gradually been forced to let go, the stocks they were carrying gravitating into strong hands. Through the liquidation of pools and "syndicates," large and small, the same result has been accomplished. The Pearson-Farquhar syndicate was the biggest fish caught in the net, but was by no means the only one. At the low prices prevailing, stocks in enormous amounts have passed into rich men's hands. It is the old story about "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away."

Readjustment in the financial world has, however, by no means been confined to the lowering of security prices to reasonable levels or to the passing of stocks from weak into strong hands. Quite as important as that is the way in which the question of undigested securities has been handled and the threatened attack of acute indigestion staved off. The opening months of the year, it will be recollected, were marked by issues of stocks and bonds far greater than the market had power to absorb. For a while, in the prevailing enthusiasm, it seemed as though an investment demand might be worked up which would take care of all the new stocks and bonds which were being issued, but in that respect hopes were soon enough disappointed. With the beginning of the fight between the government and the railroads over the question of freight rates what little genuine investment demand had existed quickly died down. Foreign bankers, too, who had been taking considerable blocks of our new bonds for placement abroad, suddenly stopped buying. As a result, signs of congestion at once began to appear. This house and that, it was reported, had taken on more bonds than it could carry and would have to be helped out.

That the situation at that time was strained very near to the breaking point is now generally admitted, which only emphasizes the great change in conditions which has taken place. As though by agreement among leading banking interests issue of new securities suddenly came to a stop. Give the market a rest and let the absorption of the securities already sold go on unhindered—that was the principle on which bankers seemed to have agreed to act. And, within a comparatively short time, it began to become apparent that, freed of the weight of new issues, the situation would be able to right itself. Gradually the new bonds which had been put out in such quantity began to find their way into investors' strong boxes. Gradually the houses which had taken a bigger participation in the syndicates than they were able to carry found it possible, by making concessions, to work off the load with which they had allowed themselves to become overburdened. All the while a process of rearrangement and readjustment, uninterrupted by the necessity of making arrangements to handle fresh issues, was continuously in progress.

Aside from the scaling down of prices and the clearing up of the situation with regard to undigested securities, there must also be considered the drastic readjustment of the banking position which has taken place. Early summer found a cold east wind blowing over the markets with every indication of a coming financial storm. In the West the loans of the banks had been expanded almost to the limit by reason of the rampant speculation in land. In the East cessation of speculation and the check to the output of new securities had enabled the banks to get the situation fairly well in hand; but with every indication that crop-moving demands for cash would be exceptionally heavy, the moderate surplus reserve held by the banks did not hold out much hope that the season could be got through without serious trouble. For the general belief that the money market was in for a squally time of it this fall, very good reason existed.

In this regard, however, as in the case of the too great output of new securities the situation has been taken firmly in hand and a great change brought about. Upon the interior banks, in the first place, which had allowed themselves to become too much tied up in land speculation, notice was served that loans must be reduced and reserves increased. As for themselves, by the import of foreign gold and great discrimination as to loans, the Eastern banks proceeded to build up reserves big enough to take care of any situation that might develop.

As late as the beginning of July, the time of the last government report on bank conditions, the interior banks had not made much of a response to the demand that they cut down their loans. Since then, however, according to reliable report, there has been a very decided change in this regard and the loans of the Western and particularly of the Southern banks have been greatly reduced, the need for assistance from the East during crop-moving time being correspondingly diminished. And in the mean time, while the probability of abnormal demands upon them has been becoming less and less, the Eastern banks have been building up their reserves in an almost unprecedented manner. Here is readjustment and with a vengeance.

In the commercial world, in the world of finance—everywhere the process has been steadily going on. Where ten months ago innate American exuberance coupled with the desire to get as far away as possible from post-panic depression drove business and finance along at an unnatural and unwarranted rate, sober realization prevails now that recovery takes time, and that if the structure is to stand it must be founded on the rockbed of confidence and conservatism. Along with the readjustment which has taken place in commerce and finance there has taken place a complete readjustment in what was coming to be a dangerous way of looking at things.

From a correspondent in Detroit comes an interesting query. What, he asks, has become of all the stocks taken over from the distressed Pearson-Farquhar syndicate and the lesser fry who found themselves in difficulties back in the middle of the summer? Have the bankers who stepped in and relieved the embarrassed syndicates of their load disposed of the stocks they took over, or are they awaiting a favorable chance on which to liquidate?

"No, we haven't sold yet. We're waiting for a favorable chance"—imagine the bankers concerned making a statement of that kind! Or "yes, we've sold them all out. We got so-and-so much for the Rock Island stock, so-and-so much for the Missouri Pacific. Anything else you'd like to ask?"

The bankers concerned alone know whether the stocks have been sold, and they in all probability are the only ones who ever will know. But that doesn't deprive the Street of its inalienable right of conjecture. And as the Street sees it the matter stands something like this. These stocks were all taken over at very much lower prices, not because the bankers taking them wanted them but because they wanted to keep the market from becoming demoralized. Now under the circumstances and in view of the big profit in sight, is it reasonable to think that these bankers would continue to hold the stocks? For the past six weeks a very fair market has existed on which they could be disposed of. Is it not far more likely that the opportunity to collect the salvage has been taken advantage of and the stocks sold?

It would seem as though it were far more likely.

The bear market in stocks not having produced a single instance of a "shoe string" speculator rising to great wealth, and a first-class sensation being much wanted at present, it has been necessary to go to the cotton market to get it. August cotton up three cents a bale in one day—an operator who wasn't at all well known a couple of years ago interested—why here's the material for the first-class sensation wanted. A few skilful touches about how a pawned diamond ring furnished the original capital of $300 on which he began; an estimate that the gentleman in question must have made at least $10,000,000 on the deal—and there you are, the story is complete.

Such stories do a lot of harm. Such of them as have any foundation in fact at all are grossly exaggerated, and all of them serve to spread the idea that a lucky speculation is all that is necessary to turn a shoe-string into a fortune. That happens once in a great while, but only once in a great while, and for every one person who goes into some market like wheat or cotton and speculates his way into fortune, the wrecks of a hundred or a thousand or of almost any number you want to name strew the wayside.

In April, May, and June the balance of trade while not amounting to much was at least on the right side of the account, and it was hoped that the turn had been made. July, however, has seen the return of unfavorable conditions, with imports again actually exceeding exports. For the seven months of the calendar year the balance in our favor stands at $1,666,000 as against $67,138,000 last year and $372,110,000 two years ago.

By all of those who have studied the question it is realized that with the population of this country growing as it is, not much in the way of increased exports of agricultural products need be expected. Manufactured exports, on the other hand, show a gratifying tendency to increase and will probably play a big part in determining the trade balance during the next few years. Especially is this likely to be so if there is a lessened domestic demand for goods and manufacturers find it necessary to open up the foreign markets.

A Daring Steeple-Jill

The accompanying photograph shows "Steeple-Jack Hughes" suspended at an altitude of 190 feet from the spire of the First Place Methodist Church of Brooklyn, with his little four-year-old daughter Ethel on his lap. Hughes, who is a professional steeple-jack, had the contract to paint the steeple last month, and was about to begin the climb when his daughter rushed up out of breath and insisted upon accompanying him. And as no special arrangements had been made for the carrying of an extra passenger, Hughes demurred for a few minutes, but at last gave his consent to the child's demand.

An aerial sensation in Brooklyn

The crowd watched with apprehension and astonishment, which was only in some measure allayed when little Ethel pulled a small silk American flag from within her frock, unfurled it, and waved to the throngs below in acknowledgment of their cheers.

On reaching terra-firma Ethel was asked by the crowds of anxious people "how it felt up there."

"All right—I was with father," replied little Ethel.

An Indian Tiger-hunt

A British officer in India had gone out upon an elephant in search of a tiger, which had just killed a man and two bullocks within half a mile of his camp. The hunt was brief, and the officer presently got two shots at the tiger, but did not succeed in killing it. The jungle was heavy, and it was already getting dusk when the servant touched the officer from behind, saying, "There he is!"

The tiger was lying within ten yards of the officer, unable to rise, his loins being broken. Seeing that he was not dead, however, the officer was in the act of taking up his rifle when something struck him on the back and jammed him to the front of the howdah. He had just time to seize the branch of a tree and pull himself out of the howdah when the frightened elephant ran away and left the officer suspended immediately over the tiger, which lay growling and licking his sides.

The officer was in a predicament. In vain he tried to get into the tree, and at last, his fingers becoming cramped, he lost his hold and fell on the tiger. It was like falling into the jaws of death.

The instant that the officer touched the ground the tiger, with a terrific roar, seized his left foot in his mouth, and with one bite crushed the heel and ankle-bone. Then he gave the officer three other bites, two on the calf of the leg and one on the knee, every bite breaking the bone to pieces.

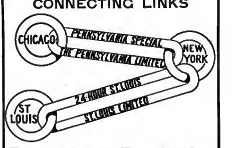
The officer's agonies were frightful. In vain he called for help. But, after a struggle, he got his right leg free and gave the tiger a tremendous kick on the head, which induced him to let go. Instantly the officer got up and hobbled to the foot of the tree, where he fell exhausted, with the tiger still a few paces off.

The sepoy who had been with him in the howdah had lodged safely in the tree, and witnessed the whole scene. Now he came down within a few feet of the ground and begged his master to get into the tree. At first the officer thought he could not, but after some struggles he managed, by giving the sepoy his hands, to get himself pulled up into the lower branches.

In a short while a brother officer, whose elephant, too, had become unmanageable, came back, and finally killed the tiger, after which the officer was carried back to camp.

The Artificial Sponge

The artificial sponge has recently been manufactured. The process, a German one, consists principally in the action of zinc chloride on pure cellulose. This results in a pasty, viscous mass, which is mixed with coarsely grained rock-salt. Placed in a press-mould armed with pins, the mass is pierced through and through until it appears traversed by a multitude of tiny canals, like the pores of a natural sponge. The excess of salts is subsequently removed by prolonged washing in a weak alcoholic solution. The artificial sponge swells up with water, but hardens on drying, just like its prototype; it is eminently adapted for filtering water for sanitary or industrial uses, and it can be employed for all the purposes that are usually assigned to the genuine article.



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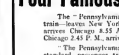
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The Endless "Why" of the Endless Tariff

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE CURIOUS AND INTERESTING RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN OUR PROTECTIVE TARIFF AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY

By F. W. Hewes

OUR Colonial forebears began the tariff controversy long before the Revolutionary War, and our remote followers will be at it "tooth and nail" as long as the Stars and Stripes proclaim our national existence. Disarmament may come, and physical warfare may cease, but the war between income and expenditure will (like Tennyson's brook) go on forever.

If all men had high-rank expanding incomes, even the tariff war might cease, for men would then be in general accord as to their ability to meet expanding prices.

We have in the United States an increasing number of coupon-clippers. They toil not, neither do they spin. Therefore they are very little interested in what happens to those who do toil and spin. They are, however, mightily interested in the question of prices. Because their coupons total the same amount, year in and year out, panic prices suit them much better than prosperity prices, for at low prices their coupons buy much more than at high prices.

Believing that any tax on an imported article raises the price of that article, they cry out strongly against such a tax. This is perfectly natural. Any one else having such a belief and a fixed income would do exactly the same thing, for we are all naturally selfish. It will be a long time before many coupon-clippers foregather in the protection camp. Furthermore, these men, because of their social standing and financial positions, exert a strong influence among those with whom they associate.

In our national, State, and municipal governments we employ many thousands of people. Their incomes are almost as absolutely fixed as are those of the coupon-clippers. Government salaries change very slowly, if at all. A few of the larger ones sometimes increase. The great bulk of them go on year after year at almost exactly the same fixed amounts. Therefore, to the government worker panic prices are much more welcome than prosperity prices; because with low prices his fixed income feeds, clothes, and shelters him much more advantageously. Therefore, except under political pressure, the protection vote is very light among government employees.

There is another important body of workers who have incomes that are almost fixed. These are the teachers in schools and colleges, and the preachers in our church pulpits. School boards adopt schedules of salary, and neither panic nor prosperity has any influence to change these schedules, except in rare instances. Church trustees feel compelled to avoid any increase in the pastor's salary, except in rare instances. Therefore teachers and preachers (numbering many thousands) are quite as keenly interested in the advantages of low prices as are the coupon-clippers and government employees. Furthermore, it is obvious that no class of people in our nation exerts a stronger influence on the rising generation than do our teachers and preachers. The rising generation of yesterday is the controlling force of to-day. It is easy, therefore, to perceive the growing threat of the present controlling force against protection prices and to forecast the near-by end of the period of high prices.

Sheer necessity compels the many thousands of common laborers, living on the income of odd jobs at from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day, to give a warm welcome to low prices and a strong vote against high prices. In common with a very large element of our population these common laborers are sure that a protective tariff is always productive of high prices. Therefore these thousands upon thousands of common laborers, scattered through our country from boundary limit to boundary limit, are already solidly booked for a strong vote against protection as long as high prices prevail.

These four groups constitute a great army of constant and earnest objectors to a protective tariff. The higher prices climb, the more clamorous become the demands of these multitudes for the abandonment of a protective tariff, which they firmly believe to be responsible for soaring prices.

It is therefore no light task that American protectionists have forever confronting them. During panic periods, when prices are low, this great army of objectors become almost silent, because then their fixed incomes work to the greatest advantage. Food prices are low. Rents are low. Clothing is almost given away. The fixed income is at its best. It will supply a comfortable, normal living, and furnish a surplus to go into a savings-bank fund; while under prosperity prices it will only serve to "pinch through" from month to month.

Unalterably opposed to the great army whose incomes are fixed is an equally great army whose incomes rise with prosperity and shrink with adversity.

The writer of this article, although a strong protectionist, is forced to the conclusion that a real protective tariff always increases the cost of living.

Being more than "threescore and ten," he has lived through the last three great industrial panics (1857, 1873, 1893) and the intervening "prosperity" periods.

He knows that prosperity prices work keen hardship for those whose incomes are fixed, or nearly so.

He also knows that panics work keen hardship for those whose incomes shrink faster than prices (or disappear entirely) during panic periods.

He also knows (as do all) that money paid for foreign products goes into foreign countries, and would eventually pauperize our own people.

Therefore, he sees an endless conflict, with victory now to fixed incomes, now to incomes that shrink in adversity and rise in prosperity.

These are the people who are employed in the great competitive industries of the nation. In other words, they are the people who from the soil produce foods, fibres, timber, and minerals; and from the sea produce foods, shells, and fertilizers, and who from our factories produce tools, clothing, machinery, vehicles, building materials, furnishings, musical instruments, books, and thousands of other articles of utility, comfort, and luxury.

Nearly all of these articles can be produced in foreign countries and shipped to the United States for sale. Just so far as that is done, just so far is the employment of the producers of the United States diminished, and the incomes of such producers are thereby decreased, or absolutely destroyed. Furthermore, the money paid for all foreign products goes into that foreign country instead of remaining in the United States.

Naturally, therefore, this great, growing army of producers of competitive articles protest insistently and earnestly against the admission of such articles from foreign countries. They would keep all the employment for our own people, and all of the money for our own country. Therefore they insist upon the imposition of such a tax upon competitive foreign products as will prevent their importation, or at least so check it that the production of these articles in this country will neither be destroyed nor seriously impaired.

Between these two great opposing armies is another great body of income-winners whose selfish interests side neither with the producers whose incomes shrink in adversity and rise in prosperity, nor with those having fixed incomes.

These are, first, the great transportation companies and their multitudes of other contributing "common carriers" whose business it is to carry merchandise of all kinds to designated points of destination. They naturally reason that whether goods are made in the United States or in foreign countries, whether prices are high or low, the goods must be carried to destination, and therefore in every instance the carrier takes his toll. This reasoning has to encounter many obstacles in its practical application, but its general basis is potent to hold its reasoners to a neutral attitude under all ordinary conditions.

The second group is the great body of merchants, who, in the main, reason as do the transportation interests: whoever makes the goods, the merchant has the sale and takes his toll in either instance.

Third, we come to the powerful financial element. The bankers, brokers, and other money handlers reason that wherever produced, and whether low priced or high, the money represented by the products must pass through the organized money-channels, and therefore, in any event, finance will take its toll. These people sometimes become disturbed because large outgoing shipments of gold deplete our money supply, but they are not agreed that it is payment for foreign products that causes the depletion.

However, while these three strong groups profess, and usually maintain, neutrality, just now the increased cost of living swings them strongly to the opposition side, and for the present, protection has little show for even a half loaf in the neutral camp.

The early Colonists had only commenced to produce wool, iron, and manufactured articles for their own consumption when the mother country served notice on them that they must go slow. The English producers of such articles sought and obtained Parliamentary laws forbidding Colonial production of competitive articles. From the first, English producers furnished the Colonists with clothing and almost every article of consumption except food. They charged what prices they chose, and the monopoly was worth while. Naturally they objected to having that monopoly broken.

The Colonists, equally selfish, desired to produce for their own consumption every article that they could produce advantageously. Their purchase of English products caused a continual money drain upon the Colonies. Their small supply of money came almost wholly from the sale of timber and ships to European purchasers (largely in Spain) and was always so meagre as to keep the Colonists on the verge of bankruptcy.

From this first clash of mutual and naturally selfish interests the conflict grew as the ability of the Colonists grew to supply their own needs. While the Colonists had many warm friends among the English, those whose business interests and financial influence dominated Parliament outranked the former. Therefore Parliament constantly increased the restrictions that fettered Colonial industry, and the Colonists just as persistently clamored for the repeal of the restricting laws.

By far the most important of the causes leading to the War of Revolution was the bitter controversy between England and the northern Colonies over the right of those Colonies to produce competitive articles, and their right to tax incoming English products.

The middle and southern Colonies were less keenly interested in the controversy over competitive products. They manufactured little. Tobacco, cattle, and an inferior grade of wool from their half-wild flocks of sheep were their chief productions. However, all of the Colonies were indissolubly bound together in their opposition to England because of "taxation without representation," and because England refused the Colonies the right to choose their own governors. These combined causes greatly strengthened the purposes of the northern Colonists, and thus the tariff war of the northern Colonies became the Revolutionary War of all the Colonies. After that the Colonists appointed their own governors, imposed their own taxes, and enacted their own tariff laws.

No sooner was the tariff conflict between the Colonies and the mother country concluded than a conflict of interests between the Colonies themselves opened a tariff war at home.

Each Colony imposed such taxes on imported articles as her own special interests demanded. For example: a Colony producing woollen cloth imposed a high tax to prevent the importation of woollen goods. An adjoining Colony, not producing woollen cloth, naturally imposed no tax on that class of imports. As a result, merchants in the latter Colony could sell their cheap imported woollens in the adjoining high-tariff Colony, and thereby annul the attempt of the high-tariff Colony to protect its industry.

Numerous and constantly recurring conflicts of this nature finally forced the Colonies to seek a common ground of action; for there seemed to be no prospect of a cessation of opposition and retaliation. Consequently, business interests were blocked at every turn, and progress became impossible.

After many conferences, a call was issued asking each Colony to send delegates to a general conference with a view to adopting binding regulations concerning commerce. This action finally resulted in the adoption of our present Constitution, for the delegates could find no other effective way of regulating commerce than by accomplishing a complete union to regulate all common interests.

The first work of the first national Congress was to enact a strong protective tariff. However, as the States produced widely differing products (some of them strongly competitive with European products, and some of them utterly non-competitive) their acceptance of this first national protective tariff ranged from frank hostility to ardent welcome, governed in every instance by local financial advantage or disadvantage. Thus the tariff war among the newly united States was inaugurated almost as soon as the union was formed. Fortunately no State had the power to annul the law. Therefore its full benefits were reaped by those States that produced competitive articles. Their production of such articles increased. English competitive products were largely excluded. The money that would have gone to Europe to pay for such imports was kept at home, and that advantage profited every State, South as well as North.

Prosperity visited the young nation, but its larger advantages fell to the Northern States, because they produced the larger share of competitive products. Naturally, therefore, the high prices that always accompany "prosperity" periods were opposed in those States that produced little or no competitive products. The advantage of maintaining the money supply did not come as vividly to their every-day experience as did the higher prices they had to pay for many articles. Consequently, they raised strong voices of protest against the plan of excluding cheap foreign products, and the tariff war of the confederated Colonies was renewed among the united States on its present basis of conflict between income and expenditure. The hazards of income are not easily realized, while the demands of expenditures are sharply realized at every turn of daily experience.

It is easy to prove that a real protective tariff reduces the price of some of the products upon which it is laid. These are certain manufactured articles the production of which is so heavily stimulated by protection that the supply overtakes the demand, and as a consequence our home producers become such sharp competitors among themselves that they gradually cut prices below those of foreign producers. This is accomplished chiefly through an improved process of manufacture and works to double advantage, for the higher wages of this country are still paid to the wage-earners, and the cost to the consumer of those particular products is reduced.

However, this does not disprove the fact that a real protective tariff increases the cost of living, for the object of a real protective tariff is to induce "prosperity." "Prosperity" means increasing prices for almost all products. Increasing prices mean an increasing cost of living, in spite of the fact that certain manufactured articles are reduced in price.

It takes about twenty years for a business generation to pass. Within that period, most of those who were in control of active well-established business operations at the beginning of the period have been replaced by new and younger men. These younger men are loath to accept the lessons learned by the "old fogies" whom they have replaced. They rightly believe in progress, and they make many improvements in business methods. Alas! Many of them make the sad mistake of thinking they can change economic laws.

Therefore, within about twenty years from the inception of a great industrial panic, business conditions in the United States pass through and experience an extreme depression for a few years, followed by a longer period of "prosperity" during which high prices cause a rising tide of discontent that finally sweeps in a considerable part of the new business element, and gives ambitious politicians their opportunity to "make their mark," and a sad mark it has thus far proven to be.

Five times (1810, 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893) the mark has been laid on the industrial progress of the United States, and the sixth cycle is approaching its termination. (These cycles are *industrial*, not financial. We have had many sharp financial panics of brief duration during which the great industries of the nation were little affected. The financial panic of 1907 is a striking example. Money was then seriously crippled, and yet the great industries were almost undisturbed.)

Just now we are nearing the close of the sixth great industrial cycle. The cost of living is soaring uncomfortably high. Clamor for relief comes from every side. Those in the large army of the earners of fixed incomes are loudly vociferous. Many heretofore good protectionists are shaking their heads in doubt. They, too, are feeling the pressure of the increasing cost of living. The last great industrial panic (1893-1897) is fading from memory as it long ago faded from vision.

A new generation of business men control the great industries. They, too, feel the pressure of the higher cost of living and they know nothing of the power of low prices, low wages, and unemployment to produce financial conditions far less desirable than those of to-day.

There is a prospect that the Congressional election of this fall (1910) will result in a free-trade House of Representatives. Two years from now (1912) it is almost certain that both House and Senate will each have a strong working majority of anti-protectionists, and that the President will be of the same economic faith; and, as in 1892, no time will be lost in the arrival of a new great industrial panic.

The panic of 1893 began in the fall of 1892, as soon as the result of the election was announced. So, in the fall of 1912, as soon as it is known that the election has given both the executive and legislative branches of government to "free-trade," the sixth great industrial panic of the United States will, it seems likely, begin forthwith.

In 1892 business did not wait for non-protection legislation to be enacted. It shortened sail at once. The panic was already begun as soon as the votes were counted. In 1893 it was strongly intrenched, although the legislation itself was not enacted until 1894. The threat alone (and the vote was the threat) was fully effective. So also in 1896 when the election assured business of a return of protection, the sails were at once unfurled and "prosperity" began, without waiting for protective legislation.

There is, therefore, every indication that the experiences of 1892 and following years are to be repeated, beginning with 1912. The opposition to protection even now has possession of the left stirrup of the government saddle. Its hand is already clutching at the reins. McKinley, Hanna, and many other sturdy protectionists are gone. Others are talking of withdrawing. Others are holding to the battle, steady and firm; for they are fighting for principle, not for fear or favor. The signs point to the sixth temporary defeat of applied protection. However, as heretofore, a few years of cheapness will so impair the economic fabric of the nation and so deplete our money-supply as to provoke an effective public demand for another trial of "prosperity."

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Some Big Things

The tallest monument is the Washington obelisk, 555 feet high; but the largest monolith is in Karnak, Egypt, being 108 feet high. The highest chimney, measuring 474 feet, is in Glasgow. The largest aqueduct in use is the Croton, of New York, which is thirty-eight miles long, but the longest ever built is in Peru, 360 miles in length.

The deepest coal mine is near Lambert, Belgium, 3,500 feet deep; the biggest dock is at Cardiff, Wales; and the strongest electric light is at the Sydney lighthouse, Australia, while the largest lighthouse is at Cape Henry, Virginia, being 165 feet high and 9 feet thick. The greatest bank is the Bank of England, in London; the oldest college is University College, Oxford, founded in 1050; the largest library, the National, in Paris, containing nearly three million volumes. The largest theater is the Paris Opera House, covering three acres; the largest bronze statue, that of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg, weighing 1,100 tons. The biggest stone statue is in Japan, 44 feet high; the largest college is in Cairo, with over 10,000 students and 310 teachers. Damascus has the honor of being the oldest city.

The most costly book in the world is a Hebrew Bible, owned by the German Government, which a few years ago refused the Pope's offer of $125,000 for it. The most costly medicine a few years ago was metallic gallium, which sold for $150,000 a pound; but radium is now the priceless gem of the medical world, selling for more than that price an ounce. A man would have to be exceedingly ill before sending for such a prescription, even though he were a millionaire.

Though orchids frequently bring prices that make the poor man stagger, the highest price for a single flower was given for a tulip in Amsterdam by an enthusiast, who paid $250,000 for it. The Rothschilds smoke the most costly cigars that are made—the Henry Clay Sobranos, which cost $1.50 each. These are wrapped in gold leaf and packed in little inlaid cedar-wood cabinets.

The Story of Starch

Starch keeps us "stiff" inside as well as out. Half the food we eat, potatoes and grain products, contains a large amount of starch, which in this form has, of course, been of importance to man since the earliest times. The other use of starch, at the hands of laundresses and careful housewives, began about three hundred and sixty years ago, and is said to have originated in Flanders.

It came into popularity in England in the reign of Elizabeth, whose courtiers and ladies wore ruffs of cambric too large to stand firm without artificial stiffening. The starch of the Elizabethans was like that of modern times except that it was colored, and it gave delicate tints to the huge linen contrivances of the fashionables of that day.

Before Elizabeth's time ruffs were not of cambric, but of fine Holland, which required no stiffening, and was very costly.

It is recorded that, when the Queen had ruffs made of lawn and cambric for her own use, none of her friends could tell how to starch them; but the Queen made special call for some women who could starch, and Mrs. Guilham, wife of an official of the royal household, was the first starcher.

In 1564 a Flemish woman, Frau Van de Plasse, came to London and established there a school to teach starching. The school succeeded, and the Frau of Flanders became rich. She charged a high price for each lesson, with an additional charge for a recipe for making starch out of wheat, flour, bran, and roots.

Among the nobility the favorite color was yellow—rather odd when we remember what the modern housekeeper thinks of yellow clothes. The ultra-fashionable folk preferred green. Appropriately enough, our Puritan forebears used blue starch, although many of them did not approve starch at all. They classed it among the idle trumperies of life.

Eve's Apple

Among the botanical curiosities of Ceylon is a fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit" or "Eve's apple-tree."

The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden.

National Forests as Public Playgrounds

Before the present outing season is over nearly half a million persons will have sought recreation and health in the national forests of the United States. According to the record of the United States Department of Agriculture, the total last year was, in close figures, 406,775. With the finest mountain scenery and much of the best fishing and big-game hunting in the United States, the national forests, made more and more accessible each year, are fast becoming great national playgrounds for the people.

The records show that the seasonal use of the forests runs from two months, in a Colorado forest, such as the Routt, to twelve months in an Alaskan, such as the Tongass. But the uses differ. In Colorado the 2,000 visitors entered the forest to fish, to camp, to climb, and to drink the medicinal waters; in Alaska the 1,000 almost solely to hunt and fish. The 21,000 persons who went into the Coconino Forest, Arizona, during nine months, went to camp or to enjoy the scenery. During four months 50,000 persons visited the Angeles, California. The most popular of the forests is the Pike, containing the famous peak of that name. The various attractions within its limits, including the scenic railway, drew 100,000 tourists and others. By principal States the national-forest visitors numbered 23,000 in Arizona, 103,000 in California, 140,000 in Colorado, 19,000 in Montana, 10,000 in New Mexico, 33,000 in Oregon, 22,000 in Idaho, 16,000 in Utah, and 12,000 in Washington.

Of the natural wonders and landmarks of interest in the national forests several have been set apart as national monuments—among them Cinder Cone, a great lava basin in California; the Gila Cliff dwellers, extensive remains of a prehistoric race in New Mexico; the unsurpassed Grand Cañon of the Colorado, in Arizona; Jewel Cave, South Dakota; Lassen Peak, the terminus of a long line of extinct volcanoes in the Cascades; the Pinnacles, a collection of remarkable jagged peaks in California; and the Tonto, a group of prehistoric ruins in the Tonto Forest in Arizona. The big trees, Glacier Park, the Petrified Forest, the Oregon caves, and numerous other phenomena serve to attract other hosts of visitors.

The sportsman finds his paradise in the national forests. In many of them big game abounds. The rangers and the guards, besides the service they perform against the spread of fire, often point out the best site for the camper and the easiest route. A record of 9,218 miles of trail cut, 1,230 miles of road laid out, and 4,951 miles of telephone line strung tell what the government has done in the way of pushing the conveniences of civilization into the primeval forest. The day of the wilderness of the savage and the pioneer is swiftly passing; the day of the national forests as productive resources and as national parks approaches. The report of last year's administration by the United States Department of Agriculture evidences the rapidity of the transformation.

China's Lost Classics

When in 1900, during the Boxer troubles, fires devastated a large portion of the city of Peking, there were lost to the world certain Chinese classics held by scholars to be of great interest to students everywhere.

The Han Lin College, an institution so ancient that even tradition has preserved no account of its origin, was completely destroyed, and with it the immense store of books that had been collected through many centuries.

Many of these were in manuscript, and others were rare old copies of the very earliest printed books. There was also an immense library of modern volumes, and in many instances the wooden blocks from which these were printed had been preserved along with the books themselves. Hardly a single one escaped the fire.

Particularly unfortunate was the loss of the only remaining copy of a monumental work that the Chinese call the "Yung-Lo-Ta-Tien," or the "Veritable Records." This extraordinary compilation makes all our modern encyclopedias appear insignificant in size. It was prepared by order of an emperor of the Ming dynasty in the early years of the fifteenth century, and 2,100 scholars are said to have been employed upon the task. The "Veritable Records" included everything of value which had ever been written in Chinese up to the time of its compilation, in the fields of history, philosophy, general literature, science, religion, medicine, art, or the handicrafts.

The work was divided into 22,877 sections and bound in 11,100 volumes, which, all together contained 917,480 pages.

More than a century after the original work had been completed, two copies of it were made. The original and one of the copies were destroyed at the downfall of the Ming dynasty in 1644, and in 1900 the copy preserved in the Han Lin College met the same fate.

Five volumes only were saved from the flames, and these are now in the possession of the University of Cambridge. It is possible, however, that these five slender volumes will be of more service and interest to the world at large than the complete work ever was, for so jealous were the Chinese scholars of their venerated relic that no foreigner was ever allowed so much as to look upon it.

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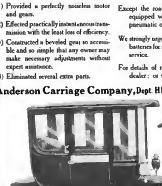

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READ

The Wild Olive

A Census of Pests

It is probable that few persons save naturalists ever consider the enormous amount of life other than human which exists in any country, civilized or not, densely peopled or thinly settled. A plague of rats in London within recent years prompted an interview with a distinguished scientist, who estimated that within the area of Greater London there were twenty million rats—more than three times as many rats as people.

Sparrows undoubtedly come next in point of numbers among London's warm-blooded population; but the scientist preferred to make his estimate cover all the birds in the United Kingdom. He believed that the bird population would average eight hundred to the square mile. That would give a total of nearly ninety-seven millions. Thus the bird population outnumbers the human by more than two to one.

As for the insect population, that is quite beyond any statistician; but, allowing that each bird eats only fifty insects a day, British birds would consume more than a billion insects in a year. Yet such an estimate seems quite futile when we consider that the insect population of a single cherry-tree infested with aphides was estimated by a competent authority to be twelve millions.

Lord Avebury once calculated that a single ants' nest might contain as many as four hundred thousand individual insects. Recent researches have shown that these figures were too high; yet the actual facts are astonishing enough.

A French entomologist killed the ants in five hills by means of a poisonous gas, and undertook the prodigious labor of counting the dead. The result showed that in the smallest hill there were nearly eighteen thousand ants; in the largest, ninety-four thousand; and no man would dare estimate how many ants escaped.

An Opalized Dogfish

Within the past few years the famous opal-fields at White Cliffs, New South Wales, have yielded so many curious fossils, particularly those of prehistoric marine life, that many scientists have inclined to the opinion that central Australia was once an ocean bed. Of these curious finds, perhaps the most extraordinary is that of a fossilized, or rather opalized, member of the shark family, found thirty-five feet below the surface of the ground.

The specimen measures three feet six inches from the snout to the tip of the tail. The body is in seven sections, the circumference of the largest of which (the head and shoulder portion) is eighteen inches. Each section is six inches in length. The deeply indented eye-sockets show very plainly, and thin veins of purple opal encircle the fish from tip to tip. At the mouth these veins make an oblong and clearly defined course, though the continuity is occasionally broken.

Woad

We all remember learning long ago at school that the aborigines of the British Isles lived by the produce of the chase, and that they stained their bodies blue with a plant called woad. It is interesting to know that this plant is still cultivated in England, and that, under the name of dyers' woad, it is manufactured into a coloring material that is much valued for the treatment of cloth.

The woad seed is sown in April and May, the harvest-time being five months later, when the plant is about one foot high. The green woad is crushed, fermented, balled, dried in wind-swept sheds and finally powdered and casked. Woad was, for a long time after the period of the ancient Britons, one of the principal dyes used in England; but it was largely superseded by indigo. It is now employed for "setting" other dyes, for it gives cloth a finish not obtainable by other means. The cloth supplied to the government for naval, military, and police uniforms is always "woaded."

A Machine that Sorts Diamonds

When the negro laborers descend into the diamond mines of Kimberley, they blast and pick out the hard diamantiferous earth and put it into wooden tubs which are hauled on stout wires to the surface, where the earth is spread over the ground to undergo for several months the softening influences of heat and cold. When it is soft enough it is shovelled into the washing machines, where the dirt is separated from the rough diamonds and other large mineral substances. The mixture of minerals remaining is known as concentrates.

It was formerly necessary to go carefully over these concentrates to pick out the garnets and many other foreign substances, until nothing remained but the rough diamonds. This was a slow and laborious operation, but it was an essential part of the mining industry until it was superseded a few years ago.

Among the employees in the sorting-room was a young fellow named Kersten, who quietly went to work to find a way to separate the diamond from other stones more quickly and easily than could be done by the slow process of hand picking. He was not discouraged by his many failures to find that way.

One day, by the merest accident, he made the discovery he was after. A rough diamond and a garnet happened to be lying on a small board on the bench where he was working. He raised one end of the board. The garnet slipped off, but the diamond remained. This was worth investigating. He found that there was a coating of grease on the board which had retained the diamond, but not the garnet.

He procured a wider board, coated one side of it with grease, and dumped a few handfuls of concentrates on it. Then he found that by holding the board in a slightly inclined position and vibrating it, all the concentrates except the diamonds moved to the lower end and fell off, while the diamonds remained in place.

Then he invented a machine, by which his discovery might be utilized. Considerable study was required to perfect the apparatus, but at last the machine was completed, and the big diamond men were invited to witness the new method of separating diamonds from the rest of the concentrates. The invention was an entire success. A more simple and complete device for saving time, labor, and loss of diamonds could not be imagined. The entire work is now done by machinery; hand-picking has been wholly superseded, and both the inventor and the mine-owners have profited handsomely by the labor-saving machine.

A Bible In Stone

In the year 1857 Mindon-min, King of Burma, erected a monument near Mandalay called the Kutho-daw. There he built seven hundred temples, in each of which there is a slab of white marble. Upon these seven hundred slabs is engraved the whole of the Buddhist Bible, a vast literature in itself, equal to about six copies of our Holy Scriptures.

This marble Bible is engraved in the Pali language, thought to be that spoken by Buddha himself in 500 B.C. Photographs of some of these inscriptions have reached Europe, and the greatest linguists of the Continent have examined them, who assert that, if His Majesty Mindon-min thought to perpetuate the teaching of the great Buddha by causing it to be graven on a rock, he nourished a vain ambition.

The climate of Burma is moist, and its effects have already wrought havoc on the surface of the white marble, the photographs showing a partial effacement of some of the Burmese characters in which the Pali text is engraved.

Bees as Incubators

An ingenious American, while tending his bees in an ordinary beehive, noticed one day when handling a swarm that the temperature within the hive appeared to be similar to that in his incubator. He thereupon put the matter to the test by means of the thermometer, and found that his senses had guided him aright. It then occurred to him, he says, that he might combine the industries of honey-making and egg-hatching, and make the superfluous warmth from the one provide the necessary temperature for the other. He placed twenty eggs in the upper portion of the hive and separated them from the working apartments of the bees by means of a cotton cloth. The eggs were further protected by cushions made from a quilt, and were left in their unique position for the requisite number of days. The American says that eighteen of the twenty eggs hatched out.

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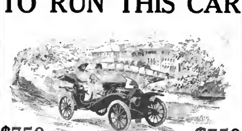

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The Aesthetics of Murder

An Anglo-Indian civilian once had an adventure that nearly cost him his life. He had got on well with the natives, but two of his servants had had a quarrel over a girl whom they had wooed. The merchant interfered in the affair. The unsuccessful suitor, Laj, began to make trouble, and his rival, the husband, warned the merchant against him. Nothing happened for some months. Then the merchant went away on business. On his return he was told that Laj had been caught in his bedroom and locked up.

In the East this meant trouble. The merchant called his servants and had a thorough search made of the house. They examined every trunk, bureau, and bedstead, every picture, statue, and crevice in the wall, and crack in the floor, expecting to find a hooded cobra or some other poisonous reptile. They scrutinized every knob, handle, and garment, to see if it had been smeared with poison or with juices that attract venomous creatures. Then they searched the wine-cellar, the pantry, and the storeroom. But they found nothing.

The merchant was tired, and, after eating, went to the cabinet where he kept his cigars. It was a large case of teak and plate glass, with an old-fashioned silver Indian lock.

As he was about to insert the key in the keyhole, Laj's successful rival, who had been active in the search, cried out that some one had been meddling with the lock.

An examination of the keyhole revealed traces of wax. When they opened the case the merchant found everything apparently untouched. Five boxes of cigars were unopened. He had opened the sixth before he went away and removed a few cigars. As he took this box up he noticed on it the marks of dirty fingers.

The cigars looked as if they had not been disturbed. He was about to take one when he noticed that something was wrong with the head. A second and a third were like the first. In each a small, almost imperceptible rose thorn had been inserted, and on it was a dab of brown slime, still moist, the same color as the cigar.

Feeling convinced that the cigars were poisoned, the merchant sat down and wrote a note to the police. In half an hour an officer appeared with Laj under guard. The merchant stated the case to the officer, and, taking one of the cigars, handed it to Laj with the command, "Take it and smoke it."

The man refused. His guilt was proved.

The Problem in the Fire-fly

Scientists deplore the wastefulness of present means of artificial lighting and regard it as strange that, although so many have worked at the problem of obtaining cheap light, we are, at the beginning of the twentieth century, so far from the solution. The efficiency of the steam-engine and of the dynamo has increased enormously; but in the production of artificial light we have made but small advance. Out of every hundred tons of coal delivered at our gas works something like ninety-eight tons are said to be wasted so far as the production of light is concerned, and appear as useless heat. Yet nature has by some mysterious process, of which we have not yet learned the secret, solved the problem of economical light. In the fire-fly we find a means by which abundant illumination is produced without the expenditure of any radiant heat discoverable by the most delicate instruments. When the physiological chemist can find out the means by which this little creature affords so much illumination, we shall be much nearer the solution of a problem of vast importance to mankind.

The Evolution of the Envelope

There are many persons now living who can remember the days when letters went through the mails in the form of a folded sheet of paper sealed at one edge, for envelopes were not in common use until about 1855.

In that year a machine was patented for producing these now indispensable covers for epistolary correspondence—a machine which, as compared with hand labor, did the work of five girls. A better machine was produced in 1862, which performed the work of seven girls. Three years later came the machine with a device for gumming the flap of the envelope, which did the work of ten girls. Next came another machine of American device, which did the work of twenty girls, and is still largely used. This has a rival in an invention which gums, prints, folds, and counts the envelopes, and binds them with a paper band in packets of twenty-five. This machine supplants the labor of thirty girls.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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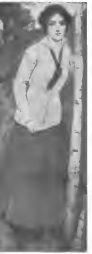

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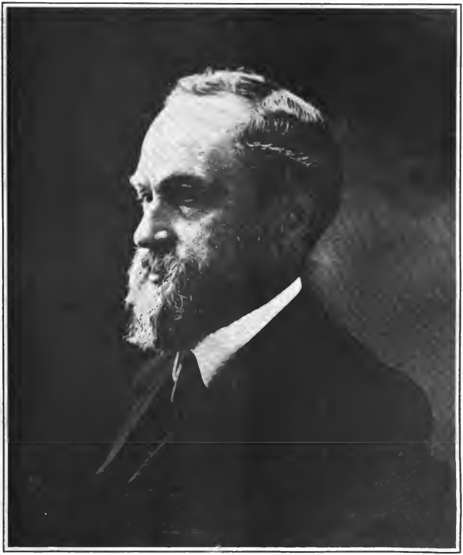

CONNECTICUT DEMOCRATS' CHOICE FOR GOVERNOR

The Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin, of New Haven, ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, who was nominated for Governor at the Democratic State convention held in his home town last week

HARPER'S WEEKLY
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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

A Manual of Conservation

The President has not the literary gift, nor has he the oratorical gift. He is not a fine writer, hardly even a good writer, and he is not an eloquent speaker. That is unfortunate, because otherwise he might have put his St. Paul conservation speech into a form that would have attracted more readers; and that particular speech deserves a very wide reading indeed. To our mind it is, in fact, the most valuable treatment yet made, because the most comprehensive and candid, of the entire subject of conservation. Pointedly declining the opportunity to deal in pleasing generalities or sensational political allusions, the President proceeded instead to show precisely what conservation means, what the government has to conserve, what has been done already, what the present laws are, and what it is proposed to do, and what laws it is proposed to pass, in the future. To make his exposition plainer and more practical, he takes up separately each of the different kinds of government lands and discusses the actual and proposed plans of dealing with them. He dodges nothing, sophisticates nothing, but makes all as clear as he can; and for that purpose his plain style is efficient—more efficient, perhaps, than a more ornate or impassioned manner would have been. There is good sense in his specific recommendations—particularly his preference for the lease system with coal and oil and gas and phosphate deposits, and his decision that the States ought to take charge of the draining of swamp lands within their respective limits. But the chief and extraordinary value of the speech lies in the fact that it is a practically complete manual of the conservation issue as it now presents itself to the American people. One cannot read it without acquiring a clearer notion of the real problems and difficulties of the conservation movement than a ton of ordinary conservation oratory would yield.

The Colonel Discovers the Tariff Question

The Ossawatomie Platform has a number of interesting planks. The whole thing, with its authorized title, the "New Nationalism," is admirably calculated, like everything else that comes from the same source, to challenge attention. As that was the first thing it had to do, the Colonel has every reason to feel, in that respect, satisfied with his remarks. So has Mr. Herbert Croly, author of *The Promise of American Life*, a book which the Colonel's friend, Senator Lodge, had already discovered before the Colonel came home.

There is one particular plank in the platform with which we rather think the American people also have a right to feel pleased—on which, in fact, they may congratulate themselves; for it indicates that Colonel Roosevelt has rediscovered the tariff issue. As we have all been agitating that issue in one way or another ever since he left for Africa, his finally acknowledging the existence of it is reassuring. It enables us to feel that we have not been altogether wasting our time. It is now a quarter of a century since the Colonel took leave of that question. In 1885, he withdrew from a Free Trade club to which he had belonged since 1881, giving as his reason that he was "a Republican first and a free-trader afterward." From that day until the appearance of a recent *Outlook* editorial, followed by the speeches at Ossawatomie and Sioux City and Sioux Falls, Colonel Roosevelt took an extraordinary method to distinguish the tariff from all other public questions. He devoted to it more silence than to any other or all others combined. It was the one subject on which he forbore to instruct or lecture anybody. So far was he from thrusting his views on it before the public that he fairly outdid himself in denouncing the mendacity of some visitors to the White House who came away and reported a conversation with him on the subject.

His Tariff Plank

We all have a right to feel gratified not only because the Colonel apparently approves of our treating the tariff as a public question but because he has also, in deciding what his own opinion is, evidently taken account of the way public opinion has been moving since he left us. During the years of his silence, the Progressive attitude on this subject, which he now adopts, was not common in the Republican party. Any Republican suspected of such notions was, in fact, rather in danger of losing his party standing. Moreover, it was generally felt that any reopening of the tariff issue was dangerous—dangerous to the party, and dangerous, therefore, to anybody who looked to the party to put him in office or keep him there. President Taft is probably of the opinion that that feeling was quite justified. But President Taft, in obedience to the public demand and his party platform, went ahead and reopened the subject. Public attention was concentrated on it. The Insurgents in Congress made their fight. The outcome has been an unsatisfactory law but a clear movement of opinion, within as well as without the Republican party, toward the Insurgent position. Also, a tariff commission has been set up, and that, too, has clearly met with popular approval. We cannot recall that the idea of such a commission was once advanced in any of the messages or speeches of President Roosevelt, or that he, at any time from 1885 until a week or two ago, announced dissatisfaction with the old log-rolling method of tariff-making. But he does now tell us plainly that that method has got to go and that we must have a commission and take up particular schedules separately whenever the commission reports on them. He even goes so far as to say a kindly word for Taft and to beg people to believe that the President has really had some right ideas on the subject and has done pretty well, considering. So President Taft, too must be feeling highly gratified.

Protection and Protected Labor

But there is one class of people whose gratification should be greater still, and that is the workmen in protected industries. The Colonel now admits that he believes in protection, but only to the extent of the difference in the cost of production here and abroad, which is "primarily" the difference in the labor cost; and he is for that amount of protection only for the benefit of the American labor involved. So he puts into his "New Nationalism" a demand for a new department or bureau "to investigate the conditions of the various protected industries and see that the laborers are really getting the benefit of the tariff supposed to be enacted in their interest."

On this point we are entirely willing to concede originality to the Colonel's idea. We are quite sure President Taft will not dispute with him the credit of first exploiting it. President Taft has just been telling the laboring-men out in Minnesota that he is against any kind of special legislation for the benefit of a particular class, whether working-men, farmers, or what not. The Colonel's scheme, as we take it, is not merely a plan of special legislation for laborers, but its benefits are to be confined to a particular group of laborers—those, namely, who are employed in the protected industries. So far as we know, it is the first proposal ever seriously advanced by a responsible public man that the government shall guarantee good wages to anybody not in the government employ. The "New Nationalism" must therefore include an entirely new conception of the function of government in a republic. Apparently it also includes some entirely new political economy. For the notion that the wages of labor in particular industries can be permanently raised otherwise than by either increasing the demand or lessening the supply has not hitherto found any lodgment in the text-books.

But how glad and grateful we all ought to be that the Colonel has drawn our attention to the tariff and told us what to do about it! But for his fearlessness, President Taft and the rest of us might have gone right on dodging it indefinitely.

Quiet Day, Now

A Quiet Day ought to be proclaimed by Governors of States lately visited by the Colonel, so that the people may have a chance to think about it all.

Government Regulation of Tariffs

President Taft has come out for something very like government regulation of the tariff. Isn't that what it amounts to—his plan for tariff revision, a schedule at a time, according to recommendations by the Tariff Board, and with intention to equalize the difference in production at home and abroad? A little something remains to be done by Congress before the plan can work. The Tariff Board has to learn what is the cost of production at home as well as abroad, and in some cases where it is hard to find out it would help if the board had power to compel manufacturers to produce books and papers and testify under oath. Congress would not grant such power when it provided, so gingerly, for the existence of the board, but a good deal has happened since then, and it may possibly be more obliging next winter.

Then another matter: The President expects to recommend before this piecemeal revision is attempted that Congress shall adopt the parliamentary rule that a bill to amend one schedule of the tariff may not be subject to a motion to amend by adding changes in other schedules. This would mean the abdication by Congress of the immemorial privilege of log-rolling.

Is it conceivable that there will be so great virtue in Congress? Anything is conceivable of Congress provided the outside pressure is strong enough, but it requires a considerable flight of the imagination to think of a Congress really willing to make a sincere effort to take the tariff out of politics at the cost even of the power of members to make extortionate bargains for the benefit of their own constituents and themselves.

It is often said that Mr. Taft is no politician. If he were, he would have less faith in the feasibility of this plan. But, not being a politician, it is possible that he may carry it through. Comparatively few of the voters are politicians. If all of them who would profit by getting the tariff out of the hands of local politicians and into the hands of industrial experts should get behind Mr. Taft in this matter, they would get their will in time. But the question that concerns Mr. Taft is not so much what can be done in time, as what can be done by the present Congress, or the one that succeeds it.

Funny How Things Happen

Think of taking such enormous pains to suppress the poor old fight pictures, and then letting the wild and whirling Colonel exhibit his intoxicating vocabulary from end to end of the land without so much as a license.

An Excellent Commission

Two economists, two lawyers, and a banker—that seems a sensible composition for the national commission on the stock and bond issues of common carriers engaged in interstate commerce. When, moreover, it is known that the two economists, President Hadley of Yale and Professor Meyer of Wisconsin, have both specialized on railways and made themselves authorities in that field; that the two lawyers, Mr. Frederic N. Judson, of St. Louis, and Mr. Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago, have both distinguished themselves in railway litigation; and that the banker, Mr. Frederick Strauss, of New York, is also a student of economics, one feels that President Taft's selection is pretty nearly ideal. Some of us may have misgivings at seeing so many new commissions set up, and so much governmental work turned over to them—at the constant increase of governmental machinery and the steady widening of the scope of governmental activity. But that tendency seems at present too strong to resist, and the only thing we can insist upon is that all this new work which the government is undertaking shall be given to the best men available. In that respect President Taft is doing very well indeed—so well that most of his appointments command the instant approval of both parties and of the whole country.

Not Proven

"Americans Look to 1912."
—Head-line in the *Times*.

Maybe they do, but let's not count on it. If they were misreported they would hardly venture to make much fuss. It wouldn't do to have that whole family of editors telegraphing back denials.

Shall the "Long Green" be Shortened?

Secretary MacVeagh does well to take the country into his confidence about the proposed changes in our paper currency before committing himself to the plan which, we are told, the Treasury Department has been considering for more than a year. He probably remembers what happened to the attempt to change the motto on our coins, which was made without consulting the public. Everybody is interested in the size and designs of our paper money, and there is no reason why everybody should not take a hand in the discussion. To the proposed changes in the designs of the notes we hardly see how any valid objections can be uttered. It is certainly desirable that the face of a note should at once indicate, even to the hastiest glance, the denomination; and few would deny that artistically the present appearance of all our notes might be much improved. To reduce them all in size by about one-fifth would, as the Secretary candidly admits, be a change to which there might be objections; but the reasons he gives for the proposal seem substantial. One is the saving of over six hundred thousand dollars a year. That is the interest on twelve or thirteen millions, and that is a sum which even a billion-dollar Congress might deign to consider. A note more cheaply made would also, one may hope, get itself renewed more frequently, so that the new dollars would be, on the whole, cleaner than the old. They would further conduce to cleanliness because, being adapted to smaller pocketbooks, more of them would be carried "flat" and fewer of them would be crumpled up and thrust into trousers pockets. There is still another reason, not mentioned by the Secretary, why it is fit that the American dollar should be reduced. It is not now as big as it looks. In buying power it is already less than it used to be, and by considerably more than a fifth.

What Weller?

> Like Weller's Thanksgiving turkey, I am old and tough, but there are limits.—*The Colonel, as reported.*

What Weller? Couldn't have been Sam. Thanksgiving was not in Sam's calendar.

English Banking

None of the publications of the Monetary Commission is likely to get a wider reading than one just issued on The English Banking System; for it contains an authoritative and yet reasonably brief account of the actual workings of that most interesting of all financial institutions, the Bank of England. Most of the volume is the work of Mr. Hartley Withers, financial editor of the London *Times*, whose contribution gives it its title; but Sir R. H. Inglis Palgrave and others also contribute. Mr. Withers writes lucidly. Even a layman can follow the account of the several functions of "the old lady in Threadneedle Street," and how they are discharged; and even a layman can feel some confidence in the opinion with which he himself rises from the monograph—the opinion, namely, that there is no good reason why we Americans cannot find a means to secure for our banks and our system of exchange the stability and the universal confidence which the Bank of England secures for those of England. Actual knowledge of that institution, and of English banking in general, is likely, however, to dispel some pretty erroneous notions on the subject. One of these is the notion that the Bank of England has a far closer connection with government than is actually the case. On the contrary, Mr. Withers declares: "In summing up the aspects of English banking, we may point, as its most obvious feature, to its complete freedom from restriction and regulation by the law of the country." And he goes on to argue that "the less the law does for banking the better, except that it is desirable that it should insist upon universal and genuine publicity."

What Hearst May Do

Speculations are drifting about as to what Mr. Hearst will do in the New York State campaign this fall. Intentions are attributed to him to oppose the Tammany and Brooklyn Congressmen who voted for the Fitzgerald rules and supported the Cannon machine. A good many of them are expected not to run again, but Fitzgerald will run, and Brother Hearst will do what he can to beat him. In that effort he is likely to have a variety of zealous co-operation.

As to the Governorship, some such sudden array of the Hearst forces may be looked for as happened in the city election last fall. When both conventions have acted, Mr. Hearst will probably know which candidate he would rather try to beat. If the choice should be between Gaynor and Roosevelt, it is possible, of course, that our neighbor may run himself.

Mr. Roosevelt and the Governorship

> Nevertheless and in spite of all that has happened the *World* makes this prediction: Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated for the Governorship. He will be nominated by acclamation. He will be nominated apparently against his will.—*The World, August 18, 1910.*

We have not noticed that our neighbor has withdrawn this prophecy. Is it still good? If so, is it to be strictly construed, or does it include the implication that Mr. Roosevelt will accept the nomination?

Whose Would Be the Fault?

If the Colonel and the President should come to an open breach, there would be charity broad enough to account their breaking inevitable rather than the outcome of the fault of either. It is not necessary to say that either betrayed the other. The Colonel may sincerely believe that his policies are vital to the country's welfare and that Taft is not standing for them—that, in fact, nobody but himself can stand for them with complete effectiveness. The President probably feels that he has stood for those policies as he understood them, in the way his best judgment dictated, and to greater practical effect than the Colonel did. The Colonel may feel that Taft owes him everything, since he made Taft President. The President can point out that he never really wanted to be President; also, that to make him President in name only would not have been particularly flattering or obliging. He might ask, in plain language, what the Colonel had really expected of him—imitation or independence? The Colonel could fall back on his policies.

One can fancy them arguing it out that way, as each doubtless has argued it out in his own mind. If they should not agree, charity might still suggest that temperament was at the bottom of their disagreement, quite as much as pride or self-interest.

Nearly Five Millions

The new census says that residents of New York now live in a city of 4,766,883 inhabitants. For folks who own more land than they need in or near New York this is a pleasing thought. So it is for persons and corporations who have bet on the growth of the town by great works of construction which only a rapid increase of population could warrant. So the census report helps to justify that bold forecast of future needs that led Mr. Cassatt to dare the great Pennsylvania Railroad terminal which has just been opened, and the New York Central people to adventure their enormous constructions of the same nature.

A very great city is an extremely interesting human achievement, and to people—politicians, contractors, real-estate speculators, philanthropists, and officers of local government—who know the whole of New York and are busy with its problems, the census report means a great deal. But it is the people of the smaller cities who have the real thrills about population and growth. New York has as yet no American competitor, but all the lesser towns measure themselves against the other cities of their size, and compare ratios of increase. When Detroit passes Buffalo, Detroit has emotions. When Rochester skips over the 200,000 line and has 18,000 laid up toward a rating of a quarter of a million, Rochester is pleased and marks up various of its valuations.

City and Country and the Census

The trend of all the early census returns is favorable to the notion that we are still flocking into our cities. But then nearly all the early returns are about cities. The cities have been gaining people very fast these last ten years, but we shall have to wait for the returns about the country before we can say that they are still gaining at the expense of the country or how much of their gain is from that source. Even though the decade as a whole may show a relative loss for the country, there are reasons why one may hope that there has been at least a beginning of the arrest of this tendency. Much is being consciously done and much more is being spoken and written to that end. We should set rural free delivery and the better roads first among the agencies that help the country, but the telephone is close behind, and the increased prices of farm products may turn out to be still more effective. Improvements in methods of farming work the same way, not merely because they mean smaller average farm holdings, but because they make farming itself more attractive than it was when in a cruder state. The better things are done, the better people like the doing of them.

The Maine *Farmer*, however, has struck a rather unusual note on this general theme. It has actually had a word to say in defence of the abandoned farm in the East, and in reproof of people who hold that to take up the abandoned farm and try to make it pay again is always the right thing to do. The *Farmer* holds that when farms are abandoned there is usually good reason; it is in accordance with the law of demand and supply. It contends that Maine farmers, for example, are producing about what they are really called on to produce, and that to encourage more farming in Maine is to encourage overproduction; that it is thus unfair to those farmers who, as things stand, are managing to make a living, but who would suffer from an increase of competition.

There is some sense in this, of course, and there are, of course, two sides to the whole question of city and country. The country-bred man gains something from coming into town; the city dweller gains something from getting out in the country. If country life needs improving and making more attractive, so does city life; and it is quite as reasonable to expect to see both improve together as it is to see one improved at the expense of the other. Still, the desirability of getting the poor and overcrowded of the cities into rural occupations is not to be denied; and there ought to be more agencies working directly to this end.

Two Misses

> Next to the drink curse, the carrying of pistols in our country is the greatest evil.—*Washington Post*

Neither of them is the greatest evil.

The Crops and the Banks

It is announced that the banks are fully prepared to furnish the money to handle this year's crops. We are glad to hear it. It is not always the case. They do not always have the money on hand, free from other uses; and when they have it they do not always have it in the right place at the right time. The explanation of this year's preparedness, however, goes far to destroy the comfort of it. The New York reserve banks have simply found it impracticable to invest safely and profitably the money sent in to them from the West and South. Much of it has accordingly gone back West and South, and some of it is still idle in the reserve banks. Accident, therefore, rather than forethought and good management, is responsible for the situation's being what it always should be at this time of year. For every year at this time the banks have practically the same thing to do, harvests of all sorts being fairly regular, and autumn being the harvest season.

It may be ridiculous optimism, but we can't help believing that after a while this country will get tired of leaving the state of its money-market to chance and irresponsible manipulation, and will provide the means to regulate it in accordance with the needs of industry and business.

Acknowledgments

The Dog Days and the Silly Season ought have been pretty dreadful this year if it had not been for the labors of the Associate Editor on the road. When one got off the trail of his discourse the next topic was the matrimonial intentions of the Duke of the Abruzzi. Another topic favored by some contemporaries was the possibility of reuniting a couple lately separated. It is proper that we should realize, gratefully, what we have been spared in the exhaustive, day-by-day discussion of subjects like these, by the circumstance that the Associate Editor selected a dull time to project his political hopes and fancies upon the waiting West.

Ministerial Salaries

According to a new government bulletin the ministerial profession is not in so bad a case in this day and generation as we are sometimes led to suppose. In 1906 there were 164,830 Christian ministers in the United States; they were increasing at the rate of about 1,000 a year, and they were paid an average salary of $663. It is estimated that this year a hundred million dollars will be paid in this country for ministers' salaries, and twice as much more for maintenance of churches, missions, extensions, and congregational expenses. Three hundred millions is a fair sum of money—twice the cost of the pension list; more than our annual payment for new automobiles.

What We Need

"Doctor," said one of those self-centred ladies who are always extracting opinions gratis from the medical profession, "what do you consider the best food as a constancy?"

"Hope, madam," returned the Doctor, promptly, "at all times and in all places. Not a senseless optimism, but a self-respecting Hope. Heaven and Nature intended it to be the chief pabulum of the race." The table dared not smile, and the Doctor, having secured a few minutes' immunity, declined "wholesome" prefaces, and fell upon a robust breakfast of bacon and eggs, waffles, and hot rolls. The lady regarded him wistfully, for the Doctor ate with appetizing gusto. A stomach long trained on other people's theories concerning edibles was not to be trifled with, so she was fain to satisfy herself upon a tasteless cereal, and then nibbled a little dry toast and sipped a woful substitute for coffee. But the Doctor is nothing if not humane, so between his waffles he looked across at her pleasantly and began: "I said that because what a Doctor actually does or gives is infinitely less in its effect than what he suggests. This is a truth old as HIPPOCRATES and GALEN, though perhaps only in this age are we beginning definitely and intelligently to utilize it. Happiness is the substance and aim of life and living, and hope is nine-tenths, say, of happiness, its greatest factor; therefore beware of unconsciously dispensing with hope."

"Doctor," threw in the Minor Philosopher, "can you define happiness?" The Doctor eyed him. "I'm too old and wary a duck to impale myself on a definition or a generalization—though none knows better than a doctor, except a politician, the value of glittering generalities,—but as conscious and volitional beings we are all, in a sense and measure, creative, so that every man must create and shape his own happiness. You might ask our collegian for a definition, however; for what is youth worth without hideous cocksureness?"

Thus challenged, the collegian paused, yet said valiantly, "Happiness is getting what you want." Then he had the grace to blush to the eyes as he fixed them on a fair face opposite. But at this the table laughed and demurred. "That statement will bear as many qualifications as MR. HENRY JAMES generally bestows on one of his," objected the Minor Philosopher, who sometimes discusses with the Literary Lady the relative merits of present-day literature.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "pressed home, that definition will evaporate in qualifications; there'll be nothing left. For to apply our tiny individual intelligence in the sense of 'getting what we want' to the comparatively infinite sum total of life, would be horribly dangerous if not necessarily fatal; it would mean to focus the thunderbolt, to see Zeus in his glory; it would more likely kill than make alive. Perhaps that's why happiness is so carefully diluted. For who could bear unqualified happiness? No, some controlling principle of life must be agreed upon, before we can talk of 'getting what we want.'"

"I meant, of course, other things being equal," protested the collegian.

"But what things, what equalization? That's the question," said the Doctor, blandly. "Things are not equal, and I, as a medical man and an instructor, see that it's high time to call a halt. That's why I'm taxed with welcoming too kindly all these 'movements' that tend to emphasize mind—or will, rather—in its relation to life and conduct. The metaphysics may be crude, and the knowledge naive and insufficient, but everything, and every truth, has its beginning, and beginnings are apt to be small, and are generally attended with no little waste of energy." He paused, and looked hard at the Minor Philosopher, who nodded, as if to say "Go on."

"All weakness, whether individual or national, is from within out," pursued the Doctor. "There is wide-spread impatience with slow modes of living, to the great detriment of honesty," he added, dryly. "There is cowardice in confronting life, there is too much insanity; there are too many suicides, and often among people who have much to live for. We all know the old saw, 'while there's life, there's hope.' It would be truer to say, 'while there's hope, there's life,' for a hopeless individual is practically dead. Impatient of present conditions, despairing of the future, no longer *willing to live*, the suicide reaps the fruit of his thoughts in the base final act. For feeling and thought are potentially acts, manifestations of one and the same energy, like vapor, fluid, and substance—so that he who takes care of his feelings and thoughts may almost leave his acts to take care of themselves." The Doctor looked round about the attentive table. "All this is old and platitudinous, but that's just it: if we would live nicely and well, we can't dispense with platitudes any more than with fresh air. We Americans have terribly over-emphasized the material side of life, forgetting the fine things of the mind, and worse than forgetting the finer things of the spirit. In our frantic eagerness to make a living, we are forgetting how to live. We are trying to live by bread alone. In our craze for tangible 'results'—that is, the attainment of material ends—we entirely overlook and ignore the fact that 'results' are but a solidifying of far subtler and more comprehensive energies, energies which are as viewless as the winds. Over and against directly nutritive foods there are many more which are indirectly so, whose province seems to be to predispose the digestive organs to do their work more agreeably, variedly, and better. The consequence is, not only prolongation of life, but greatly increased vigor and activity. For next to the national folly of bolting our food"—the table quailed visibly, seeing that the Doctor is among the first to come and the last to go—"comes the mistake of a too rigorous and exclusive diet. And the analogy holds true of the mind; many of its best and most life-producing nutrients are indirect, and are values that can never be 'converted into cash.' I'm the last man in the world to underrate 'useful information,' but we can't have useful information worth the term, unless we have an atmosphere of imagination and spirituality which alone keeps useful information alive. What are we doing to preserve and increase imagination and spirituality—the chief forces of conscious and volitional life? For imagination is the projective quality of the mind, its instinct for the truth; and spirituality, spiritual vision, is the very essence of truth and courage. No men have worked harder, achieved more, suffered more cheerfully, or died better if need were, than they who have perceived some 'far-off divine event,' who have had 'the vision of the Almighty.'" The Doctor had warmed up considerably now. "Your doctor is a true father-confessor," he pursued, "knowing all the family secrets. I often go into homes rich in every modern material convenience, but bare mentally, and often steeped in spiritual squalor. Are our teaching and education and civilization producing the one thing needful—*character?* The collegian looked blank just now when I mentioned imagination and spirituality, so I'll put what I said into other terms. We speak of 'creative genius' as it is shown in the *Odyssey* and *King Lear*, saying they are mighty works of the imagination. Analyzed, they bespeak observation, discrimination, and correlation—in other words, perception, reflection, and choice, and re-formation; the giving out of life in new forms. But there is no scientific work, nor any scientific device, that does not show precisely the same qualities. There are diversities of operations, but the same spirit; and the thing is to retain the spirit. We are unconsciously trying to retain the effects while dispensing with the essence. We are now supposed to be treating the body and mind 'scientifically'; but it is the science of mechanics only that is being mistakenly applied to both; yet they are not mechanisms, but living organisms, and a secret of life is a secret still. I say that when a young man takes his life, his education was radically wrong; faith and courage, imagination and spirituality, had not been rightly educed and strengthened in him. And when three-fourths—isn't it?—of our criminals are young, and not for the most part either illiterate or of the lowest type, I say there is something fearfully wrong, and that it behooves the young to consider it, and find out the remedy. The truth is, we must put back into our systems of education the incalculable values we've been unconsciously eliminating, hope, happiness, courage—the *effects* of imagination and spirituality. The *will to live* and win, if it may be; the *will to live*, no matter what or how much we lose; to draw courage from failure and inspiration from defeat may be paradoxical, but it's manhood, it's life."

Correspondence

RECORDER SMYTHE

Chicago, Ill., August 25, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Mr. Inglis's estimate of Recorder Smythe, in his Buchanan murder story in HARPER'S WEEKLY of August 13th, exactly accords with my own.

Recorder Smythe was regarded as a hard judge, and so I presume he was, tested only by the severe sentences he imposed. But I knew him well enough to meet him in frank intercourse and I have always believed that his severity, whether mistaken or not, sprang from a pure sense of duty and not from heartless indifference. This came out very pointedly at one interview I had with him not long after he had imposed several severe sentences on professional criminals, and, in telling me how strongly he felt the necessity for that manner of administering the criminal law, he spoke with the deepest feeling of the possible circumstances which had brought those men finally to the bar as something over which they might not quite have had control; and, in contrasting his sympathy for them as men with his harshness toward them as convicts, his eyes grew red and the tears welled up. When he shed tears, it was no play-acting.

The characterization of Charlie Brooke in the same story seems to me to describe the man well in every respect, except that certain lack of a sense of responsibility which alone prevented him, in my judgment, from being one of the great leaders of the New York bar.

I am, sir,

LOUIS F. POST.

THE BIBLE IN CANADIAN SCHOOLS

Trenton, Ont., August 8, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I live, as you will notice, at Trenton, a town of five thousand population, on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway system of which a New-Yorker, viz., Charles M. Hays, is General Manager, etc. Trenton is just one hundred miles east of Toronto. I lived in New York City for a few years, and I noticed then that most New-Yorkers had heard of Toronto and Montreal, but that was about the extent of their Canadian geography. Well, I am getting away from my subject. The article I refer to is about the objections of the Roman Catholics out in a few of your Western States, not wanting the Bible read or any religious exercises before the beginning of the school proper. Well, in this town our high school is attended by about two-thirds Protestants and one-third Catholics, and we fix it very easily. The school is opened by just a few verses of Bible reading and a short prayer, taking about five to ten minutes. During that time, any of the Catholics not wishing to hear the principal, who is a devout Christian, need not go into the room, but go in at the second ringing of the school bell. Now I think our Western friends could take a pointer from our Province of Ontario, and just give their Catholic scholars a second bell and roll-call, and to my mind it works practically to a nicety.

Now if you think these few lines worth publishing, and the hints thrown out might be seen by our Iowa and Illinois Roman Catholics, they might just try it and I'll bet a cookie it works all right, just as it does here. You can't make a Roman Catholic pupil accept any religious instruction except from an ordained priest.

I am, sir,

E. MARTIN.

AS A BURGLAR ALARM

Pittsburg, Pa., September 5, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your anti-Roosevelt editorials sound like the barking of a dog. This is exactly the effect it has on the American people. Theodore Roosevelt is the greatest champion of the people's rights this country has ever produced, and he is sincere in what he does from the bottom of his heart.

Your editorials only prove you to be a slave to the "interests," and as its tool you are doing the dirty mean work of a traitor.

The people love Theodore Roosevelt because he is just, upright, and fearless.

I am, sir,

CHARLES WHITE.

Whether or not Mr. Roosevelt is the greatest champion of the people's rights the country has ever produced is a matter of comparison and consequently largely of opinion. We are not conscious of being a slave to the "interests," or its or their tool. We uphold the Constitution. He who would subvert it is the traitor. If Mr. White had written that people love Mr. Roosevelt "because they think he is just, upright, and fearless," we should have considered the statement to be accurate. How our editorials sound we cannot say, as we have never happened to hear them read aloud, but we are pleased to learn that they serve well their intent as a burglar alarm.—EDITOR.

THE MAYOR AND THE COLONEL

Milwaukee, Wis., August 30, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Milwaukee's old conservative citizens are wondering what socialism is.

We are wondering what Colonel Harvey's opinion regarding the enclosed clipping is.

I am, sir,
BENNO S. ZEDLER,
Sales Manager Russian Fur and Tan. Co.

The clipping enclosed tells how the Socialist Mayor declined to greet Mr. Roosevelt personally because of "the unscholarly and unfair position he has taken in the discussion of the movement." Clearly, that is Mayor Seidel's privilege and perhaps his duty to his party. As we recall the article in the *Outlook* to which he refers, it was fuller of ignorance than of viciousness. The Mayor, however, seems to regard Mr. Roosevelt as unsympathetic with his aims. If he were an anarchist instead of a socialist, perhaps he would feel differently about it.—EDITOR.

BRAND WHITLOCK

Pittsburg, Pa., August 19, 1910.

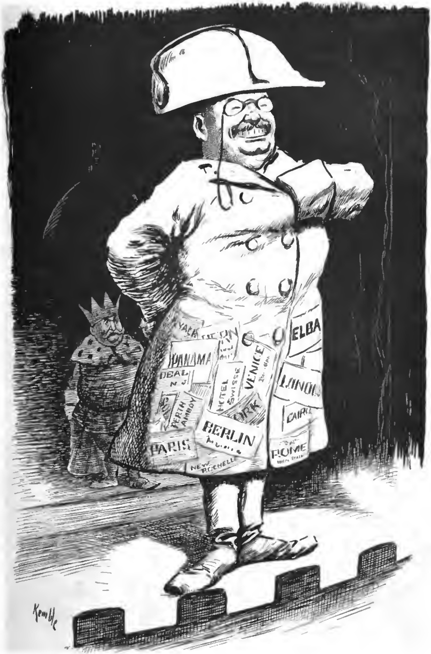
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I noticed an article in yesterday's edition of the New York *Times* suggesting the name of Hon. Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, Ohio, as a strong candidate for either the head or tail of the next Democratic national ticket. It seems to me that Mr. Whitlock's training and public experience, as well as the results which he has produced in the arena of city governmental affairs, should be potent factors in the consideration of him as a national possibility. In addition to this, his great grasp on sociological and economic affairs, as exemplified in both his practical work and his writings, should demand for him further serious consideration.

As to whether Mr. Whitlock is strong enough to be considered a Presidential possibility at the present time, this may, perhaps, be a question for doubt, but, surely, as a Vice-Presidential choice, it seems to me that there are few, if any, Democrats more deserving or more capable. Would not such a ticket as Mayor Gaynor of New York for President, and Mr. Whitlock as Vice-President, be a strong one? In addition to the powerful personality of the two men, the ticket offers the advantage of candidates with strong holds on two of the largest States in the Union—two States where Democratic victories would be wonderful factors for national influence.

I am, sir,

LOUIS CAPLAN.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HIS TAFTSHIP: "CAN YOU BEAT IT? HE CAST *ME* FOR THE LEADING PART, AND NOW HE GOBBLES THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE AND EVERY INCH OF LIMELIGHT"

DRAWN BY W. KEMBLE

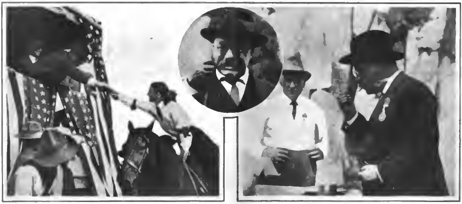
Colonel Roosevelt admonishes
the inhabitants of Omaha

He delivers himself of an idea upon
the rear platform of his train

A warm and rapturous
greeting to the cowboys

The old stage coach, a relic of frontier days, rolls past
the grand stand before Colonel Roosevelt at Cheyenne

A cavalcade of cowboys, cowgirls, and Indians—Cheyenne
revives memories of former days in honor of her visitor



The Colonel shakes hands with the champion cow-
girl, who punched cows before him at Cheyenne

In militant mood
at Utica

He takes his first bite at the chuck-wagon
dinner given him by the Denver Press Club

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AMONG THE COWBOYS

SOME PHASES OF THE EX-PRESIDENT'S RECENT CIRCUIT OF THE WESTERN STATES

"On the Story"

Random Pages From The Notebook of A New York Newspaper Reporter

Through the great blizzard on Pilot Boat 13

By William Inglis

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT made two columns and a half on the first page, with pictures by George Folsom—the story of the awful blizzard of '88—but I've always thought the price I paid for it was too high. Of course, it's a great thing for a cub reporter to get two columns and a half, all on the first page without any turnover to an inside page, and with his unknown name signed to it. But the price! Sir or Madam, have you ever been in deadly fear? Think, then, of being in deadly fear during every moment of sixty hours, not knowing at what instant the small schooner that carries you, which has already been knocked down on her beam ends, may turn turtle in the shrieking, snow-laden gale and drown you. That was the price I paid.

It happened quite by chance. In those primitive times the Sunday magazine of the daily newspaper had not been invented, and Colonel Cockerill, managing editor of the *World*, as a mere incident of his editorship, collected interesting special articles for a few extra pages in the Sunday paper. I went to him with a suggestion one day, and he laughed when I told it.

"Just like a sword-fight between the villain and the hero on the stage," he chuckled—"two up and two down, and you know who's going to get it before it begins. No, no, Billi. Get something with life in it."

Sullenly I brooded at my desk. It was a good story I had offered him. I'm sure of that yet, though I've forgotten what it was about. These editors needed taking down. I'd do it. By jingo! I'd get him a story that 'd make him sit up and take notice! I'd go out with the Sandy Hook pilots, right now, in March, the stormiest season of all the year, and write a yarn about their hardships in getting aboard the ice-clad ships in a gale. Maybe some of 'em would be drowned. Rough on them, but all the better for the story. Moreover, I had been overworking in Wood's gymnasium, and trained down to one hundred and fifty-six, too fine by far; and a week at sea would put on six or eight pounds. Let us be frank—right there was the real reason why I wanted to go on the cruise.

The Colonel liked the scheme.

"That ought to produce good stuff," he said; "but you'd better look out and not get drowned. The equinoctial storm is about due."

Secretary Nash, of the Sandy Hook Pilots, laughed at the equinoctial storm as an exploded old superstition, and assured me I'd be all right. He introduced me to Captain Thomas Dougherty of the *Caldwell H. Colt*, a hospitable gentleman of the sea, with a grizzled mustache and keen, kindly blue eyes.

"You're welcome to go on Number 13," he said; "but it's apt to be a little rough off shore this month. Have you ever been seasick?"

"No," I replied; "but I'm willing to take the chances."

"Why, then, you may have my berth," said the Captain. "I've got to stay ashore this time and take out an oil-tank I brought in three weeks ago. You come down here at noon to-morrow and join the ship's company."

And at noon I met my companions—James Fairgreaves, whom they called "Charley Stuart" because he looked every inch a king; George Waldie, a gray and cheery Scot with a long, deep dent in his forehead as a memento of the day a hawser parted and smashed him into the hospital for a month; also John Julius Adler and James J. Sayles, young pilots but veteran and able mariners. They welcomed me to their happy family, and long before we reached Staten Island I felt as if I had known them for years. At Tompkinsville two Swedish sailors took us off in a yawl to our schooner, which lay at anchor a short distance away. What a beauty she was as she nodded and rose and fell on the gentle sea! Her long black hull had the lines of a racing yacht, and her spars and sails were as trim as good sailormen could keep them. When we climbed over the side the men handed aboard a generous supply of fresh meat and vegetables, and Manuel Gomez, the Portuguese steward, came aft, smiling, to tell us dinner was ready. We went down into the roomy cabin, daintily finished in white and gold, and with dark red plush cushions along the lockers. Waiting only long enough to raise the glasses, observe that the sun was over the fore-yard and make it so in proper form, we fell to, and did justice to Manuel's catering. It was fine, especially the pea soup, with just enough Cayenne pepper and flavor of ham in it to make Brillat-Savarin call for some more and still more. May good luck attend Manuel forever. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, March 10th, we got up anchor and started southward under jib, staysail, fore and main sail, and maintopsail. We carried no topmast forward. George Waldie seemed surprised when I asked him why.

"Pilots never carry foretops'ls," he said, as if that settled the whole business. "She'll move along as lively as any of 'em, just the same. Isn't she a beauty? Eighty-seven feet over all, twenty-one feet six inches beam, and drawing eleven feet. See that 61.43 carved into the beam of the fore hatch? That's her tonnage, custom-house measurement. She's only one year old, and staunch enough to go round the world in."

Which she certainly was, as we were to learn within a few days, although there was then no hint of coming trouble in the balmy spring air, or in the golden sunshine or in the scattered big white clouds that floated like vagrant balloons against the soft turquoise sky. A few miles ahead of us we saw the pilot-boat *William H. Starbuck*, laying the same course as ours, a big black 6 on the mainsail proclaiming her identity, just as the 13 on our main proclaimed ours. She had her troubles in store, too, though no one guessed it on that lovely afternoon. Far in our lead and hull down over the southerly horizon was the big yawl *Cythera*, of the New York Yacht Club, bound for the Bermudas, under command of Mr. Stewart, an amateur but a gallant and capable sailor. From that day to this no man has ever laid eyes on her, or any member of her company, or so much as one spar from her wreckage. All was swallowed by the hungry sea.

We stood off the Jersey shore, and kept a sharp lookout for coasting steamers bound for New York. Not far below Sandy Hook we met the bark *Sunlight*, on her way to New Haven. It brings a smile, after this long interval, to remember how fervently and how often, less than two days later, I wished myself aboard of her. Thus does the cowardly fellow, lurking in the subconscious mind of us all, reproach the conscious ego for getting him into danger of losing his precious life.

It was Mr. Fairgreaves's "first turn"—that is, he was to take home the first ship we should meet in need of a pilot—so he stayed on deck and watched for business, while the rest of us busied ourselves in the cabin in a little game with a five-cent limit. The pilots, of course, cruised like yachtsmen; for there was the Italian boatkeeper, Antonino, for'ard, with a crew of four men to work the ship. "Charley Stuart" came down for a chat, and had almost made up his mind to take a hand, when we were all roused to sudden activity by a hail from the man at the wheel.

"Ste'mbo't on the port bow, sir!" he called in his soft Swedish voice, full of melancholy cadences.

"Give her the torch!" roared "Charley Stuart," making a swift leap up the companionway, with the rest of us at his heels. Far away to the southward we discovered the masthead light of a steamship, a tiny gleam of white against the gloomy sky, with a dot of red beneath it, indicating that she was coming up toward us with her port light showing. One of the foremast hands picked up a disk of iron a foot in diameter, with a short, bulbous handle. Bound to the dish with wire was a bunch of cotton waste. To souse this waste with turpentine and touch a match to it was the work of a moment. Then the man swung the blazing torch at full arm's-length in a great half-circle to and fro over his head. The glare threw up every detail of our schooner as if in the light of day—the spotless deck, the white sails, the sharp outlines of the rigging, even the streaks of foam that went hissing past our lee rail. Suddenly he plunged the torch into something that doused it and left us in pitchy blackness. There followed a minute of eager, watchful, silence—two minutes.

"Oh, the *Starbuck's* got her," sighed "Charley Stuart."

"Or, maybe, some one further south," George Waldie amended.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"If they hadn't a pilot already, they'd give us a torch or a blue light, and we'd put one aboard," he answered. "The master of a ship has to take the first pilot that picks him up. Confound it, there's so much competition that some of the fleet go as far as Hatteras to find a job. Still, it isn't as bad as it used to be. Not many of us go clear off to the Banks of Newfoundland nowadays to pick up a liner."

"That's so," said Jim Sayles. "Do you remember Mike Murphy, in Number 4, the *Abraham Leggett*, who started eastward and kept her going till he picked up the *Great Eastern* just as she poked her nose out past Queenstown?"

Whereupon we all went below and listened to yarns about the long cruises some pilot skippers used to make, in order to catch the big ships that pay the biggest fees, and how the skippers outsailed and outwitted one another. The stories have long ago drifted off into limbo, but the impression they made in my mind is still vivid—a series of pictures of hardy Yankee vikings, who took their able little schooners half way or all the way across the savage Atlantic, careless of their lives, indifferent to perils of angry seas and freezing blasts and scanty grub toward the last of the voyage, if only they could land the rich prizes, the deep-draught liners that paid anywhere from $200 to $250 each to be steered safely and swiftly between Sandy Hook lightship and their piers.

"All damn nonsense, that sort of business," said Julius Adler, "but they were good sailors."

"You bet your life they were good sailors, and good sports, too," Jim Sayles seconded his observation. And presently we all had a tot and turned in. What a pleasant ship the old 13 was, with the ruddy glow from the stove playing over the gold and white of the cabin walls, and how delightful it was to drowse off to the music of the wind in the rigging, broken now and then by the clump of a heavy boot on deck, and to float away at last into dreamless sleep in this big swaying cradle, with the last flicker of consciousness registering the gentle, insistent plash of the waves against the thin planking only a few inches from the pillow. Motor-boats are swift, and steam-yachts are rich and fine, but the man who truly loves the sea can find happiness only under sail.

We had no luck at all on Sunday, for the few ships we saw had already been provided with pilots. We loafed about on deck or in the cabin, and George Waldie lost himself in ancient files of the London *Spectator*, which he had bound in book form. He revelled in Addison's philosophy and his clear English, and he read us paragraphs now and then to show how closely the old author's comments fitted modern conditions. In the late afternoon the wind, which had been blowing fitfully from the southeast all day, began to breeze up a little stronger, and the sun sank from view very early in a thick bank of slaty gray clouds. The schooner began to pitch heavily in the rising swells, and she gave a lee lurch now and then that made me glance anxiously toward the rail, though nothing undignified happened. Nevertheless, I supped very lightly on a cup of tea and a bit of dry cracker, and turned in very early. When a landsman's instincts drive him toward the berth he'd better climb into it quickly and stay in. The shifting, sliding, diving, charging cabin is no place for him.

There was an angry menace now in the smash of the waves against the planking beside my pillow, and as I was speculating on whether they would be calm or savage next day I fell asleep. I was awakened presently by the sound of running feet on the deck just above my head, and I looked out at the cabin clock and saw it marked three in the morning. The wind had backed around to north and become so puffy and uncertain that George Waldie, who had the deck, struck the jib and foresail, and kept her under forestaysail and the reefed main. From then onward I dozed fitfully, awakening now and then as rapid feet passed overhead, and at 5 A. M. I sat up, broad awake, as Jim Sayles came down the companionway, whanging his arms around his body to warm them. The schooner seemed to me to be standing on her head, spinning around, standing on one foot, pirouetting, and suddenly toppling on one side—all simultaneously—and repeating the weird performance without ceasing. Jim took off his cold, wet mittens, hung them on a line to dry over the stove, and held out his hands to the heat. He seemed at ease. He balanced himself as readily and unconsciously as a circus rider standing on a galloping horse. Nevertheless, the ship appeared to me to be spinning away to destruction in a wild maelstrom. Fortunately, I remembered just in time that I was a mere landsman, and that what seemed to me to be the end of the world might to a sailor be merest commonplace, so after swallowing hard two or three times I inquired as casually as I could:

"Blowing up a little fresh, isn't it?"

"Ye-e-s; a little fresh," said Jim.

"Is this what you'd call a gale?" I cautiously continued.

"Oh yes; it's a living gale," Jim assured me. "It's raining, sleeting, and snowing, too, all at once. Funny weather."

Jim took a glance at the barometer, said, "Huh!" went to his berth, and turned in. Before I dozed off again I congratulated myself on being in a real storm at sea. Hardships of a pilot's life, eh? All we needed now was to "make" a steamship and put a pilot aboard of her, and there would be a story to make Colonel Cockerill sit up and take notice.

The odor of coffee and the pleasant sounds of breakfast woke me at eight o'clock that Monday morning. I didn't get up. I—er—well—rather believed the conditions indicated the advisability of rest rather than food. My friends grinned in sympathy. They had all been there.

"Maybe you'd like a Welsh rabbit and a mug of ale," suggested George Waldie, in the hope of getting a rise out of me. He got it.

"No," I thanked him; "I'd rather have a nice chunk of cold boiled salt pork." The words were hard to say, but good form on such an occasion demanded some such merry reply as an indication that the patient really wasn't seasick, but merely a trifle lazy. After breakfast (*their* breakfast) pipes were lit, and everybody lounged about the cabin. It was near nine o'clock in the morning, but the [illegible] was dark as at dawn and the cabin lamp was still burning brightly. And how she did pitch and roll!

"It's a queer sort of storm," said Mr. Fairgreaves. "The wind backed to the east at four o'clock this morning, then settled at northeast. We got everything off her and tried to set storm trysails; but the slush and snow flew so fast that the blocks iced up, and nothing would run through 'em, so all we've been able to put on her is a reefed trysail on the main. She's hove to now, her nose up in the wind, and riding comfortably."

"Who's at the wheel?" I asked.

"No one. What's the use? The wheel's lashed fast, and she's hove to. We couldn't board a ship in this mess."

Curiosity is the spur that never fails to drive the reporter onward, no matter how unpleasant the mess it gets him into. I put on my overcoat and cap, and managed somehow to climb and stumble up the half-dozen steps of the cabin companionway. The moment my head was thrust above the protection of the coaming I felt as if the cap, the hair, the very scalp itself, were being scraped off by the fearful force of the wind. I dared not step out on the deck, for one leap of the plunging ship would have shot me over the low rail into the sea. I held on with both elbows, and by crossing the fingers before my face made a screen through which I could peer up to windward. The rolling mountains of dark leaden water were hurling themselves upon us in endless succession. The air was so thick with mist and fine, slushy snow and the spume whipped off the sea that all the horizon seemed contracted within a cable-length of our ship. There was neither darkness nor light in the air, but a sort of ashen, ominous twilight. Sometimes the snow gave way to stinging sleet that rattled on the icy deck, or to thin, keen rain that flew in horizontal gusts and froze as it fell. The spars and rigging were cased in ice, and through the rigid cordage the gale shrieked with a sound as of myriads of shrill violins tortured by madmen.

Soon all of us turned in. Up in the forecastle Antonino and his four men climbed into their bunks and slept. I, too, dozed off. The only man remaining awake on the ship was Manuel, busy over his big cook-stove in the galley.

A crashing, grinding, brutal shock awoke me with a sharp pain in the legs as my feet were jammed up against the forward end of the berth. The vessel had been struck by a wave that stopped her and lifted her bow. Instantly the ship arose, reared upward as a horse rears. Before I could quite understand why my legs were tilting up so high and my head falling down so low, my big sweater flew off the shelf at the foot of the berth, settled over my face, and blinded me.

Followed the crash of another giant wave, which met the ship as she was coming down and smashed her over sidewise. Down she rolled on her starboard side—down, down, as if she had toppled over the edge of an abyss and was dropping into infinite space. Never in all the years before or since have I felt such a sickening fear. As the schooner fell down, my legs shot out of the side of the berth, and my body would have followed but that I threw out my hands instinctively and gripped either side, so that I hung high in air, body and legs dangling, like a gymnast playing on the parallel bars.

As the ship rolled over I was aware of a general inarticulate yell of horror from many throats and a terrific clattering and rattling of pots, pans, dishes, chain cable, spare rigging, bits of ballast, and all sorts of loose stuff tumbling down to leeward. So low did she dip that it needed only one more stroke of the sea to complete her half-revolution, cause her to "turn turtle," and so end all our lives. She rolled her deck so deep underwater that the cabin stovepipe, which stood abaft the mainmast, was plunged under the sea, and a great flood gushed down it and into the cabin stove, putting out the fire and filling the room with thick clouds of steam.

"Here we go like rats in a trap!" was my first conscious thought as I dangled and swung in the steam above the floods of green water that came dashing through the open forehatch and cabin companionway and met beneath my feet. Instantly I rejected that form of words.

"You can't use a trite, hackneyed phrase like 'rats in a trap,'" I told myself. Curious how the niceties of technical training will persist even in the face of death!

The shock of the knockdown threw every one out of his berth. Mr. Fairgreaves and Julius Adler were sprawling on what had been the lee side of the cabin and had now become the floor. Waldie slithered down near them. Jim Sayles was hurled like a javelin from the forward berth on the port side, miraculously passing between the mainmast and the stovepipe, and landed head first on Julius Adler's midship section, knocking him out for a few seconds. Without ceasing for one instant in his flight, Jim scrambled to his feet and clawed his way up the prostrate companionway to the deck against the thick flood of green water that came raging against him. Under ordinary circumstances, I doubt whether the ablest acrobat could have forced his way against such obstacles; but Jim Sayles was a sailorman fighting for his life, and to him nothing was impossible.

God was good to us. The usual third big wave did not appear, and very slowly the schooner staggered upright with another great clattering of shifting gear. One sharp report rang out like a rifle-shot above the roar of the storm—the snapping of the main boom. The schooner had wallowed so deep on her beam ends that the boom was deeply submerged, and as she suddenly arose the weight of water broke off the spar just over the traveller. The fact that she arose gave us a moment's gleam of hope, for it showed that her ballast had not shifted, thanks to the honest men who built her stanchions.

"Let go the fore sheet?" Waldie roared as he staggered to the foot of the companion.

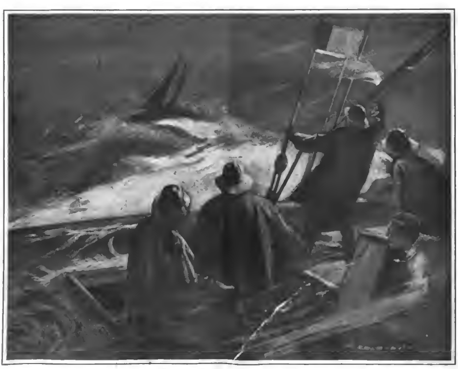
"There's nothing to let go!" shouted Jim from the deck, as he cast off the lashings and took the wheel. The rest of the company, well battered by the hard knocks they had endured, slowly followed him. I hustled into overcoat, cap, and shoes—it was like dressing on the back of a bucking bronco—and with infinite labor clambered up to the deck.

"Get below there, and stay below!" Mr. Fairgreaves commanded me.

"But I can help," I urged, shuddering inwardly at the thought of remaining alone in that cabin, which might at any moment become my coffin. "I can bear a hand at something. I'll pump."

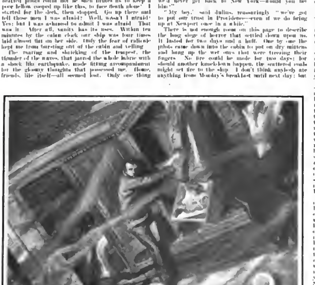
"No, no, my boy," said "Charley Stuart," kindly. "She hasn't sprung a seam, and we don't need to pump. We haven't any life-lines rigged, and we'd have a lot of trouble taking care of you on deck."

Back I went to the cabin, to sit alone and wait—for what? In Poe's story of *The Pit and the Pendulum* the victim knew that inevitable destruction was advancing upon him, and that at the end of so many hours his life would be extinct; but in this situation there was just enough tincture of hope to add torture to the suspense. Our schooner had been knocked down once, deeper than the beam ends. Perhaps next time—Crash! came a giant wave and toppled her over again. Was she going all the way down now, to turn turtle and smother out our lives? No, not this time, at least.



Then the man swung the blazing torch at full arm's-length in a great half-circle to and fro over his head

With agonizing slowness she arose to meet the waves once more. The alternations of faint hope and deadly fear were trying. I felt sorry for Whitey. When I was a boy Whitey was my little dog. He developed mange, so I had to tie him in a bag with a heavy cobblestone and throw him into the creek. Well, time had brought Whitey his revenge. I was in the bag now. There came a quick surge of panic. Surely those kind-hearted pilots would not be such brutes as to keep a poor fellow cooped up like this, to face death alone! I started for the deck, then stopped. Go up there and tell those men I was afraid? Well, wasn't I afraid? Yes; but I was ashamed to admit I was afraid. That was it. After all, vanity has its uses. Within ten minutes by the cabin clock our ship was four times laid almost flat on her side. Only the fear of ridicule kept me from bursting out of the cabin and yelling.


I dangled and swung in the steam above the floods of green water

The roaring and shrieking of the tempest, the thunder of the waves, that jarred the whole fabric with a shock like earthquake, made fitting accompaniment for the gloomy thoughts that possessed me. Home, friends, life itself—all seemed lost. Only one thing remained: to meet the end quietly, without any cowardly complaint. I fell into a sort of mental stupor, while all my physical energies were concentrated in hanging on to my position on the windward side of the cabin, my feet braced against the deck, my hands hooked inside the edge of the berth. Now and then came a lull in the fury of the gale, and I could hear a faint, wailing cry like the call of little turkey chicks strayed from their mother—peep! peep! pee-ee-eep! Here was food for speculation. What in the world could it be that made a noise like little turkeys? To solve that riddle immediately became the most engrossing thing. After much search I discovered the source of the sound: the wind was blowing against the companionway, rebounding from that, and whistling through the keyhole of the cabin door.

A door in the bulkhead swung open, and in came Manuel, smiling affably and reassuringly.

"Ah-h-h!" he exclaimed, "ver' bad storm. Dees morning I begin maka da soup you lika so much, Meest' Inglees. Ah-h-h! Lovely pea soup wit' ham-a-bone. All morning da soup pot on da galley stove she simmer, simmer, simmer. Den, a twenty minute a twelve, com da greata, bega blank-a-da-blank of a wave an' knock down da sheep, an' all my bee-yootiful soup is gone to ——, all over da galley wall!"

He went back to the galley and began sloshing right and left with a swab to get rid of the mess, and as he slashed he cursed. There was something reassuring in the sounds. At least, I was not altogether alone. A number of black dents in the white cabin ceiling caught my eye. What in the world could they be? After a time I puzzled it out. they marked the spots where the red-hot coals had hit when the stove was thrown upside down. I thought of writing a brief account of what had happened and putting it in a bottle, but that would look like giving up hope; so, of course, that couldn't be done. One thing could be done, though: in my bag in the cockpit there was a razor. I could slip that into my overcoat pocket, so that if we were all lost the agony of drowning and freezing would be shortened somewhat. But when, after incredible labor, I had managed to get near the cockpit, Julius Adler came below, and I had to dodge back to my place and grin as best I could. It would never do to let him know what was in my mind.

"Blowing up any harder?" I asked him, in a very melancholy imitation of a cheerful manner.

"Couldn't blow any harder," he replied.

"How soon 'll we get back to New York?"

"Blamed if I know."

"Suppose some one offered you five to three that we'd never get back to New York—would you bet him?"

"My boy," said Julius, reassuringly, "we've got to put our trust in Providence—even if we do bring up at Newport once in a while."

There is not enough room on this page to describe the long siege of horror that settled down upon us. It lasted for two days and a half. One by one the pilots came down into the cabin to put on dry mittens and hang up the wet ones that were freezing their fingers. No fire could be made for two days; for should another knockdown happen, the scattered coals might set fire to the ship. I don't think anybody ate anything from Monday's breakfast until next day; but my memory as to meals at this time is vague, inasmuch as fear (not seasickness) had driven away from me all ideas about food. Now and then Jim Sayles came below for dry mittens. He exerted a cheering influence, too, though his forehead was constantly puckered in a frown, as if he were wrestling with some deep problem. The cheerful thing about Jim was his song—

"I belie-e-eve it, for
My mother told me so."

Over and over he sang it in a low voice, very distinctly, with that preoccupied air. The song was the latest popular hit at that time, and it has been long ago forgotten, but in my memory it stands out as one of the brightest spots in that doleful day.

Toward the end of the first day each of the pilots and Antonio began to take turns at the wheel, so that at times we all sat in the cold, wet cabin and watched the needle of the hobsteric barometer fluctuate between 29.00 and 29.80 in big jumps of one-tenth of an inch. Also, the experts debated about the nature of the storm, as to whether it was a gale, a cyclone, or a West Indian hurricane. We did not know then that it was a combination of a Caribbean hurricane and a wild western blizzard that mingled on the shore and blew off to sea in combined fury.

"Well, whatever it is, it's the worst storm I've even been in, and I've been thirty-four years at sea," said Mr. Fairgreaves. No one had a good word for the storm. Manuel came in and told once more the tragedy of the beautiful soup, and that raised a laugh that cheered us a little.

A hail from the deck roused us all at two o'clock Tuesday morning. "Something coming down on us!" Jim Sayles shouted, and as all hands tumbled up, I followed to the head of the companionway and stood on the upper steps, hanging on to the coaming with hands and elbows. We all stared in the teeth of the raging gale. The gale was shrieking louder than ever, its fierce fury heightened by the pitchy blackness.

"What is it—a steamship?" I yelled at George Waldie.

"No; it's worse than that!" he shouted in my ear. "It's a sailing vessel, and she's as helpless as we are. We're both hove to, and as she's drifting to leeward faster than we are, the sea may pile her up on our bow— Better give her the torch, Jim!"

Jim Sayles saturated and lit the torch, and swung it in great half-circles over his head. Then, away up to windward, I made out a tiny half-circle of light against the darkness, like a crescent of yellow diamonds on black velvet.

"It's a pilot boat!" everybody exclaimed.

"Must be the *Charlotte W. Webb*," said Adler. "She was all ready to start after us."

Little by little the schooner was driven down upon us. The night was so black that I could not distinguish her, even as a spot in the gloom, until she was close at hand. The torch turned at intervals.

"Now keep your weather eye open and you'll see something!" George Waldie roared in my ear. "Maybe she'll drift onto us, and if she does we'll all stand by with fenders to keep the two vessels from grinding each other to pieces. If the masts carry away, you jump for the cabin, or they'll smash you to bits."

But she didn't come aboard of us, after all. She swung past some hundred yards or so to leeward, a mere blur rising and falling in the blackness, faintly lit now and then by the torch some pilot was swinging in answer to ours. Never shall I forget that tragic picture of brave men going to their fate. As they came abeam, Mr. Fairgreaves called to us, "Now then, all together—hip! hip!" and we raised as hearty a cheer as we could. They must have heard us, for they were down the wind and not far away. Indeed, we fancied we could discern some sort of sound in reply, the faintest shred or ghost of a cheer, thrown back against the gale. A few seconds later she was swept so far away that we could not even see her as a blur. Now and then we caught, or fancied we caught, the glow of their torch, and Jim Sayles kept our torch going long after any spark of light was seen. That was the last requiem for the eight good men on the *Webb*. No trace of men or ship was ever found.

During the rest of that night and much of the next day the storm drove us further and still further to leeward, never abating its fury for an instant until well on in the afternoon. Then the gale slackened somewhat, and we could see clouds overhead instead of the black wrack that had enveloped us for so long. A flock of Carey chickens fluttered in our wake. The sea was running as high as ever, but when the first ragged bits of sunlight began to illumine its surface the picture presented was fascinating. I have weathered since then various storms on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, but I have never seen such gigantic masses of water in motion. The waves were lead-colored, without crests, and appeared to be fully four hundred yards in breadth and at least two hundred feet high. Scientists declare waves are never more than seventy feet high. So be it. I am telling only what these waves looked like, the distance from summit to trough as it seemed then to me.

Mr. Fairgreaves led me to the foot of the companion at four o'clock Tuesday afternoon. "Do you see enough blue sky," he asked me, "to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches?"

"I do," said I.

The storm was over. The fires were lit. Soon pleasant and appetizing odors began to drift in from the galley. We dined that evening. Also, we slept. Trust your group of men just plucked from the grave to eat and to sleep. At eight in the morning we were awakened by Manuel, who offered us a breakfast of ham and eggs and flaky biscuits and golden coffee that would create an appetite in old Rameses or Thoth or the great Platt himself. All hands went up on deck, where the thick ice on the rigging was beginning to drip under the ardent sun. The warmth and the scent of spring were in the air.

"Where are we?" I inquired, as we gathered around a chart on the cabin table.

"Well," Jim Sayles replied, "remembering where we were when it came on to blow, we figure we're eightymileseastsou'theast'n'ahalfeastothegat."

"Where at?" I cried.

"Oh," said Jim, "it's easy when you take it slow—eighty—miles—east—southeast—and—a—half—east—of—the—Gat" (Barnegat).

And, as a matter of fact, that's just where we were; for the sand and mud brought up from the charted depths by the tallow cup at the base of the lead, as we moved along our homeward course, confirmed the pilot's dead reckoning.

When we passed inside of Sandy Hook, Thursday noon, the pilots were as much at home as if they had crossed their own thresholds. Knowing they would soon go ashore, they thought they'd shave and dress. But their hands were so shaky after the ordeal they had passed through that Waldie, Adler, and Sayles in turn gashed their cheeks when they tried to use their razors. We all laughed heartily at each man as he cut himself. A tug picked us up off Scotland light-ship to take us to Dover dock for repairs. As we were in the midst of one of Manuel's best dinners we could hear through the open door of the companion the conversation between our steersman and the skipper of the tug.

"How about storm?" our Swede asked. "Every fallow bane comin' out all right?"

"Thirteen pilot boats wrecked out of twenty-six," came the voice from the tugboat, distant but clear.

"God!" cried James Fairgreaves. He pushed away his plate and slowly rose from the table, the tears running down into his beard. The rest of us rose, too, and went away, each man by himself.

The Peterboro Pageant

THE MUSICAL MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EDWARD MACDOWELL IN HIS HOME TOWN

By Louise Collier Willcox

Muses and their veiled dreams in the pageant in honor of Edward MacDowell, which was held at Peterboro, New Hampshire

THE town of Peterboro in New Hampshire honored its own history and the memory of its greatest citizen recently in a beautiful pageant given on the MacDowell grounds, three times during the week.

It is well known that the beautiful place, Hillcrest, the composer's last home, has been deeded by the widow, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, to the MacDowell Memorial Association, which is pledged to make it a place for artists of all kinds to work in. This was a purpose which Edward MacDowell, remembering his own struggles and difficulties in finding adequate conditions for creative labor, had very deeply at heart. It is the carrying out, then, of one of the dearest ambitions of his life, that his home should now be turned into an artist colony. The beautiful hillside upon which his home is set is dotted over with quiet and beautiful studios, and down by the road is the large and comfortable Lower House where the workers live.

The pageant was one of the many activities in which the town of Peterboro joined this artist colony to keep alive a beautiful memory by a practice of the arts beloved of the dead musical poet.

In arranging the pageant, Mrs. MacDowell, who is the inspiring spirit of this place, was most ably assisted by Dr. George P. Baker, professor of dramatic literature at Harvard. Dr. Baker, whose wide knowledge of all that pertains to the new developments in the drama is generally known, and whose able assistance in the production of Percy Mackaye's *Joan of Arc* pointed him out as the ideal master of the pageant, did beautiful work in keeping the whole pageant in tone and in tune with the surroundings and the minds of the people. There was no tinsel—nothing garish or gorgeous in the pageant; but a few intimate and yet dramatic scenes brought to mind the tragedy and the comedy, the love, tears, and labor that had gone to the making of such a place as Peterboro' now is. The action, as is necessary in outdoor drama, was mainly pantomime, but was sown through with short and enlightening speeches and miniature plays. The whole pageant from beginning to end was set to Edward MacDowell's music, orchestrated by young Mr. Chalmers Clifton, of the class of Harvard, 1912, and the lyrics were written by Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, instructor at Harvard, whose recent book, *The Troop of the Guard*, has brought him into notice as one of our most charming lyric singers. The whole colony of artist-workers at Peterboro gave unstinted interest, time and energy to making a beautiful and significant matter of this celebration. Miss Achsa Barlow, the painter, a pupil of William Chase and Lucien Simon, designed costumes and invented and made properties. Miss Gwendolyn Valentine, dancer of the Fritzi Scheff Company, who had had charge of the dancing in the Harvard production of *Joan of Arc*, led the dancing; Mr. H. Brooks, day choirmaster of St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, and leader of the Peterboro Choral Club, trained and led the choruses. Miss Kendal, prominent in Harvard theatricals, Miss Seccombe, of the New Theatre, Miss Baetz, Miss Bartholomew, and other professionals gave their services, but the real success of the performance was assured by the loving and earnest interest of two hundred or more of the townsfolk who carried out the programme.

It was a festive week for the whole town. More than fifteen hundred people stepped off the trains in one day at the little station, and the hospitality of the inns, taverns, and townsfolk was taxed to the utmost. When one took one's seat on the grand-stand, overlooking the stage, one saw crowds of most various folk. All sorts and conditions of men were drawn together for this out-of-door drama, from our greatest art connoisseur, to the little old farmer's wife from the neighboring village who could hardly sit still for impatience and kept exclaiming: "I wish it would begin. I do admire to hear music."

Stage and grand stand were practically a slice taken out of a thickly wooded hill. The stage was large and well rolled, its borders were made by four lines of small fir-trees about two feet high. Beyond these a firm wall of splendid pines framed the setting, and just at the centre of the background a view had been cut through, giving upon the symmetrical blue point of Monadnock. The green of the pine-trees waved against the purplish blue of distant hills. The heavy sweetness of the sun-baked pine needles filled the air with fragrance. To the left of the stage, whence the actors came, was the familiar log cabin where MacDowell composed most of the music to be performed; the cabin which he described in one of his poems as:

"A house of dreams untold,
It looks out over the whispering tree-tops
And faces the setting sun."

The grand stand itself had almost an identical outlook.

The pageant began with a flourish of trumpets, and the music of *In Deep Woods* and *From a Log Cabin* was used for the Invocation. Slowly from the central depth of the greenwood the white Muse of History, Clio, draped in white, white-sandalled and garlanded, came out, summoning her sisters, Euterpe, Erato, Melpomene, Thalia, and Terpsichore, who emerged from the sides, each with her dreams wrapped in gauzy veils of gray and dancing slowly about her. Miss Aldrich, as Euterpe, sang the contralto song that called the dreams about, "swarming, from the shadows bound"; the dreams that only the years can make true. Miss Loew, as Melpomene sang of the dreams of war, mighty labor, fruitful harvests, and Miss Valentine as Terpsichore danced the joy of life and motion upon earth.

The scene quickly changed to an Indian idyl, the wooing of the young Indian chief, and the surrender of the bride done to MacDowell's *Indian Idyl*.

Perhaps the most effective, dramatic, and charming scene of all, was that of the Irish Fairing. The original settlers of Peterboro were Scotch Covenanters who came over to Londonderry, Ireland, during the sixteenth century. The oppressions of the Presbyterians and Catholics by the English Church, embargoes on sending products out of Ireland, the crippling of the woollen trade, were all causes of discontent. Regular Fairings were forbidden by law, but the scene gave us one of those spontaneous and delight-

The Indian wooing, set to MacDowell's music

"My charming little cruiskeen lawn"

ful festivities for which the witty, high-spirited Irishman is so happily adapted. Mr. Woolett, as the peddler, was a delightful comedy figure as he sang.

"My charming little cruiskeen lawn,"

to a chorus of ragamuffins, maids and lads, old men and old women. The jig danced to the old Irish tune *Blackberry Blossom* was irresistible. A bonny young Irish Margaret spending her second summer in this country was buoyancy itself as she jigged opposite the Harvard class poet and the old fiddler, and the ragamuffins—"things of shreds and patches"—were enough to transport one to the Emerald Isle. The entrance of the sheriff and the Puritan elders prepared the audience for the next scene, which was to be the "good-by" to Ireland and the departure for a new land. The departure of the emigrants was one of the most dramatic of the scenes presented.

The music of the scene of the Landing was the *1620* from the *Sea Pieces*, and this was followed by another Indian scene "The Burial of the Chieftain," presenting the Indian's grief at foreseeing the conquest of his race. The music used was *The Indian Lodge*.

Part II. of the Pageant presented Colonial scenes: a wedding, charmingly picturesque; a spinning scene, with a most charming lyric; the call to arms at the time of the Revolution. A delightful part was that of Andrew Todd, done by a Peterboro farmer of eighty-one years of age, who declared himself too old to go to war, but still able to send his grandsons and threaten them if they dared come back, except as conquerors. Some autobiographical data were woven impromptu into the speech of this actor who has watched Peterboro grow for more than three-fourths of a century. The working of the hand-looms was set to Raff's *Fileuse*. The last scene in Part II. was the deserted farm, capped by Miss Bartholomew's lovely singing of the MacDowell song, *Constancy* (the words and music both by MacDowell):

"Old lilac-bushes thin and gray
In wistful longing sigh;
Dishevelled roses blush in vain;
No mistress lingers by."

As an interlude between Parts II. and III. Miss Valentine did a beautiful interpretative dance called "Autumn." The music was, of course, MacDowell's *In Autumn*. One might almost think of this lovely figure of Autumn as it floated out from the woods as a counterpart to the Botticelli Spring. Tall and very slim and lithe, the dancer wore an underdress of vivid green, which from throat to bust still showed the original color, with vivid innings of grape tendrils making a rich embroidery over it. From the waist down hung shaded draperies of blended colors—russet, green, and gold, flaming red and the purple of withered leaves. These draperies were all cut in the shape of oak leaves and left fluttering; her long hair was bound by a golden fillet with a bunch of grapes on either side, and the great shaded scarf of gold and brown and deep purple was full of autumn-tinted leaves that fluttered out and fell about the stage as she danced. In connection with this dance, which was undoubtedly the most purely beautiful feature of the pageant, it may be noted that the music to the dance was also the most successfully orchestrated.

The dance of Terpsichore and her dreams

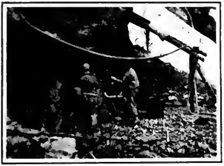
Part III. gave the Civil War, a scene set to MacDowell's march *Opus 24 No. 2*, a scene in which Peterboro welcomes foreign emigrants to her shore, and a Dance of the Nations. It was said that each nation presented had representatives now residents of the town. The nations were Scotch, English, French, Welsh, Pole, Italian, Finn, Portuguese, Irish, German, Hungarian, Chinese, Dane, Russian.

The final and most imposing effect was the grand march at the end when Peterboro (Mrs. Bettina Alexander), having received the nations, the crafts and industries, reviewed the historical groups as they passed by.

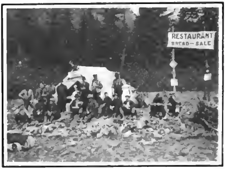
The special praise one feels inclined to give to this pageant is that it effected exactly that for which the historic pageant was originally designed: it brought together, in one emotion of civic pride and ambition, people whose walks in life lay separate—the artist, the connoisseur, the patron, the worker. It emphasized what all have in common—the pride in the past, the care for posterity, the human reverence for beauty and virtue and brave qualities.

If the great man in whose memory all this was done could have been there, he would have known that his dreams in the log cabin were being slowly realized, because he dreamed them, and he could not but have rejoiced to see the hundreds who were learning, as he had once learned, that

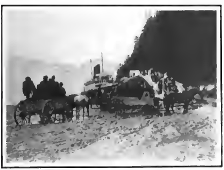
"Nothing satisfies the soul
But opportunity for nobler work
And glimpses of illimitable fields."



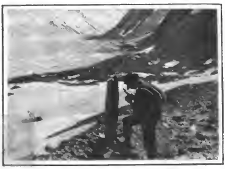
Starting work with the drill



A popular corner of the camp



Prospectors arriving at Stewart by boat from Vancouver



Bitter Creek, viewed from Discovery Claim, where gold was first struck

ANOTHER GOLD RUSH TO THE NORTHLAND

RICH DEPOSITS OF GOLD HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED NEAR STEWART, BRITISH COLUMBIA, AND PROSPECTORS ARE RUSHING IN BY EVERY STEAMSHIP TO STAKE OUT THEIR CLAIMS

The Romance of the Desert

By Francisco Cocina

ANOTHER Columbus among novelists has discovered a new America. He has had his predecessors in Cable revealing Louisiana, in Garland writing of the plains, in Johnston picturing rural Georgia, in Beach painting the drama of Alaska, and, farther back, in Winthrop's *John Brent*. This latest discoverer, Mr. Zane Grey, was equipped for discovery by an adventurous ancestry of frontier Indian-fighters and by romantic journeyings in tropical Mexico and round about the Caribbean. But it is the strange regions of southern Utah and northern Arizona which yielded to him a picture of patriarchal life side by side with a relentless struggle for existence which he saw against a background of mighty mountains and cañons like the mouths of hell, with a distance blazing under the fierce sun of the desert.

The Grand Cañon itself is in part familiar. The Painted Desert is known of many. But there are other deserts and other cañons, and across the line in southern Utah are peaks and sand wastes and oases, where bygone years brought face to face pastoral Mormons, Biblical of speech, and the rustler whose law was carried at his hip. It was a drama of the West, different in character as well as setting from other dramas which the conquest of the continent has brought about. Men took their quality from the desperate struggle for existence enforced by the desert. Yet there was romance. And in his new novel, *The Heritage of the Desert*, Mr. Zane Grey tells the tale.

Northern Arizona rises on the Great Colorado Plateau, from four to six thousand feet above sea-level. The mesas rise to eight thousand, the peaks still higher. It is practically all desert country. The Grand Cañon dominates the northwestern part. It is over two hundred miles long and twelve miles at its widest, and over a mile deep in places. The south rim of the cañon is much lower than the north rim, and there are white people living along it, at the station Grand Cañon and vicinity. The south rim is level and has few breaks, but the north rim is wild, rugged, broken, and in many places inaccessible. Most of it is heavily timbered with pine, spruce, and cedar. Both sides of the cañon have the singular feature of sloping away from the rims, gradually down to the barren desert. Buckskin Mountain, of the Kaibab Plateau, forms considerable of the north rim. It is a level mesa rising to eight thousand feet, and has a hundred miles of dense forest, the home of lions, deer, wolves, wild mustangs. Mormon sheep-herders and cattle-men pasture their flocks on the south slopes of Buckskin in summer. There are a few wild-horse hunters who range the country on this north side.

The Painted Desert lies north of the Little Colorado River, and east of the cañon. It is so named because of its brilliant coloring of sand and stone. The Moki and Navajo Indian tribes inhabit this section of the State, and the Navajo country extends across the line into Utah. Many of these Indians are prosperous. Years ago the Navajo went across the cañon and up into the forests of Buckskin Mountain for their deer. But the government now prohibits hunting on the Grand Cañon preserve, and the Navajos are hard pressed to get buckskin. They are sun-worshippers, at least they pray and chant to the rising of the sun. Once they were almost as fierce and savage as the Apaches.

Many of these Indians are still wild, sufficient unto themselves, intolerant of white men, and nomadic in their mode of life. They keep off the trails, in the recesses of enclosed valleys, where there is a little water and grass for their sheep and mustangs. Traders and travellers seldom meet them. They are poor, yet do not care to trade or sell. They are the true desert wanderers. Mound-like hogans, which these Navajos have abandoned, dot the cedar valleys of the Painted Desert.

Across the Grand Cañon and the Utah line the desert still prevails. But it appears a harsher desert. There are few water-holes, miles apart. Long escarpments of red rock enclose oval valleys. Some of these valleys have good grass part of the year. The mesas and plateaus support cedar and pine and luxuriant grass. Southern Utah is bold and barren, cut and ridged by sharp saw-tooth mountain chains, between which are rolling levels of sage. It was an uninhabitable country, but the Mormons made it habitable. They made homes in places shunned by Indians. There are only a few settlements in southern Utah. These little villages are connected by trails, through the sage, under the towering red cliffs, over the ridges. They are cut off from the world. The fanatical Mormons who settled there deliberately sought the wildest, sternest, barest desert, so "to multiply" in peace. Their labors were heroic. Fifty years of toil, such as ordinary settlers never had, have made those villages green, luxuriant, bright spots in the dead gray of the desert. They were praying and working, not fighting men. The majority were foreign-born, of different nationalities, but their religion soon made them like one family. The lawlessness came long after they had made the oasis in the desert, and after their prosperity became known. Then four-fifths of the inhabitants were Mormons.

At the present time the Mormons of southern Utah are perhaps not greatly different from what they were forty years ago. The women are comely, but serious. They speak low and they are never idle. The old men are patriarchal, white-bearded. They walk with a cane, smoke long pipes, dream, and talk of the exodus and their gigantic labors in making the desert bloom like a rose. The younger men are lean, bronzed, long-limbed, with eyes like eagles. They are silent, they seldom smile. They ride as hard as Navajos. They are expert with a rifle and wonderful with a lasso. Their physical endurance is marvellous.

Imagination has pictured the desert as a waste of sand and stone, a dead level, an arid, monotonous region without vegetation or life or beauty. That was a strange mistake for one familiar with other physical aspects of nature. Reality shows the waste and dead levels, but also sun-scorched mountain ranges, snow peaks, and pine-fringed mesas, purple cañons so deep that eternal summer reigned at the bottoms, cactus and sage and yucca and cedar and juniper, flaming flowers and cottonwoods, strong and primitive human life, wild and savage life, a ceaseless change, growth, strife, and decay, and a beauty so transcendent as to be nameless. The wonders of ocean and plain and forest and mountain pale before the change, the mystery, the power, the beauty of the desert.

The desert is overmasteringly silent. It has its storms; the winds moan and the rivers roar and the avalanches thunder down, but these seem not to disturb the silence. It broods on the wide reaches, and slumbers in the cañons and menaces on the heights. It is a grave. It has a purpose. It keeps its secret. It tells the truth, yet its very face is a lie. The mirage lies, the horizon lies, the distance lies, the color lies—it is all a lying wonder, a thing that is not what it seems. Dawn on the desert is sweet and tranquil; it breaks cool and fresh with a rose flush that is a promise. Twilight is shadowy and strange; it is silent but it seems to have a spirit; it is spectral and stalks out of the cañons, from under the cliffs, over the darkening ridges. But the supreme mystery is desert night. It is black as ebony. The vast dome overhead is studded with great white blinking stars. How calmly they shine! how serenely clear! They live; they look down, cold, passionless, inevitable. These, and the black, impenetrable belt of darkness, and the silence, make a man think of what they mean, of their relation to nature and to human life. The desert glorifies, but it saddens and bewilders. It was there a million years before; to-morrow the man will be gone. What is a desert? It is silence, daylight and night, sand and stone? What is a man? Where did he come from? Where is he going? So the desert makes me ponder, fills me with the sense of the mystery of life and nature.

Where the Colorado River heads into the Grand Cañon

A herd of wild horses near the Grand Cañon

The desert is a mighty force. Its dominant character is ferocity. All its life is engaged in merciless strife. Even the vegetation protects itself with thorns or poison sap. The birds and animals are swifter, stronger, and fiercer than their species of less rigorous parts of the country.

And as the desert develops them so it develops men. They become lean and wary. Wind and rain, dust and sand, the hot blasts and the driving sleets, bronze the face, narrow the eyes, seam the cheeks, harden the jaw. Men grow silent among great heights and depths and distances. Where they have no one to help them they learn to do without help. They are not selfish, but they are austere. They have a kind of cheer, but it is like the brightness of light shining upon ice. They live, love, hate all the fiercer for the desert energy of sun and for the strife.

The Mormon rider, like the Navajo, can go without water for a long time. So can his horse. But the rider tries hard to find a water-hole and grass for his horse at nightfall. The horse comes first. It is nothing for a Mormon to ride fifty miles a day, under the burning sun, in the teeth of the sand-filled wind or facing sleet and snow. Obstacles that would daunt ordinary men do not check the Mormons. They are slow or swift, as the circumstance requires, but they are always sure. They do not know defeat. Their lives are lived almost entirely out in the open. Sheep and cattle stray far for the scant grass, and herders and riders combat the elements, spend their lives sleeping on the desert. Thus there are developed in them the characteristics of desert Indians.

The Heritage of the Desert breathes the desert atmosphere at the outset. It was the romantic setting that dominated me. The cañon country was the place for wonderful happenings. The desert is inevitable: it is Nature in her most inevitable mood. Men who can live on the desert—that is to say, who conquer the desert—must necessarily assimilate the desert's stern, hard qualities. Likewise they must be influenced by the barrenness, the silence, the sublimity.

Mr. Grey's giant Mormon guide served as a type for his principal character. There have been many, and still are, men like him among the Mormons. His sons, all desert riders, were an inspiration. And many of the incidents of *The Heritage of the Desert*, such as the stampede of the sheep, the catching and breaking of a wild stallion, the descent into the cañon and swimming a horse through the rapids, the sand-storms, riding the ranges, and heat, cold, wind, snow, and thirst, and sand-blindness, travel, hunting trails, the sights, and sounds—all these have been matters of the author's own experience.

The cadet cavalry marching into camp at Lake Mohansic

The cadet infantry detachment approaching Lake Mohansic

Training one of the field pieces in a masked battery

A detail at work with a new range-finder

One of the company mess tents

The wagon train marching toward Lake Mahopac

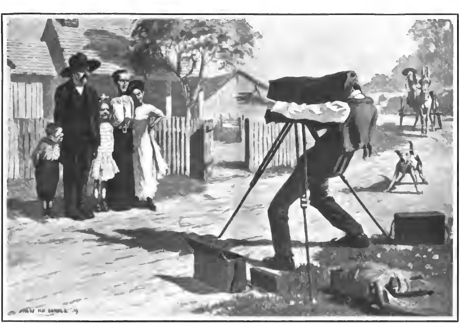
Preparing to erect the tents

The tents pitched. Each accommodates two men

AFIELD WITH THE YOUNGER SONS OF MARS

THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY WEST POINT CADETS, WITH A DETACHMENT OF REGULARS, UNDER THE COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FREDERICK W. SIBLEY, STARTED FROM THE MILITARY ACADEMY RECENTLY FOR A WEEK'S MARCH TO LAKES MOHANSIC, MAHOPAC, MOHEGAN, AND OSCAWANA, AND WORKED OUT MILITARY PROBLEMS ON THE WAY

Photographs by The International News Co.



THE TRAVELLING PHOTOGRAPHER

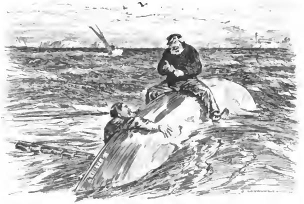
FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

AN English authority, writing on Interesting Facts, rises to remark that the average number of teeth is thirty-two. We are not informed whether in making his calculations he has included those ostentatious persons who indulge in three or four sets.

The average height of an Englishman is five feet nine inches; of a Frenchman, five feet four inches, and of a Belgian, five feet six and three-quarter inches. The height of the Germans and Americans is not given by our authority, but we understand that the men of both nationalities, as a rule, reach from the soles of their feet as high up as the middle of their hat-bands.

We are living in constant terror in this age of iconoclasm lest some one of these air-ship people, after a prolonged trip through the heavens, shall return with the dread announcement that there is nothing milky about the Milky Way.

The population of Chautauqua County, New York, according to the Census returns, has increased from 88,314 in 1900 to 105,126 in 1910. Whether or not this is an indication that natural gas is safe and has no asphyxiating qualities is not stated.



AN OBJECT-LESSON

ANCIENT MARINER *(engaged as instructor, but who has managed to capsize boat)*: "NOW, THEN, SORR, OI'M JIST AFTHER SHOWIN' YIZ WAN O' THE THINGS YE'RE ON NO ACCOUNT T' DO."

We have always suspected the truth of that old tale of the tortoise and the hare, but it is reassuring to note that it is the speediest motor-car that most frequently turns turtle.

We have no objection to labor organizations, but when the members of the Amalgamated Sisterhood of Steak burners refuse to work for an old maids' home because it is a non-union establishment, we think it about time for the Attorney-General to look around and indict somebody for tyranny.

They have a great opportunity to show their breeding up in the Granite State this autumn, for, as our rural bard hath said,

A woman's up for Governaire
In old New Hampshire shady.
If they be folks polite up there
The present holder of the chair
Will rise up with a courtly air
And give it to the lady.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

"Now," said the suffragette orator, sweeping the audience with her eagle eye, "I see Mr. Dobbs sitting down there in the third row—a man who has condescended to come here to-night and listen to our arguments. He has heard what I have had to say, and I think we should like to hear from him, and get a man's view of our cause. Mr. Dobbs, tell us what you think of the suffragettes."

"Oh, I c-c-couldn't, m-m-ma'am," stammered Dobbs, "I rer-really c-couldn't. Thu-there are la-ladies pup-present."

TOMMY'S SURMISE

MR. BALDY: "Yes, Tommy, even the hairs of our heads are numbered."

TOMMY *(glancing at his father's cultivated dome)*: "Don't take much figgerin' to get your number, does it, Pa?"

A CAUTIOUS MAID

"I could live forever on love," said he, in an ecstasy of delight over her softly whispered "yes."

"So could I, dear," she replied, returning the soft pressure of his hand, "but I think a few canvasback ducks once in a while would be nice for variety's sake."

THE RETURN

WHAT a wondrous change is this
Coming o'er the town!
Seem to find a touch of bliss
'Mid the drab and brown
Yesterday was dark and gray,
Every prospect black,
But this morn is bright and gay—
Little Nancy's back!

Nancy with her cheek of tan,
Lips still like the rose,
Fit to cheer the soul of man
Deep enmeshed in woes,
Nancy with her beaming glance,
Fresh from Cupid's pack,
Full of laughter, song, and dance—
Little Nancy's back!

Nancy with the dimple rare
Nestling on her chin—
That's a place beyond compare
To drop kisses in!
I've a feeling past my ken,
Heart upon the rack,
Every autumn season when
Little Nancy's back!

Wonder what she'll say to me
When I call to-night.
Will her greeting joyous be,
Full of glad delight?
Will she fill my soul with cheer
With a loving smack,
As she whispers in my ear,
"Little Nancy's back!"?

[P.S.]
Well, I called on little Nan,
And my heart stood still.
In the parlor sat a man
Dressed up fit to kill.
He held Nancy's hand in his,
And for me, alack!
All I got was simply this:
Little Nancy's back!

A. SUFFERAN MANN.

NOTES FOR MODEL CITIES

MINNEAPOLIS having recently planned to put corner shower-baths in the congested districts to be used by small boys on hot days, we may hope to hear of the following items along lines of municipal development:

Chicago has established a series of manicure stands on alternate corners of her streets for the use of coal-heavers returning from their daily labors in the delivery of anthracite along the Lake front.

We shall watch with interest the influence upon the coming generation of the recently established foot-baths in connection with the horse-troughs of Toledo, for the use of small dwellers in the tenement districts where the tubs are so full of coal as to be unavailable for bathing purposes.

The barber's chairs set up last month by the City Council of Davenport, Iowa, at the four corners of the City Hall Square, for the use of hurried business men, have been liberally patronized, 3,897 shaves and 2 shampoos having already been provided the public. A special election to determine whether these chairs shall be provided with witch-hazel or bay rum will be held next Tuesday evening. The local Temperance Union is already in the field with strong resolutions in favor of witch-hazel.

An appropriation of $80,000 was passed last night by the Common Council of Boston, to be expended on the upholstering of all the benches in the public gardens and on the Common, in heavy red silk plush, so that tramps passing through the city may not lack for a comfortable cozy corner in which to rest their weary heads. It was decided to rivet the sofa-cushions which will also be provided to the backs of the benches, merely as a matter of precaution against possible loss.

Philadelphia has taken a great stride forward in municipal development by providing free public valets, who stand on the corner of every third street, steaming-iron in hand, and an ironing-board, ready at all hours of the day or night to press the trousers of wayfarers from the vested districts. If these are patronized as largely as is expected, bootblacks and brush-boys will be placed on intervening corners.

The Municipal Dentistries which have been opened in attractive-looking tooth-pulling kiosks in the densely populated districts of Jersey City are having a visible effect upon the happiness of the whole community, it being no uncommon thing to see crowds of laughing citizens, old and young, grouped around the kiosks, listening to the yells of some one having a tooth pulled within.

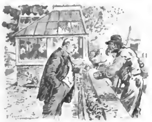
That Boston means to remain paramount in American letters is shown by the recent attachment to all city lamp-posts of little folding writing-desks, provided with pen, ink and paper, for the use of poets and novelists on their way downtown to business. We learn that, beginning with the new year, rhymesters and a thesaurus will be found at each one of these literary stations, in order to facilitate both forceful and rhythmic expression.

Thanks to the united efforts of all the women's clubs in Ohio, the experiment is shortly to be tried at Columbus of placing vanity bags containing powder and puff, face chamois, and a rouge-pot on every fire hydrant in the city. Owing to an inadvertence in drawing the ordinance providing for these things, no appropriation was made for mirrors, but the Common Council will remedy this defect at its next meeting by a special ordinance which it is believed the Mayor will approve.

The resolution so long before the New York Aldermen, calling for the establishment, at intervals of a hundred yards along the city's shopping thoroughfares, of free hair-pin fountains, has at last been passed, and within the next two weeks the Commissioner of Public Safety expects to have the ornamental little fountain basins running over with hair-pins, recently approved by the Art Commission, spread all the way from Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street down to Twenty-third and thence over to Eighth Avenue.

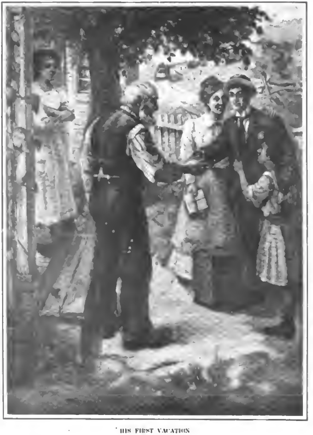
The Face-washing Department of the Cincinnati Committee of Civic Cleanliness has just reported that, since the establishment of its facial massage service on every block of the Cincinnati public thoroughfares last May, the faces of 37,498 small boys have been scrubbed weekly, at a soap consumption to date of 53,491 bars, giving employment to 344 public nurses and 15 water-carriers.

The only set-back reported in respect to the Civic Cleanliness and Personal Order movement reaches us from New Orleans, where, owing to necessary economies, the city authorities have decided to abandon, for the coming year at least, the public hair-brush which has for the past two years done duty on the corner of Sazerac Square and Pompano Street. It is still to be hoped that that which public enterprise is no longer able to handle private philanthropy will undertake, so that we shall not, after all, be deprived of one of the beneficent results of the uplift movement.



CITY MAN: "LOOK HERE, I CAN'T STAND HAVING THAT PIG OF YOURS RIGHT NEXT TO MY PROPERTY. I CONSIDER IT A PERSONAL INSULT."

FARMER: "BY GOSH! THEN, WHY DON'T YE GROW WHISKERS?"



HIS FIRST VACATION

FROM THE BOOK OF BILDAD

Be wise in the wisdom of thy forebears, O my son, and wax thou not hay-feverish over the grass-widow, lest thy reward be after all but weeds, in which no lasting substance lies.

Despise no man for that he whiskers wears, but these be naught but side issues in the main, and if, betimes, they be well trimmed, preserve the balance of the wearer's face.

Blow not thine horn, for thus the motors do that in the end but fill the public eye with dust, and leave behind no fragrant memory, but in thy gum shoes walk thy way, lest critics, spying thee, shall fill thy path with thorns.

Let Folly fly, and waste no time in shooting darts at her, but rather let thine ammunition spend itself on Wisdom, in whose plumage rare full many a fool hath won the laurels of the sage.

The wise men warn us lest we travel 'mid the clouds, but I, Bildad, thy sire, say unto thee no harm can come to heads that dwell 'mid the clouds so long as both feet rest securely on the earth.

For them that sneer at woman let this thing be said: though nothing else be said to prove the justice of their claims, themselves alone are proof of folly in the sex that bore them.

The way to keep the Wheel of Fortune on the move, my son, is simply to remember day by day to oil the axle well with elbow-grease, and with thy hands thyself to keep the golden spokes all free from dust.

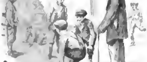
The Ship of Life is at its best, my son, when sailing on the Matrimonial Sea, the captain firmly holds the helm the while the mate cares for the sudden squalls that break the stillness of the midnight hour.

What use is there, my son, in carrying thy sorrows on thy back? Nay, lay them by; and if they're real, no matter how far up thou climbest, thou shalt find them there to greet thee, and, if unreal, why burden thyself with them at all?

Console no man by telling him that somewhere suns are shining, but dive down in thy well-lined jeans and give him that the which will pay his fare unto the realms wherein the sunbeams play.

Hold wassail when thou canst, but have a care to choose the kind of wassail thou canst hold against the mad uprisings of the coming morn when Nemesis hath come to count her dividends. The glass too oft repeated findeth lodgment in the neck of man.

'Tis said that absence makes the heart grow fonder, O my son, and I, Bildad the Sage, have found it true. It makes the heart grow fonder of somebody else, hence would I bid thee keep propinquity in view, lest thou shalt find thy love askew.



CHILDHOOD FIRST AND SECOND

His Game

By Edgar Wallace

Drawings by Gordon Grant

I

THE Ninth Guards were at dinner.

Lord Callington had edged the soap-box on which he sat farther and farther from the fire which roared in the centre of the circle of men, but Tubbetts, very red of face, sat on a camp-stool staring at the flames.

He was a heavy-looking young man, broad of face and broad of shoulder. He had a fair mustache grotesquely small.

One by one, as the heat from the fire increased, the other officers had drawn back till only Tubbetts remained, deep in troubled thought, his big hands nervously fidgeting.

Suddenly, above the babble of talk and light laughter, Callington's voice rose harshly.

"Tubs, draw back from that fire—what the devil are you doing?"

Tubbetts jumped up as if he had been shot; then shuffled awkwardly back, muttering an apology.

Carsley watched him with a quiet smile on his handsome face. George Brackett, seventh baronet of that name, turned to the officer at his side and said under his breath,

"Cally is very cross."

"Don't wonder—Tubs made an awful mess of it again to-day—seems to lose his head the moment a burgher's rifle goes 'pop'—rum bird, Tub."

Tubbetts was standing now, quietly savage and glowering disrespectfully in the direction of his colonel—big and awkward and gauche as he was in most things, he was sensitive to disapproval, and Lord Callington's disapproval was the most evident thing in the world.

He stood for a moment, then taking the steaming tin cup that a servant handed him he slouched over to where George Brackett sat.

"I've a jolly good mind—" he muttered, then stopped.

"Steady your tenders, Tubs," George frowned, warningly.

The Ninth Guards were a very happy family, to which Major Sir George Brackett stood by general acceptation *in loco parentis*.

"You sit down and take your soup, and please don't be an ass. The old man will put you under arrest on the slightest provocation."

"This isn't my game," said Lieutenant Tubbetts, sulkily.

The major chuckled softly, and the ghost of a smile hovered about the corners of Carsley's mouth.

"You're an unfortunate soul, Tubs," said Sir George, dryly. "You're the victim of circumstance. If your father wasn't a banker, and if you hadn't so much money in your family that you positively reek of honest wealth, you would not have been in the Guards, you would not have come to South Africa, nor found yourself on a bit of wet veld being ragged by Callington."

Tubbetts sipped at his bouillon and said nothing, and the buzz of conversation, arrested for the moment by the little incident of Tubbetts at the fire, resumed.

"The fact is, Tub"—Carsley leaned over and laid his hand on the other's knee—"you didn't start fair with the Ninth. There was that business of the drag—"

"I don't believe in wasting money," said the other, doggedly. "Because a fellow has thirty thousand a year, it doesn't follow that he must chuck his money about."

"You hardly go as far as that," said the other.

"You think I'm mean when I won't subscribe to things," Tub went on, "but I've been taught that there are two hundred and forty pennies in every pound—"

Carsley turned away with frank rudeness.

Thereafter Tubbetts sat in the circle, but not of it. He brooded through his dinner, listening resentfully to the light chatter of the men about the fire. He envied their ease, these clean-limbed patricians who could joke of danger and speak lightly of death.

He envied Brackett, for whom no man had a wry word; he envied Cland Carsley with his splendid face and flippant drawl. There was Mainward, most daring of amateur riders, holding the company breathless with the story of an Aintree steeplechase.

". . . 'Kink' Mason went ahead, but Verey's horse refused. . . . Over Valentine's Brook 'Kink's' horse jumped sideways and fell, and I came over nearly on the top of him. . . ."

A spot of rain fell, and another and another.

The men about the fire seemed to be oblivious of the shower, but Tubs shifted uneasily, for he had the civilized being's horror of catching cold.

As the downpour increased he waited irresolutely, then stalked away from the fire and stumbled over the uneven ground in the direction of his little shelter tent.

"Thank God!"

The ejaculation was the colonel's, and his relief was shared by the others.

"Poor old Tubs!" smiled Brackett.

"Poor!" Callington snapped the word, and his white mustache bristled. "Poor! If he were poor, we shouldn't have seen the beggar. George! he's impossible. He's bad enough in London; he's absolutely useless here. . . ."

"Was it bad, sir?"

"Bad! Weren't you there? No, you were on the other side of the kopje. He had a half-company on the right flank. . . . When the first shot was fired he would have bolted, only Providence put his foot in a meerkat's hole and there he sprawled, yelling to his men to take cover. . . ."

"I wouldn't mind that so much," said the second in command. "Any man is liable to lose his head, but old Tubs is such a—a careful beggar; he checks the mess steward's accounts twice over and gets perfectly frantic if he discovers that two and two have been exaggerated into five. . . ."

Tubbetts, lying in his shelter tent listening to the pattering of rain on the taut canvas, saw the end.

Unless he was remarkably careful, he told himself, there would be courts martial and scandals and a line in the Army List:

Retirement:

Ninth Guards.—Lieutenant Algernon James Tubbetts. (The King having no further use for his services.)

That would mean being thrown out of one's club and getting one's name in the paper and injuring Tubbetts's Bank, which was essentially an army bank.

"I wish to heaven," reflected the young man as he turned over preparatory to sleeping, "that the Wet was at the bottom of the sea and the whole business of war . . . wiped out. . . . If there is any fighting to-morrow, I'm pretty sure to make a mess of it. . . . Soldiering is not my game. . . ."

He fell asleep.

II

Lord Callington swung into a creaking saddle, and his horse spun round. He pulled it straight till his face was turned to the blue line of kopje that quivered through the heat haze.

A little knot of officers stood close at hand, their glasses fixed on the highest of the squat hills.

George Brackett put down his glasses and turned to his chief.

"There's a laager there, and it looks as if they'll stand."

The little column had halted.

To the right the Victorian Mounted Rifles stood by their horses; in the centre three guns of the Royal Horse Artillery waited in readiness; in the rear the Ninth Guards were drawn up in quarter-column—a solid slab of men in discolored khaki.

"Send the Victorians on," said Callington.

An officer went galloping to the right.

There was an order, the quaver of a trumpet, and men rose jerkily to their saddles, a hushed rattle of hoofs, and in two long lines the Victorians moved over the veld.

Way back with the infantry Tubs paced nervously up and down before his half-company.

It was hot, but there was no justification for the streams of perspiration that streaked his red face.

Carsley, watching him furtively, saw the telltale signs and made a little impatient noise with his lips. But he was sympathetic, for there was much of the woman in the composition of this handsome man.

He strolled casually toward his junior.

"Hot, Tubs?" he asked, carelessly.

Tubbetts nodded.

He did not remove his eyes from the distant blue line of hills.

"Hot, Tubs?"

Carsley's voice was sharper, and the younger man turned.

"Yes, sir," he said, stiffly.

Carsley's eyes searched his face with frank curiosity.

"Look here, young Tubs," he said and, taking the other's arm affectionately, led him out of hearing of the men, "this is going to be a tiny little fight not worth troubling about, and you must not get jumpy—"

"I—"

"We all get jumpy," Carsley interrupted. "I was as scared as you yesterday, but I had the luck to escape notice."

Tubbetts looked suspiciously at the other.

"You're tryin' to buck me up, Carsley; you know jolly well this is going to be one of those rotten frontal affairs." He licked his dry lips and looked again toward the hills.

"I—I don't believe Callington knows his job." He was fretful and agitated, and the trickling streams of perspiration became veritable rivers until his red face shone wetly. "I don't believe he knows anything about it. He's colonel and all that, but what can he know of war? He never saw a shot fired in anger till this war; to—"

"'Sh-sh, Tubs—Tubs!" warned his captain, with a troubled frown. "You really mustn't, Tubs! Look at the men; they've confidence enough in us—in you—"

"But they haven't," said Tubbetts, fretfully, "and they'd be fools if they had; they know this is not my game—"

"*Right half battalion will advance by the left!*"

George Brackett came cantering over the veld; an officer ran out to meet him and they exchanged a word.

The major beckoned Carsley.

"We are going to work round the right of that hill; there's a sort of neck in the middle of the range which isn't held. Your men ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hallo, Tubs!"

Sir George reined in his fidgeting horse and bent over.

"You'll have a chance to-day—a chance of showing the colonel he was wrong—don't get flurried, there's a good boy."

His gloved hand rested on Tubs's shoulder, his kindly gray eyes searched the young man's face.

"I'm not going to talk a lot of melodrama about the honor of the regiment," he went on, quickly, "but you owe us something, Tubs; remember all the good chaps who died and how proud we are of them; Nevill at Albuhera, the brothers Maston at Nive, the fellows at the Alma. For God's sake, Tubs, play the game."

"I won't run, if that's what you mean," muttered the officer, his head sunk on his breast. "I'm not afraid to die, but I'm horribly afraid of making myself ridiculous."

The men were on the move now. Extending as they marched, they made a long skeleton front that stretched across the plain.

"Join your company," said Sir George, and his hand tightened on Lieutenant Tubbetts's shoulder for a fraction of a second and then relaxed.

Tubs ran ahead. He passed between two men and heard one of them laugh. He could have turned back and struck him, although the man's laugh had no connection with the running officer.

He passed Mainward trudging a few paces ahead of his company, and the gentleman rider shouted a cheery greeting.

"Hot, Tubs! We'd be riding at nine stone for the Grand Military if we had a week of this."

He nodded with a forced smile and heard Mainward's chuckle at his own harmless joke.

Tubs joined his company and fell in by the side of Carsley.

"Hello! Thought you weren't coming."

There was no sarcasm in Carsley's quick smile, but Tubbetts felt uncomfortable.

They marched for half an hour and nothing happened.

Tubs's spirits rose.

"Perhaps the beggars have cleared," he said, but the company officer shook his head.

"We've got a long way to go yet," he said, and Tubs felt annoyed.

"Where are the guns?" he demanded, resentfully. "One doesn't do this sort of thing unless one is supported; the whole affair seems to be mismanaged—I don't think—"

"Turn your head and you'll see 'em," said the officer. "We're supported all right—you needn't worry about that. The question is—"

The hills were not so far away as they thought.

Distantly they saw a wisp of white smoke drift lazily from the hillside, then,

"Boom!"

A sound that was like the soughing of a wind came to them; it rose in shrill intensity.

"Wo-o-o-o-o!"

Instinctively Tubs ducked his head.

"They're shelling us," he spluttered, wrathfully.

The other officer said nothing.

A second burst of slow-moving smoke from the hillside and again the hideous shriek of flying shell.

A whistle sounded and the advancing line of men came to a halt.

They were in the shelter of a ridge that extended across the veld like a huge green wave.

Carsley turned and looked back, and from the right of the line rode George Brackett at a gallop.

"Claud," he shouted, "can you read that?"

"That" was a splash of dazzling light that twinkled and trembled on the edge of the veld behind them.

Carsley shaded his eyes and read.

"V-I-C. R-E-P.," he spelled as the light of the heliograph cleared and died. "Victorians report kloof strongly held. Make your own arrangements," he read. "Suggest— Look out!"

"Bang!"

Unheralded by the boom of the gun or the whine that told of its passage, a shell burst over them and there was a patter as of rain.

"Shrapnel," said the major. "Go on, Claud."

"'Suggest' was the last word," said the other, coolly. "Signaller!"

A man had unstrapped a thin steel tripod he had been carrying on his shoulder, produced a mirror from a leather case at his belt, and deftly adjusted it.

"Ask them to repeat everything after 'suggest.'"

"Click—clickety click."

The man tapped the controlling key rapidly and the splash on the horizon answered.

"Suggest," read the man, "you work farther to the right and occupy kopje [he pronounced it "kop-pygee"] that commands kloof."

"Here, I say!"

Tubs, an impatient audience, obviously ill at ease, broke in.

"All that ought to be in cipher. These chaps"—he waved a despairing hand toward the kopje—"these chaps can read English as well as you, it's not right sending messages like that," he fumed. "It shows the whole mismanagement. . . ."

"Silence, sir!"

Brackett's face, gone fierce and pinched of a sudden, glowered down at him.

"Fall in with your company," he ordered, shortly, and Tubs's hand rose to his helmet in salute.

"Whew-w! Whew-w! Wh-e-e-w!"

They were on the crest of the rise now, and from the ground rose little fountains of earth. They jumped up at your feet unaccountably, and the air was full of hissings and wailings.

"Cover—cover!" yelled Tubs, but the men could not obey, for the ground was innocent of cover. The line moved on, steadily, doggedly.

"Here, hold up!"

A man marching on Tubbetts's right sighed and leaned heavily against him. Then he slipped to the ground and the officer stared at him.

"Tubbetts!"

Claud was shouting to him angrily, and he realized he was standing still while the rest of the line was advancing.

He ran again and found himself curiously short of breath.

With a quick jerk of his head Claud called him to his side.

"We're in an ambush," he said, briefly. "The Boers are on this randje ahead—there are some on that rising ground to the left—keep your men together."

"Ambush?" stammered Tubs. "Where?"

He could picture an ambush in a narrow lane between high banks, but this was open country.

To the right he saw Sir George Brackett. He was still a little ahead of the men, and he had a revolver in his hand

The whistling sound was terrible now—terrible, terrible, terrible!

So Tubs told himself as he went forward mechanically, fumbling at his belt for the Mauser pistol he carried.

"Ambush—where?"

He must have asked the question a dozen times, asked it at great personal inconvenience, for his lips were dry and his throat sore.

He looked round; the companies were closing in on the centre. There was that horrible whining in the air, and every few seconds something exploded with a harsh crash. Away to the rear there was a haze of blue smoke. Evidently "our guns" were in action, too. Suppose they made a mistake and shelled us? Such things had occurred. Tubs's lips twitched. Curse war! Curse all men who made wars!

And these little jets of earth that kept springing up all around? One-half of his mind told him that if he could only dodge them he would be safe. The other half said, with pitiless logic, that no evasion was possible, because the fountains of dust were made by bullets striking the ground.

Something impelled his eyes to Brackett.

The major had stopped, and the line of men behind him had stopped too. He saw Sir George wave them on again and go down on to his knees.

"Go to the major, Tubs!"

Carsley's voice was strained and unfamiliar. . . .

Sir George was flat on his back, staring up at the blue sky. . . . There was blood on his tunic and a trickle of blood on his lips.

"Tell Mainward take command," he mumbled like an old man and made a little grimace. . . .

"He's dead—he's dead! Mainward must take command!"

Tubs charged back, bellowing the news, and Carsley nodded coolly.

"Tell Mainward," was all he said; but even as Tubs turned reluctant feet to the left rear he saw Mainward fall, shot through the heart.

Men were going down, too . . . little yellow patches lay on the green among the bushes. . . .

Firing . . . somebody was firing close at hand—the Ninth Guards, of course. His own men were firing at something ahead. Firing at the blue sky and the yellow line of the randje.

"Bang—b-rang—b-r-r-rang!"

Tubbetts, hands on hip, stood up, a mark for every rifleman, glaring at the invisible enemy, piecing together the monstrous situation. Those people ahead were firing at the Ninth Guards and the Ninth Guards were firing at them. That seemed fair. Poor Brackett was killed—lying somewhere in the rear, staring at the blue sky with unseeing eyes. Mainward was dead and young Ferguson-Pollett . . . and that decent color sergeant of No. 4 Company . . . yes, and other men

"Ah!"

Carsley spun round like a dancer, his arms wide stretched, pitiable surprise on his face.

Tubs knew he was dead before he pitched sideways to the ground.

"Whew—smack!"

A ricocheting bullet struck his helmet and knocked it backward. The shock jerked his chin-strap and made him bite his tongue.

He looked round for inspiration, swearing helplessly. He saw no officer, only men huddled in little groups and seeking what cover the flat earth offered. He was alone . . . in an ambush . . . men were lying dead all round him. . . . He saw the face of Toms, his servant, pinched and gray, mouth and eyes open, astonishment frozen on the dead face. . . .

Halliker's column came up at a trot and four guns opened on the Boers' position.

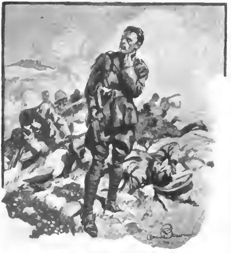
"I'm glad you've come," said Lord Callington.

"I heard your guns going. What is happening?"

Lord Callington shook his head.

"I don't know," he said, simply. "It looks as if one half of the Ninth Guards are wiped out."

Nearly one-half, for of the men that went into action on the right ninety rank and file and one officer came out, and that officer was Tubbetts, unharmed.


He looked round for inspiration, swearing helplessly

They met, the gray old man and the young officer, and for a moment neither spoke.

"Brackett dead—Carsley dead—Mainward dead." Lord Callington spoke slowly, thoughtfully, "and you—alive!"

He looked long and earnestly at the young man and Tubbetts hung his head.

"Why?" The old man's sudden fury was appalling and Tubbetts shrank back. "Why? Tell me that! Why should the best be taken—the dear good fellows"—his voice broke and his eyes were full of hot tears—"and you, you come unscathed? . . . Where is the wisdom of God in this?"

Tubbetts offered no explanation.

III

Tubbetts's Bank was by common acceptance one of the soundest institutions in the city, "despite the fact," as cynical city folk were in the habit of saying, "that its directors are army men."

When Tubs took his father's place in the bank at the end of the war—the old man had died suddenly while Tubs was [illegible] abroad—he set himself the task of discovering exactly why the bank was great and how it could be made greater.

In the books of the bank he found names that gave him little twinges of sorrow—Carsley, Brackett, . . . He left that side of his investigation.

The army was "not his game."

This he explained to such of his intimates as came close enough to his life to extract confidence from him. Yet in Tubbetts's Bank one could not get away from the army or clear oneself from unhappy associations.

There was a managing clerk, one Vicars, a slim, tall man with a quiet voice and a trick of avoiding your eye.

Tubs had tried for exactly five minutes to like his subordinate, at the end of which time he was frankly antagonistic.

Vicars had a mysterious little smile which meant anything you chose to read into it

Tubs read an uncomplimentary and unflattering opinion of himself into that smile, and his attitude toward Mr. Vicars was one of continuous resentment

Vicars was respectful and polite.

"A jolly sight too suave," was Tubs's verdict, and in secret had the managing clerk's books examined, but without making any other discovery than that he was an orderly and a methodical person.

Three years after the war the military associations of Tubbetts's Bank were strengthened in an embarrassing manner.

Lord Callington joined the board of directors.

You may picture the scene.

A big oak-panelled room with a long table, on which were blotting-pads placed at regular intervals. At one end of the table, seated under the large oil-painting of his father, Tubbetts, very business-like and immaculately dressed in a dark gray frock coat and white "slip"

"You know Lord Callington?"

One of the directors was introducing the newly appointed member of the board.

Tubs, flushing a little, rose awkwardly and held out his hand, and the elder man smiled under his mustache.

The awkwardness had worn off a little in three months, though Tubs always deferred to the other's opinion, always addressed him as "sir," and never offered opposition to any suggested scheme that Callington put forward.

When Tubs, in his capacity of managing director, summarily dismissed the managing clerk of the bank, it was Callington who secured that gentleman's reinstatement.

Tubs shifted uneasily in his seat when the matter was brought up at a board meeting.

". . . After fifteen years of service, loyal and honorable service to the bank!" said Callington, reproachfully.

"That's all right, sir," said Tubs a little peevishly, "but Vicars has been taking a jolly sight too much on himself—he practically pledged the bank to the support of that wildcat scheme of Vessey's—the Soudanese Irrigation scheme, which I wouldn't touch with a pole—"

"Lord Vessey is a personal friend of mine," said Callington, coldly, "and so far from his great project being a 'wildcat scheme,' it has all the elements of a great imperial undertaking."

"Hear, hear!" murmured the board.

"Sorry—of course—friend of yours," muttered Tubs, uncomfortably, "but you know, sir, we can't have a managing clerk giving undertakings—promises—"

"That I can appreciate," admitted Callington, graciously, "but zeal in the bank's interest—"

Vicars was reinstated, and the board turned to the discussion of a dividend declaration. At the end of the business,

"I would like to return to the matter of Vessey's scheme," said Callington.

Tubs, twisting the ends of his little mustache, frowned. He knew that he was out of sympathy with the board on this matter. He knew, too, that he was at some disadvantage facing these men. He had been trained to obey them; Callington had no authority over him, for Tubs was no longer a soldier, but he could not shake off the sense of service. General Bratington, too; he was in awe of that shaggy-browed veteran, yet he hated Vessey's Soudanese scheme like the devil. He had an irritating sense of his impotence, and the irritation was not allayed by the knowledge that he was, if he wished, master of the situation, for he held by far the largest number of shares in the bank.

"You know, gentlemen," continued Callington, addressing the board rather than Tubs, "that it has been the custom of the bank, in your late father's time"—he turned to the scowling young chairman—"to distribute from time to time to its shareholders the result of any extraordinary profits which came to the bank. Those extraordinary profits came from extraordinary enterprises and were very welcome to such of us who had invested our moneys in the bank. In the last four years"—he looked at Tubs shortly—"in the last four years, indeed, ever since the death of the bank's founder, the bank would seem to have been singularly lacking in initiative [hear, hear!], and at a period when, from the point of view of our shareholders, some form of initiative in increasing the earning power of the bank was most necessary."

"Steady dividends," interrupted Tubs, loudly. He was nervous and showed it in the aggressive quality of his voice. "We've paid steady dividends and taken no risks—that is the job of a bank."

"Whether it is the 'job of a bank' or not," said Callington, emphasizing the words, "it is an indisputable fact that Tubbetts's bonus, which was at one time regarded as inevitable as a consolidated dividend, has almost ceased to be. I would remind the chairman that the war left many relatives of dear and, I hope, mutual friends badly provided for. . . ."

Tubs wriggled again. Callington was going to mention names—names of men he had seen lying in little pools of blood, men who spun round like tops and made strange noises when they fell.

"Poor Brackett has a daughter who is an invalid.

Her only income is from the bank. A bonus would be a Godsend to her—Caraley left a young widow—you would remember Caraley, Mr. Tubbetts?—to whom a hundred pounds or so would make all the difference . . . I could mention others."

All the time Callington was speaking the chairman was showing signs of increasing agitation. He was scribbling aimlessly with his pen on the blotting-pad, now sitting forward hunched up over the table, now leaning back in his chair with his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

As Callington paused Tubs threw his pen down violently.

"I don't care what you say, sir," he cried—when he was flustered his voice rose almost to a squeak—"I know it's disrespectful and all that sort of thing. I know that I'm an ass, but I won't have this Vessey scheme—I won't, I won't!"

He thumped the table with his clenched fist.

"I want to help people as much as anybody—I want to do a turn for the wives of—of people, but Vessey's syndicate is rotten! Suppose we finance it."

"Financing has not been suggested," interrupted Callington. "It is a question of guarantees."

"It's the same thing." Tubs heard the dissatisfied murmur of his directors and went on rapidly, incoherently: "They want us to take an uncommercial risk; they want to trade on our credit. I know Vessey. He had something to do with a Peruvian railway; I saw it in the *Times* the other day; he's a wrong un—"

Lord Callington rose.

"I cannot listen to this hysterical abuse of a man I have known for years, a gallant officer and an honorable gentleman," he said, stiffly.

The board adjourned and Tubbetts left the room, leaving behind him very much the same atmosphere as signalized his exit one historic night in South Africa.

"He's a fool—a useless, boorish fool," said Callington, bitterly, as he walked home through the city that evening, "but he shall have his responsibilities brought home to him."

That afternoon a curious thing happened.

Tubs had an appointment with the directors of the British Industrial Bank of Yorkshire, and in a very bad temper went to keep it.

He had received an offer to purchase the business of the bank, and for an hour he haggled and argued with two Scotchmen and a Lancashire spinner who controlled the shares of the bank.

He was leaving the directors' room, having definitely decided not to purchase, when he saw something which interested him.

The directors' room opened on to a balcony which ran on three sides of the "shop." Standing at one of the paying-in counters was Vicars.

He watched the managing clerk as he gathered up his paying-in book and disappeared through the swing doors.

Then Tubs walked back into the room he had left and renewed his negotiations.

In the mean time there came whispers to the city that Vessey's irrigation scheme was going through and that Tubbetts's Bank was behind it.

Mrs. Caraley called upon the managing director the next morning, a pathetic figure of a girl widow, and Tubs saw her.

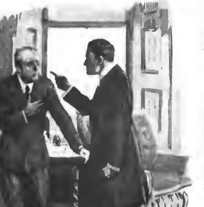
It may have been a coincidence that she called so soon after the board meeting, but Tubs thought otherwise. He was by nature suspicious.

He listened gravely to all she had to say.

"I'm sorry," he said when she had finished, "but I see no immediate prospect of a dividend. If you need the money badly I will let you have an overdraft on my own responsibility—"

"I do not want to borrow money," she said, with quiet dignity, "but I understood . . . there used to be bonuses, you know, Mr. Tubbetts, . . . and people were saying at dinner last night that the bank was going to do something very wonderful that would make all our fortunes."

Tubs grinned responsive to the girl's weary smile.



"I could break every bone in your body," said Tubs

"There is no likelihood of anything wonderful happening while I am chairman," he said, and when she smiled again Tubs went red.

She was very beautiful, thought Tubs, when he summoned courage to look at her—women were not "his game," either—and there was a little aching pain in his heart when she began telling him why the "bonus" was needed. Such pitiably little requirements she had—a new carpet for her drawing-room was one of the things. . . . Caraley went down to death spinning like a top and trying to say something . . . and died with a little smile . . . and his widow wanted a few pounds to buy a carpet. . . . Tubs could have cried.

". . . And of course," she concluded, "if there were a bonus, it would mean so much."

"I know—I know"—he leaned over the desk, his big hands clasped on the pad—"and I'm simply aching to do something for you. I want to—and I—I can't see a way."

She was disappointed. He saw that when she rose to go. He cursed himself that he was no genius who could devise at a second's notice some plan for her relief.

"You—you knew my husband?" she said as she stood with one hand on his desk.

Tubs nodded.

"Yes," he said, huskily. "I knew him—good chap—brave chap. . . ."

He gulped something down.

Could he not see Caraley . . . a prince of men, who took his arm and spoke so gently to him . . . and here was the one being in the world whom above all others Caraley loved. He would give her an open check for ten—twenty—fifty thousand pounds if she asked him, but she would not take that. . . . She wanted a hundred pounds to buy a carpet for the drawing-room, and clothes, perhaps, and he could not give it to her in the way she wanted.

He opened the door for her, and then an idea struck him.

"I say, Mrs. Caraley." He was breathless with the splendor of his scheme: vague, too, as to its working out, untidy of speech.

"I've got a scheme—interested in something—cabbage-factory. No, not that. Furniture business—huge profits, enormous! Let me invest some of your money in that—big profits, cent per cent and that sort of thing. Look here, you could have your profits in advance—"

He committed an error there, for she saw through the threadbare cloak that hid his philanthropy and smiled kindly.

"No, no, no, Mr. Tubbetts; I understand and thank you, but no."

She was gone before he could lie his way to plausibility.

Letters came to him, pleading, bullying letters. When would the bank pay a bonus?

He suspected Lord Callington and his directors, but he did them an injustice. There were other agencies at work.

Callington wrote asking for an extraordinary board meeting and Tubs consented.

"We have gone into this question of Soudanese irrigation," said Callington, "and unless we step in now another bank will guarantee the money—"

"What bank?" demanded Tubs, sceptically.

"The Rand Bank—"

"They've got no money." Tubs was contemptuous.

"We feel we are acting in the best interest of our shareholders," said a director.

"I don't," said Tubs.

He was sitting square in his chair, and his under jaw was thrust out: he was fighting for his faith in his own judgment.

Three directors began talking at once: they were growing angry.

"It has come to this, Tubs." It was like old times to hear Callington snap that word at him. "We know you too well to accept your final word on this matter—we are not going to stand idly by and see you throw away this opportunity. I have seen you throw away things more precious, but you are not going to bungle this. Here"—he smacked the table with his hand—"now"—he thumped it again—"we have got to come to a decision and guarantee this irrigation scheme. It means a hundred thousand pounds for distribution among our shareholders. Are you going to agree or are you not?"

Tubs licked his lips.

"I'm not," he said, doggedly. "It's a rotten scheme. It's run by a wrong un. If it petered out, as it will do, the bank would be ruined."

"You're a fool." Callington was white with anger. "I will send you my resignation from the board to-morrow."

Tubs said nothing, not even when, one after another, by growling asides and direct statements, the remaining of the directors of Tubbetts's Bank followed Callington's lead.

IV

Hard days for Tubs these. The resignation of the directors was the sensation of the day. There was almost a run on the bank, and every post brought hundreds of letters from anxious depositors.

The day the last of the directors resigned he sent for Vicars, his managing clerk.

"Vicars," he said, "how much commission were you promised by Vessey for inducing the directors to entertain his wretched scheme?"

"Sir!" said the outraged clerk.

"How much?"

"This is scandalous, sir? I served your father."

"How much commission for standing in with the Vessey gang?"

The managing clerk turned on his heel.

"I shall leave the bank at once—you shall hear from my solicitors."

But Tubs was at the door in a bound.

"Before you leave this room I want to know," he said, and as Vicars attempted to pass he seized him by the throat and thrust him back into the centre of the room. "Stand there, you dog. You didn't think I knew where the directors got all their information from, all the fine promises from, did you? They didn't get it from Vessey—he's too wily. I know Vessey. He'd promise nothing."

The man was sick with fear.

"I can run you in for conspiracy," said Tubs, "or I could break every bone in your body, and one or the other I'll do if you don't tell me the truth."

"There was no commission," said the man, sullenly, "but Vessey gave me a thousand for expenses. How did you know?"

"I'll not satisfy your beastly curiosity. Sit down and write."

Nine ex-directors of Tubbetts's Bank received nine certified copies of a managing clerk's confession.

Nine directors accepted Tubs's invitation to a meeting, and they came looking rather sheepish.

"Vicars was at the bottom of this from the first," said Tubs. "He was getting big checks and running another account at the Yorkshire Industrial—"

"I hardly know what to say to you, Tubs," said Callington, "except that I am sorry. I thought Vessey was straight. We might have ruined thousands of people."

"That brings me to another point," said Tubs, hurriedly. "There will be a bonus. I've made a deal . . . bought the Yorkshire Industrial Bank for a quarter of a million and transferred it to the Bank of the Empire at a profit of fifty thousand."

He did not say what had decided him to buy the bank and they did not guess. They did not know that it was to examine the private account of Mr. Vicars, sometime managing clerk of Tubbetts's, that he had spent a quarter of a million, and that, having satisfied his curiosity, he hastened to sell his purchase—at a profit.

"It's very wonderful to me," said Callington, half to himself. "Think of what has happened . . . if Tubs had been killed and another man spared . . . I used to think . . ."

He shook his head and Tubs grew very red.

"Bankin' is my game," he said, apologetically.

The Gentler View

THE CONSERVATION OF REVOLUTIONS

By Florida Pier

AN epoch-making event very frequently disappoints by the resemblance between matters as they were before and matters as they are after its occurrence. A complete and radical change is often so difficult to discern as to dishearten considerably the person changed, while any one not intimately concerned might be pardoned for doubting the existence of any change whatsoever. The belief that life could be greatly bettered in the first premise on which we live, so that our interest in a new philosophy, particularly an actively constructive one, is so ready that we are apt to prepare for a reading of it by denying all merit to our present mode of life and opening the volume anxious to change in accordance with its precepts down to the smallest details of our daily routine. We enthusiastically welcome the author's sweeping away of what we have unwillingly accepted before as fundamental truths. He substitutes adaptations that go to our empty heads and make them flighty with anticipation. We feel that from now on all is to be different, and rush ahead to his carefully proven theory that society acts from mistaken impulses, staggers under wrong laws, and frustrates childishly its better aims. We see clearly how bungled and blind our every move has been, and to usher in the new epoch, to make its newness keenly felt, we are planning subconsciously, even while reading, to lead a life wherein every second shall be well considered and deeply planned, where everything shall have a meaning, and by its outward aspect exhibit clearly how opposite its present meaning is from its old.

Then toward the end of the book, when our outlook on life has been refurbished to the point of giddy exaltation, the philosopher who has berated our every act, until we feel confident he would not have us continue in the old ruts another day, says, with a calm that grieves and comes near to prostrating us, that, owing to the slowness with which humanity develops, and other reasons—economic, prehistoric ones are touched on vaguely and discouragingly—we must do just as we have always done, though from the entirely different point of view with which he has provided us. We must marry, bring up our children, vote, go to church, steer the cantankerous boat of family life, seemingly as we did before, though each act is now the result of reasoning so deep and far reaching that it ought to give us more comfort than it does.

On reaching the end of such a book—Wells's *First and Last Things* is an example stirring in its appeal, and not without its humorous, human conclusion that "livin' is real complicated and we just got'er do our best" (the quotation is not from Mr. Wells)—one half of us feels armed with a weapon strong and bright enough to last to the end, and the other half is so disappointed that in its limp woe it can just utter a reproachful "Traitor," but half directed at the author. To change completely would be comparatively easy, the wearing of a meaningful habit reminding one constantly of what it stood, constantly pushing a possibly weak spirit to loyalty for The Idea by a staunchness in wearing the robe expressing it. But to compromise, to go to no glaring extreme—there is something peculiarly supporting in an extreme which may account for the many strong extremists we have about—it requires character. To lead a normal life, holding all the while a new and clearly formed idea of life's meaning, and what makes normality advantageous, requires an understanding of one's adopted philosophy, so thorough as to make an insistence on minor points unnecessary. Thus after we had pinned all our faith on our ability to remember those very minor points, even when the reason for them became blurred. It has its pathos.

The straight and narrow way of which we used to hear so much is none other than the middle course advised by conservatisms, worded differently by modern teachers, but strangely like. Abstinence is as bad as indulgence, and indulgence is not a whit worse than abstinence. Nothing is fixed, nothing can lead you through a homely act with honor, but your conception of life's meaning, nothing is made good or bad but by that, nothing is as simple as revolution seems, nothing more natural than our supine relief in its easy radicalism. Our recently discovered philosopher who we thought was going to make life such plain sailing has deserted us, led us up to bypaths we never suspected, and then dumped us down on that spot we would least willingly have found ourselves in, the middle way, the ticklish channel of ever-changing, far reaching right and wrong. To have all one's definite beliefs qualified by kindliness or justice, to push one's own prejudices from under one, and, having nothing but ignorance with which to fill the gap, to leave it empty and continue standing as straight as though the vacancy were comfortably filled, this is a problem resembling our old one, and is not the result expected from the perusing of a philosopher and friend. It is not a result at all. It is a predicament, and reminds us cruelly of the old Italian scientists who drew up a solemn paper saying in words of much legal quaintness, which are unfortunately not at hand to be quoted, that after many years their society could truthfully say that much valuable investigation had been carried on earnestly, with results of interest to all and honorable to those most concerned. Now that the fiftieth anniversary had arrived, they took an accounting of all they had done, and announced to their fellow townsmen and all others interested that they had made no definite discoveries whatsoever, but felt fully justified in and had every intention of continuing their work on the lines originally chosen.

Yale Professors' Salaries

THE president's report, as printed in the *Bulletin of Yale University* for 1910, contains some frank and interesting remarks in regard to the salaries of the professors and instructors.

"Our scale of salaries for instructors does not appear to require change," it says. "It is as high as that which prevails in other universities. It enables us to appoint men of the kind we want. It does not always enable us to induce men of the kind we want to stay here indefinitely. But this, which may seem like a defect, is really a merit. There comes a time after an instructor has been here for three or four years when we ought to consider the question of promoting him to an assistant professorship. If he is good enough to promote we want to keep him. If he is not good enough to promote we want to encourage him to go somewhere else. There is nothing more fatal to the efficiency of a department than the maintenance in its teaching force of a number of reasonably good instructors who are kept because they can teach moderately well, but who have little promise of inspiring either their associates or the students to work of really high grade and who keep out from the faculty men of less experience but more promise.

"The salaries which we pay assistant professors have been characterized as low. It may not improbable be desirable to raise the rate of pay for the first appointment as assistant professor from $1,800 to $2,000. The case of the assistant professors in their second term who are now receiving $2,500 presents more difficulty. As we look at each individual case the payment seems conspicuously inadequate. Many of these men have been teaching a dozen years; most of them are married; some have families of considerable size. They are competent scholars and devoted teachers. As individuals they deserve higher pay. As a policy, I am inclined to think that it would be a mistake to give them higher pay.

"Why this apparent contradiction? Because it is bad both for the university and for the man himself to make a subordinate position too attractive for a man who is not likely to reach the top. If a man after eight years' work as an assistant professor has not proved his claim to promotion, the chances are that he never can prove it. What shall we do? Recognize his merit by a moderate increase of salary which will encourage him to stay, or indicate to him frankly that he had better seek his fortune elsewhere? The latter alternative is sometimes hard to put into effect, but I am convinced that it is true kindness. A man can get a new position far more easily at thirty or thirty-five than he can at forty. The difficulties in making the change are less; the possibilities open to him after the change are on the whole greater. He can more easily adapt himself to new conditions; he has more years in which to build up an independent reputation. No such man should be compelled to leave Yale's service with inadequate notice. That would be unfair to him and suicidal to Yale. But it is, I believe, in the interests of all parties, and consequently in the interest of the assistant professor himself, that he should be encouraged to go elsewhere rather than kept at home by an advance in salary which, however attractive for the moment, is bound to be unsatisfactory in the long run.

"In the case of assistant professors whom we have for one reason or another kept at Yale until they have become to all intents and purposes permanent officers, an increase of salary to $3,000 is probably wise and justifiable. But a salary scale which should increase the number of officers of this kind does not appear to be wise."

The Indian and the Frying-pan

THE Indian, however averse he may be to any kind of useful labor, is not slow to avail himself of a new source of amusement. This was evidenced some years ago, when among the supplies sent by the government to a certain agency in the West were several hundred large frying pans with long handles. These the Indian agent found in stock when he took possession, and at the end of a year the number had not been diminished.

Thinking that perhaps he had not discharged his whole duty in the matter of supplying Uncle Sam's wards with these culinary utensils, the agent began making special efforts to induce the red men to use them. At first it was hard work, but by the time he had given out about two dozen there came a sudden change. Not a day passed in which the agent did not have applications for at least a dozen, and some days he disposed of twice that number.

When the supply was nearly exhausted, he noticed among the applicants some to whom he had previously given pans, and naturally enough he became a trifle curious to know what use they were making of them. He questioned several of the men to no purpose, but at length a young buck, more communicative than the rest, gave him to understand that if he would visit a certain part of the reservation, not far away, he would find his inquiry answered.

The next day, therefore, the agent rode out in the direction indicated. About two miles from the agency he noticed on the crest of a narrow spur of the mountain three or four Indians who suddenly disappeared on the opposite side of the ridge. At the same time he heard, faintly, the cry of many voices.

On turning the point of the ridge, he saw a crowd of several hundred Indians, who were shouting as if greatly excited. He noticed also several objects, which he at first supposed to be bowlders, descending the side of the mountain toward them with frightful rapidity. Instead of fleeing from these moving objects, the Indians simply applauded and shouted. Soon he saw other objects, like the first, descending, and in a short time the whole situation was plain to him.

Having selected a long, smooth slope of the mountain, where there were no stones the Indians had converted it into a sort of earthen toboggan slide, and were utilizing the frying pans as toboggans. Seating themselves in the pans, they grasped the handles with both hands; then, crossing their legs over their arms, they went spinning down the slide with great rapidity.

The agent let them have the few pans that remained in the storehouse, but did not order a new supply.

Horse Dentists

IN every large city there are now dentists who devote their entire attention to horses, and they are kept surprisingly busy the year round. The equine dentist is, of course, provided with special instruments for the extracting and filling of the teeth of animals needing attention. It is rather interesting to observe an operation in horse dentistry.

One of the instruments, called a speculum, presents the appearance of an ivory handle and four small bars of nickel, working on a ratchet and crossing one another in such a manner as to form a hollow square that can be made large or small by the turning of a screw.

Setting this device to the proper size, the horse dentist will slip it gently into the suffering animal's mouth, which, during the operation, is kept partly open by a groom, and when the instrument is fitted upon, say one of the back teeth, the beast's mouth is kept open as wide as possible. The groom now takes hold of the handle of the speculum with one hand and the horse's tongue with the other, enabling the dentist to obtain a good view of the damaged molar. It may be that, after careful examination, the dentist decides that a "splinter" should come off. Taking up a cutter, a scissors-shaped instrument two feet long and with sawlike edges, he applies it to the tooth and with a quick movement snaps off the offending corner.

Just as careful attention is given the process of filling a decayed tooth of a horse as is accorded any human being, and the operation is pretty much the same in both cases. The finest electric drills, together with the most improved instruments, are employed, and antiseptics are as generously used in the one instance as in the other.

Gold, as well as aluminum and amalgam, are the materials used in the filling and crowning of horses' teeth. The fee charged varies greatly, ranging anywhere from $5 to $125. Where gold is employed, it is, of course, the most expensive item in the operation, for the back tooth of an equine measures an inch in breadth and three inches long, and it requires, therefore, a larger quantity of the valuable metal to fill up these molars.

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"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country, and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavour of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart, and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

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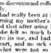

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Finance

THE MOVING OF THE CROPS

By Franklin Escher

THE check from Duluth which the R. F. D. brings John Hodge in payment for the five thousand bushels of wheat he has raised, and the cash which John Planter brings over from Memphis to pay off the pickers on his plantation, do not in themselves represent very big sums of money, but the operation multiplied a thousand times a day all through the harvest season means the use of an immense amount of money in moving the crops. The fact that the cash value of the produce now being harvested will run well up toward nine billion dollars does not, of course, mean that the moving of the crops will require one-tenth or one hundredth of that amount in actual cash, but does, nevertheless, give some little idea of what it means to get the crops to market. It is a big problem with which the country finds itself faced, this problem of financing a harvest the cash value of which is twice greater than the entire supply of cash in the country.

In considering this question of the crops in their relation to the financial markets, it must first be borne in mind that while the entire harvest at some stage in its production requires a certain amount of "financing," it is only a small part of the total produce raised which has ever actually to be "moved." Of the cotton we raise, of course, by far the greater part is transported very great distances, but of the hay and corn and oats and other staples which go to make up the bulk of the total crop, the greater part is consumed at or very near the place where it is grown. Corn, for instance, grown on a farm where much live-stock is raised is not apt to be sold and shipped away, but is far more likely to be used as fodder. Similarly with oats and hay. In making up estimates of the total value of the crops raised, everything must, of course, be counted in, but, as a matter of fact, only a small proportion of that nine billion dollars' worth of produce has ever actually to be moved to market.

But even at that, almost any proportion of nine billion dollars is a big sum of money and the financing of produce worth that amount a task of no mean proportions. Mid-September finds us in the midst of it. Winter wheat moved early to market this year and is about over, but spring wheat and corn are moving off the farms as fast as the railroads can find cars, while from Southern centres steady streams of cotton are flowing to the seaports. Early-year promises of wheat and cotton crops far surpassing anything ever seen before, have been fulfilled only to the extent of good average yields, but with banking conditions as they are, the financing even of good average yields is a matter of no small importance.

It is on account of the way in which, under the present "system," the country's six thousand odd national banks deposit and redeposit their funds that any particular demand for cash in any given part of the country finds such quick reflection in all the leading banking centres. A little bank out in the grain country in Minnesota, for example, finds along in May or June, when the spring planting is done, that it has money on its hands which it cannot readily loan out. The money, therefore, is sent along to the little bank's correspondent at Minneapolis or Duluth. At these points, however, money may very possibly be not much in demand, either, so that the cash may be passed along to Chicago. Chicago banks, in turn, may be receiving more of these "country" deposits than they care to keep and so may be passing them along to their correspondents at New York. There, at least, whether there exists any real demand for money or not, competition for deposits is continuous, and the Western bank can be sure of a fair rate of interest on the money it has sent along.

What has happened in this particular case, as a matter of fact, is that the little Minnesota bank's cash, with the certainty of water running down-hill or of the magnetic needle seeking the north, has found its way to the point where the best return is offered for its use. The money, it is true, has gone through the bank at Minneapolis and the bigger bank at Chicago, but all that was merely incidental—what happened, in effect, was that the little country bank's money was deposited at New York. When the question of recall comes up, Chicago, it is true, will look to New York, Minneapolis will look to Chicago, and the little country bank will look to Minneapolis, but all that in no wise alters the fact that the cash was to all intents and purposes sent direct to New York and will eventually have to come back from there.

There are times during the spring when the New York banks are only too glad to stand at the end of this funnel into which the deposits of the interior banks come pouring, but then, again, there come times when money is difficult to loan out safely even in the great market at New York and when the banks of that city are anything but glad to have the deposits of inland institutions thrust upon them—particularly where an interest allowance of two or three per cent. must be made. Valuable in the long run, however, are these inland deposit accounts, and, with competition to get them as keen as it is, deposits must be accepted when and as they come. To make the money "earn its keep" may not at the moment be easy, but that counts for little in view of the fact that bankers know well that over a series of years such accounts are extremely profitable.

What has, perhaps, seemed a digression may have served to throw light upon this little-understood point about the way in which a demand for currency originating far in the interior of the country will often make itself quickly felt in half a dozen important banking centres. "Ship us thirty thousand dollars of the fifty thousand dollars we have on deposit with you, in the shape of fives and tens," writes the little country bank (and a hundred others like it similarly placed) to its correspondent in the nearest large city. At that point the bills, very likely, are not to be had, so the demand is passed along to Chicago or St. Louis, from which points, again, it is apt to be reflected back on New York. There it is that the currency belonging to the little banks and now so much wanted has originally been deposited. There it is that the demand, however tortuous the channel through which it comes, will eventually be made.

That being the case, it is evident why the time when the crops are being moved is always a period of more or less uncertainty in the money-market at New York. That it takes a lot of money to move the crops is a fact no less certain than that it is the New York banks which will be required to put it up. Upon the condition of these institutions, therefore, particularly with regard to the degree to which they are prepared to send big amounts of currency out to the sections of the country where the crops are being gathered, depends largely what the effect of the demand for currency will be.

Leaving the theory of the thing and coming down now to its application to present conditions, it will be at once evident that the present situation is marked by several features of special importance. The land speculation, in the first place, which raged all over the West during the spring and early summer, has greatly complicated the position in that it has made it difficult to gauge what the demand for cash from the interior banks is likely to amount to. There must be considered, on the other hand, the fact that New York bankers realized several months ago that drafts upon them would be exceptionally heavy, and so, in anticipation, accumulated reserves only once or twice equalled. Again, there must be taken into account the lessened demand for money arising from the slowing down of business and the apathetic state of the security markets.

With regard to the first of these points, the speculation in land, some interesting facts have recently been developed in the course of a searching inquiry conducted by the biggest bank in the West. The land boom, it appears, did in the spring attain large proportions and so seriously strain the resources of many of the Western and Southern banks as to make a severe disturbance this fall seem inevitable. Instead, however, of running on unchecked, the situation appears to have been taken in hand in time and handled with great firmness. In Kansas, for instance, the banks, in their effort to put a curb on the borrowing movement, raised rates to seven and finally to eight per cent. Following that came the publication of the July 1st Comptroller's report with its startling showing as to loans, and, shortly after, notice to the country banks from their city correspondents that these loans must be cut down and a check put upon the speculation in land.

That these warnings have had their effect, and that many of the small institutions in the Western States which were sailing too close to the time have been putting their house in order, is plainly to be seen from the report before alluded to. From all over the territory where the speculative fever was known to be burning most fiercely in the spring and early summer, the tenor of the banks' replies is the same—namely, that lenders have been less and less willing to grant accommodation, that an increasing amount of discrimination has been employed, and that cash reserves have consequently been built up. In a good many of the answers received exaggeration of the improvement made is palpable; but even making ample allowance for motives of self interest, it is plain enough that a very great change has come over the situation. In a good many directions loans are probably still pretty well extended, but to the reckless way in which many of the country banks were sharing in the speculation an end has unquestionably been put. The demand for cash with which to move the crops will find these banks by no means independent of their city correspondents, but no reason exists for thinking that the demands for cash which they will have to make will be inordinately large.

The banks in the central reserve cities, on the other hand, even after it became apparent that great improvement had taken place in the Western banking situation, went on with their preparations and entered the crop-moving time fortified with exceedingly heavy reserves. At New York, for example, the end of August found the clearing-house banks carrying upward of fifty million dollars of "surplus" reserves—that is to say, of reserves in excess of legal requirements. In the building up of this great bulwark against trouble, imports of gold from abroad played no inconsiderable a part, but quite as important as the direct receipt of actual cash from outside sources was the way in which the banks held back from making loans except upon the very best and most readily convertible collateral. To their interior correspondents the city banks had been preaching the necessity of conservatism. Through the extent to which they themselves practised it they were largely enabled to build up the big reserves they did.

In considering this question of the way in which the city banks fortified themselves with cash, as well as the way in which the country banks fortified themselves by reducing loans, the general slowing down of business and speculation must be fully taken into account. Had business remained as active as during the year's opening months, general reduction of loans by the interior banks would have been made infinitely more difficult if not entirely impossible. Nor, on the other hand, could the New York banks have piled up any such cash surplus as they did, except for the fact that during the latter part of the summer the security-markets were in so apathetic a state that cash, literally, was not in demand.

In any case, and whatever the reasons therefor, the fact remains that instead of the abnormal demands upon the banks for cash which were indicated early in the season, those institutions will probably find themselves faced with the need of sending westward no more than the usual amount of currency. Reserves, on the other hand, which at the beginning of the season it seemed hardly possible could be brought up to a respectable point by the time crop-moving began, have been brought up to a point which makes remote the chances of anything like a stringency in money. Rates will hardly long remain on their present low level—as the surplus falls during the next month or six weeks, they are almost certain to rise moderately. That, however, need cause no uneasiness. The surplus was accumulated that it might be used.

Whenever British consols make a new low record—and that seems to have become chronic of late with the "premier security"—we are treated to all sorts of ingenious explanations as to what is the matter. For a while the argument about too much gold being produced had the call on all the others, but that having been pretty well threshed out and so knocked full of holes, the paragraphing fraternity are at their wits' ends.

From the fact that British consols, even after all the decline they have had, still sell on a better basis than what has always been considered the next best security in the world, the French "threes," is it not reasonable to say that what has been going on has been a sort of a readjustment rather than a process requiring some profound explanation? The French "threes" at their price of just a little less than par have for years yielded the investor just a little more than three per cent. Was there ever any reason, except perhaps when the British government was buying in its own bonds for the sinking-fund, for British consols selling on so much better a basis than French "rentes"? And does the fact that in the past two years' general decline in high-grade bonds consols have sold down to a basis where they yield the investor the whole of three per cent. call for elaborate explanation? With the exception of our own artificially stimulated "governments," are not consols still the highest priced security in the world?

In trying to figure out when the next well-sponsored movement in the market is going to begin, it is well not to overlook the fact that our great market leaders are opportunists—men who operate when circumstances are favorable. Instances, it is true, are on record of bull markets being conducted with money, for instance, at twenty-five per cent. or even at one hundred per cent., but a very little study of the "Gates boom" of 1902 will show in what a fiasco it ended—as will the most cursory glance at the history of the "Harriman boom" in 1906. The market history of recent years, indeed, fails to show a single instance of a pronounced market movement, undertaken in the face of adverse conditions, ending without bringing trouble on all those concerned.

Some interesting figures recently compiled by the Southern Commercial Congress show the part that cotton has played in providing us with the favorable balance of trade which has done so much for the upbuilding of the country. Total exports since 1790, it appears, have been forty-eight billion dollars, of which cotton has contributed thirteen and one-half billions. During those one hundred and nineteen years the balance of trade in our favor amounted to six and one-half billion dollars—less than half the value of cotton exported. Had it not been for cotton, therefore, the balance would have been the other way around.

It will surprise a good many people, furthermore, to learn what the relative importance of the great crops, from an export standpoint, has become during the past few years. Cotton exports for the year ending last June were valued at $450,000,000—ten times the value of the wheat we exported and eighteen times that of the corn.

In view of the figures given above, it will readily appear how important it is that nothing should be done to interfere with our cotton exports. Artificial prices for the staple do, it has been repeatedly shown, interfere decidedly with foreign purchases. Cotton manufactures will bring only so-and-so much, and when the price of the raw material is pushed so high that the mills abroad cannot manufacture and sell profitably, the mills simply stop buying and close down. In view of strong indications that the recent successful "campaign" in cotton is going to be carried into the new crop months, these facts ought to receive close consideration at Washington. Here, at least, is a case where most of the country is agreed that a good strong application of the "new nationalism" would be a mighty good thing.

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Ten Tons of Forest Seeds

The United States Department of Agriculture is using this year on the national forests more than ten tons of tree seed. Most of this seed has already been planted or sown. The rest will be utilized later, as favorable conditions are presented.

It takes a great many tree seeds to make ten tons. Jack pine, the most important tree for planting in the Nebraska sand hills, will average something like 123,000 to the pound. Of Western yellow pine, the tree most extensively planted throughout the national forests as a whole, 10,000 seed make a pound. Altogether the ten tons of seed used this year represent perhaps three hundred million single seeds.

If every seed could be depended on to produce a young tree suitable for planting, the result would be a supply of nursery stock sufficient to plant three hundred thousand acres of land, but no such result can be looked for because many seeds do not germinate. Most of the seed will be sown, either broadcast or in seed-spots, or planted with a corn planter, directly in the place where the trees are to stand.

Even when nursery stock is raised a liberal allowance must be made for loss. In the first place, a considerable percentage of the seeds will be found to be infertile. Of those which germinate, many will die before they leave the nursery beds, and many more will be lost in transplanting. If from a pound of Western yellow pine seed that contains 10,000 individual seeds 4,000 three-year-old transplants are available for field-planting, the Department of Agriculture will have obtained satisfactory results.

There are now twenty-four national forest nurseries, having an annual productive capacity of over eight million seedlings. But there are many millions of old burns on the national forests which are waiting to be restocked, and some quicker and cheaper method than the actual planting of nursery grown trees is urgently needed. Therefore, the foresters are making experiments on a large scale with different methods of direct sowing and planting, and most of the seed gathered last year was obtained for this use.

Broadcasting has already been found to give good results in some regions. It was first tried in the Black Hills of South Dakota, with an encouraging outcome. To broadcast an acre of land with yellow-pine seed about eight pounds of seed is used. One of the most formidable drawbacks to this method is the extent to which the seed may be consumed by birds and rodents. If the season happens to be one in which food for these animals is scarce, the loss is very heavy. The problem of control of animal pests, such as field-mice, ground-squirrels, and gophers, which eat the tree seeds, and also the further problem of preventing the depredations of rabbits, which are altogether too fond of the little trees themselves, whether nursery transplants or field-grown seedlings, is receiving the attention of the Biological Survey experts of the Department of Agriculture.

In some localities the department has had to purchase seed, but most of that used is gathered by Forest Service men themselves. The cost of gathering has varied for the different regions from thirty-five cents to one dollar a pound. As a rule the seed is collected in the fall months, when most conifers ripen their seed. Parties of three or four men ordinarily work together. Where lumbering is in progress the collectors follow the sawyers and take the cones directly from the felled trees. In standing timber, the task is much more arduous. The men must often climb tall pines and pull the cones from the branches as best they can. Where these are on the extremities and beyond the reach of the hand, pruning-shears are used. The cones are dropped to the ground and then gathered into buckets and transferred to sacks, in which they are carried to a central point for further treatment.

The extraction of the seeds is tedious rather than difficult. In some cases the cones are spread out upon sheets in the sun, when, after a time, they open and the seeds drop out: in other cases it is necessary to resort to artificial heat. This is applied by placing the cones upon trays with screen bottoms and raising the temperature of the room to the proper degree. The cones open, the winged seeds fall out, and the seed is afterward separated from the wings and dirt by a fanning-mill. A good many seeds have been removed from the cone by hand, but this is a sore trial to the fingers of the pickers, and an exceedingly slow process.

Middle Names

Middle names, hard as it is to credit in this generation, were once illegal. The old English law was very definite as to the naming of children, and, according to Coke, "a man cannot have two names of baptism." "It is requisite," this law goes on, "that the purchaser be named by the name of his baptism and his surname, and that special heed be taken to the name of baptism."

Royal personages have always been allowed to have more than one given name, but as late as 1600 it is said there were only four persons in all England who had two given names. In 1620 the *Mayflower* sailed for America, and there was not a man or woman upon it who had a middle name.

Even a century and a half ago double names were very uncommon. The English used to dodge the law at times by ingeniously compounding names. Thus on old parish registers in England there is occasionally seen such combinations as Fannasibilia, which is Fanny and Sybil joined together, and Annameriar, made up of Anna and Maria. Maria is one of the earliest middle names of record for boys: it was given in honor of the Virgin Mary. As much as they dared, beginning along in the eighteenth century, parents evaded the "one name law."

But even as late as a hundred years ago custom was against the middle name. If the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence be looked over it will be found that only three of them had middle names. The first five Presidents of the United States had only one name each—George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe. Before Grant, eighteenth of the line, there were only three double-named Executives—John Quincy Adams, William Henry Harrison, and James Knox Polk.

When middle names got going and became the fashion, the law having dropped into disuse, parents went to work combining names for their offspring enthusiastically. One custom was done away with in England in consequence of this, the plan of naming the eldest son for the estate, particularly when he succeeded to that estate through his mother. This old idea is still followed to some extent in this country by the mother's maiden name being given to the eldest son. It identifies the boy when he grows to manhood, and as has a positive value. During the time of the Civil War and just after hundreds of parents named sons simply "Lincoln" or "Grant."

Such instances have, however, been uncommon the past fifty years. The middle name has become well-nigh universal. Sometimes the case arises of a man, prominent in public life or literature, leaving off his first name altogether and becoming known by his middle name. Grover Cleveland, whose baptismal name was Stephen Grover Cleveland, has been the most conspicuous example of this.

A Triple Tragedy

An Indian from the Flambeau reservation in northern Wisconsin once came into the fishing resort of Squaw Lake with a curiosity in the way of deer horns that he wished to sell. This consisted of three sets of antlers inextricably interlocked. Two sets of antlers so locked are rare, but not unknown. It is believed that the Flambeau Chippeway had the only set of three-locked antlers in the world.

The accident could have happened, it is said, only in one way. Two bucks of equal strength were fighting in the forest and became locked. Then, while they were struggling, a third buck appeared and charged them both, probably repeatedly, until his own horns became fastened.

The Indian reported that he had found the horns north of Flambeau Lake, about a mile from the water. They were lying on the side of a hill, and there were no bones near them. The condition of the horns proved that the fight occurred not more than two years before the date of their discovery. The antlers were all of full-grown bucks, showing eight and ten points each.

The third pair had been driven into the others just above where they were joined, and the branches of them were about equally locked with the branches of the others.

They were not broken or chipped in any way, which seems to indicate that when the third buck had made his last charge he was fastened so firmly that there was no room for any one of his points to play in the forks of the others. Indeed, all the horns were so stoutly joined that they could not be moved at all. They were as rigid as though they had been moulded in that fashion from steel.

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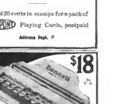

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The Pressure of Light

TURPIN, the inventor of the explosive melinite, was the first to declare that light is nothing but matter cast off by incandescent suns, falling incessantly through space. The theory is that this radiant matter is not seen traversing space, first because the stars distil it in a cold and dark condition, and, secondly, because it is so rarefied, so fine, and so subtle that it escapes the most delicate instruments of observation, revealing itself only when it comes in contact with obstacles.

The effect of the shock of the cast-off solar matter as it strikes the stars is similar to the effect of the water's shock when it strikes the edges of a reef; the light produced speaks of the impact of the falling matter with the stars, as the silvery fringes of the sea's foam speak of the shock of the sea. In both cases the cause produces a visible effect. The intrinsic weight of the rain of impalpable atoms is insignificant; the whole mass amounts to nothing; but, on the other hand, as the speed of the mass is tremendous (300,000 kilometers per second), the production of force is great.

The rotation of the earth and other celestial bodies seems to be explainable in no other way. The molecular bombardment forces the earth to turn on its orbit and on its axis, as a top turns when whipped by a child. The earth turns, not by the contraction of an internal spring, but under the external, tangential pressure of the material power of the sun, as a turbine turns when its wings are struck by a current of air or by a jet of water.

When this problematical theory was presented by Turpin, seventeen years ago, the savants laughed. Turpin had just come out of prison, and it was supposed that captivity had driven him mad, though the idea had already been given to the world by Kepler and others. The theory was talked about until it was superseded by that of "air waves," and the explanation of the transmission of light waves by imponderable ether.

About the time when Turpin published his theory another savant, Lebedew, demonstrated the pressure of light by suspending a metal disk by a very finely twisted thread. He hung his disk in the air in the direct line of action of light. Lebedew's experiment was difficult and of the utmost delicacy; all his results were recorded, and, when compared with the calculations of the scientists who followed him, found to coincide in every respect.

At the present time few dispute the theory of light pressure. To the pressure of light is attributed the form as well as the peculiar movements of the tails of comets, which stretch out in a direction opposed to the sun, as if driven back by a repelling force. Nichols and Hull demonstrated the pressure of light by producing the phenomenon. They put a few pinches of emery powder and pollen in a vacuum, like an hour-glass; and as they turned the powder from one part of the glass to the other part, they cast rays of light on the falling dust. The lightest of the falling dust was driven back as if repulsed by the light. The illuminated dust had every appearance of a miniature comet's tail.

Scientists are not yet ready to say, with Turpin, that the fall of light gives the earth its rotary impulsion. Lebedew and the people who share his belief say that the pressure of radiation is very feeble, even in the tropics, where the light is strongest, being hardly one pound to the square kilometer.

Amber

ALTHOUGH amber has been found in different places, its only important centre is the coast of the Baltic. According to Pliny, the elder, the "sap" was produced in the islands of the "northern sea," and worked there by the natives in the early days.

When Nero sent Julianus, the man who managed his gladiatorial matches, to procure the precious product, the horseman detailed by Julianus for the hard part of the commission came back with amber in quantities so lavish that even the netting used as protection against wild beast was fastened with amber buttons.

Germany first conceded the right to mine and to use the amber on the shores of the Baltic Sea, in return for 40,000 kilograms of crude amber to be delivered annually. But, as the profits of the concessionists were great, the German government increased the consideration of the concession to 87,500 kilos crude amber per annum. Since 1906 that amount has been increased, and the companies working the concession have made an annual delivery of 200,000 kilos per annum in payment for their privilege.

Amber is the result of a disease. The first forest that exuded gum was a sick forest; a pathological case produced amber as another pathological case produces pearls.

At least four species of pine-trees grew in the sick forest. Two of these are still in existence in Japan. Most of the trees had been wounded, from one cause or another, and from these wounds ran resin. Drawn by the odor of the resin, insects swarmed into the trees, to be caught in the warm gum, to stick fast, and to be embedded as we see them now in specimens. These conditions continued through uncounted years. Then new, strange forces came, the ground fell in, the seas rose, and the sick forest was engulfed. From the beds formed in those ages men draw the amber remaining in the sand.

At first amber was picked up on the shore like sea-shells. As the glassy gum grew scarce, the hunters dug for it in the ground, and, finding that it ran downward, and lay deep, they mined it, and dragged the sea for it with nets.

The amber taken from the sea is called *see-stein* (sea-stone). Legend attributes to amber "the power to warn its masters, the favored of the witches, of their danger, and when handled by its master to turn pale, to gleam with rippling light, and to emit a perfume."

In the time of the elder Pliny, amber was colored with dragon's blood; and attempts are still made to give it the purplish glow of the fabled stain. The ancients cured "cloudy" amber by cooking it in oil. During the process the oil penetrated the crust, filled the air-bubbles, and cleared the mass.

Underground Churches

IN the Myndd Newydd coal-mine, in Wales, there is an apartment excavated, which is set aside to be exclusively used as a place of worship. This underground chapel dates back for more than half a century, and every morning since its inauguration (when the mine is being worked) the miners have assembled in this remarkable edifice to perform their religious devotions. The chapel is situated close to the bottom of the shaft, so that the miners, on descending the pit, can go to worship before they proceed to their various stations. The apartment is strangely lacking in ornamentation and adornment. The pillars and the beams which support the roof are of rough wood, and a disused coal trolley, turned up on end, does duty as a pulpit. The miners sit upon rough wooden benches, placed across the chapel from side to side, and the oldest worker at the mine performs the duty of pastor.

In the salt mine at Wieliczka, Austria, there is a Chapel of St. Anthony, a Byzantine excavation, supported by columns, with altar, crucifix, and life-sized statues of saints, apparently in black marble, but all made of salt.

Washington's Woodpecker

THE State of Washington is of the opinion that the bald eagle is all right in its way, but that the downy, feathered carpenter which has done so much to clear the forests and orchards of that State of destructive insects and borers is more worthy of honor; and the bird of freedom on the State seal has accordingly been replaced by the industrious woodpecker.

Wood-borers are tireless workers, and labor the year round digging tunnels just beneath the bark of living trees. As many as sixty borers have been found in a single fruit tree. Ants and other insects get a foothold in the abandoned tunnels of the borers, and seal the fate of the tree.

The woodpecker is the only enemy of the borer, and the Washington State authorities declare that it is due to his hunting alone that there is a single tree alive in the State. The woodpecker has a perfect climbing apparatus, and covers every inch of a tree's surface, finding hundreds of insect eggs tucked into crevices in the bark. The keen ears of the bird readily locate a borer at work, and with absolute precision he drills a hole, stabs in with his sharp tongue, and adds the borer to his collection of insect eggs. The holes drilled by the woodpecker are, of course, injurious, but they are too large to prove a breeding place for insects, and, besides, other birds frequently look into them.

Washington has eight species and eighteen subspecies of woodpeckers which remain the year round. They usually nest in orchards and penetrate the forests on hunting expeditions.

The greatest damage done by woodpeckers in the United States is to telegraph and telephone poles. On the plains these poles are not infrequently so riddled that they fall under a comparatively light wind. However, the damage done by the birds is not to be considered in comparison with the good effects of their labors. Concrete poles easily solve the problem of the telegraph companies.

Safety Devices for Sea Travel

By George Ethelbert Walsh

ALL the hazards of travelling on the modern ocean liner are practically eliminated to-day by means of the numerous safety devices employed, and when the new gyroscope principle is applied to ships for the convenience of those subject to seasickness we may expect to see even this nuisance banished.

Formerly the death list from fog, fire, collisions, and storms was always large, and some seasons the casualties in single instances cast a shadow over two continents; but to-day an army of 100,000 or more travellers crosses and recrosses the Atlantic with little thought of danger. This almost complete immunity from danger applies, however, only to what may be called the transatlantic steamers which are fitted out with all the modern safety devices conceived by man.

The purpose of these safety devices is twofold: prevention of trouble and protection of the ships in case of accidents. The wireless telegraph has eliminated many of the uncertainties of navigation, but it is not alone in its field of protection. The submarine signalling apparatus in its quiet, unobtrusive way performs an equally important function. When a ship is stranded at sea or damaged by collision with another, the frantic calls of the wireless for help make a dramatic appeal to our imagination; but down under the water, attached to the "outer skin" of the steamer, are two little box like affairs, resembling the old-time receivers on the telephone, which work at all times through fog and storm. Wires run from these boxes to a dial in the wheelhouse and to a telephone earpiece. This little submarine signalling arrangement is so delicate that it receives and records wave vibrations just as the wireless overhead responds to air vibrations. Fog stations, lightships, and the churning of the screws of other steamers can be picked up by this submarine recorder from three to fifteen miles away. The bell rings either on the port or starboard side, and in a fog the navigator can foretell the approach of danger. Even the booming of the surf on distant reefs and rocks can be picked up by this device.

Next to fogs the greatest danger on shipboard comes from fire. A fire at sea in former days was a dramatic and awful thing. To-day the modern ocean liner has one of the most efficient fire services in the world. It is a mechanical fire-warning device which often rings the alarm before the fire has actually started. All parts of the ship are wired, and thermostat stations are located at various points. When the temperature of any part of the ship reaches a danger mark where ignition may soon follow, the wires fuse and create an electric current. This rings bells throughout the ship, and marks by a red light on a dial in the wheelhouse the exact location of the danger-point. The incipient fire can thus be brought under control before any blaze has actually started.

The modern water-tight bulkhead divisions of steamers have been improved so that they can be operated instantly and in the face of the greatest opposition. Formerly a collision or the striking of a rock would cause such an inrush of water that bulkhead doors could not be closed in time; but to-day the electrically operated doors or those controlled by steam or compressed air can be closed against a pressure of many tons of water. In addition to the bulkhead divisions, many of the modern steamers are equipped with double bottoms, which serve both for protection in case of grounding and to carry water ballast. If a rock is struck and a puncture made it is only in the outer bottom, and the ship is in no manner threatened. Powerful pumps connect with the space between the two bottoms, and these will lift over 6,000 tons of water in a space of a few minutes.

There is a safety device which protects ships from encounters with icebergs in foggy weather or at night. In approaching a floating berg there is always an appreciable lowering of the temperature of the air and water. A sensitive thermometer above and below the water-line records such sudden drops in temperature and rings a bell in the wheelhouse to give warning. Another modern device is for the protection of unlucky passengers who may fall overboard. When the shout, "Man overboard" is heard, the watch officer in the wheelhouse reaches over his head and turns a small wheel. A life-saving ring, or rather several of them, are released from the sides of the ships by this action, and drop in the water. When they touch the water a tube containing a chemical produces a bright red light, which will burn for an hour, and can be seen for ten miles. The man overboard swims to one of these red lights and grasps the buoy, and as soon as possible a boat is lowered from the steamer, and all the buoys are picked up.

The modern ocean steamer is a "one-man" control affair, as it were, and the officer in the wheelhouse has everything under his immediate eye. Even the port or starboard or head lights cannot be extinguished without making itself known to the officer in charge. A red light on a diagram before him goes out when any of the ship's lights go out. There are polished dials, charts, diagrams, thermometers, barometers, engine telegraph, telephones, levers, thermostats, and an array of switches within the reach of the watch officer, and if anything goes wrong in any part of the ship he knows it and has it within his power to rectify it immediately or to summon others to do the work. More and more dependence is being placed upon the automatic mechanical appliance than upon the memory and watchfulness of men; but in the wheelhouse there must always be watchers on duty.

The Cigarette and Its Users

DESPITE the fact that eight States have extinguished the light of the cigarette and have outlawed it within their boundaries, the consumption of tobacco in this form is steadily increasing.

The West got its taste for cigarettes from the Mexicans. The habit spread gradually eastward and received a new impetus from the manufacturers of Turkish and other imported tobaccos. The first States to enact anti-cigarette laws were Wisconsin and Indiana—six years ago. Then came Missouri, Nebraska, Illinois, and Michigan. In 1909 Iowa and Minnesota figuratively set their heels on the cigarette. None of the Eastern States have attempted to do more than prohibit its sale to children under sixteen. Probably more cigarettes are consumed in New York City than were in the eight States that have prohibited their manufacture or sale.

About six billion cigarettes were smoked in this country last year. This does not include the large quantity that was imported. This means about 3,000 smokes a year for each man and boy, or nearly ten cigarettes a day. There are several millions of men and boys who do not smoke cigarettes at all, so those who do have to make up the difference.

Legislation against the cigarette has not been brought about directly by the agitation of those reformers who have crusaded against it. Nearly everybody acknowledged that cigarettes accelerated the crop of tuberculosis in patients. But men continued to use them just the same. Then business stepped in and began to discriminate against cigarette-smokers. Many railroads barred them from their employ. Business firms did not tell the smoker that cigarettes were bad for him. They simply gave him the choice between cigarettes and his job—and the call of the latter was the louder.

In the large cities outside those States where the cigarette is now barred it has found its way to the dinner-table, especially as a diversion between the courses of the evening meal. There is hardly a restaurant in New York or Philadelphia or Boston where the cigarette does not precede the oysters and is not renewed as often as the plates are carried away. Even in the smaller towns where once smoking in the hotel dining-room was unknown it is now permitted and has become customary.

A large retail tobacconist in New York City was induced, the other day, to count the different kinds of cigarettes that he carried in stock. After going over the list he found that he had 287 different brands. Many of them there is but small call for—among these are fourteen varieties of Mexican cigarettes, also those imported directly from Spain, Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines, Syria, Japan, and even Brazil. These are kept on hand to satisfy the exotic tastes of the natives from those countries.

A large number of cigarette-smokers make their own cigarettes. They either roll them between their fingers or else carry little cigarette-machines in their pockets. The sale of the miniature brand of cigarettes for women is practically at a standstill in New York. Dealers say that women cigarette-smokers are increasing in number tremendously every year, and that they are now smoking the regular brands and sizes.

There is an international aspect also to the anti-cigarette question. Every government in Europe is either considering restricted measures against cigarettes or has enacted some sort of legislation against them. In England, for example, it is forbidden to sell cigarettes to children, but they are kept aboard war-ships to sell to the sailors, although it has been demonstrated that the use of cigarettes is not conducive to good shooting or to clear thinking. In this country the Navy Department is getting ready to put a stop to selling cigarettes to our sailors. They may buy them ashore, but they may not purchase them on board the men-of-war.

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The Aviator and Life-insurance

INSURANCE men nowadays are beginning to discuss the aviator and his airship from a business point of view. The insurance world generally feels that a new hazard and risk has come and that some action will have to be taken before long. An "airship clause" on life and accident policies is not improbable.

At present companies are pinning their faith on a clause that a large number of them have concerning "duelling, suicide, or violation of law." They contend that cruising in the air is a plain case of courting self-destruction. Under this clause, the argument is, a policy lapses of its own accord.

More than one policy throughout the country has already been cancelled, and the premium for the unexpired term returned when it was learned that the man who had taken it out had become an experimenter in aviation. None of the men whose policies have been cancelled in this way have protested, so far as is known.

Insurance experts say that companies that have a self-destruction clause in their policies undoubtedly have such a right. Ascending in an air-ship, they add, is more dangerous than taking part in a duel.

Thus far only one case in law seems to be known among the insurance people. In that the insurance company lost. On the Pacific coast a few months ago a man was killed by a fall from an air-ship. He had an accident policy, and the company refused to pay. They claimed that, if the insured man had wanted to make an air-ship ascension, he should have obtained a permit from the company that had insured him. Since he had not done so he assumed a risk that was not provided for, and he himself, by his own act, had cancelled his policy. The widow promptly sued. She recovered the full amount of the policy, and the decision of the judge is of much interest at the moment. The verdict was in her favor on the ground that ascending in an air-ship had not been proved to be the regular occupation of the man who was killed. So long as he was not making a business of flying, the policy stood.

A Lesson from the Beaver

SCIENCE owes many a debt, especially on the practical side, to the instinct of the lower animals. One of these obligations may be cited in the matter of the construction of dams. Engineers have frequently built dams straight across streams, the object being, in some cases, to save expense by sparing material. But the beaver arches his dam against the current, and experience has shown that this form of dam is best for resisting floods and the impact of floating ice. Acting upon the knowledge which is instinctive with the beaver, and which human calculation approves, the great Bear Valley dam in California and some other dams constructed within recent years have been so made that their stability largely depends upon the resistance which their arched form presents.

The Proof

WHEN I behold the beauty that is thine,
The wonder of thine eyes, their depths divine,
The blushing rose-tint of thy cheek, and lip
On which a wandering bee might pause to sip;

When in mine ear the silver of thy voice
Sounds measures fair to make the heart rejoice—
What need have I to list to stories of
The miracles to prove a God of Love?

When scoffers come to tell me God is not,
That all by chance hath come, by none begot,
One answer have I for each scoffing vow,
And that, Beloved of My Soul, is Thou!

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IT has been estimated that, of the 100,000,000 horses in the world, about 80,000,000, or four-fifths of the whole number, exist in the temperate zones, and that nearly all of these are to be found in Occidental countries.

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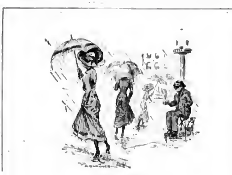
The horse's carrying capacity ranges from 150 to 200 pounds. The llama can carry from 50 to 200 pounds; the donkey from 100 to 200 pounds; the ox from 150 to 200 pounds; the camel from 350 to 500 pounds; and the elephant from 1,800 to 2,500 pounds.



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America's Timekeeper

THERE is no clock in the world that keeps perfect time. In a dark vault underground in Washington, in a glass case where no changes in temperature can reach it and where it is wound every half-minute by electricity, is the clock nearest to perfection in this country. Scientific officers of the government, regularly detailed for the work, watch over it day and night, constantly correcting it by observations made from the sun and stars.

Thus this clock in its great glass case, though of itself it does not keep time with the sun and stars and the earth, is made so accurate that even scientists call its time correct. Strictly speaking, the only thing that does keep time is the earth changelessly rotating through space. But the most expert mathematicians and astronomers concede that the time of the big clock inside the glass comes "near enough." That means within some thousandths of a second.

It is this "almost perfect" clock that makes America's time. The enclosure in which it stands is in the Naval Observatory at Washington surrounded by three walls with spaces between them. It rests on massive stone pillars that reach far down into the ground. The temperature is maintained so carefully that if a human being should step into the room for a single instant the increase in heat would be registered on a thermostat of almost incredible delicacy.

The corrections continually being made in this clock's time by reason of the astronomical observations are seldom more than ten one-hundredths of a second. They are frequently less than five one-hundredths.

From the "almost perfect" clock, which is in duplicate, wires pass to two time-sending clocks in another room of this Naval Observatory. It is through these latter two that time passes out to the country. Only one of these latter is needed at any one time, but there must be two for the same reason of a possible accident. If science cannot quite succeed in getting any clock to keep absolutely accurate time it can nevertheless get one clock to run precisely the same as another, to the veriest dot. So, with his hand on a telegraph switch, a man waits alongside of these two other clocks a few moments before noon each day. Five minutes before twelve he gives the first signal. Five minutes later, all the telegraph trunk lines of the country having halted and cleared away all other business meantime, time is officially announced.

Ireland's Surnames

THE impression is general that at least nine out of every ten men in Ireland are named Pat Murphy, and for once there is some real ground for the popular impression, for, if you call every person you meet in Ireland "Murphy," you will be right once in every eight times. If the others are not named Murphy, the chances are two in seventeen that they are Kellys. A strong and growing rival of Murphy and Kelly, however, is Smith. In both England and Scotland, Smith is far in the lead, and in Wales beats Jones by a narrow margin.

The number of typical English names in Ireland is surprising. Messrs. Baker, Cooper, Long, Small, Turner, etc., are frequently encountered, but, despite this invasion and the equally vigorous attack of Welsh Joneses, there are enough left of the Aherns, Riordans, Fagans, and Moynihans to keep alive the traditions of the land.

Any Murphy in Ireland, or out of it, can tell you that "Murphy" is a concession to the poor, ignorant English, who found difficulty in pronouncing, the saints help them! a simple name like MacMurrough—the name of the ancient kings of Leinster, of whom Dermot was the last.

Birds as Balloons

NOT many people are aware of the fact that all birds utilize the principle of the hot-air balloon in their flight. It will be remembered that the Montgolfier Brothers, who first went up in a balloon during the eighteenth century, built a fire under a silk bag open at the bottom, thus allowing the air to become heated. Of course the air expanded and part of it flowed out, while what was left, although perfectly filling the balloon, was very much lighter than ordinary air and would consequently be lifted by it. Now all birds have hollow bones, the hollows being connected with the lungs by means of natural and very ingenious and wonderful passages, and consequently with the outside air. On account of this the bones are always full of air. The heat of the bird's body makes this air very much lighter than the outside air, and thus we have a perfect analogy to the hot-air balloon.

Tributes to Mark Twain

President Taft:
"Mark Twain gave pleasure—real intellectual enjoyment—to millions, and his works will continue to give such pleasure to millions yet to come. He never wrote a line that a father could not read to a daughter. His humor was American, but he was nearly as much appreciated by Englishmen and people of other countries as by his own countrymen. He has made an enduring part of American literature."

Theodore Roosevelt:
"It is with sincere grief that I learned of the death of this great American author. His position, like that of Joel Chandler Harris, was unique, not only in American letters, but in the literature of the world.

"He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher, and his writings form one of the assets in America's contributions to the world of achievement, of which we have a right as a nation to be genuinely proud."

President Woodrow Wilson
"All the world knows that in Mark Twain it has lost a delightful humorist, a man able to interpret human life with a flavor all his own, but only those who had the privilege of knowing him personally can feel to the full the loss of a man of high and lovely character, a friend quick to excite and give affection; a citizen of the world who loved every wholesome adventure of the mind or heart; an American who spoke much of the spirit of America in speaking his native thoughts."

Dr. Van Dyke
"Those who know the story of his friendships and his family life know that he was one who 'loved much' and faithfully, even unto the end. Those who know his work as a whole know that under the lambent and irrepressible humor which was his gift there was a foundation of serious thoughts and noble affections and desires."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe
"He was personally highly esteemed and much beloved, a man of letters with a very genuine gift of humor and of serious thought as well."

James Whitcomb Riley:
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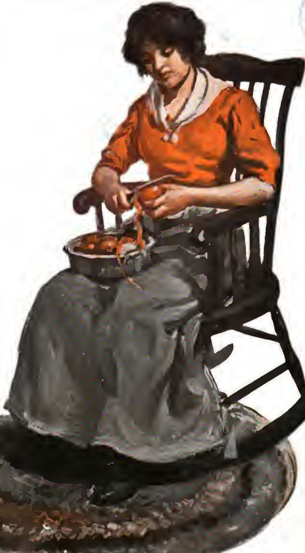
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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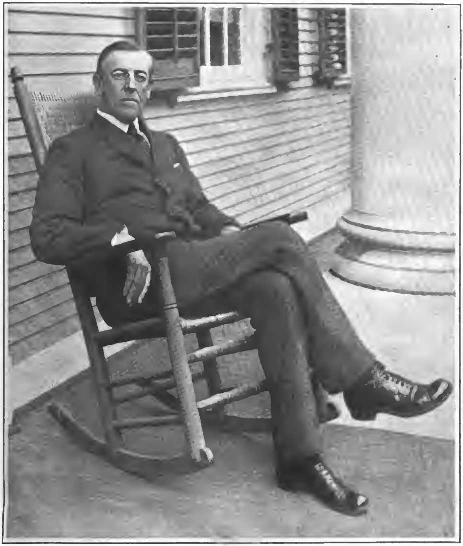

WOODROW WILSON

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY

HARPER'S WEEKLY
Vol. LIV. No. 2805

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES
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Comment

Meanwhile, please God, as ever hitherto in a crisis of the Republic, a man will emerge from comparative political obscurity, capable of holding high the torch of personal liberty, that all the people may see the clear light and revert gladly to the pristine standard of individual and industrial progress which, despite temporary retrogression, continues to be the glory of the nation.—"The North American Review" for August.

"The Foremost American Democrat"

The *World* says truly that the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for Governor of New Jersey will strengthen the Democratic party in every debatable State.

There are a great many Democrats, and good Democrats, who can neither define the faith that is in them nor expound their reasons for being of that faith, nor distinguish the policies that naturally spring from that faith from policies not in accord with it. The great value of Dr. Wilson is his ability to do all these things—to make the doctrine clear, to declare and support its reasonableness and timeliness, and to point out and apply the policies that it calls for.

In character, in ability, in distinction, Woodrow Wilson is such a man as every Democrat who hopes to see his party regain its share in government must rejoice to see a candidate for the leading office in a leading State. To have him run for Governor of New Jersey is like old times—the times of Tilden and of Cleveland and their counsellors and associates. And yet Wilson is absolutely a modern thinker and doer; not one to turn back the hands of the clock, but of a notable competence to adjust knowledge to action and apply established principles to the problems of the day. In the words of the Brooklyn *Eagle*:

> "*Intellectually he is the foremost American Democrat. In character he is exalted. In administrative capacity his university presidency has tested him as thoroughly as any Governorship could do. The best conceptions of* John Witherspoon, Thomas Jefferson, *and* Grover Cleveland *are renewed to this generation's view in him, with the advantage of hospitality to the new ideals and the new needs of the new time, of which he is sentiently yet sanely appreciative.*"

Well Done, New Jersey

It is a great day for New Jersey and a great day for the nation when a man like Woodrow Wilson comes forward to help reclaim and vivify our political life.

So says the *Evening Post* and so say they all—the *World*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, the Springfield *Republican*, the Indianapolis *News*, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, the Charleston *News and Courier*, the Boston *Herald*, the Philadelphia *Record*—all of the big independent public journals of the country. No less vital and significant is the attitude of the press of New Jersey. The Democratic newspapers, led by the faithful old Trenton *True American*, are enthusiastic, of course. That was to have been expected. But New Jersey has strong independent papers. One of the ablest and highest-minded in the United States is the Newark *Evening News*, which says:

> Woodrow Wilson is the nominee of the Democratic party for Governor. He is more than this, though. He is the candidate of thousands of Jerseymen, who have never been allied with the Democracy.
>
> So far as the Governorship goes, the campaign this fall is not to be conducted on strict party lines. Ties of partisanship have been loosed in this year of grace and insurgency.
>
> The crying demand throughout the country is not for party success, but for good government, for representatives unbossed by special interests, for officials who will work for the welfare of the masses instead of the classes. The demand is for a real Democracy, not a sham one; for statesmanship, not demagoguery; for an upright administration, not one that is only straight in partisanship.
>
> The president of Princeton University meets these requirements of the times.
>
> His ability as an administrator is acknowledged.
>
> He has been accused of being no politician, but no one has disputed his statesmanlike qualifications.
>
> A noted student of governmental affairs, he has always been found preaching Democracy.
>
> A political economist, he has stood consistently for a square deal to both labor and capital.
>
> A believer in personal integrity, he has insisted that personal wrong-doing, even when garbed in corporation robes, must be personally punished.
>
> He holds that no position in the public service, in financial affairs, or in corporation control is so high as to relieve individuals from moral responsibility for their acts.
>
> By his personality and by his beliefs, Dr. Wilson has thus become, as the result of a Democratic nomination, a candidate who is more than party-wide.
>
> His nomination marks a new era in New Jersey politics. His selection has raised the political standard to a new high level.
>
> Dr. Wilson has not been named primarily because of his availability as a vote-getter. He has been chosen for his fitness for the position of Chief Executive of a great State. And, of course, the recognition of that ability means votes.
>
> New Jersey voters will honor both themselves and their State by electing Dr. Wilson.

Another is the *Jersey Journal*, which for thirty-odd years was the sturdy spokesman of the Republican party, but now speaks up frankly and pointedly:

> The Democrats have nominated not only their strongest man, but one of the really big men of this country, for Governor. If the Republicans fail to nominate their strongest man, Woodrow Wilson's majority will probably make the Maine landslide look like a stage performance in comparison.
>
> The selection of Dr. Wilson is more than a party matter. He is not a politician or an office-seeker. He is a type of the very highest citizenship, an original thinker, a man of great executive force, eloquent, able, fearless, clean and patriotic. The people understand that the promises he makes and those of the platform upon which he stands will be kept.
>
> The November election in New Jersey promises to become historic.

A third is the Newark *Sunday Call*, which perceives "abundant cause for the general satisfaction which is expressed on every side, in all parties and factions, by men of principle in the nomination." "Thousands," it concludes, "who have heretofore supported the Republican party, albeit with some qualms, will turn to Dr. Wilson with confidence and with satisfaction. His career, his literary works, his speeches, and his personality have raised him to a position high in the ranks of statesmen, and his is no cold-blooded intellectuality. He is a cordial and sympathetic and essentially modest man, yet he has shown that he can fight, and he has led a wholesome life, inspired by high ideals, and guided by settled principles. If he is elected, there will be found in the executive office at Trenton a gentleman, a man of honor, a Governor who will command respect for himself as well as for the office he fills."

True Leadership

The *Sunday Call* also notes the fact—it was a fact—that "the unrest and deep dissatisfaction of many Republicans with the Republican party in the State and with its failures of administration would have made the election of almost any respectable Democrat a possibility, and the temptation to use such a condition for the benefit of bosses must have been considerable. That the leaders took a broader view and determined to rehabilitate Democracy, as well as win an election, was gratifying in the extreme." It was, indeed. When former Senator James Smith, Jr., in one of the most effective speeches ever made in a political convention, declared that practically none of the two hundred and forty delegates from Essex had ever seen Mr. Wilson, that personally he knew him very slightly, but that all were animated solely by a desire to raise the highest possible standard, he spoke the exact truth. When Robert Davis was asked to disregard the time-honored precedent of Hudson voting as a unit, he did not hesitate an instant to waive his strong personal inclinations in the common interest. There followed an absolutely "open" convention, in which each and every one of the fourteen hundred delegates spoke what he liked and voted as he pleased. This was the very antithesis of bossism; it was leadership of the highest order. Mr. Wilson paid due and fitting tribute to the breadth and unselfishness of these two leaders, in particular when, in accepting the nomination, he declared without reservation of any kind:

> I did not seek this nomination. I have made no pledge and have given no promise. Still more, not only was no pledge asked, but, as far as I know, none was desired.
>
> If elected, as I expect to be, I am left absolutely free to serve you with all singleness of purpose. It is a new era when these things can be said, and in connection with this I feel that the dominant idea of the moment is the responsibility of deserving. I will have to serve the State very well in order to deserve the honor of being at its head.

Heartening words, these! It is, indeed, the beginning of a new era when such things can be truly said. No wonder, as the *Evening Post* remarks, "it leaves the Republicans absolutely stunned."

Mr. Wilson's majority will be about forty thousand. That's all.

'Ware the Jackass!

The people who have to deal most constantly with the donkey and his offspring, the mule, seem to be either of the opinion that too much encouragement is not good for them. Both army men and colored gentlemen down South incline to a very limited use of coddling and flattery and a much freer use of pointed objurgation and other still severer promptings to good and intelligent behavior. They ought to know.

Vermont was extremely cheering to the Democrats, and now old Maine has fairly kicked over the traces and beaten her own record in the line of hell-bent performance. Of course, all those of us who wanted to see the Democratic party come to life again are encouraged and on the whole pleased; but some of us could find it in our hearts to be content if the encouragement were not quite so overwhelming this early in the game. It is not yet too late for Democrats in some other State to get entirely too jubilant and too cocksure that things are coming their way whatever they may do or not do. That feeling may yet endanger some admirable candidacies and put life into others of a different sort. The donkey, if we may mix metaphors a little—it's all in the barnyard—is very much given to counting his chickens before they are hatched. The Democratic opportunity is very bright; but in most Northern States it is still only an opportunity—not a cinch—and still, therefore, something to be risen to, not fallen down on. Let us be cheerful, surely, but 'ware the jackass! 'Ware!

As to the Elephant

But if the donkey is in danger from too much good news, what shall we say of his antagonist? That patient and ponderous beast, on whose mountainous shoulders the genius of Thomas Nast has piled all the glory and all the sins of the Republican party, is certainly not at present by way of suffering from any excesses in jubilation, whether anticipatory or other. Meekness and melancholy contribute more largely to his mood. No doubt, they are good for him. For nearly twenty years things have been coming his way pretty steadily, and his attitude toward his rival has not always been what it should be. It was high time for the luck to change.

There are plenty of Republicans who will not contend that what is happening is not just; and there are plenty more who will admit that nothing else was to be expected. A reaction was foreseen and predicted before Roosevelt went out of office. During his last year or two in the White House there were already bitter divisions in his party, and his course during the closing months of his administration did not tend to heal them. The reopening of the tariff issue was sure to aggravate them, and the management of that whole business, considered merely from the point of view of the interests of the party, was a series of blunders. Hardly less disastrous was the blunder of making war on the leading insurgents in the matter of patronage. Aldrich and Cannon have proved fearfully heavy loads to carry, and so has Ballinger. High prices also have hurt. There are reasons enough and to spare.

But the broader view is this: Here is a party that has been too long in power. The men in control of it, particularly the men in control of it in Congress, have grown arrogant and imperious and have got out of touch with public opinion. Abuses of all sorts have fastened themselves upon it. The country has revolted, and the revolt has found its way into the party ranks. A period of reorganization and regeneration and purification must follow. Meanwhile, the opposition has its chance. Let us hope it will make better use of it than it did of the last one.

Our New York Complications

New York voters are having rather more than their share of political nuts to crack this autumn. Complications are characteristic of the politics of this State, and this year both Democrats and Republicans are getting plenty of exercise for their judgment.

The chief problem for the Democrats is the nomination for Governor; and the factor in that problem that makes most for hesitation is Mayor Gaynor. His availability as a candidate for Governor is indisputable; but so is the desirability of keeping him in City Hall. For our own part, we are quite clear in the conviction that the city still needs him worse than the State does; that if there were no other question than that of the best place for him to serve the public he ought certainly to stay where he is. But it seems to be pretty generally conceded that he can be nominated for Governor and elected, and it is not certain that if he refuses to run, a thoroughly fit man will be chosen, anyhow. Possibly, before this is printed, he himself will have brought the matter to a decision. Barring that, however, the only really sound reason for taking him away from the city will be that otherwise a good man would not be secured for the State.

Republicans have got much more to worry about. To clean house and make war at the same time is to be pretty fully occupied; and the house-cleaning has complications of its own. Plenty of Republicans feel the necessity of putting Barnes and Woodruff and the other "little bosses" out of business; but some of the same Republicans would rather do the job some other way than by turning everything over to the Colonel. The stronger sentiment in the party seems to be for direct primaries; but the division over that question has turned largely into a contest of persons, a fight for control, in which men take sides with little reference to the original issue. Meanwhile, the matter of the choice of a candidate for Governor is still in the air.

It will be a relief when the conventions have met and acted and voters can concentrate their attention on the comparatively simple duty of a choice between the two sets of candidates and the two platforms.

A Commission of Partisans

The behavior of the Ballinger Commission is not creditable to Congress—or to this country. It was appointed many months ago to investigate the Interior Department and to try in particular certain specific charges brought against the head of that department, an official charged with such important interests that his fitness or unfitness for his trust is a matter of the gravest concern. The actual investigation was finished long ago, at the beginning of the summer. Yet the commission has made no report, and there is only too good reason to suspect the majority of a deliberate design to put off making any until after the autumn elections. The minority is therefore justified in its impatience and in endeavoring to force action; for after the expenditure of so much time and money in the investigation the country is entitled to something in the nature of a decision of the questions raised. The minority is not, however, justified in giving out its own findings as the report of the committee.

But what is most disappointing is the fact that, so far as one can judge, the division in the commission follows party lines. Its function was plainly judicial. Every member ought to have felt himself a judge. Yet here, apparently, are the Democrats lined up on one side, the stand-pat Republicans on the other, and Representative Madison, the insurgent Republican, standing by himself—though decidedly nearer the Democrats than his fellow Republicans. The exhibition is profoundly discouraging—one is tempted to say, quite as discouraging as was the partisanship of the electoral commission that tried the Hayes-Tilden contest. But let us hope that before long the full commission will get together and that more signs of impartial deliberation will appear. Senator Root has been away on commanding public business; and there is yet another member of the majority from whom the country has a right to expect something better than blind partisanship. As chairman of one of the House committees on elections, Congressman McCall has won an exceptional reputation for fairness and independence and manliness, a reputation which there is much else in his career to strengthen. It is a possession which he may well refuse to sacrifice on the altar of party.

Lloyd Bowers

Solicitor-General Bowers's death is a deplorable loss to the country. After graduating at Yale in 1879 he studied law in the Columbia Law School, and went from there in 1882 into the New York law office of Chamberlain, Carter, & Hornblower. Some of the abler law clerks and young lawyers of his day who knew him here are now among the leaders of the New York bar. They came quickly to appreciate the unusual qualities of his mind, and have been used to speak of him as a man cut out for a great career. He went from here to Minnesota, and from there Chicago, where, eleven years after he graduated from the Columbia Law School, he became the head of the legal department of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. That place he filled for sixteen years, leaving it at the solicitation of President Taft to become Solicitor-General of the United States.

No one is fitter to appraise his qualities than the President. He said of him:

> He and I were close and intimate friends, and I prided myself greatly on securing his services to this administration at great personal sacrifice to himself. His record in the Solicitor-General's office is one that rarely it ever has been equalled. He was one of the first half-dozen lawyers of the highest ability in this country. It was my purpose to have appointed him a justice of the Supreme Court if opportunity offered. His death is a great personal bereavement to me and is a loss to the country, which only those who knew his ability, his high character, his wonderful power of application, and his broad and generous mind can appreciate.

The doctors say that the illness from which by an unhappy chance Mr. Bowers's death resulted was originally a result of overwork. Let us stop a moment and consider what this man did. He was a corporation lawyer, occupying a highly responsible post, drawing, no doubt, an ample salary. The President summoned him to the service of the government, to undertake a vast deal of hard work and receive a salary of $7,500. He came, he did the work. The President says no man ever did the work of that office better. He argued great cases—the Corporation-tax case, the Standard Oil case, and many others—against corps of the leading lawyers of the country. We believe no case that he argued as Solicitor-General was decided against him. As prosecuting officer of the government he had ahead of him when he died the reargument of the important cases that were sent back by the Supreme Court because of the death of Justice Brewer. When he went to Gloucester early in July, after a year's work, he took with him twenty-three cases to be worked up during the summer vacation. If Bowers had been a general of high distinction who had fallen in battle, we should not have to specify his services. Every one would know about them; and the picture of him on a horse, and otherwise, would be familiar to all of us. But what does "Death of Solicitor-General Bowers" mean to ninety-nine newspaper readers out of a hundred? Very little! They do not realize that a first-class man—a first-class corporation lawyer—has died in their service; shot, not by a bullet, but by some germ that caught him worked out and momentarily without due power to resist disease.

Lawyers, in these days, seem to be rather low in popular esteem. Give the more honor, then, to lawyers who earn it as Bowers did, the more so that he was balked of a reward that would have suited him in the privilege of spending his later years in our service as a justice of the Supreme Court.

Neither Reactionary nor Rooseveltian

Colonel William Temple Emmet, in a letter to the *Evening Post*, complains that at the Democratic dinner at the Hotel Knickerbocker in New York on September 9th, there was running through nearly all the speeches a reactionary rather than a progressive tendency. He says:

> There appeared to be a pretty general unanimity of opinion in favor of making Theodore Roosevelt's personality and policies an issue in the fall campaign—of charging these up to the Republican party, and of committing the Democratic party to an attitude of entire hostility to Mr. Roosevelt and what he stands for. The explicit demand was made by one of the speakers that the Democratic party be reorganized as a conservative party. Agitation for reforms was deprecated if it interfered with business prosperity. Mr. Roosevelt was spoken of as a dangerous demagogue, and by implication the Democratic party was definitely enlisted, as far as the speakers could do it, in opposition to all that Mr. Roosevelt stands for.

This did not suit Colonel Emmet at all. Going on to discuss it, and setting forth at some length that the Republican party is, and must continue to be, the party of conservatism, and that Mr. Roosevelt cannot succeed in his attempt to make it over into a progressive party, he says:

> I disagree with a good deal that Mr. Roosevelt has said and done, but in the main I think he has fought his fight for progressive democratic thought in probably the only way in which such a fight could possibly be won. If the Democratic party is now to be asked to go before the independent voters of the country as a reactionary party, standing in flat opposition to all that Mr. Roosevelt stands for, the Democratic party will throw away its present great opportunity for success.

It is quite true that if the ex-President stands for the Ten Commandments, tariff revision, the rights of man, a fair deal, and all the other respected and desirable things his active mind has been able to enumerate to his admirers in the West, it would indeed be fatal for the Democratic party to oppose all he stands for. As to measures, it is bound to be progressive. Its advantage is that it can offer to the country progressive policies undominated by the personality of Colonel Roosevelt. It is not so much the ex-President's present policies that excite apprehension hereabouts—though some of his novelties are fearsome enough—as the man himself. This part of the country, at least, is full of voters who distrust the workings of his mind and do not wish to see him become again a dominant force in American politics. They are progressives, not reactionaries, but they do not wish to cast a vote that may help to set up a Frankenstein's monster in politics. A great many of them are going to vote Democratic if suitable candidates are offered them.

Two Republican Speech-making Tours

The President went West last year on a speech-making expedition. So far it has not been apparent that his labors were fruitful of benefit to his party.

The ex-President has just been West on a speech-making tour. The *Tribune* says he has "instilled new life into the Republican ranks, and probably afforded the party its only chance of carrying the House in November."

The *Tribune* does well to make the best of it. These Western tours of Republican exhortation seem to be highly speculative undertakings. By as much as one branch of the party is encouraged the other is depressed; by as much as one branch is pleased the other is despondent. What the *Tribune* really means when it says that the ex-President has instilled new life into the Republican ranks is that he has made the insurgents think they can thrash the regulars. He has not made the regulars any more fond of insurgents or their policies, neither has he attracted them to himself. They regarded him with apprehension before he started; they regard him now with wrath and terror.

The Humiliation of the Hamilton Club

There is reluctance among the neighbors to make violent open complaint of Colonel Roosevelt's refusal to sit at table with Senator Lorimer, of Chicago. Lorimer is one of those rather pathetic figures who have scrambled their way up in life and in politics without any definite training in conduct, and with no practical acquaintance with political morality. Such men, with great native powers of a certain sort, see how things are got, and proceed to get them, and finally are perplexed and astonished to discover that there are other people in important number and force who declare that they have not played the game according to proper rules. One can imagine how absurd and how hypocritical such a position must seem to such a man as Lorimer.

It is not to regret that the Colonel thumped Lorimer as hard as he could, but in thumping him he also thumped the Hamilton Club of Chicago. What the officers of that club must think of themselves it taxes the imagination to conceive. If they had excused the Colonel from attending their banquet they would at least have saved their self-respect, but a club takes longer to act than an individual, especially when dinner has been ordered for six hundred persons and the guests have been asked.

Looking Ahead

> We now expect to see Woodrow Wilson elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910 and nominated for President in 1912 upon a platform demanding tariff revision downward.—Harper's Weekly of *May 15, 1909*.

At the expiration of sixteen months since the above appeared in this place, we perceive no occasion to revise our calculations.

Refinement

This word, like the quality it designates, is by way of being old-fashioned now. Like the word "gentility," if it turns up at all, it is in lowly quarters, among humble people who linger far in the rear of progressive thought. And yet, after all, refinement was a quality not all despicable. It did its own part toward making the world move blithely and with harmony. Perhaps it was valued at the expense of vigor and robust energies by the grandmothers of the present generation, and so like all things which overrate the defects of qualities, it had to go by the board. If one yearns to see again the refinement of thought and sentiment and manner, prized by our mothers, one would look for it in the dressmaker's assistant, or the station master's wife. Society, so called, at least, will no longer have dealings with the queer, out-of-date quality.

There were certain things refinement did for us. First of all, it gave a certain grace of ease and quietude to manners. No one in those days was on the lookout for snubs or slights; for moral shocks or rudeness. One moved among one's equals with an almost Eastern placidity, safe from surprises or rudenesses. Certain definite laws of etiquette laid down the rules as to what should and what should not be said. The Japanese say that they are not insincere when they say, in conversation, what is expected, instead of giving utterance to their inmost thought. It is merely a matter of fine manners to avoid the rudeness of surprise and shock. This was the ideal of America too, until in the last generation we began borrowing our manners from the English aristocracy. The plain-spokenness of the English duchess is a matter for the comic paper's jests. Perfectly secure of herself, of her right to live and thrive upon the globe, and a little uncertain whether it is not a piece of impertinence for any one outside her narrow circle to claim a like right, the ruthlessness of her class built the exact antithesis to the Japanese ideal. Now there are excuses for English duchesses. They have been born and bred to subservience from others, and with their shockingly bad manners they are usually trained to some moral responsibilities and often endowed by kind hearts, tempered as they are by candor. But where wealthy people in America attempt to ape English bad manners they do it with a coarseness, an incredible *bravada* for which no excuses are to be made. First place, no one in our land is born to a fixed and established social position; and rudeness, instead of being the frank outpouring of a person absolutely secure, invariably sounds like the rudeness of an insecure person trying to establish foot ground. In despite of all Virginia's talk about ancestry, and New York's about rent-rolls, and Philadelphia's about connections, and Boston's about culture and respectability, there is no valid excuse for American social coarseness. Say what one will, Americans are so born that they are obliged to stand on their own merits, and bad manners ought not to be accounted meritorious.

The pompous self-security of recent wealth, and blatant, ill-established pride giving vent to inconsideration to all those from whom no return favors are expected, is a pitiable and a painful sight. The dealing in coarseness and questionable jokes is almost as disagreeable. EMERSON once spoke of the "meanness of the jocular mind," and there is in the habitual dealer in chaff and jest a certain divorce from the finer insights, the more delicate joys of life.

A certain lecturer, of distinguished name abroad, but little known in this country, recounted recently an interesting adventure which threw, to his uninitiated mind, a strange light on American manners. He was to deliver a lecture in a New England town, and at the last moment he was told that he was to be entertained at the town's most imposing great house. A tall, gray-haired hostess met him and designated a footman to show him to his room. It was a small attic room under the eaves, and the footman, leaving, remarked: "The bath, sir, is on the next floor; but Madame says you will kindly not take a bath while here, sir, as there's other guests in the house will need all the baths." A little dumfounded and nonplussed, the guest descended to dinner, and sat humbly at the foot of the table, where during the entire meal but one crumb of conversation was flung his way. There was a good deal of scoffing at his land and literature. Especially ROSTAND's *Chantecler* with its insistence that there are still certain realities of honor and kindness, chivalry and protection, worth maintaining, caused the derision of the company, who thought the play as platitudinous as the recital of the Ten Commandments or the Sorbonne lecture of our ex-Chief Executive. The dinner wore to an end, and when the lecturer went to his room to prepare for his lecture he packed his bag also and carried it down-stairs. Meanwhile a certain intelligence as to his identity, connections, and standing in his own land had leaked out in the drawing room, and he came down to find a hostess most *empressé*, eager to repair damages, to honor, and, as a side issue, obtain certain introductions in the Faubourg. Alas! it was too late to summon a telling politeness. The Frenchman was bland and smiling and polite and full of promises, but he determined to sleep at the hotel to catch an early train, and the hostess knew in her heart that when the time came it would be futile to send her card.

"Real politeness," continued this foreigner, "I found in your land among the humblest people and in the West. In the classes of society where no assumptions are made, and in the West where pretensions will not carry, one finds much the same fine breeding and refinement of feeling that obtain among the old provincial families of France."

Refinement comes not from arrogance or self-conceit; not from pretensions or affectations or aggressions, but from a heart at leisure from self-interest. The best of human relations are built upon gentle thoughts and kindly impulses: the simple will to offer others the respect we demand for ourselves, as human souls—not as persons possessing acres, influence, or any earthly baggage whatsoever. The mark of a great man, wherever one sees him, is that he is no respecter of transitory things and that he walks without hurting the eternal things. It is one of the facts recorded of two of our greatest thinkers, WHITMAN and EMERSON, that never, by any chance, did they hurt a human being. A living writer still preserves in memory a picture of the exquisite courtesy of EMERSON to young children who chanced to stay in the same house with him.

Fine manners, after all, are very closely allied to fine morals. A heart at leisure from self-interest has many subtle perceptions, delicate intimations that the self-assertive individual must forego. If one has the joy of coarse pride one must by the nature of things, relinquish the beautiful tendernesses and grace of human respect and the consciousness that all bodies are but the moving temples of an immortal soul. Refinement of feeling granted these perceptions.

Correspondence

CONSERVATISM *VERSUS* RADICALISM

Anniston, Ala., September 15, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Among the Latin races we find many political parties. There is, for instance, the party of the Right, and the party of the Left, the party of the Centre, and sometimes the party of the Right Centre and the party of the Left Centre. But, among English-speaking people, we have never had but two great political parties. It was and is so in England. It is so in America. These two parties, without regard to the names by which they are designated, have always been the Conservatives on the one hand, and the Radicals on the other.

The first division of parties in England occurred in the Long Parliament. One party was designated as the Roundheads, the other as the Cavaliers. These two parties subsequently, by different names, were called Whigs and Tories, and are now, in England, called Conservatives and Liberals.

The first great division of parties in this country occurred in Mr. Adams's administration, under the names Federalists and Republicans. The Republicans were the Conservatives, the Federalists were the Radicals. This government was organized with a written Constitution, the purpose and intent of which was to place express limitations upon the Federal government. The Federalists, under the leadership of Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Adams, and others, by a strained construction of the General Welfare Clause, sought to destroy the limitations, in the effort to make it appear, in effect, that Congress was a body with absolute power, and could do anything it wanted to do, and was invested with practically all the powers of the British Parliament.

They passed the Alien and Sedition laws, which endangered the personal liberty of the citizen, and alarmed the conservative sentiment of the country. Mr. Jefferson took a different view. He was a conservative. He organized the Conservative party which subsequently became known as the Democratic party. He gained victory after victory, until he destroyed the Federalist party, and brought about the adoption of the first ten amendments to the Constitution, which were intended more perfectly to enforce the limitations of the original instrument upon the powers of the general government.

The Republican party, to-day, is but a revival, under a different name, of the old Federalist party. If the conservative interest of the country be not to-day represented by the Democratic party, it is not represented at all.

Lord Macaulay, in speaking of the two great parties into which the English-speaking people were divided, says: "We find, also, everywhere, another class of men, sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of whatever exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks and inconveniences which attend improvements, and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement. In the sentiments of both there is something to approve. But of both the best specimens will be found not far from the common frontier. The extreme section of one class consists of bigoted dotards; the extreme section of the other consists of shallow and reckless empirics." And in a subsequent paragraph he says: "It is true, too, that though both parties have often seriously erred, England could have spared neither."

I may say, also, that this division of parties is not transitory, since it springs from the inherent characteristics of our people. Something akin to this same division will be found in the Board of Directors of every corporation. It exists, in fact, in every family. Sometimes the husband is the Radical, and the wife the Conservative; and sometimes the wife is the Radical, and the husband the Conservative.

Again, it sometimes happens that a great political party, like a great ship at sea, may lose its anchor, and may be tossed to and fro upon the troubled waters. This is exactly, in my judgment, what has happened to the Democratic party in three great national campaigns. The country has witnessed the spectacle of opposing candidates for the Presidency vying with each other as to who can prove himself to be the greater radical, or, as they prefer to express it, the more progressive, while in the mean time the great conservative interest of the country finds itself wholly without representation.

But this does not mean that the ship is sunk, that a new anchor may not be found, that the party of conservatism is dead, a party which governed this country for more than three-quarters of a century, and which had never lost a national contest except as brought about by its own divided counsels!

Mr. Roosevelt, with all the intensity of his nature, asserts and reasserts: "I am a Progressive. I would not be anything else; indeed, as the years go by, I become more, and not less, radically progressive." And Mr. Taft, a part of his administration and his successor in office, presents it as his chief claim for election and re-election that he not only stands for these policies, but will make it the end and aim of his administration to carry them into effect.

I have said that the Democratic party was founded upon the principle of conservatism. It was built upon Mr. Jefferson's great idea that the government must be kept conservative to the purposes of the government, and as opposed to the Republican policy which holds, as well expressed by Mr. Watterson, "that wealth must be created by legislation, and, having been thus created, that it must be fostered and protected by legislation."

But now again comes Mr. Roosevelt, and to make the policy of paternalism supreme and without limit, says: "We grudge no man a fortune which represents merely his own power and sagacity exercised with entire regard to the welfare of his fellows. But the fortune must not only be honorably obtained and well used: it is also essential that it should not represent a necessary incident of a wide-spread, even though partial economic privation. It is not even enough that the fortune should have been gained without doing damage to the community. We should only permit it to be gained and kept so long as the gaining and the keeping represent benefit to the community."

If I correctly understand the meaning of this sentence, and grasp the thought underlying it, I have no difficulty in conceding its progressiveness; on the contrary I am profoundly astonished at the doctrine of Socialism which it announces and advocates!

From these points of view, it would seem the government may enrich with one hand, but, at the will, not to say caprice, of the sovereign, it may impoverish with the other! Under this conception, the old-fashioned notion of the sacredness of rights of property honestly obtained becomes an iridescent dream.

I am, sir,

JNO. B. KNOX.

LINGUCIDE DENIED

Seattle, August 18, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Will you allow another native of Great Britain (the northern half) to reply to Mr. Rankin's letter?

It is quite true that educated Englishmen are made by the papers to talk something that is a poor attempt to reproduce the language of Whitechapel, but this is not quite so strange as that Highland gentlemen should be found, in the pages of *Punch*, talking like Ayrshire ploughmen.

It is to be hoped that those who try to reform our use of English will know more of the language than Mr. Rankin. The only really incorrect word he mentions is the one he made up himself—*linguicide* would be the right form. *Eats* as a noun, though not used by good speakers, is not in itself more objectionable than *walks* or *runs*, and was once in common use. It will be found in Beaumont and Fletcher.

Conservatory, originally a charity school where children were taught singing for the church, is the original form of the word, and was commonly used till last century.

Boot and *shoe* are used in the United States exactly as they were in England when Johnson's Dictionary was written. *Tire* is the correct spelling. "*Charity*" changed to "*love*." This return to the language of the Coverdale Bible is due to the English Revised Version, of which Mr. Rankin does not seem to have heard. His letter will hardly tend to convince Americans of the superiority of English scholarship.

I am, sir,

J. C. OLIPHANT.

THE "AMERICAN VERSION"

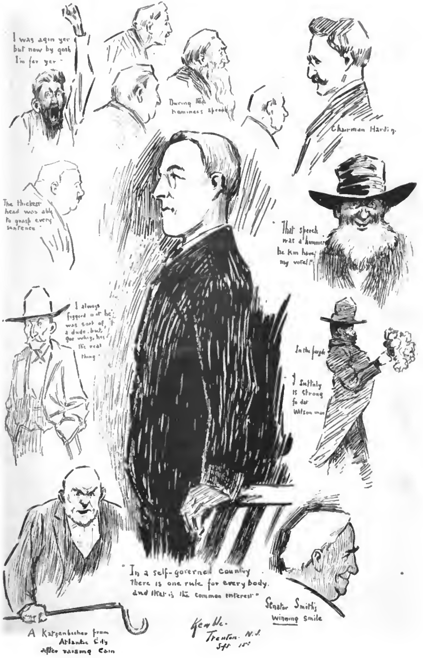
Pasadena, California, August 18, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your English correspondent whose entertaining communication from Bellingham, Washington, appears under the above caption in your issue of August 13th, voices the opinion of most Americans of culture, doubtless, in his criticism of some of our linguistic ways—such, for instance, as the repellent "where do you eat?"; but why does he seek to make us responsible for what he calls "the American version of the Bible"? The version of II Corinthians xiii (with its substitution of *love* for *charity*, etc.), of which he complains, is as unacceptable to very many Americans as it appears to be to himself; but it is not of American doing. The words are those of the Revision of 1881, undertaken and carried out by English scholars in accordance with rules laid down by the Convocation of Canterbury, England. The co-operation of certain American scholars was later on invited and obtained, but the revision was distinctly an English undertaking, and when completed was published with the imprint of the Oxford University Press.

I am, sir,

C. F. SAUNDERS.


I was agin yer but now by gosh I'm fer yer -
During the nominees speech
Chairman Harding.
The thickest head was able to grasp every sentence"
"That speech was a hummer he kin have my vote!"
I always figgerd wot he was sort of a dude, but, gee whiz, he's the real thing"
In the [illegible]
"I suttenly is strong fo dat Wilson man
"In a self-governed country there is one rule for every body, and that is the common interest"
Senator Smith's winning smile
A Katzenbacher from Atlantic City after raising Cain
Kemble. Trenton. N.J. Sep 15th

WHAT KEMBLE SAW AT THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION OF NEW JERSEY

England's Playground in Normandy

THE PLEASANT LAND OF NORMANDY AFFORDS OPPORTUNITY FOR COMPARISONS AND CONTRASTS

By Anglo-American

Dieppe.

WHAT admirable fun it is to be in France! I put the matter thus crudely because it is so that the impressions of a month's holiday insist upon condensing themselves. But the outburst really fails to do justice to all the delights that come pouring upon an Englishman or an American who settles down in this voluptuous neighborhood and makes sporadic dashes about the country in a motor-car. The voluptuous neighborhood in question is Dieppe and the hinterland that you dash about in is Normandy. I beg most heartily to recommend it to any one who wishes to spend a few weeks in incomparable air and among the most appealing surroundings. Take a villa or a farmer's cottage as a base of operations just above Dieppe; let it be on the high ground near the golf-links, with the English Channel at your feet; leave your English or American servants—the cook at any rate—at home; trust to picking up some Frenchwoman who will always be late with the meals but whose dishes, when they arrive, will be worth waiting for ten times over; leave the marketing to her or do it in her company—in either case it will be an education; join the Casino and the Baccarat Club—they are, of course, municipal institutions—and bathe, gamble, play tennis, or dance as the mood or the hour dictates; become a member of the Golf Club and pave the Channel and the ravines leading down to it with your best three-franc balls; go off with a fishing-rod and hook a few trout in the brimming stream that some jolly farmer or his wife, with many bows and lifting of hats and free-handed pleasantry, will give you access to gratis; save a couple of hours every day for a motor-run before dinner through country that seems always, whatever direction you take, to have some fresh enchantment in reserve; spare a day or two for longer trips to Rouen or round about the Seine estuary, or, if you want to see French fashion disporting itself, to Etretat or Trouville; run down in the evening to the Casino, put a louis or two (if you feel that way) on the baccarat, *chemin de fer*, or *la boule* tables, mingle with the crowd, watch the faces and manners of the professional hunters, and wonder why such an institution, that would infallibly work moral and financial ruin among the people at any English or American resort, seems to do so little harm in France; follow out these directions and I can promise you a month of as much varied interest and enjoyment as you have ever had in your life.

There is one point, however, in which Normandy, and, indeed, all rural France, must yield to the English countryside—it has nothing that quite corresponds either socially or architecturally to the English country mansion, or that duplicates the easy, charming scheme of existence of which the English country mansion is the centre. To begin with, the French passion for precision, regularity, and symmetry—admirably effective when applied to the laying out and embellishment of such a city as Paris—strikes one as too rigid and stilted when it operates upon nature and not upon streets, avenues, and squares. There should be something shy, secretive, and surprising about the ideal country house; it should not be too visible; its form and surroundings should be traced with a free hand; it should avoid at all cost the appearance of being dumped upon the neighborhood unnaturally and inharmoniously. But the ordinary French château has none of these virtues. It is usually a formal, squarish structure in hard-looking red brick and white stone, with a bleak, mechanical, unaccommodating air about it, rarely covered with flowers or creepers or set off by gardens, shrubberies, or woods, or approached by a winding drive. Often it is only a few yards from the roadside; more frequently, perhaps, it is led up to by a long, straight, mathematically perfect avenue of beeches. But in any case one rarely gets that impression of cosiness and relaxation, of natural beauty controlled and heightened by art, that one receives so constantly in England. The English country house always seems to have grown naturally out of its surroundings and to add to their charm. The French château, nine times out of ten, seems a little forced and out of place, an importation rather than a local and spontaneous product, and hardly less angular or more secluded and appealing than a toy house placed on a billiard-table with stiff toy trees and walks and flower-beds around it.

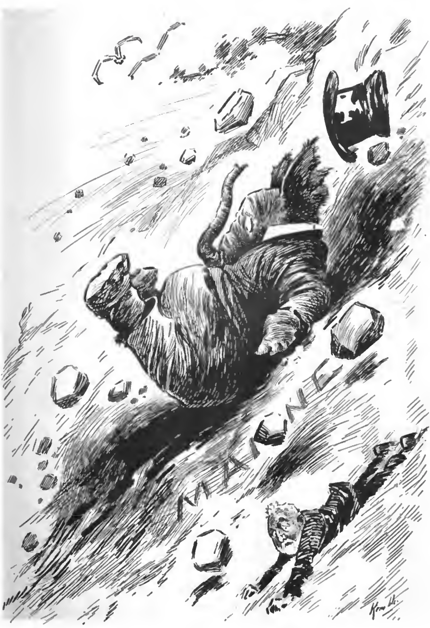
On market-day the women troop into Dieppe to sell their home-made butter, eggs, and poultry

And if the country mansions in the two lands differ in outward aspect, they differ not less in their social accompaniments and implications. There is no territorial aristocracy in France; there is no independent, thrifty, prosperous peasantry in England. The owner of the big house in France has not his army of servants, retainers, and tenants that the English squire and nobleman is used to lording it over, nor does his wife play the part of Lady Bountiful that would be expected from her if she were in England, nor are the peasant proprietors in any sense overawed by the presence of the local "magnate." Moreover, that prodigious bond of union that links all classes together in rural England—the bond of sport—hardly exists here in Normandy, or, indeed, anywhere in France. The absence of long-established influence and authority on one side and of an attitude of subordination on the other, the lack of sport, and the presence of innumerable small landowners, make rural life in France something very different from that placid revolution round the feudal centre that one encounters and is charmed by in England. In fact, one finds oneself in France thinking less and less of the "amenities" of the countryside and more and more of its purely material features and value. Mother Earth here is something more than a plaything and pleasure-ground for the wealthy few. She is first and foremost a source of livelihood to the toiling many. Almost everything that an Englishman associates with country life—a beautiful house, large gardens, an enclosed park, pheasant-coverts, partridge-shooting, a trout-stream, a rabbit-warren, and a retinue of deferential tenants to hunt and play cricket with and to act as the recipients of a kindly, condescending charity—is sacrificed in France to the stern necessity of getting and saving. Mother Earth is made here to serve her primal purpose of sustenance, not of recreation.

I take it that no Frenchman, as no Irishman, is really as poor as he looks. If I thought otherwise, if I fell into the mistake of judging a man's income from his personal appearance or surroundings or mode of life, I should be obliged to conclude that Normandy was in a bad way. Yet the French peasantry, though they seem to be worse housed, to be more careless of comfort, cleanliness, and order in their personal and domestic habits and arrangements, and to live on cheaper food than the English peasantry, are undoubtedly more prosperous. The anomaly is, of course, easily explained. All through English as all through American society runs the ambition to be thought a little better off than one really is. The Frenchman has no such ambition. He does not care for appearances; Mrs. Grundy has no terrors for him. His mind is absolutely set on one supreme object, that of putting by enough to buy some government stock and provide his daughter with a *dot*. To attain that end he will cheerfully, if a peasant, neglect everything else and concentrate all his energies on raising and selling his crops and dairy produce in the most profitable way throughout a lifetime of frugality. And his wife seconds and sympathizes with his efforts, working with him in the fields, taking her household duties as lightly as possible, indifferent to looks and dress—all the peasant women hereabouts seem old at thirty—thriftily saving every sou for the family's future. But see the latter on a fête-day, on one of the few occasions in the year when they come out in the treasures of their wardrobes, or on market-day when the women troop into Dieppe and sit on the curbstone of the Grande Rue, selling their home-made butter, their eggs and poultry and ducks and fruit and vegetables—and you would cease to worry about their poverty. A more prosperous, "respectable," or shrewder set of women you would not find anywhere. It is they, indeed, far more than the men, who keep France going and keep Normandy prosperous.

The voluptuous neighborhood in question is Dieppe

The French château is usually a formal structure


MAINE
Kemble.

MAINE WENT HELL-BENT!

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

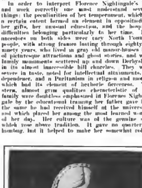
The Angel of England's Armies

THE DEEDS AND PERSONALITY OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, WHOSE RECENT DEATH HAS REVIVED REMEMBRANCES OF HER WORK IN THE CRIMEAN WAR HOSPITALS FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By Rebecca A. Insley

TIME, which is often so malicious a critic in its final judgments of the great, has been less ungrateful to the deeds of Florence Nightingale. The world, many times faithless as a lover and forgetful of the sacrifices laid at its feet, has kept bright the memory of Florence Nightingale's services for the British soldiers of the Crimean War, although the lustre of Inkerman, of Alma, and even of the charge of the "Six Hundred," has paled with passing years. When she returned from the Crimea in 1856, it was with more glory than any general in the field; and no despoiler of fame has since arisen to belittle the results of the task she accomplished. Florence Nightingale herself had been forgotten long before her death. She passed her last days in unmolested seclusion near Hyde Park, London's most fashionable residential district.

In order to interpret Florence Nightingale's life and work correctly one must understand several things: the peculiarities of her temperament, which to a certain extent formed an element in opposition to her gifts, her unusual education, and the hospital difficulties belonging particularly to her time. Her ancestors on both sides were they North Country people, with strong frames lasting through eighty or ninety years, who lived in gray old manor-houses full of picturesque attractions and ghost stories, and with family monuments scattered up and down Derbyshire in its almost inaccessible hill churches. They were severe in taste, noted for intellectual attainments, independence, and a Puritanism in religion and morals which had its element of heroic fierceness. The stern, almost grim qualities characteristic of the family were doubtless emphasized in Florence Nightingale by the educational training her father gave her, the same he had received himself at the university, and which placed her among the most learned women of her day. Her culture was of the genuine sort which rose above tradition. It gave no quarter to humbug, but it helped to make her somewhat coldly critical and intellectually scornful. Those who knew her best say that she found it almost impossible to tolerate stupidity.



Florence Nightingale, from the bust by Steele, made for Lord Herbert after her return from the Crimea, now in Herbert House, London

She was a woman born rather to influence than to be influenced by others, but Florence Nightingale always in her private conversation gave the credit for her achievements to her father and her life-long friend, Sidney Herbert. They were both singularly infused with the ideas of reform then agitating England, with the abolition of slavery, with the repeal of the Corn Laws, with the religious revolution started by the Oxford Movement, and the theories of Darwin and Huxley. Those were the days in England which gave birth to a sense of responsibility in the classes for the masses, as manifested in a philanthropy which was not patronage, and there were few who felt it more than W. E. Nightingale—whose real name was Shore, but who took the name of Nightingale when he came into the family estates—and Sidney Herbert, second son of the Earl of Pembroke.

Endowed with a princely fortune, an illustrious name, a handsome person, and commanding intellect, Sidney Herbert might easily have become a leader in letters or society at any court in Europe. But his devotion to humanity was complete, and Miss Nightingale owed much of her efficiency in preparation to him. She accompanied him and his wife on several continental tours, which were veritable pilgrimages to shrines of mercy, to temples of piety, to mansions built in the names of sorrow and pain for the neglected, the forgotten, the forsaken. With patience and diligence did they study schools, reformatories, hospitals, intentionally investigating every detail, travelling hundreds of miles, pouring out their wealth, spending sleepless nights and wearisome days that the misery, the suffering, and the ignorance of England might be assuaged.

Mr. Herbert was Secretary of State for War when the Crimean troubles began. The first letters in the London *Times* concerning the state of affairs among the sick and wounded were undoubtedly exaggerated, especially the famous letters of October 9 and October 12, 1854, which charged the government with gross neglect of duty in preparing for the wounded after the battle of the Alma. Whatever censure the government incurred later on, they were unjustly blamed at first. But the letters in the *Times* served to arouse the nation and to bring to a climax the plans Florence Nightingale had long been maturing. Early in October, 1854, a small body of nurses was privately organized for Scutari. The money was to be supplied by a few wealthy women, Miss Nightingale among them, and the command was assigned to her as a matter of course, her superiority being acknowledged by all. Dr. Andrew Smith, of the Army Medical Board, had given her credentials to the medical authorities at Scutari, and the plans were all made for the party to sail from Marseilles, October 21st, for Constantinople. The co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert was finally asked in a letter written by Miss Nightingale, October 14th. She did not offer her services to the government, but, by a remarkable coincidence, the Secretary of War wrote to her at almost the same hour, giving her the official invitation to proceed to Scutari.

In this letter, with which the world has long been familiar, Mr. Herbert dwelt upon the difficulties to be expected from his plan, because of its being an innovation. But Miss Nightingale's perplexities were not so much those inseparable from any innovation, and in this case made greater on account of the prejudice against public work by women; they were the perplexities of directing a reform through a class of women generally unworthy of respect. It must not be forgotten that the hospital nurse of the period was almost always a "Sairey Gamp." In some private letters written by Miss Nightingale's companions on the voyage to Scutari, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, one gets a glimpse of the status of the hospital nurse in such sentences as this: "You cannot conceive the improvement which has taken place in those hospital nurses since we started, they are so *humanized* and seem to have learned so much *self-respect*."

Many of them were well-meaning women, but they were addicted to drink and untrustworthy as to morals. This fact, which has never been sufficiently comprehended, explains much in Miss Nightingale's administration at Scutari, which was severely criticised at the time and which caused much bitterness, none the less real because it was kept from the public knowledge. Thus when the government, without consulting her, sent her in December, 1854, a second lot of nurses under Miss Stanley, sister of the late dean of Westminster, she received them ungraciously, and wrote home to resign her commission in consequence of their coming. As her own staff of nurses numbered only thirty-seven, it seemed incredible that she should not have needed the second lot, and her enemies have always declared her action was due entirely to jealousy of Miss Stanley. But Miss Nightingale could not accommodate these nurses in the hospital, and she feared to place them beyond her intimate supervision. Still less did she dare make room for them in the hospital by sending her own nurses outside to live. This, of course, could not be discussed on paper to any extent, even confidentially, and not until the war was over and Miss Nightingale returned to England and went over the details of her work with the government did they appreciate it. Considering the almost insurmountable difficulties arising from the character of the women nurses, Miss Nightingale's task appears even greater than generally estimated. This point explains also why the British government exhibited small enthusiasm in sending women nurses to South Africa.

Miss Nightingale and her nurses were well received at first by the medical men at Scutari, according to her own letters to her friends at home. But her commanding intellect saw the instant solution of the problems there, and she had the audacity of genius and the courage of high conviction in seeking immediate relief at the expense of minor considerations. Official red tape, which slowly, calmly, and ceremoniously tried to bring order out of chaos, was maddening to her. A dying soldier was of more importance than all the rules and regulations of military and political organizations combined. No one could be more strict in enforcing rules than she, as her autocratic discipline of the nurses proved, but she believed rules should be born of experience and changed accordingly.

She was in constant and confidential communication with Sidney Herbert, and even after he went out of office in the spring of 1855 he was her spokesman at the War Office, and her words received the utmost consideration. She was frank in placing information before the government of the lack of energy displayed by the hospital authorities and the incapacity of particular officials. They in turn resented what they considered her interference, as also did Lord William Paulet, whom Lord Raglan, the commander in chief, sent to assume the duties of commandant at Scutari.

Miss Nightingale's intimate relations with the Secretary of War were highly important. But for him she would have resigned when Miss Stanley brought out the second lot of nurses. And but for him she would have persisted in her demand for a Parliamentary investigation into her differences with Dr. Hall, the chief medical official in the Crimea, and Mr. FitzGerald, at the head of the Balaclava hospital. A Parliamentary investigation would have been fatal to her own credit, as it would have engendered a strife which time would not have healed, but it would have been more fatal in starting a lasting controversy about her reforms.

A photograph of Florence Nightingale, taken in middle life. Her later years were spent in complete seclusion

The general recommendations which she laid before the War Office through Mr. Herbert, and which she agitated after the war was over, concerned chiefly the inefficiency in the combination of authority controlling the supplies sent out from home and the landing and distribution of those supplies to the hospitals. The hospitals and army stores went out in the same boat, for instance; the hospital stores were taken to the front and then sent back to the hospital—where they frequently failed to arrive. She also recommended increasing the authority of the principal hospital official and the multiplication of subordinates under him. She considered it unwise to make a small hospital dependent upon a large one if far distant from it. She advised a thorough revolution in the orderlies system. She thought the orderlies insufficiently paid, as they received then only 4d. a day, and she was strongly in favor of the orderlies being organized into a separate corps permanently free from military duty. The elevation of the "deity of cheapness" she held to be responsible for much of the mismanagement, while most of the officials were overcome with timidity in striking out along new lines.

The strongest element in Florence Nightingale's character was a shrinking from the world, which amounted almost to antipathy. It was not an antipathy which ever extended in any way toward the world as individuals. It was a curious trait which was not understood, because it was kept down by an iron will during the years of her public life. Independence of action, which involved a real touch with a large number of people, many of whom had nothing in common with her, which exposed her personality to view, which demanded a life lived in the open, which made her hear the clamor of many tongues and brought the sight of many faces—this meant positive pain and great sacrifice.

TABLE D'HÔTE TALKS

HALF-SEAS OVER

by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

PICTURES BY
ALBERT LEVERING

BEING THE RECORD OF A
LITTLE JOURNEY WITH BOGGS

"WELL, Mr. Boggs," said the Captain, on the evening of the tenth day out, as Boggs for the first time in several days appeared at the table, "it is a great pleasure to see you again, sir. We have missed you these three days past. Been busy?"

"Very," said Boggs, with an uneasy glance at the edibles already on the table.

"Writing your impressions of the sea, I presume?" said the Fat Little Englishman, who was disposed to rub it in.

"No, sir," said Boggs, amiably regarding the speaker; "I have been rehearsing."

"Are you an actor, sir?" asked the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes, levelling them coldly upon her [illegible].

"Not until [illegible], madam," [illegible] "Hereafter I may be. The sea brings a lot out of a man that he never suspected he had in him, you know; and upon my return to the States I am seriously thinking of going into vaudeville in a series of imitations of various places in South America."

"Imitations of what?" demanded the Fat Little Englishman, scornfully.

"Various places in South America, is what I said," said Boggs. "It 'll be a winner, too. When it comes to perfect imitations of internal revolutions I'm the real thing. This company owes me nine meals, Captain," he added.

"Really?" returned the Captain. "Haven't you had anything to eat for three days, sir?"

"Nothing permanent," said Boggs, with a weak smile.

"Oh, well," laughed the Captain, "you must be aware, sir, that this company does not undertake to guarantee passengers against loss of meals in transit. You'll have to form your own holding company—that is, unless you put 'em in charge of the purser, who has a special safe for the storage of valuables."

"I wish I had known that," said Boggs, ruefully. "I could have saved myself considerable trouble. Now that I know the basis upon which you conduct this floating café of yours, I shall act accordingly. Steward, you may bring me some fried bananas on *appearol*. Understand? I am not sure that I shall keep them."

The Old Maid with the Coquettish Curls giggled as she shook them flirtatiously at Boggs.

"Ain't he *grand*!" she whispered enthusiastically to herself.

"While engaged in these—ah—these rehearsals of mine, Captain," continued Boggs, "I have been putting my mind upon some of the things this enterprise of yours seems to me to need to make it a complete success. I realize as much as anybody the difficulties which confront you in keeping this ocean of yours on the level, and, taking it by and large, I don't suppose we strike many more thank-you-marms in the long run across the sea than we find in the course of an automobile run of the same length on the land, but, nevertheless, I can't [illegible] that you are trying to do anything to mitigate the evils of the road-bed in its tumultuous moments. Don't you think, sir, that you might do something to smooth the track just a little?"

"The difficulty with that, my dear Mr. Boggs," returned the Captain, "is that so far every steam-roller we have sent out ahead of the ships of this line has gone to the bottom like a shot before it had a chance to level things off."

"I should not have thought of a steam-roller myself," said Boggs; "but they tell me that oil poured on troubled waters turns the trick nicely; and during this period of my—ah—my meditation and rehearsal, I have been wondering if the transatlantic lines could not get together and establish a system of oil-wagons to go over this vast and riotous acreage, which Britannia so awfully neglects to keep in order, and sprinkle the surface of the sea with oil every morning, just as we in our little Western towns relieve the trials of a dusty pike by sprinkling it with water from the tail-end of a watering cart."

"I doubt if the companies could be got to embark upon such an enterprise," said the Captain. "Still, the question might be agitated."

"Sir," said Boggs, sententiously, "if the question were half as agitated as I have been during the operations of this seaquake we have been led into it would cease to be a mere question and would rise to the level of a burning issue. Then, too, I have missed my morning newspaper dreadfully. You claim to run luxurious ships, and after a fashion you have succeeded. You have elevators to carry people from the depths below to the charming environment of the roof above. You have a gymnasium on board where a man can enjoy every kind of exercise there is from walloping a punching-bag to a horseback ride. I tried the latter, by the way, this morning, and I have made up my mind that if I ever marry and have children I shall have one of those machines put up in the wood-shed for disciplinary purposes. The effect upon me of that sixteen-knot ride upon that wonderful steed was exactly similar to that of an early morning session with my father and his slipper out behind the barn, in those callow days of my youth when I considered hookey the great national game. I now realize as never before what the poet means when he speaks of a 'team of spanking bays.'

"These luxuries and countless others you have provided, but you have forgotten the greatest luxury of modern American life, the morning paper. It is the one luxury that every man and woman [illegible] above all others. A man may not be able to keep his wife [illegible] his children in shoes, or his [illegible] in good humor, but he always manages to [illegible] somewhere for the daily [illegible] in charge of these [illegible] altogether."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the Fat Little Englishman. "Fancy having to read a newspaper every morning! By Jove! Mr. Boggs, one of the [illegible] attractions of the sea to me is that for the time being I can escape the newspapers."

"I can understand that," said Boggs. "But, you see, I am not talking about English newspapers. The ship seems to be very well provided with blankets and bromides, but the kind I mean is your nice gossipy little American paper that keeps your right hand informed of all that your left hand is doing. If Bill Smith of Quochawkett shies a piece of bric-à-brac at his wife's mother at the five-o'clock tea of Mrs. Van Hickenlooper Jones, of Easy Street, I want to know it. If Colonel Jeffries knocks the stuffing out of seventeen punching-bags between breakfast and luncheon with his writing-hand it interests me to hear about it. If Tommy Gibberberry, of Central Park East, New York, gets excited and tries to run his motor-car from Manhattan to Jersey City through the Hudson River Tunnel on his way home from his Annual Class Banquet at Delsherrico's, I find it edifying reading in days when the unregenerate are disposed to question the advantages of a college education. But out here on the briny you don't seem to think how necessary a part of modern life these little items of the day's doings are to the average man. Here we have been on the sea for four days, and what do we know about what has been going on in the great world of ours? Who can tell but that in the brief period of our absence from dry land the Attorney-General has persuaded the President to forbid the holding of the Pinchot-Ballinger fight in the District of Columbia, and forced the whole bunch to go out to Reno for an ungloved finish? How can you expect an ex-broncho-buster like myself to wait patiently to hear whether our only Teddy is going to run the British Government, or has decided to let—"

"What's that?" snapped the Fat Little Englishman, putting out his chest until it upset the salad-oil bottle on the middle of the table.

"I say how can I wait to hear whether the Colonel is going to run the British Empire for you people, or is going to *let George do it*," said Boggs. "Why the world is just full of Vesuvian questions at this minute, and we people out here on the ocean might just as well be tobogganing on Mars, for all we know about what's going on."

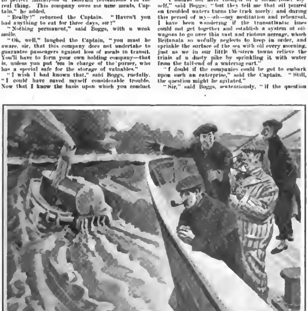
"Rot!" ejaculated the Fat Little Englishman.

"That's what I say, Mr. Bull," said Boggs. "It's perfect rot to keep us in the dark this way. I am glad we agree on that point, sir."

The Captain laughed amiably.

"I don't know where we could get news enough to fill a daily paper," he said.

"Then you can fall back on rumors," returned Boggs. "I sometimes think that rumors are more interesting



Anything to mitigate the evils of the road-bed in its tumultuous moments than facts anyhow. It is *rumored* that William Brannigan, of Harlem, was arrested on Thursday evening for beating his wife Bridget. It is said on *high authority* that upon his retirement from the Speakership Mr. Cannon will be appointed Dean Emeritus of the Electoral College. We learn from *private sources* that Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin had nothing to say yesterday. A wireless despatch from London brings the *unconfirmed rumor* that London *Punch* will publish a joke in its next issue—great excitement along Piccadilly—Lord Balfour on the extraordinary reversal of a time-honored policy. And so on. Why, my dear Captain, I could fill up a column a day for seven days running with interesting material of that nature without half trying, and if I could do that what couldn't a trained newspaper man do?"

"But you can't make a newspaper out of a single column of rumors, can you?" demanded the Captain.

"No, you can't," returned Boggs. "But there's always plenty of real news on board a ship like this—news that everybody would be delighted to read—personal items, stock reports, and such. For instance, here's a column offhand:

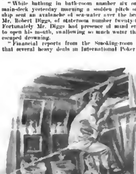
"Mr. William Boggs, of Missouri, took a horseback ride in the ship's gymnasium yesterday. The physicians promise his speedy recovery, since none of his injuries are internal.

"While walking on the promenade-deck last evening Mr. John Bull, of London, England, tripped over a steamer-chair and was precipitated with considerable force into the lap of Lady Callaghan, of Tipperary, Ireland. Owing to the fact that it was clearly an accident, Lady Callaghan has decided not to prosecute the offender.

"While bathing in bath-room number six on the main-deck yesterday morning a sudden pitch of the ship sent an avalanche of sea-water over the head of Mr. Robert Diggs, of stateroom number twenty-three. Fortunately Mr. Diggs had presence of mind enough to open his mouth, swallowing so much water that he escaped drowning.

"Financial reports from the Smoking-room show that several heavy deals in International Poker took place yesterday, in which large blocks of securities changed hands. Bridge preferred was a strong favorite. Favorable numbers in the Hat-Pool went at record prices, varying from 34½ to 48⅝, the odd numbers running with unusual strength. The demand for Martini, Manhattan, and Bronx continued strong, with a decidedly bull market on High-Ball Common. British Gold was in demand on all sides.

"A School of Porpoises was sighted yesterday afternoon, about two miles off the port scuppers. At that distance it was impossible to ascertain whether the students were engaged in the study of Marine Architecture or were practising for their annual football championship.



It is usually the first step that counts

"The Ship's Doctor reports four hundred and fifty-seven berths on board yesterday, most of them occupied.

"During the heavy gale of Tuesday fifteen bars of Colonel Wagner's *Lohengrin Wedding March* were blown back through the instrument and down the throat of William Wiggins, the popular trombonist of the ship's orchestra, temporarily incapacitating that talented virtuoso from the performance of his duties. During his convalescence his place in the orchestra will be taken by the fog-horn, which will be manipulated by an electric push-button attached to the keyboard of the piano.

"The Librarian reports that the greatest demand for reading-matter yesterday was in the non-fiction class; the Luncheon Bill of Fare leading with eighty-nine calls, Bradshaw's Continental Time-tables was second with twenty-nine requests, and Burke's *Peerage* third with eighteen."

Boggs paused to get his breath.

"Had enough?" he asked.

"I had had too much before you started," retorted the Fat Little Englishman with the Red Face.

"Then I'd advise you to swear off," said Boggs.

"I think we've got enough for one issue, anyhow," said the Captain, with diplomatic haste. "I am really beginning to take quite an interest in this idea of yours, Mr. Boggs," he added, "but I still feel that there is hardly enough material in sight to warrant a daily publication. It takes a lot of stuff to fill even so little as two pages of a paper, and you couldn't very well publish one with less, unless you left one side of the sheet blank."

"Why," laughed Boggs, "the possibilities of my scheme haven't even been scratched yet. You could fill up a whole column with helpful hints for the inexperienced traveller. Knowing as little as I do about what is de rigger on board a ship like this, I'd gladly undertake to conduct a daily department of Heart-to-Heart Talks With Travellers. Here's an instalment right out of the box now:

"Do not interfere with the Captain in the performance of his duties, or offer suggestions in navigation based upon your own experience in running a catboat on Lake Mohonk. There are few captains now in the transatlantic service who have not crossed the ocean several times, and we know of none who has acquired his knowledge of the sea in a correspondence school.

"If the Lady with Golden Hair seated in the steamer-chair next to yours inadvertently puts her head on your shoulder and groans, do not rudely remove it, but whistle a soft lullaby as if you did not notice the act. Bear in mind that two heads are better than one. The lullaby may put her to sleep, when her curls may be gently removed to her own sofa-pillow. Should you desire to go below before she goes to sleep, send the Deck Steward after her husband and ask him to remove them himself.

"If in the midst of your dinner you feel a sudden emotional qualm arising within you, rise with it as nearly simultaneously as possible, and hasten from the saloon, taking care in your flight to stick to the aisles between the tables and not go leaping from table to table like a frightened antelope toward the exit. This latter course would cause considerable confusion in the dining-room, and in your haste you might inadvertently trip over another passenger's welsh-rabbit, which is not considered good form in polished circles either on the land or on the sea.

"If, on your way to the upper deck, you find the staircases blocked by others hastening upward like yourself, do not step upon them in your mad flight upward, but slide down the banisters to the lower deck, which you will find just as well adapted to your needs as the upper. Any deck is good in a qualm.

"Acquaint yourself thoroughly with the geography of your ship before she gets out of the harbor. This will prevent your going to bed in the wrong stateroom later on, a course which might prove embarrassing if you tried to plunge head first into a lower berth already rightfully occupied by an entire stranger weighing two hundred and fifty pounds.

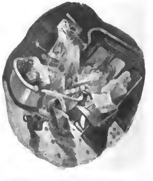
"If you share your room with a person hitherto unknown to you and find yourself assigned to the upper berth, be careful, in getting out of bed in the morning, not to step on his neck or his stomach, on your way down. It is usually the first step that counts.

"Be careful always to occupy your own steamer-chair on deck, and do not throw yourself nonchalantly into one seemingly occupied by a bundle of rugs. It might happen that the bundle of rugs contains a helpless spinster, and serious consequences might result from your careless act.

"If the ship suddenly lurches and throws you head first into the arms of a grass-widow, apologize quickly, and disappear at once down the first open ventilator within reach. There are some grass-widows who make hay while the sun is not shining.

"Do not count your Bank of England notes on deck on a windy day. They will go fast enough in calm weather, and few captains will order the boats lowered to recover your financial deposits in the Newfoundland Banks.

"If a steward carrying a tray full of cups of chicken broth slips on the deck and sends the contents of his tray into your lap it is not necessary to tip him. A few kind words of appreciation of his special attention, coupled with a good-natured intimation that you prefer your broth internally, will be all that the occasion requires.



Swallowing so much water that he escaped drowning

"If the breezes prove sportive and a lady's pompadour comes frisking gayly along the deck on the wings of the zephyr, pick it up and put it into your pocket unostentatiously, and later on send it under cover anonymously to the stateroom of its fair owner. It is by such acts of tactful courtesy that the traveller shows himself a true gentleman."

Again the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes raised her glasses to her eyes, and gazed at Boggs through them, a little more kindly this time, it seemed.

"That is very considerate of you, Mr. Boggs," she said, simply.

"Thank you, madam," said Boggs, "but let me assure you that there is nothing personal in my—"

"But how would you pay for all this?" interrupted the Captain, hastily, and with an uneasy glance at the Lady with the Lorgnettes.

"Oh, subscriptions and advertising," said Boggs. "Every man and woman on this ship would gladly subscribe for such a scintillating compendium of useful information."

"And who on earth would advertise?" demanded the Fat Little Englishman with the Red Face.

"I would," said Boggs. "If the Captain here will start the thing going, I'll take the whole last page, cheerfully, and I'll pay big money for it. I've got the ad right here too:

"WANTED

FOR IMMEDIATE EXCHANGE

ONE ABANDONED FARM ANYWHERE
ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH

WILL EXCHANGE ALL MY RIGHT, TITLE, AND INTEREST IN ONE FIRST-CLASS OCEAN FOR A LOT OF DRY LAND

DELIVERY IMMEDIATE."

The Steward interrupted Boggs at this point by placing a smoking concoction before him.

"What's this, Hitchens?" he asked.

"Your fried bananas, sir," replied the Steward.

"Good—now if you'll kindly take them and throw them overboard direct, you'll save me the trouble," said Boggs. "I'm tired of being a gastronomic messenger-boy between the kitchen and the sea."

The Pools of Love

By Shaemas O'Sheel

ALL that is old and unending
  Is hid in the deeps of your eyes;
All that is joyous and hopeful,
  All that is certain and wise;
The shadows raven of sorrow,
  And peace, with the wings of a dove,
And ever the dim swift secret
  Ineffable vision of love.

The sunrise has lent them a glory,
  The sunset a wistful gleam,
The moon has given its wonder,
  The dark has given its dream;
And the waters that flow in the hollows,
  And the vapors that waver above,
In the deeps of your eyes are woven
  To veil the white vision of love.

Shadows of the Stage

THEATRICAL ETHICS AND MANAGERIAL SLANDERS

By William Winter

This is the first of a new series of articles by William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, relative to contemporary drama, which will appear from time to time in future issues of "Harper's Weekly." Mr. Winter's articles formed a widely quoted feature of "Harper's Weekly" during the past theatrical season

"O, hateful Error, bitter Envy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?"—SHAKESPEARE.

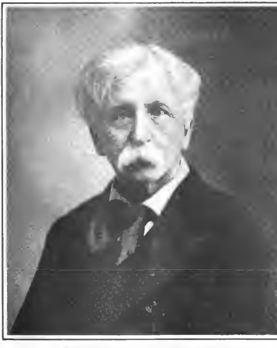
REPLY to personal misrepresentation is seldom important to the public, except as it involves statement, discussion, and vindication of principles. At the beginning of the new dramatic season I find myself, in that representative theatrical paper, *The New York Dramatic Mirror*,—owned and edited by Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske,—stigmatized as a Detractor of the Theatre, and also that the opinions and ethical principles stated and advocated by me in HARPER'S WEEKLY, last spring, are first grossly misrepresented and then denounced as "puerile," "unphilosophical," and "pernicious." *The Mirror* has a large circulation, particularly among actors and persons otherwise associated with the Stage or interested in it, and its editor, the writer of this attack, evinces enmity by assailing the dramatic columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY and by maligning me, their author, to the members of the dramatic profession. Mr. Fiske is, perhaps, the ablest advocate in American journalism of some of the principles and tendencies which have been opposed in these columns. It is only fair that my readers should be apprised of widely circulated objections made to my doctrines, and therefore it seems desirable to notice his disingenuous ebullition. At least it affords occasion for a rehearsal of sound Theatrical Ethics,—a rehearsal that should prove useful at this time.

". . . Really," says *The Mirror*, "there is no call continually to reiterate that Mr. Winter's point of view *is erroneous and illogical*. And it is doubtful if any number of sane persons profess to believe with him that the Theatre should present beautiful and smoothly poetical subjects solely, and ignore the darker sides of life. . . . It is significant that, with rare exceptions that prove the rule, the *detractors of the Theatre* are persons who know little or nothing about the Theatre. These detractors have been aided, of late, by opinions [illegible] *false premises*, [illegible] a man who [illegible] has earned [illegible] by writing [illegible] Stage and its [illegible] among whom he [illegible] his warmest friends. *William Winter is quoted far and wide by foes of the Theatre as an oracle who knows whereof he speaks*, and who *speaks in terms of aversion and abuse of the Stage of to-day and the plays upon the stage of to-day* that have excited the admiration of millions of [illegible] the world over, while [illegible] have been accepted by [illegible] as elements in the *construction and uplift* of the times. . . . It is as foolish to question *the integrity of the Theatre as an institution*, because of the few plays upon the stage that [illegible] object[illegible] it would be to discredit literature because of the erotic or immorally suggestive volumes that have come from the press ever since printing was invented. . . . *Morals of all sorts are mere abstracts of tradition* when set against life, its opportunities, and its disasters to-day. . . . Has the Theatre suffered the *demoralization and degeneration* that are so apparent in other institutions? Nobody but William Winter—at least nobody assumed to have knowledge of the subject—would fail to see that the Theatre to-day stands as one of the few safeguards against worse things that might come. The Christian Endeavorers and others who regard the Theatre superficially, and base their actions about it upon *Mr. Winter's puerile and unphilosophical outgivings*, may cry from the house-tops. But the facts will not be changed thereby. The drama of to-day, *in its more numerous and significant examples*, reflects the demoralization of society, religion, and business in ways which inspire thought for remedies to existing evils. Never in all the history of the Theatre was the drama so close to the actual welfare of humanity, or so pregnant with remedial suggestion. . . ."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Fiske's deliverance has relieved him of some of his spleen, but it is right and essential to say that when, either directly or by implication, he identifies me with "Detractors of the Theatre," and insinuates that I have become an enemy to the Stage, after having "for a lifetime earned a livelihood by writing about it," he utters a base calumny,—knowing full well that he is doing *so*,—and allows his active personal enmity to prevail over his customary cautious plausibility. An enemy to abuse of the Stage, and to those persons who abuse it, I am, always have been, and shall be to the end of my days, but to the institution itself I am, as I have ever been, a devoted friend, and no person knows that fact better than Mr. Fiske knows it. Malicious in spirit and furtive in method, shrewd and skilful in the use of innuendo, learned and resourceful, observant, vigilant and accomplished, that able and experienced journalist ought to be more judicious than to put himself clearly on record as a gross calumniator;—but thus his malice and anger defeat his judgment. It is an old trick to [illegible] to an opponent opinions that he never has expressed and does not entertain, show those opinions to be erroneous or absurd, and thus leave him, apparently, vanquished, but, in this instance, Mr. Fiske's resort to it will not serve his malignant and discreditable purpose. Actors and all others acquainted with the subject know that I have always been an advocate and defender of the drama in art and profession, and they will not be deceived. The imputation to me of the doctrine that "The Theatre should present beautiful and smoothly poetical subjects *solely* and *ignore* the darker sides of life" is merely silly, in the light of the well-known truth. The most recent reference made by me to that subject occurs in an article in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 7th, this year, and is thus expressed:

"*Evil, unhappily, has its place in the scheme of creation, and, accordingly, it enters human life, and it enters art; but the introduction and treatment of it in Art should always, and very sternly, be governed by the intellectual law of selection.*"

That is the sum of the matter. If the intellectual law of selection is obeyed no presentment can occur of practically unmitigated depravity, bestiality, or barren horror, for that law restricts the use of all such expedients, restraining them within the confines of decency and good taste and insuring the employment of them, when necessary at all, not as masses of rank and offensive ugliness, but as artistic expedients of suggestion.

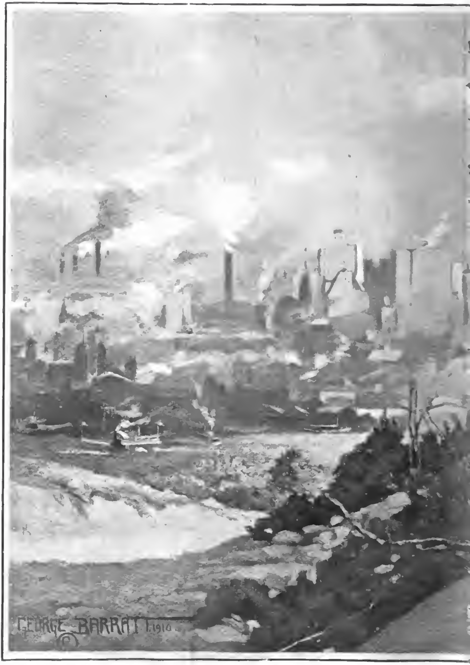


William Winter, the dean of dramatic critics in this country, who has made many a reputation among three generations of player folk

What "remedial suggestion" has been derived from stage treatment of "the social evil"?—so popular a theme with "reformative dramatists." What "thought for remedies" has been imparted by, for example, the medley of dirt and slang called *Salvation Nell*? What expedient for stopping miscegenation has been inspired by the callow, trivial, vulgar play of *The Nigger*? What reformatory influence has proceeded from the defamatory play of *The Lion and the Mouse*, bearing an assertion,—received by the public with smiling acquiescence,—that the Senate and the Supreme Court of the United States are bought and sold by the multimillionaires of our country?—an allegation that ought to have put its author and producer into jail for contempt of the most august court in the world. Not one of those plays and not one of Mr. Fiske's "numerous and significant examples"—the censure of which stirs his wrath and causes him to overflow with slander—ever provided or suggested a practical remedy for any evil or ever did any good to anybody. When the late Charles Warner was acting Coupeau, in *Drink*, and giving a terrible illustration of the consequences of inebriety, scores of men in his large audiences, at the Academy of Music, left the theatre, after each act of that play, and repaired to neighboring barrooms to drink intoxicating liquor. The "frightful example" has always been useless. *The Dramatic Mirror* glanced at a fundamental truth when it printed the surprised and incredulous inquiry (July, 1909): "Who ever heard of persons going in mass even when they did not have to pay for admission—to a play boldly projected with the cold and undramatic purpose of changing their minds?" The answer is—Nobody!

When it was said in this place (June 18th), referring to words of Mr. Laurence Irving, that "we do not want the dark places," it was, of course, meant that we do not want concrete darkness, filth, and gloom—that we do not want "the dark places" typified by the two plays of *The Affinity* and *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont*, the production of which Mr. Irving was specifically engaged in justifying. No fair-minded reader could mistake the intended meaning; it is mere idle quibbling to stick upon a phrase. "We want the light places" for the reason that the Theatre ought to be used to help, and not to hurt. A continuity of such plays as those of Tourneur, for example, would kill the Stage,—by making it insufferable. The specific plays that I have opposed,—always giving reasons for opposition,—and that Mr. Fiske approves, injure and do not help and they should be driven from the Stage. *That* is the point; not that evil can be

(Continued on page 20)


GEORGE BARRATT 1910
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THE BA

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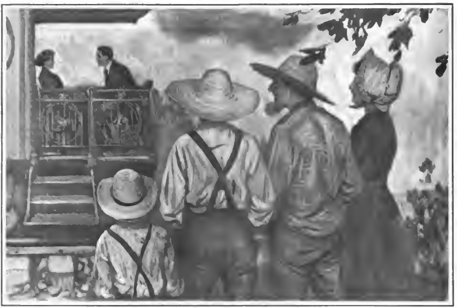
TLEFIELD

OF BARRATT



THE OBSERVATION CAR

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

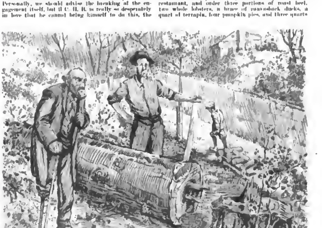
WILLIAM HENRY writes to know if there is anything that can be done to heighten a low instep. There certainly is. A good pair of stilts will serve this purpose admirably and can be made for you by any clever carpenter, or if you choose to make them yourself you can do so by nailing a stout block of pine wood a quarter of the way up on each of two stout poles. If this method is not satisfactory, you may lie flat on your back and stick your feet up in the air. This will elevate your instep to a height practically equivalent to the length of your legs.

C. H. B. wants to know how to break the knowledge of his engagement to his fiancée's father, who is of a somewhat savage disposition, and has already thrown three other suitors out of the second-story window. Personally, we should advise the breaking of the engagement itself, but if C. H. B. is really so desperately in love that he cannot bring himself to do this, the best course for him to pursue is to hire a half dozen Portuguese sailors off duty to lie in wait for the old gentleman some dark night, and after binding him securely with steel hawsers, lock him up in a safe-deposit vault under the nearest bank, and whisper the said information through a hole in the wall.

"I am an honest, self-respecting man, a church member, superintendent of our Sunday-school, and of a character that is above suspicion, and yet one of our county papers has dared to mention my name as a possibility for the nomination to Congress. Have I any redress?" asks Hendleton V. Higglesworth, of Dammemon, Iowa. We are afraid not, Mr. Higglesworth. You could institute a suit for damages, but what if the editor should go ahead and investigate your past record? What you say leads us to believe that you would better let well enough alone.

A correspondent writes as follows: "Is there anything I can do to make my eyes look bigger?" We can think of only one thing. Go to any convenient restaurant, and order three portions of roast beef, two whole lobsters, a brace of canvasback ducks, a quart of terrapin, four pumpkin pies, and three quarts of ice-cream. After trying to eat these it will be surprising if some one in the restaurant observing you does not remark that your eyes are bigger than your stomach, which in all conscience should be large enough for any moderately inclined person.

"Is there anything I can do," writes Anxious Parent, "to keep my son from kicking his bedclothes off on to the floor?" The best thing we know of is to make the lad sleep on the floor itself, and let him kick the bedclothes back on to the bed again. This is the only method short of gluing the bedclothes to the boy himself, which on these hot nights of summer would smack of unkindness.



THE PARTING OF THE TWO OLD VETERANS

NATURE STUDY

Th' cunning little hopple-toad,
He 'scorted me clear down th' road—
But where th' big leaf was, you see,
He thot he'd hide hisse'f from me!
I poked all 'round it wif my stick,
But he'd hopped somewheres drefle quick.

I guess that I foun' him today,
An' he don't live so far away,
Jus' right down by our pond, you know,
Where all th' water lilies grow.
But w'en I bowed to him, w'y, he
P'tended that he don't know me.

'Cause he's put on a diff'ent coat
An' makes queer noises down his froat!
Our Gard'ner-man 'ist laffed at me
"That ain't no hopple-toad," says he,
"It's jus' a relative of his;
Ole Mister Frog is who he is!"

I don't care what it is they say—
It's 'zactly like him, anyway!
He jus' sits on th' lily pad
To make a little girl feel bad,
An' blinks wif his two funny eyes,
An' looks all cool, an' green, an' wise.

N'en he jumped down an' took a swim
So's I'd keep on admirin' him,
How he can get all cool an' wet
An' all *his* clo'es stay pretty yet!
They didn't bring him up p'lite,
'Cause nobody'd think he might

Jus' pick a little girl one lily,
An' stop a talkin' drefle silly.
My slippers better not forget
An' go too near—'cause they'll get wet,
An' my white dress mus' stay jus' so
Where Gramma made th' iron go.

My Gramma says to "never mind,"
He is a "good-for-nothin' kind."
An' w'en he "jug-er-rum's" again,
She'll get her fryin'-pan, an' nen
She'll chop his hind legs off, you see,
An' brown 'em all up for my tea!

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

THE BALANCE-SHEET

SHE sat in her little apartment, busily engaged upon a set of account-books bound in red morocco. Every once in a while she would hum a little tune, softly, and now and then, if there had been any one at hand to hear, a silvery little chuckle would have fallen upon the listener's ear. It was evident that in spite of her loneliness she was happy, and when she finally turned from the work at her escritoire, and the light of the lamp on the centre-table fell full upon her sparkling eyes, a look of triumph might have been noted in their depths.

"There," she said. "I guess that will open father's eyes. He'll never tell me again that a college girl knowing nothing of business can't make her way in the world."

She spread a balance-sheet out upon the table and read it softly off to herself.

"Debit—ten weeks' board at the Sea Grove House, at $15 a week, $150; five costumes at $100 apiece, $500; miscellaneous millinery, ribbons, etc., $1,100; petty cash disbursements, $175.98; tips to hotel servants, $50; unaccounted for, $354.74; total expense of summer, $2,330.72," she read. "Rather an expensive summer for a simple little person like myself, and no doubt when father reads it he will grin, and tell me that I never really realized the value of a dollar, but wait until he sees the *credit* side!"

Again she chuckled, as she read aloud:

"Credit—ten solitaire diamond engagement rings worth $200 apiece, $2,000; commission from the Sea Grove House on thirty-two week-enders, at 10 per cent, $848.20; commission from Sea Grove liveries and garage, 25 per cent., for business secured from personal visitors, $470.40; bridge winnings at fifty-three sessions, all losses paid by partner, and gains divided, $2,978; estimated value of sundry presents received during season, $1,084; candies and flowers secretly returned to venders at 50 per cent. reduction, or sold at hotel booth on commission, $328; sixty-five fraternity pins from college boys, at $2 apiece, $130; total receipts, $7,544.60; balance profit, $5,213.88."

She threw herself in her chair, and laughed long and loudly.

"Dear old Dad!" she cried. "And to think that he offered to give me a taste of business as a stenographer in his office at ten dollars a week!"

She put on her hat and went out. Ten minutes later she entered her father's library.

"Well, well, well!" he ejaculated, smiling happily. "So the prodigal has returned, has she?"

"Yes, Dad," she said, demurely. "I've come back."

"Penitent and busted, I suppose," he observed. "Well, how much is it?"

"Five thousand two hundred and thirteen dollars and eighty-eight cents," she said.

The old gentleman whistled, but he was game.

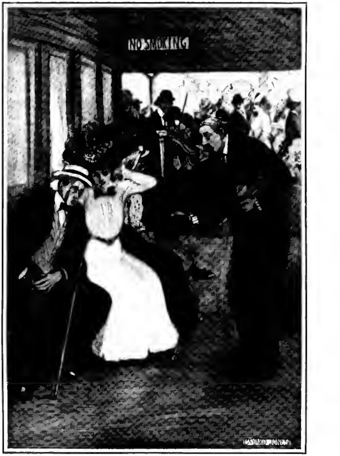
"That's a good deal of money, my child," he said. "But, by Jove! it's worth that amount to have you taught your lesson. Send your bills to me and I'll pay 'em, but don't talk to me any more about woman and business."

"I'd prefer a check, Dad," she said, simply. "I want all this experience of mine set down in my own books."

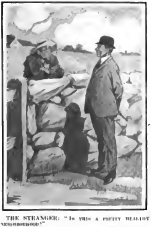
"Well, that's good business," smiled the old gentleman, taking a pocket check-book out of his coat pocket. "How much is it—five thousand and what?"

She told him, and he wrote out a check for the full amount.

"There," he said, "that ends that."



THE HOLDUP



THE STRANGER: "IS THIS A PRETTY HEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD?"

THE NATIVE: "YOU BET IT IS. THAR AIN'T BIN A DEATH HERE IN YEARS, 'CEPTIN' THE UNDERTAKER, AN' HE DIED O' STARVATION."

"Not quite, Daddy, dear," she observed. "There is just one thing more. Can you get me ten good thousand-dollar bonds to-morrow?"

Her father's glasses slid off his nose as he jumped with astonishment.

"Ten what?" he roared.

"Good thousand-dollar bonds," she repeated. "I want to invest."

"Invest?" he cried. "What with—your deficit?"

"Why, no," she said. "This check of yours, added to my profits, makes ten thousand four hundred and twenty-seven dollars and seventy-six cents, and with the savings-banks only paying four per cent., you know I—"

But the old gentleman paid no heed. He had fainted.

But, all the same, six weeks later the financial world was astonished to see that the old sign of H. J. Quigley & Sons, Bankers, at number Thirty-blank Wall Street, had been taken down in the night, and another substituted for it, reading

H. J. QUIGLEY & DAUGHTER

HOW SHE EARNED IT

"CULTIVATE a little more sunshine in your disposition, my dear," said Mr. Dubbley. "Happiness and success in life depend upon the quantity of rays one emits."

"Very well, John," replied Mrs. Dubbley. "I'll do my best, but I think I'd be happier and more successful into the bargain if you would emit a ten-dollar raise in my allowance."

A LETTER FROM CHOLLIE

IT used to be said by those who knew him well that Chollie was something of an idiot, but there are times when it has seemed to others who also knew him well that he shows signs of genius, as, for instance, in the following correspondence. The other day he received the following letter in his morning's mail:

New York, *August 1, 1910.*

CHARLES BOBBITT, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—For the fifteenth consecutive time we enclose a statement of your account with our house. The bill has been running now for a trifle over two years, and we feel that we have been sufficiently lenient in respect to it. We therefore request that you pay some attention to our request for settlement.

Yours very truly,

SNIP, CUTTEM, & CO.

To this Chollie sent, three days later, the following reply:

THE CRACKERJACK CLUB,
NEW YORK, *August 4, 1910.*

MESSRS. SNIP, CUTTEM, & COMPANY:

GENTLEMEN,—In accordance with your request of August 1st, asking me to pay some attention to your bill, I beg to say that I have taken it to the theatre with me twice, once to Coney Island, and given it a ride around the Central Park four times in a taxicab. The limited time at my disposal has prevented my paying it any further attentions, but it is my intention during the balance of the month to give it a little run up to Saratoga and back, with the possibility of a two weeks' outing in the White Mountains before the end of the month. Trusting that this will prove entirely satisfactory to you, I beg, gentlemen, to remain always,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES BOBBITT.

Strange to say, these grasping tailors failed to find this compliance with their request at all satisfactory, and in a most ungentlemanly fashion have placed their bill in the hands of a lawyer for collection!

The Pit He Digged

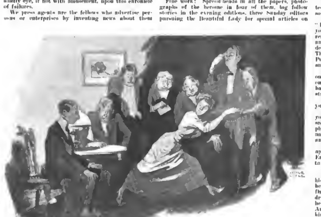
FOR A LONG TIME THE PRESS AGENT MADE THE DIRT FLY, AND WHEN HE THOUGHT HE HAD DONE SOMETHING TO STARTLE EVERY ONE, LO! HE FELL INTO THE PIT HIMSELF

By Zebulon Hagadorn

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITLE

OTHER press agents have tripped gayly into print at various times to tell of their successes. I wonder whether any of them have ever scored failures? I'm not ashamed to admit that several of my happiest ideas have come to grief, though not always through my fault, and I hope the reader will at least look with a kindly eye, if not with amusement, upon this chronicle of failures.

We press agents are the fellows who advertise persons or enterprises by inventing news about them which the newspapers shall feel bound to publish. That isn't as easy a task as it looks. In every newspaper office sits a terrible arbiter, the City Editor. To every piece of news that is offered to him he applies the Acid Test. This test is fiercely simple or simply fierce, according to the point of view. It is this: is the story new; is the story true; is it interesting? And even when we earnest inventors, designers, and exploiters of news have furnished a product that has passed the Acid Test with credit, it is nothing less than tragic to have some wretched, accidental *deus ex machina* spoil the whole business.



As she was plunging along at the overhand racing stroke

There was the novel and entertaining adventure of the Beautiful Lady, the shark, and bold Bill Baddon. The Beautiful Lady was an artist who devoted her talent to uplifting the stage—in a music-hall. Most earnestly the management had let it be known that she was the one and only original model for the great Montana silver statue that created such a furore at the world's fair, and yet the box office receipts showed that nobody cared. In this case they sent for me just as necessarily as you would call in the ordinary doctor if you had a bad cold. After a careful diagnosis I decided that the most promising avenue to fame lay through the fact that the Beautiful Lady took a long swim every day (she had to, to keep from growing too fat) over at Wesley's Point, Astoria. I also decided that she had been attacked by a shark, and that only the miraculous intervention of bold Bill Baddon, who happened to be rowing in the neighborhood, had saved her sweet young life.

Down at Fulton Fish Market I bought for a trifle a very big shark which a smack's crew had brought from below Hatteras and kept on exhibition till the neighbors called in the Board of Health.

The Beautiful Lady did her part perfectly. She showed the reporters the awful teeth marks on her [illegible]rm, the result of a submerged nip as she was plunging along at the overhand racing stroke; also she gave them photographs of herself as the Montana silver statue, of herself in swimming costume; to say nothing of a most moving description of her shudders when she felt the frightful teeth graze her flesh, and her gratitude when bold Bill shot and killed the monster. I had arranged to have the reporters call on the lady at eight o'clock that evening, so that they did not get up to Mill Rock pavilion, at the foot of East Ninety-second Street, until nearly nine. There they found Bill Baddon, still bold but modest as he told of the shooting and quite willing to show the big revolver. I felt rather uneasy as we walked out on the float to which the shark was tied, for fear the ancient fish would assail another sense than that of sight, but fortunately there was a stiff breeze off shore, and the reporters marvelled at the monster's size and the three bullet wounds in his big head, without detecting any taint in the air.

Fine work! Spread-heads in all the papers, photographs of the heroine in four of them, big follow stories in the evening editions, three Sunday editors pursuing the Beautiful Lady for special articles on feminine courage, box-office receipts in the music-hall almost doubled. Maybe your little Zebulon wasn't proud—what?

On the second day the *Tribune* people, whom I had forgotten to notify in the first place, printed a story sneering at our adventure, especially at the phrase "the waters ran crimson with his expiring blood," which one of the "yellow" heart-throb scene-painters had used; then calmly and brutally informed the public that the murderous monster was a mere shovel-nose shark, one of a species that never came as far north as New York and couldn't bite the Beautiful Lady if it would and wouldn't if it could. . . Fortunately I had had enough presence of mind to collect my fee on the first day.

Very different was the experience of Ram Sameh Chundra, a gigantic Hindu snake-charmer out of a job and anxious to get one. There was no money in this—a mere act of charity to oblige a friend who felt interested in the sorrows of the hungry Hindu. With an awl I prodded two holes in Ram Sameh Chundra's right forearm, and I rubbed salt into the punctures to make them look red and angry.

"Now, then, all you need to do is to wrap plenty of rags round the arm," I told Ram, "and sprinkle a lot of ammonia around. You were bitten by a pet cobra—understand; one that was presented to you by your master when you finished your apprenticeship to the hereditary chief snake-charmer to the Rajah of Khubbulpoor."

"But, merciful one," Ram Sameh Chundra protested, "no man can be bitten by a cobra and live, no—"

"You're living, aren't you?" I interrupted him. "If you want to get that job, remember what I tell you. You've saved your own life by using a secret remedy handed down from your immemorial ancestors, and you daren't reveal what it is under penalty of death for blabbing. Don't tell too much, anyhow. The more you tell reporters, the less they think of you. Put 'em off, and they'll fight to get your story. Be sure you put 'em off."

Now, there was a lead for a fine story—but not one line appeared in the papers next morning. I called on Ram Sameh Chundra. He was still wearing the bandage, and the smell of ammonia in his room was strong enough to float an egg.

"Well, Ram," I said, "didn't the reporters call on you?"

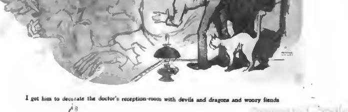
"Yes, merciful one," he answered. "They were young, and they carried canes and asked all about my snake bite, saying that a chemist of this region had telephoned them a tip. I smiled and told them nothing, and when they asked again I took them all in my arms and put them out, as your Honor told me."

What's the use? The poor devil had been tripped up, thrown down, robbed of his prospective job, by an English idiom. I had told him to put them off, not to put them out.

Dr. Dwigginton finished in hard luck at the end of his press agenting, but it was all his own fault because he didn't stick to the job. The first story was great. Dr. Dwigginton had invented a really excellent cure for drunkenness and the drug habit, but without publicity he might as well be practising at the bottom of the Arctic Ocean. It was really too easy to prescribe for him. Do you remember that artist who used to wear his hair and whiskers like Mephistopheles and drew weird comics for the Sunday papers? Well, that's the man. I got him to decorate the doctor's reception room late one afternoon with devils and dragons and woozy fiends out of all the Welsh-rabbit nightmares you ever heard of. They were done in red and green and blue and yellow crayons. Then I went with the doctor to the West Forty-seventh Street police station and helped him report to the sergeant at the desk that while he was out on a call a tall, dark, beautiful and mysterious young woman, very nervous and shuddery, had called at his house and insisted upon waiting to see him. She remained nearly two hours, unwatched, of course, for she was not suspected of anything, and she suddenly departed a few minutes before the doctor returned.

A ward detective was sent around to make an examination. He came back scared and told such a vivid tale of what he had seen that all the reporters covering west side stations telephoned down to the night city desks. Special men were sent up on the case, and all the papers next day carried spread-heads and long stories. Three papers published flash-light photographs of the crazy drawings on the doctor's walls. Good business, eh? The doctor's practice doubled, trebled, quadrupled in a few days. But he left New York a few months after that and remained away for years. When he returned to practise in the theatrical district he once more found himself unknown. Naturally he called me in to prescribe.

Now the City Editor is, as I have said, a terrible arbiter, and his Acid Test burneth alike the just and the unjust; and yet he is only human, after all, and amazingly simple. There's one bait he'll rise to every



I got him to decorate the doctor's reception-room with devils and dragons and woozy fiends time, and that's the story of a pretty girl in distress. Of course, the City Editor is simply the collective eyes and ears of the thousands or millions of readers of his paper, and he is vitally concerned about the things that will interest them. Now, add to your story of a pretty girl in distress a strong dash of mystery, and you have a combination so attractive, so delightful, so entrancing that the strongest City Editor will weep with delight.

Therefore I borrowed a show-girl out of work—a good one with natural fair hair, big blue eyes, a home-grown peaches-and-cream complexion and the deepest dimple ever cleft in a human chin. She was tucked comfortably away in a bed in an upper room of the doctor's house, in charge of a "nurse," who was really an actress without an engagement and anxious to earn a few dollars.

Dr. Dwigginton went over to the West Forty-seventh Street police station and told this story:

"A big touring-car stopped before my door, Number —— West Forty —— Street, at three o'clock this morning. My man answered a ring at the door-bell and found two gentlemen supporting a young woman, who appeared to be only half conscious. They said they had noticed her staggering in the street, and they had stopped their car, taken her aboard and brought her to the nearest doctor.

"The young woman fainted as we were helping her into my reception-room. The two men hurried away, saying they would be back in the forenoon, but they have not appeared. I feel it my duty to report the case to you so that the young woman's relatives may be informed of her whereabouts. There is no trace of alcohol or any drug about the young woman. She has not been ill treated. I can't understand why she should remain unconscious, but she hasn't opened her eyes or uttered a sound since we took her in."

Did the reporters come to the doctor's house? They flocked. They hastened. Old, young, criminologists, plain reporters, mystery-solvers, sleuths, romancers, scene-painters, human-interesters, to say nothing of the heart-throb experts and the tearful lady writers of the sympathy squad. Oh yes, they came to the doctor's house, all right, and thereby came trouble. So many reporters know me that I always keep in the background of the stories I create, and make my characters move and speak while I am as unheard and unseen as the manager of a theatre directing his performers. But this time I was forced into the spotlight. Dr. Dwigginton's brother had broken his leg over in Brooklyn, and Dwigginton was going over there to help saw it off or sew it up or do whatever else was necessary. I begged him not to go, but he said he really must. So I settled myself behind the big table in the doctor's consulting-room and waited for the reporters.

"Is this Dr. Dwigginton?" the man at the head of the line asked. I had almost got the word "yes" out of my mouth as I was wheeling majestically around in my great chair, when I happened to look up and saw the face of Bill Jurgens, who has known me for years. Phew! that was close! I felt a long, cold chill shuddering up and down my spine, but I put on a bold front.

"Dr. Dwigginton," I said, "has been called to Brooklyn for consultation in a very important case, so he has asked me to come here and do all in my power to help clear up this mystery."

"Is the girl a friend of yours?" sneered Bill Jurgens, the heartless.

"My dear sir—" I began, but one of the sympathy squad shut him off.

"Just think of the poor dear," she cried, "all alone in this terrible, heartless city!"

"Quite so, madam; quite so," I answered with a little less discomfort, for I saw at once that the sympathizers and heart-throbbers were going to run that job, and the cynics, sleuths, and mere reporters would not have a ghost of a chance.

"We'll just have a good look at her, let our artists make sketches of her and her clothes—" the real reporters began, when I headed them off.

"I should not dare, ladies and gentlemen, to disturb the patient. Dr. Dwigginton has given strict orders to the nurse—"

"Let's see the nurse," they all urged.

That gave me a chance to leave the room and tranquillize myself somewhat. Up-stairs I found the "nurse" in a state of panic.

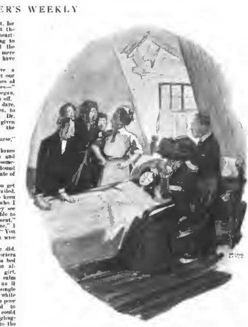
"Oh, why did you get me into this?" she wailed. "Those men are so keen that they'll guess who I am the moment they see me. I'll never be able to get another engagement."

"Leave that to me," I reassured her. "You come down and look wise and say yes."

All of which she did. And when the reporters gathered around the bed and scrutinized the alleged unconscious girl, "nurse" was as calm and matter-of-fact as if there wasn't a single flutter under her white cap and apron. The poor show-girl confessed to me later that she could hardly repress a giggling-fit as she listened to the men's comments about her beauty, which really was remarkable. She was scared cold when they examined her hat, coat, and shoes for dealers' tags, so that they could perhaps trace her identity through them, and when one of the sympathy squad tossed her head and said, "Oh, that's a very cheap hat," our show-girl nearly cried with rage. The heartless Bill Jurgens diagnosed her case as hysteria, said a slap on the cheek would bring her to, and offered to contribute a hearty slap to the good cause; but "nurse" cried, "Sir-r-r-r!" so melodramatically that he retired, squelched. I saw that it was time to relieve the show-girl from scrutiny, so I coaxed the visitors down to the office again and spent a ticklish half-hour in answering a few hundred questions.

The papers all carried big stories about our mysterious girl. You see, her beauty was compelling. But we had to reckon with a cruel *World*. That newspaper not only told all about the girl and her fair tresses and blue eyes and deep, deep dimple, but also declared that I was the champion press agent of America and reprinted the story of Dr. Dwigginton's mysterious woman visitor of a few years before, and published once more the devil-and-dragon pictures she was alleged to have scrawled on his walls. That was only the beginning of the end. All the other papers, angry at having been deceived by our harmless fiction, and infuriated at having been "beaten" on the true inwardness of the case by the *World*, devoted columns to guying Dr. Dwigginton so broadly and enthusiastically that he had to move to another house.

Nevertheless, I insist that he had only himself to blame. The press agent is like a racing-car, fine for speed, but very dangerous in a spill.



The heartless Bill Jurgens diagnosed her case as hysteria

The Duty of Husbands to Make Wills

By Harriette M. Johnston-Wood, of the New York Bar

It has been our custom for a number of years to pass our summer vacation on the banks of Lake Seneca, where one of us was born. Here our paternal grandparents came when the country was yet a wilderness, and here they lived and died. Their wedding journey from Rensselaerwick was made in a covered wagon, in which they brought their worldly possessions, some chairs, a table, a bed, a stove, some dishes, and cooking utensils. A half-dozen sheep and a cow brought up the rear of this caravan. Here they cleared the ground and built a house. Grandmother dyed and carded and spun into yarn and wove into cloth the wool from the sheep, from which she knitted the socks and mittens and made the clothing. From the flax which grew wild thereabouts she made the household linen. No small tasks were these when eventually nine children came to demand care and protection. Once a year a perambulating shoemaker came through the country, and then this small army was shod, with boots and shoes in reserve sufficient to last until his return. By and by a frame house was built, a luxury in those days; property was accumulated.

To whom did it belong?

In justice and equity it belonged to both parents. Each had borne the burden; each should share in the reward. But the law said no. The wife's services belong to the husband, and their joint earnings belong to him, only the husband must support the wife. The wife owned nothing. Truly a munificent compensation for fifty years of service such as this!

Did grandfather support grandmother? Were grandmother's services less valuable than grandfather's? By what righteous authority did everything belong to grandfather?—he being allowed to give or will away everything, except the use of one-third of the real estate, which grandmother might have after his death, but for her lifetime only. It was barely possible that grandmother might have liked to give or will something to her children on her own account. When she had earned it, by years of toil as hard as his, why should she not have been allowed to gratify this altogether worthy ambition?

Forty years ago a boy and a girl married. He had nothing. She had saved five hundred dollars teaching school. They bought a farm, paying her five hundred dollars down, and taking a mortgage for the balance. Title was taken in the husband's name. They worked together for forty years. He died, leaving no will. There were no children. Under the law of the State the property went to his brothers and sisters, all old, all well-to-do. The personality amounted to very little. The wife's dower, the use of one-third during her life, amounts to less than $200 a year, and this is her sole support in her old age.

In that section of the country women can get one dollar a day for at least half the year working in fruit, tying grape-vines, putting handles on baskets, picking berries, cherries, and currants, and packing grapes, peaches, and plums. Household service is always at a premium, as no one there will go out to do that kind of work. They are the descendants of the old settlers and are proud. The married women work in the fruit in the daytime, and perform their household duties at night. This means baking and cooking and stewing, and washing and ironing and mending for the hired men as well as the family. Incidentally they raise children. No one person could be hired to do this work. They do it for love, but we believe there is no insurmountable obstacle in the way of getting both love and justice; we believe that love and injustice are irreconcilable,—and if we must choose between them, my advice is to exact justice and take a chance on love.

To wife's services, 40 years at [illegible] per week (worth [illegible]; allowing for clothing, which she makes herself and which seldom equals and rarely exceeds $30 a year, about.. $30,000
To $500 and interest 40 years, about 6,000

Total $36,000

Would the whole estate have been more than this wife was entitled to?

A bride was presented by her uncle with $2,000, with which the thrifty bridegroom bought sheep. It proved a profitable investment, and in time they were well-to-do. At the expiration of fifty years of matrimony and mutual toil (which included the rearing of six children) the husband died. By his last will and testament he gave to his beloved wife two thousand dollars in cash, or her dower interest in his real estate. The wife took the cash. Her original two thousand dollars for fifty years then amounted to about $60,000.

This shows that a wife may be considered to be a good investment.

A clerk in a delicatessen store in a large city married a German governess. They started a similar store of their own and lived in the rear. The wife did the housework and the cooking and baking for the store, and betweentimes waited on customers. They were frugal and prospered. After twenty years the husband died. The wife naturally thought she was entitled to the property, at least a portion of it. But the husband had made a will prior to his marriage, whereby he devised his property to his brothers and sisters. Under the law of this State the will of an unmarried man is not revoked by his subsequent marriage unless a child has been born. No child had been born and the wife received not one cent of the property she had spent twenty years in helping to accumulate.

A woman's will is revoked by her subsequent marriage. It is not so with a man's.

The staple argument of the opponents of equal laws for men and women is that wives are privileged in that they can do with their own as they like, while the husbands cannot. But is the property the husband's any more than the wife's when they accumulate it jointly? Up to the marriageable age girls earn nothing; after marriage their services belong to their husbands. Where is the opportunity to accumulate property which shall be their very own in the eyes of the law, with which they may do as they like? What provision can they make for possible incapacity and certain old age if they live?

SHADOWS OF THE STAGE

(Continued from page 14)

extirpated from the drama. Evil, for some inscrutable reason, is a part of the web of creation, and no thinker can ignore it. Let us, in art, show, in due perspective, the good that is to be emulated rather than the evil that is to be shunned.

The Theatre is a place of public resort, habitually frequented by a miscellaneous audience, of both sexes, various ages, and various degrees of intelligence and conditions of development,—under which circumstances many subjects, some of them vitally important, cannot properly be introduced for discussion! The Theatre is not the right place for didactic or other lectures, or for sermons, or for clinical essays, or for surgical exposition of disease. The bald, literal introduction and treatment of certain subjects that figure largely in Decadent Drama would not be tolerated in any assembly of ladies and gentlemen outside of a Theatre, or, should that seem too narrow and nice a limit, in any assembly of decent, self-respecting persons. The courtesy and refinement, or at least the decent reticence, which are imperative in any other miscellaneous assemblage should be exacted, and should prevail, in the Theatre.

The Theatre always has been, is now, and ever will be, affected by the community of which it is a part. Responsibility for the condition of the Stage rests, primarily, on the Public, and therefore censure of the Theatre ought to be directed, not against the institution itself, but against a sensual, profligate, or rancous class of the public, *and against unprincipled, unscrupulous managers* who elect to follow that class of the public. Evil, like Good, is reciprocal, between the Theatre and the People. A pure Stage is the consequence of a pure Society, and a pure Society is the consequence of a right education,—the development and the maintenance of spiritual feeling, aspiration, and endeavor; and a proper use of the Theatre can be, as often it is, made contributory to a right education. Corrupt practice on the part of the Theatre thrives on support of base appetite on the part of the Public, an appetite which, in turn, it fosters and augments,—thus establishing a vicious circle of influence. Degradation of the Theatre is not due to writers who observe, record, and deplore that evil. The actual enemies of the Theatre,—insistent, potential, and effective,—are persons who befoul it with unclean plays, alienate from it the respect and practical support of the better classes of society, and thus deliver a great power into the hands of speculators in freak, fad, dirt, and trash. It seems strange that the necessity should exist, at any time or under any circumstances, of insisting upon the maintenance in the Theatre of practical respect for decency, morality, and a pure standard of taste. Assurance is vouchsafed that, while other institutions of modern society have become shockingly demoralized, the institution of the Theatre has universally improved; the fact, meanwhile, being that, under malign influence, the Theatre, in specific cases, has been perverted from its function, and to such an extent degraded, because of the pernicious industry of purveyors of theatrical punk (among which persons Mr. Fiske, as the producer and defender of such tainted trash as *Hedda Gabler* and *Salvation Nell*, is conspicuous), that, as before declared in this place, it can no longer be *comprehensively* observed and intelligently discussed in its *comprehensive* aspect, except by persons who take the trouble to acquaint themselves, to some extent at least, with criminology and nosology. Within recent seasons, on the New York Stage, subjects have been presented which have compelled critical reviewers to protest, in the name not only of morality, but of common decency. And now comes the leading dramatic journal of the country with the amazing affirmation that "*Morals of all sorts are mere abstracts of tradition, when set against life, its opportunities, and its disasters to-day.*"

The Theatre enshrines the art of acting, and the rightful purpose of that art is, primarily, to *entertain*, though in a far more important respect its purpose is to benefit mankind by depicting and interpreting,—always subservient to the law of selection,—human nature, conduct, and experience. The art of acting, rightly employed, reflects manners, brings the Past to the visual perception and the comprehension of the Present, diffuses the glow of genial humor and the ennobling pathos of tragedy, sets and maintains a high standard of purity in speech, enlists and uses all the sister arts in the ministry of beauty, and instructs, inspires, cheers, and stimulates its spectators, imparting knowledge, thought, and all that is meant by culture. The notion condemned by my adversary and detractor—the notion that "the Theatre should present beautiful and smoothly poetical subjects solely, and ignore the darker sides of life,"—is merely idle, and, as far as I am aware, it has not been promulgated or endorsed by anybody,—certainly not by me; although, in a *general sense* and as an *abstract* proposition, I believe and maintain that the *leading, not the sole*, purpose of dramatic art, and of all art, is, and ought to be, the exposition of *Beauty*, not of Deformity. That purpose cannot be absolutely accomplished, that exposition cannot be entirely achieved, without the use of *contrast*,—and so this pen has written, a thousand times, "The low sun makes the color." Again and again I have cited those expressive words of Tennyson. Shakespeare's statement of the purpose of playing has become hackneyed by "damnable iteration," but surely it covers the subject.—"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature, to show *Virtue* her own feature, *Scorn* her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," "*with this special observance*, that you o'erstep not the *modesty of* Nature"; a restriction as imperatively applicable to the choice of subject as to the technical method of expression. The spirit of our times is not found in husks, and dross, and slums. As much of the shadow as is essential to define and emphasize the light!—but the *prevalent* characteristics of the stage, like those of right living, should be beauty, purity, refinement, gentleness, and grace. That is my "conception of the Theatre" which strikes my censor as "eccentric," and that is my point of view, which he declares to be "erroneous and illogical."

I do not know what words of mine, misquoted and distorted from their meaning, have been used, according to the quotation above cited, by "The Christian Endeavor Society, a society associated with evangelical churches and national in its scope," to make it seem that I am an enemy and opponent of the Theatre. I do know, however, that the editor of *The Mirror*, of all persons, is perfectly aware not only of my life-long devotion to the Theatre, but of my inveterate hostility to the church bigots who denounce that institution. On March 19, 1907, his *Mirror* published the following letter of mine, on "Clerical Labels":

"SIR,—I learn from an editorial comment in *The New York Dramatic Mirror*—the leading dramatic paper of our country, and, therefore, an authority to be trusted,—that the Rev. Mr. Snowden, a clergyman of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, has been quoting and using words of mine as a support and justification of an attack that he is making upon the Theatre as an institution, and that he cites me as an enemy of the Stage.

"I do not know what words of mine have been quoted by that ecclesiastic, or in what way they have been distorted and misapplied. I *do* know, and I wish explicitly to say, that any representation of me as an enemy or opponent of the Theatre, or as anything other than a believer in it and a devoted friend to it, is an impudent calumny. Against *abuses of the Theatre*, by unworthy persons who, from time to time, have obtained control of it, I have always contended. The institution itself has always received from me all the support that I could possibly give.

"*The Mirror*,—with a mild forbearance that does not supply the requisite energy of repudiation of this pulpit libel,—relates that 'for nearly half a century' I have been writing about the Theatre and have 'published many books embodying graceful tributes to it and to its people.' The *whole* truth is that I have been, professionally, and in continuous active employment, a writer about the Theatre for more than fifty years; that I am the oldest dramatic reviewer, in this country, in continuous service of the press as such; . . . that I have passed the whole of my life in intimate relations with the Theatre, and in laborious support of it; that I have used my utmost ability and industry to sustain and advance it; and that now, at more than threescore and ten, I am still its earnest advocate and still in devoted service of it. My writings about the Drama already fill more than fifty huge folio volumes. And, although I have strenuously opposed and attacked every misuse of the Theatre that I have observed, the sum total of my testimony is, wholly and fervently, in favor of that institution and of the Dramatic Profession.

"No man could give ampler or more practical proof than I have given of devotion to the Stage. My wife was, in her youth, an actress of distinction, professionally associated with the dramatic companies of Edwin Booth, James H. Hackett, John Brougham, Lester Wallack, and Augustin Daly. My oldest son, Percy, has been an actor more than thirty years. My second son, Arthur,—who manifested extraordinary talent for the stage,—would have been an actor, had he lived. My third son, Louis, was associated with theatrical management, and he would have continued in that pursuit, but for the fatal illness that caused his untimely death. My youngest son, Jefferson, is an actor now, and has been in that profession for twelve years, while his wife (Elsie Leslie) has been an actress from her childhood. My dearest and most intimate friends, with a few exceptions, have been actors. Any person, whether in the pulpit or out of it, who designates me as an enemy of the Stage is either an ignoramus, a fool, or a malicious liar.

"I have become extremely weary of the babble of clergymen about the Theatre. As a rule, they know nothing whatever about it, and, since they talk from the pulpit, where they are shielded from immediate reply, they can always safely indulge in the utterance of blather, and some of them are always improving the opportunity. One of them, not long ago, being distressed because of somebody's silly proposition to name a playhouse after William Penn, cited and, of course, misapplied, words of mine, thinking to strengthen his protest against the association of Penn's name with the Stage by representing *me* as a foe of the drama. They cannot, it seems, get along without dragging Sir Lucius into the quarrel. For my part, if what is said in Macaulay's *History* about William Penn is true, . . . I think that the disgrace would fall, not on the name of Penn, but on the theatre that should happen to be tagged with it.

"I believe the Theatre, as an institution, to be, intrinsically, as powerful for good as the Church is, and I know it to be far more interesting. I believe that the members of the Dramatic Profession, as a class, are as moral and as respectable as the Clergy. I believe that the Theatre, with all its faults,—which are due to bad management and bad public influence, the evil propensities that are in human nature,—is of great benefit to society, and that, rightly administered, it is a blessing to civilization. I also think that Lord Clarendon was right when he expressed the opinion that clergymen, as a class, in their meddlesome interference with public affairs, are the most mischievous persons in the world.

"Yours truly, WILLIAM WINTER."

One consequence of the continued presentment of Decadent Drama—meaning plays of diseased or openly vile contents,—ranging all the way from direct, blatant vulgarity and physical indecency to the far more demoralizing and mephitic "moral lessons,"—plays such as *Ghosts*, *Iris*, *Salvation Nell*, *The Affinity*, and *Damaged Goods*,—plays that Mr. Fiske appears to approve and admire on the postulate that they "come close to the actual welfare of humanity" and are "pregnant with remedial suggestion,"—is both deplorable and ominous. The Mayor of New York has intimated his purpose to ask for a modification in the existent Law relative to Theatrical Licenses, to the effect that the authority to revoke a Theatre License shall be taken from the Supreme Court and vested in the Mayor. Mr. Gaynor's attitude toward the Theatre, thus far during his administration, has been wise, just and admirable, and probably it would remain unchanged, even if the *power* for which he appears intent to ask should be granted to him. No proceeding, however, could be more antagonistic to the spirit of American institutions than the investiture of any one man with arbitrary power, such as the Mayor is understood, in this instance, to desire to possess. It is preposterous to assume that a great art, a great engine of social influence, and a great business industry, involving an investment of millions of dollars, ought to be placed absolutely at the mercy of the judgment or the caprice of any one man. But whence comes it that such a proposal has been contemplated? The Mayor is not to blame. It is natural and right that he should wish to rectify a situation which has become well-nigh intolerable. The wish to obtain supreme authority to prevent abuse of the Theatre is, undoubtedly, an expression of outraged Public Opinion. The press of New York (not from fault of the writers for it, who, for the most part, do the best they can with their hands more or less tied, but from a low expediency of the owners and directing editors) has, under coercion of the potent Advertising Club, largely failed in its duty toward the Theatre and the Public. Unscrupulous or misguided theatrical managers have polluted the Theatre and offended the decent community with almost numberless frivolities, indecencies, or monstrosities. The better part of the public has resented that insolent treatment, and the home or family public has largely abstained from the Theatre. Lewd spectacles, filthy screeds, vulgar dances (Miss Garden, for example, in *Salome*, Miss Hoffman, and others), vile "variety acts," pornographic farces, shows of barren horror, and images of disease have been foisted upon public attention to such a degree that the public mind is, at last, revolted. *The Conquerors*, *Catherine*, *Zaza*, *Sapho*, *Ghosts*, *Tanqueray*, *The Easiest Way*, *The Narrow Path*, *The Devil*, *Salvation Nell*, *Malia*, *The Only Law*, *Where There's a Will*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *The Clansman*, *The Soul Kiss*, *The Blue Mouse*, *The Girl With the Whooping-Cough*, *The Girl From Rector's*, *Get Busy With Emily*, *The Queen of the Moulin Rouge*,—such is the decadent stuff, of all "brands," that has soiled the stage, and, in specific instances, made that a nuisance which ought to be, at all times, what essentially it is, a comfort and delight. No wonder that the Mayor, jealous for propriety and for the good name of our city, would like to be vested with arbitrary power to extirpate theatrical evil! More than likely he will have the sympathy and support of many of the inhabitants of New York, in his application for that power, should he indeed decide to ask for it; and if his request should be granted (which is undesirable and improbable) the disaster ultimately certain to afflict the Theatre in this capital would be directly ascribable to those Theatrical Managers who have sacrificed their duty to the gratification of their greed or the indulgence of their aberrant tendencies and standards.

Exaltation

AFTER THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO

By Florence Earle Coates

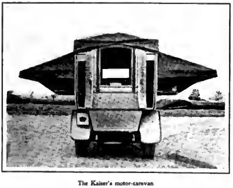
ALONE by the waves, on a starlight night,
No mist on the sea, not a cloud in sight,
My eyes pierced further than earth's desires:
And nature—all nature, the hills, and the woods,
Seemed to question, with murmur of myriad moods,
The waves of the sea and the heavenly fires.

And the infinite legion of golden stars
Replied in a chant of harmonious bars,
While with scintillant crowns they seemed earthward to nod;
And the waves, which no puissance can rule or arrest,
Made answer, while curbing the foam of each crest:
It is God! it is God! it is God!

When Wilhelm Goes to War

THE Kaiser possesses a motor-caravan for use in the field. It comprises a cook's galley and butler's pantry, an omnibus carriage for the servants of the train, and a tent, tent-table, and twelve specially constructed chairs. The wagons are lighted by large sliding windows at the front and back; and ventilated by smaller windows in the side walls. The roof is fixed, but the sides are movable and can be let down.

The cook's galley has the appearance of a closed omnibus. The centre of the car is high enough to give the cook ample space in which to work. The galley is provided with a five-burner alcohol furnace, a hot-water reservoir, a cupboard for silver, bread-boxes, and linen, two metallic reservoirs holding seventy quarts of alcohol, and a lavatory.



The Kaiser's motor-caravan

The tent is eighteen feet long, twelve feet wide, and eleven feet high in the centre. The tent-table is five yards long and forty inches wide. The omnibus carries baggage and a complete campaign sleeping outfit.

The Gentler View

THE MASCULINE AND THE FEMININE MIND

By Florida Pier

THE masculine in contrast to the feminine mind is one of the most admirable subjects for discussion, as so few people have decided whether either exists; or if they happen to feel keenly that there is a masculine and a feminine mind and that the two differ greatly, they base their prejudice on inarticulate feelings and prove their theory by nothing more than an indignant snort and exclamation of: "But, good Heavens! Can't you see it for yourself?" There is no other subject, which can be recalled at the moment, that has such alluring, teetering tricks. The instant it is mounted it throws you first to one side, then the other, and every new person's thought of it upsets your balance afresh.

If men would not so frequently possess feminine traits, presumably located in the mind, and if women did not again and again exhibit minds that work with a chill method long since dubbed masculine, the matter could be settled at once. It so often seems finished and done for. When men and women are out of their province they feel it instantaneously. They recognize so quickly the [illegible] not [illegible] to them, that at the first technical word introduced into a conversation [illegible] woman stops, [illegible] and thinks her [illegible] thoughts [illegible] her ears catch a [illegible] in terms when she is again alert [illegible] interested [illegible] carburetor is enough to [illegible] silent the most intelligent of women; she lies dormant, ceases to exist during a flow of motor talk and just as one is on the point of drawing conclusions therefrom, she idly joins the men fuming over the engine, and says, meekly, "But the round thing that forces the gas, or whatever you call it, into the other thing-a-ma-bob is disconnected"; and with a shock it is seen that she understood the moment she put her mind on the matter, and if she announced her discovery with a certain verbal vagueness, it was merely by way of expressing her scorn of so dull a thing as an engine.

Appalled by the harem-like feminity of some minds, and the incurable "male men" that so distress Mr. Benson, one just wonders if they can share a single definition, and next regards them as regrettable examples of atavism. They are to be treated with the mingled embarrassment one feels toward monkeys, and the bewildered courtesy that would be shown a distant ancestor who was somehow one's own age. If any one were so unfortunate as to be possessed of a tail, we would not blame him, and above all we would not dwell on his difference from the rest of the world. We would be kind to him, aid him in concealing his cumbersome appendage, making every effort not to stare, and feeling that he was much more hampered by it than we were. We must show the same consideration to those poor souls who bear up under a misplaced masculine or feminine mind. The commonness of the affliction may be a strain on our sympathy, but the commonness is still a variation from the rule, it is not, think fortuor, the rule itself. It is, unless one is of the opposing opinion, just one of those annoying blunders made by education which last a long time after our shame at them has risen, and remain to trip us up, like unconquerable provincialisms that betray us as we intrude on dizzy heights.

If the idea cherished in the back of the mind that the opposite sex could never know the charm and delight of having a mind like one's own, the difference between the clumsy, limited thing they have, and the exquisite mechanism with which you have been blessed being very great, is held as a strong argument that the minds of men and women are radically opposed, it is perhaps natural, though quite refutable. By a happy arrangement we have a strong leaning toward what is our own, and would never willingly admit that the roses grown in our garden were exactly the same as those poor things which sprout in the garden of our neighbor. This feeling, extraordinarily staunch and deep-rooted as it may be, does not prove beyond all argument that the roses are of a completely different substance. It is of course difficult not to be thrilled with just a small spasm of superiority when one contemplates the natural obtuseness of man, and we grow so accustomed to a bluntness, which he seems incapable of sharpening, that we have been known to receive sudden and unexpected surprises. On the other hand there is, from time to time, a something noticeable in the masculine manner that would almost imply they felt they had something denied to others. A certain disdainful impatience, occasionally expressed with a touch of curtness [illegible] we cannot but take as a wilful reflection on our own mental powers, however else it may have been intended.

In fact—and now the matter is to be settled once and for all—there is not a jot of difference between the masculine and feminine minds: there is only a difference in what is and what has been put in them and what the world expects to come out of them. The world gets very much what it expects.

Those who believe in the basic difference of men's and women's minds are merely suffering from localism. They are blinded by parochial prejudice into regarding everything outside their boundaries as "furrin' parts," or else they are taking advantage of a weapon used since the beginning of time with truly astonishing effectiveness when one takes into account its obvious flimsiness. The retort that with the mere substituting of the word man for that of woman has been employed with equal frequency by both sexes: "You're a woman; you don't understand." If we can once and for all put our being understood out of the question, it establishes our position as nothing else can.

With all delicacy, though also with generous prodigality, the question being as it is settled, it is further suggested that the curious, rudimentary contrivances known as feminine or masculine brains are not brains at all or, in fact, are merely called brains by courtesy, their being in the place where brains ought to be accounting for the loosely, if kindly applied term.

Payment by Height

THE scheme of charging half-fare for children under a fixed age is generally regarded as unsatisfactory, involving endless discussions between parents and railway conductors, besides frequent deliberate falsehoods, to which the children themselves are made a party. The Swiss lake steamboat companies avoid all this by charging according to the height of the child.

At the gangway or other convenient place is a post duly marked with feet and inches, and if there is any question as to the status of the child it must be measured. Children under two feet in height go free. If under four feet four inches, the child may ride for half fare, but if over that height, full fare must be paid. Dogs of all sizes must pay half-fare.

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"One lucky day we tried Grape-Nuts. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper, and I think he would have liked the food for dinner.

"The difference in his appearance is something wonderful.

"My husband had never fancied cereal foods of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts, and has been much improved in health since using it.

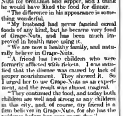
"We are now a healthy family, and naturally believe in Grape-Nuts.

"A friend has two children who were formerly afflicted with rickets. I was satisfied that the disease was caused by lack of proper nourishment. They showed it. So I urged her to use Grape-Nuts as an experiment, and the result was almost magical.

"They continued the food, and today both children are well and strong as any children in this city, and, of course, my friend is a firm believer in Grape-Nuts, for she has the evidence before her eyes every day."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



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Finance

THE REASONABLE BASIS OF RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES

By Franklin Escher

THE past few weeks have seen the whole question of railway freight rates threshed out as it has never been before. In a series of notable hearings held before representatives of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads and the shippers have each presented their side of the case. Record of the arguments made and of the supporting testimony has naturally been technical to a large extent and of limited interest only, but in the main question at issue the interest of the country has never for a moment flagged. For it has come to be realized that the real issue at stake is not at all whether railroad freight rates are or are not to be raised at present, but rather the determination for all time of the basis on which railway freight rates are to be made. Railroading is the most important industry in this country. What the deciding of such a question one way or the other means to it may readily be imagined.

Through the ruck of argument, charge and countercharge, made at the hearings thus far held, the real line of battle is at last slowly becoming visible. Upon the ground that capitalization has nothing whatever to do with freight rates, that depending entirely upon service rendered, the railroad forces have chosen to stand or fall. Equally firm are the shippers in their contention that the true basis of the freight rates which a railroad ought to be allowed to charge is the actual value of that road—the amount of money for which tracks, equipment, terminals and all, it could be reproduced.

In the claim of the shippers there is much that appeals to the popular imagination. That former periods of mismanagement have resulted in heavy overcapitalization of many of our railroads is, unfortunately, only too true. Why, demand the shippers, should they be required to pay such freight rates as will allow the payment of interest on money which has never actually been put into these railroad properties at all?—which exists only in the record of their capitalization. Let the cash amount at which these roads can be replaced be determined, and rates then fixed at such a point as will allow the payment of a fair rate of interest on the actual amount of capital so invested.

What is a fair rate of interest? Who is going to determine it? Why should the backers of a railroad project be forced to be satisfied with a "fair rate of interest" when the backers of an industrial project are allowed to make all they can? Who would be such a fool as to put his money into railroading under such conditions? These are some of the lines along which the railroad men retort. By the railroads the country has been developed, they point out. Because some of the roads have been less fortunate than others, have the *bona fide* investors in the shares of these weaker properties, investors who have bought their stocks and bonds in good faith, no rights whatever?

Such are the questions which come from the average railroad man you interview on the subject—if, indeed, you can get him past the "physical valuation" idea at all. "Physical valuation!" snapped the head of one big road last week, "physical impossibility! It's a dream, a delusion; it can't be done." And that is the way in which most of the railroad men seem to look at it. A house or a factory or even a big industrial plant, they say, may be appraised at something like its true value, but never a railroad thousands of miles long with all sorts of rights of way and running through all sorts of country. What, indeed, would be the basis of such a valuation? The character, presumably, of the territory through which the road runs—a mile of railroad running through a fertile farming country, for instance, would naturally be worth more than a mile of railroad running over a mountain. Yes, as a piece of real estate, but as a railroad most emphatically no. To build the mile of road through the farming country may have cost $30,000. The cost of the mile of road through the mountains was very probably ten times as much. And yet, as a piece of property, you couldn't find any one who would take it as a gift.

That, however, is only one of the difficulties in the way of making a fair valuation of railroad properties. Another and perhaps even more serious one is the fact that values keep changing all the time, and that before the ink could dry on such a report the given valuation would c[illegible]e to have any relation whatever to actual value. Considering that there are over a quarter of a million miles of railroad territory in the country, this continuous ploughing of the sands in the effort to keep the figures up to date would take every minute of the time of a commission which, it is estimated, it would take $20,000,000 a year to maintain. That would be paying a good deal for the pleasure of trying such an experiment.

But granting for the sake of argument that it would be possible to make a physical valuation of the railroads and find out just what they are worth, at least two great questions as to the desirability of using such a valuation as a basis for freight rates immediately present themselves. There must, in the first place, be considered the rights of stockholders, who, in good faith have bought railroad securities during the past few years. Secondly, there must be considered the fact that while it is true that railroads are more or less of a public institution, they are built and run with private capital, the owners of which are just as much entitled to the chance of profit as are the owners of capital invested in any other kind of enterprise.

Of the various arguments against the basing of freight rates on capitalization, brought up by the transportation men, none has been given greater emphasis than this point about the injustice of such a course of procedure to present stockholders. Admitting fully that past mismanagement and reorganizations have in many cases resulted in over-capitalization, railroad men want to know by what process of right or reason present holders of securities should be made to suffer therefor. In some instances control of properties whose capitalization was unduly expanded by the loose practices of twenty or thirty years ago has changed several times. In more than one case roads of this kind have passed into the control of managers able and efficient who are making every effort in their power to correct the errors of the past, and are succeeding in their attempt. Suppose now that a commission comes along, and, finding that the actual value of such a property is less than its nominal capitalization, orders rates reduced. What would become, then, of the present management's earnest and honest effort to make the road what it ought to be? What would be the position of those investors who, seeing the able and honest way in which the road's affairs were being administered, and believing in its future, had invested their hard-earned money in the road's securities?

Important, however, as is this consideration about present stockholders' rights, it is scarcely more so than the other point about investors in railway projects being entitled to earn more on their money than what some legislative body or commission may decide is a "fair return." Take the case of a group of capitalists who have risked their money building a new railroad through unopened territory and have made their enterprise succeed. Through the advent of that railroad, in all probability, great tracts of waste land have been opened up to the march of civilization—where one blade of grass grew before two have been made to grow, and great wealth added. Are not they who have been responsible, who have dared to risk their money and in so doing have made fertile the waste places—are not they to be entitled to the fruit of their labors? Theirs have been motives of self-interest, it is true, but consider what they have done for the country at large and for the territory where they have staked their money, in particular. Is it right that the most they can hope for in return is a rate of five or six per cent. on the money they have invested and risked? What, under such circumstances, is there to induce new capital to go into railroad enterprise?

For these and a number of other reasons the railroad men claim that capitalization and freight rates have nothing whatever to do with each other—that it is the limit of injustice for a commission or any body to try to find out what amount of money would duplicate a railroad property and then allow that railroad to charge only such rates as would yield a "fair return" on the amount of money represented. What should count in fixing freight rates, they claim, is not the amount of money represented in a railroad, but rather the value of the service which the railroad is able to offer.

Take, for example, the case of a road whose industrial department has been successful in getting a number of factories and mills to locate along its lines. Time goes on, and as a result of the facilities the railroad offers these industrial projects, they flourish and grow and make money. Here, say the railroad managers, it is we who are responsible for all this; we brought these mills and factories here and it is the *value of the service we are able to render* which makes it possible for them to flourish and make money as they do. This traffic we have developed will bear more than it is being charged with. We will raise our rates and get in on this, too.

"What the traffic will bear"—that, the foremost authorities on railway economics in the country unite in declaring the true measure of the value of the service rendered. A railroad, for instance, which hauls a ton of cotton, worth $300, a mile, renders a service of greater value to the cotton shipper than it renders to the owner of a coal-mine when it hauls a ton of coal, worth perhaps $3, a corresponding distance. That principle is well recognized. Last year the average revenue per ton mile derived by the railroads from hauling soft coal was only 0.408 cents. For hauling a ton of cotton a mile it was 1.743 cents. To haul the cotton probably cost the railroad very little more than to haul the coal, but the greater service rendered the cotton dealer made it right and just that the railroad should charge him more.

That is the underlying principle on which the transportation men claim that freight rates should be based. The value of the service rendered, they say, is the accurately measured by what the traffic will bear. A coal-mine, for example, would be put out of business in a day wer[illegible] the rates appl[illegible] to the transportation of cotton or [illegible] to be applied to coal. Business simply could not be done under those conditions.

To charge [illegible] than the traffic would bear would consequently only react upon the railroads themselves. Just as manu[illegible] or other industrial plants are dependent [illegible] the railroads along the lines of which they are located so it is upon these very industrial plants that the railroads themselves are dependent for the traffic without which they cannot live. To charge rates too high or to do anything else which will lessen the volume of traffic is exactly in opposition to the railroads' own best interests. What they want to see is traffic stimulated to the highest possible point.

That that result may be accomplished, freight rates, in the opinion of most authorities on the subject, must be established to accord with conditions—must be apportioned, for instance, according to the ability of traffic to bear their weight. When San Francisco was to be rebuilt the management of the roads running into that city was broad-minded enough to reduce freight rates to almost nothing. When an inland sea threatened the territory served by Southern Pacific, millions were spent by the railroad in protective work with no more security than the promise of government officials that the money would be repaid. There was no question of cost. It was simply a case where conditions had to be met. So the railroads claim it ought to be with freight rates. Where the country is new and industries are struggling, rates ought to be made as low as possible and everything possible done to further development. But where the country is already developed, where industry is flourishing and those who have invested their money in industrial enterprise are making not a "fair return" of a few per cent., but all that they possibly can—there, the railroads contend, they, too, ought to be allowed a share in the prevailing prosperity. Aside from the question of right and justice involved, what incentive, otherwise, will there be for capital to go into railroad enterprise?

What was probably the last chapter in the ill starred Pearson-Farquhar affair, at least so far as Rock Island is concerned, was definitely closed when the announcement was made by Kuhn, Loeb, & Co. that they had sold to the Phelps-Dodge interests the Rock Island preferred stock which fell into their hands on the memorable 28th of July.

That it was not a question of whether, but of when and to whom, the Kuhn, Loeb, & Co. interests would turn over their Rock Island preferred has been known all along by those who have realized the objection to continued ownership of so much Rock Island stock by parties so deeply interested in parallel and competing lines.

What applies to Rock Island stock in this connection applies with even more force to Missouri Pacific with its indirect control of Western Pacific—a line paralleling and competing with both the main Harriman lines. Here, too, it isn't a question of whether, but of when.

First-rate railroad combinations have been so rare of late that this deal by which the Phelps-Dodge interests are given an important voice in the management of Rock Island has been seized upon by the amateur makers of railroad maps, and made to portend all sorts of remarkable happenings in the railroad world. Unfortunately, however, the facts in this case are about as dry and prosaic as in any railroad deal that has taken place in a long time. They require, in fact, a perfectly fearful stretch of the imagination to turn them into anything like good copy. What has happened is no more than that the Phelps, Dodge, & Co. interests, the third largest copper producers in the world and a group of financiers who have always worked in harmony with the Rock Island people, have now come into actual possession of a good, substantial amount of the preferred stock. The cordial relations existing between these mining and railroad interests are apt to be drawn closer and strengthened. That's about all there is to it.

A number of bond dealers, it appears, probably with the idea of giving their stenographers something to do, have lately been writing to Washington and urging the necessity of keeping some sort of tab on the securities that come into and go out of the country. Such information, they say, would be very valuable in determining the exact state of the international balance-sheet.

It would be very interesting and of some value to cast an eye upon that hypothetical document, but if that is to be accomplished only by making security dealers disclose their inmost secrets, it is likely to be some time in coming about. As well expect every American tourist who has travelled abroad to file with the government a complete schedule of his expenses. The mere fact that information on any given point might be interesting is no warrant in itself for trying to get hold of it.

As a measure of the cost of commodities, about the best thing we have in this country is the so-called index number, published by Bradstreet's on the first of each month. Compiled on an extremely ingenious basis from the prevailing prices of practically all the more important forms of merchandise, this index number is a faithful indicator of the ebb and flow of the price movement.

High-water mark, it appears, was reached on January 1st of this year when the index number got up to 9.2310. During the following months there was a slow but steady decline, and when, on August 1st, the index number was seen to have declined to 8.8222—a drop of 4½ per cent.—it did look as though some appreciable retrogression in the cost of living was taking place. But now along comes September with an increase to 8.9519, upsetting all calculations as to the probable rate of decline, and, indeed, seriously raising the question as to whether prices are not once more on the up turn.

A pleasanter way of looking at it is that index numbers show not only the rise and fall of prices, but, to a certain degree at least, measure the activity of business as well.

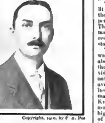
What Conservation Means

MR. W. D. SIMMONS, of St. Louis, speaking at St. Paul before the National Conservation Congress recently, said:

"In spite of exhaustive reports issued by the departments—in spite of scholarly and illuminative articles on the subject, the people generally do not yet understand the real object of conservation. A busy people in trade do not have time to read government reports or long speeches on any subject, and, of course, no one can do justice to even one element of this great subject in a short article.

"The net result is therefore that there is no general understanding of even the A B C of conservation—such as should be given to the people—such as they would be glad to have, and such as they must have before there is warrant for feeling that the foundation stones of conservation are so firmly grounded that no transitory wave of agitation on unimportant details can be successfully used to dislodge them.

"The majority have not yet grasped the idea that one of the prime objects of this conservation movement is to preserve the fertility and productiveness of the soil, on which we all depend for our food-supply.



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W. D. Simmons

"They are not aware that already in many parts of this country, where formerly any man who rented farm lands was entirely free to use them with indifference to their future, he is now required by the owners to enter into a written contract which provides just how the land is to be cultivated—how the crops are to be rotated and fertilizers used. The owners of these lands to-day require their tenants to practise conservation.

"The people do not generally understand that when a territory which has been used as a range for cattle is by proclamation withdrawn, as we express it, that does not mean it is no longer to be used for pasturage. Conservation does not aim to suspend use. Its object is to perpetuate usefulness in full measure this year and every year to come.

"A farmer who owns a pasture—large or small—and rents it for stock-grazing, takes due care to cover in his agreement the number of head and the length of time they are to be kept on his land. He makes sure that his pasture is not to be so abused in any one season as to ruin it for the future. He cares for his own land as it is the province of the forestry department to care for the public land entrusted to their supervision. He practises conservation because he cannot afford to do otherwise.

"It is not widely known that instead of wishing to keep settlers out of the natural forest reservations, inducements are given by the department to get people to settle within their boundaries—homesteaders are free to pasture their domestic stock within the reservation and to cut from the forests the timber they require for building houses, barns, and fences.

"It is not generally understood that making a forest reservation does not mean that no more timber is to be cut there for market; on the contrary, its prime object is to insure continued cutting and selling of it for all time.

"It is not widely known that the revenue from timber-cutting on the public forest lands amounts already to a million dollars a year, and the annual revenue from the pastures puts another million into the public treasury, and that this is only a beginning, or that meanwhile this kind of revenue-making regulation also affects the regularity of water-supply through our rivers and streams, a most vital question, as has been shown by many able exponents of conservation.

"When this nation of business people understands that conservation is simply another term for business management of the people's capital the pressure of public opinion will be so strong behind this movement as to brook no interference or delay in the passage and enforcement of the laws needed to begin at once a business administration.

"How to spread more widely a correct understanding of such facts is to-day a most important problem. How shall we reach the people who have not yet been reached, and who, in all probability, will not be reached by anything published in the usual way?

"I have a suggestion to make which I ask you to take to the Governors who appointed you to attend this congress; that is, that each one (I mean each Governor) summon to his Capitol, for consultation, say six of the leading business men of the State—selecting those who in their own business have, by successful use of modern advertising, demonstrated that they have learned from experience how to reach the individual—how to tell him something they want him to know. Knowing how to do that is just as much a matter of education and experience—in fact, education from experience—as are the methods of the forester or of the politician who is a "past master" at the game.

"Give the people of your State the benefit of this experience. It can be had for the asking. The business men can be depended on to help whenever called upon. They will be particularly ready in this matter, which, in proportion as it is successful, will make for good trade and stable business conditions.

"Ask this business council to formulate ways of making known not only the facts about the forests and water-supply, and the importance of these facts to every individual man, woman, and child in the nation, but why we in the United States average 13½ bushels of wheat per acre, instead of 28½ bushels, as they do in Germany, and 30 9/10 bushels in the United Kingdom of Great Britain; how this is making homestead lands scarce and prices high, because we only get half the amount of crops we should get from the land we have under cultivation, and consequently the supply is getting less every year in proportion to the demand. When we find our production less to the acre each succeeding year and more mouths to feed, it is time everybody knew why.

"Tell them in the simplest and most direct manner possible what is meant by the 'pork barrel' in politics—how it is being used to retard the proper development of our natural resources, and why, therefore, it stands in the way of the nation's progress. Let them know why we all have reason to thank God that we have in the White House a President who does not let politics silence his tongue on that subject or swerve him from his determination to stop this waste of the nation's funds. Write up a short story of what reclamation has done and can do in relieving the situation by opening up to us millions of acres of land which can and will add greatly to our food and meat supply; tell them what has already been accomplished, for instance, in Florida, and the progress that is still being made by reclamation work, to the great benefit of the people of that State.

"Explain in a simple manner that hand in hand with the profitable development of our natural resources must go the development of our great waterways and railroads—that there can be no general prosperity without railroad prosperity, that our railroads and waterways are the connecting links which make our resources available, and that the practical value of our natural resources depends largely upon the efficiency of our transportation service.

"This whole subject of conservation is fundamentally a business proposition—a question of managing the people's business with the same care and foresight that we put into private business—a question of using the nation's capital in a way that will produce a regular, steady, and proper income year after year, and at the same time to safeguard the principle that the people of these United States may go on as a nation in business indefinitely.

"History tells of the many people who have spent their capital and disappeared from the face of the earth. Let us so organize this nation's business that it may go on down the centuries as history's exception to the general rule of rise and fall. As we point with pride, honor, and gratitude to the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the makers of our Constitution, so may the coming generations of Americans, having in mind the fates of other peoples, look back with gratitude to us, and have occasion to exclaim, 'See what would also have been our lot had it not been for the [illegible] and business judgment of our ancestors of the twentieth century—worthy successors of the great men who founded this government of the people, by the people and for the people, not only of their own time, but for all time.'"

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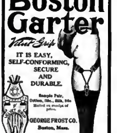

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"The Pennsylvania Limited" leaves New York at 10.55 A. M. to-day and arrives Chicago 8.45 A. M. to-morrow; returning it leaves Chicago at 5.30 P. M. and arrives New York at 5.30 P. M. the next day.

Extract from an Article

—BY—

EDWIN MARKHAM

(Author of "The Man With the Hoe")

which appeared in "Book Land," Saturday, Sept. 3d, 1910.

Begin To Build Your Own Library

I sometimes wonder whether we, surrounded by libraries, read with the industry and advantage that our forefathers read with only an armful of books on the clock shelf.

There was something about the ownership of those books that made them friends forever. They were not skimmed in a hurry, to be rushed back to save a fine at the checking counter. They waited for your leisure, your mood. They had a cheer for the bright hour or a consolation for the lonely hour. Being read and re-read, the page took on associations, a deep meaning, like a song oft heard or a landscape often seen; and so became an unlosable part of one's spiritual possessions.

I know of lives whose whole outlook has been enlarged and vivified by intimate companionship with a book—a great mind being opened in this way to their growing minds. Sometimes it was Carlyle, sometimes Ruskin, sometimes Emerson, sometimes George Eliot—some writer with a [illegible] vision of life and a noble power [illegible].

"Book Land" is a live, entertaining department of The New York Morning American, every Saturday; where the important new books are reviewed and discussed. Mr. Markham is editor of "Book Land."

The Silk-spider of Madagascar

THE great African island of Madagascar possesses a spider whose product has given France a new colonial industry. This spider, known to naturalists as the *Nephila madagascariensis*, abounds in the colony. The halabe, as it is called by the natives, produces extremely fine silk of a rich golden color. Superb tissues are woven from it, but unfortunately they cannot stand the ordinary silk dye, which contains acid, alkali, and hot soap.

Under the administration of the French, a school of sericulture, with spider silk factories, has been started at Antananarivo, the capital. One halabe spins about 2,000 metres of silk thread, and requires no care or nourishment that it cannot obtain without man's assistance.

The first factory installed in Antananarivo was nothing but a park full of spinning halabes, watched and tended by little Malagasy girls. The children were permitted to run the garden for their amusement, and to keep the silk thread obtained. The main object of that first school was to show the natives what could be done with the natural riches of the island. The park was filled with rows of bamboos about three yards high and planted two or three feet apart. Near the bamboos were placed water buckets, and around the buckets were set carnations and tomatoes, growths highly relished by the silk spider.

As soon as these preparations had been made, spiders came from all directions and spun their webs over the bamboos. When the webs were hung and the spiders spinning, the little girls brushed the insects into large baskets and carried them to the factory, where "captains' nests" had been set. "Captains' nests" were invented by M. Nogué, subdirector of the professional school of Antananarivo. These ingenious machines have interiors arranged to hold groups of twelve spiders. The spiders are placed in the machine in such a way as to immobilize them on their backs with their abdomens in the air. The operation is called "paindrsa." It results, ultimately, in the exhaustion and death of the spinners. If thought exists in the world of insects, the halabes must do some thinking when they lie in the machine, rendering silk for the commerce of the world. The spinners being immobilized, the helpers of the factory seize the protruding ends of the web-threads and fix them to the bobbins. Twelve threads from twelve spiders go on the bobbin simultaneously. Each bobbin makes seven hundred revolutions, because a thread needs seven hundred turns to twist it hard enough for weaving. When the threads are twisted to the proper tension, they are doubled and redoubled. A finished thread is composed of twenty-four strands. As soon as a spider ceases to render thread, the little machine is taken out, another just like it is put in its place; the exhausted spiders are taken back to the garden to rest; and the fresh spiders are forced to render tribute. The exhausted spiders are put in a quiet corner of the park where insects are plentiful. They are permitted to rest between ten and twenty-four days; when rested and replete, they are returned to the machine to render silk again. Few spiders return to the machine more than five times. The few who survive a fifth operation are exceptions. A hardy, good-sized halabe renders nearly one gram of superb golden-yellow silk ready for the loom. About eleven hundred spinners are required for the production of two pounds of silk.

To start the first silk-park, the professional school of Madagascar posted notices in the villages all over the island, offering eight cents a hundred for specimens of the halabe. The natives hurried to the capital from all points, laden with spiders. Subsequently machines were distributed among the natives of the villages, who now carry the full bobbins to Antananarivo. They run the machines from tree to tree, catching the halabes and spooling their silk, stopping their work only when all the spiders have been exhausted.

The halabe abounds in Madagascar, running free and nourishing itself on the luxuriant insect life of the country. The silk spider is by far more profitable than the silkworm. The silkworm demands relatively costly nourishment and great care. The silk-spider can be worked to the limit of its producing power, and its product is ready for the loom when spooled.

TO SHOW MOVING PICTURES IN A CONVERTED CHAPEL

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., INTENDS TO CONVERT THE ARMITAGE CHAPEL, ON TENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, INTO A MOVING-PICTURE-SHOW HOUSE. THE PROFITS WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE SETTLEMENT

A Prayer Ten Centuries Old

AMONG the documents and manuscripts taken by the Pelliot Mission of France from a cave in Chinese Turkestan, where they had lain during ten centuries, is a curious manuscript recorded by the French Academy of Sciences. The manuscript is as one of the oldest known Hebrew texts. It is a prayer formed of passages taken from the Psalms and from the Prophets, written in beautiful square Hebrew, with a very rudimentary system of vocalization.

Doubtless the manuscript was carried on the person of the man who owned it. Some scholars believe that the document dates from the eighth or ninth century of the Christian era; and that it belonged to a [illegible] Jewish merchant of [illegible]. No [illegible] paper was known in Arabia [illegible] the eighth or the ninth century; therefore it is supposed that the manuscript was transcribed for its owner when he was in China, where such paper was to be found.

The Wooden-shoe Trade

IT is said that in France wooden shoes to the number of two million pairs are turned out each year. Both machine-made and hand-made shoes of this kind figure in the French industry.

In France it is held that the best wooden shoes are those made of maple. In the provinces every Frenchwoman possesses a pair of the finer sabots for use on special occasions. These show monograms and similar designs carved on the vamps, and they are kept on the foot by ornamented leather pieces over the instep. The manufacture of these leather pieces also forms an important industry in France.

The French Fisherman

Though their lakes and ponds are few and their rivers comparatively destitute of fish, the French people are extremely fond of angling. Indeed, nervous and excitable as the average Frenchman may be, he is content to sit by a stream with a pole and wait all day for a bite.

In a certain country town not far from Paris there existed a fishing club, named the Intrepid Fishers of Marpignon. A pretty stream goes through Marpignon, but for many years not one fish had been seen in this stream, from which circumstance, it followed, the Intrepid Fishers had little to do.

The excitement may be imagined, therefore, when the word ran through Marpignon that a large barbel—a tough and gamey fish—had been seen in the stream. The Intrepid Fishers turned out and, having ascertained that there was indeed a barbel in the stream, immediately stopped the water some little distance above and below him with gratings, so that he could not get away.

Then they ranged themselves joyfully along the stream with hook and line, and all went to fishing for the one fish.

By and by one Intrepid Fisher caught him, and immediately threw him back into the water. In the course of time another caught him and did the same.

For three days, one veracious account has it, the Intrepid Fishers kept at work, catching this one barbel; and at the end of that time the fish died of exhaustion and loss of blood. Then the Intrepid Fishers counted up the notches that they had made on their fish-poles, and the man who had caught the barbel the most times was declared the champion fisherman of Marpignon and received great honors.

Cranes that Herd Sheep

The yakamik of South America is, so far as is known, the only "shepherd bird" anywhere. We have all known, of course, of dogs that, unaided, may be trusted to shepherd a flock of sheep, but a shepherd bird, which will drive its charges to pasture, protect them from prowling animals, and gather them carefully together at nightfall to bring them safely home again, is indeed a unique creature.

The native owners of sheep and poultry in Venezuela and British Guiana are the possessors of this shepherd bird, and to the care of this species of crane—for to that family the yakamik belongs—are entrusted sheep, ducks, and other poultry. The South American sees them depart for their feeding-grounds, secure in the knowledge that the crane will bring them all back safely. Any unlucky animal detected by the yakamik while prowling about to steal gets very much the worst of it. The bird savagely attacks the marauder with wing and beak, forcing it to retreat in haste. A dog is no match at all for the yakamik.

At dusk the bird returns with its flock, never losing its way, no matter how far it may wander, for its sense of location is extremely acute. When it arrives home, the yakamik roosts upon a tree or shed near its charges, to be ready to resume its supervision of them when they are let out again in the morning.

This queer bird is said to be as affectionate as it is trustworthy. It will follow its master about with capers of delight, showing its appreciation of any attention given it by the most extraordinary evolutions.

Where Are We Going?

One of the most difficult questions that astronomers have to solve is the direction and velocity of the flight of the solar system through space. We ordinarily speak of the earth going round the sun as if that revolution were performed year after year in the same path, the sun standing still while the earth moves. But, as a matter of fact, the sun moves as well as the earth.

Our planet goes round the sun from east to west, but, at the same time, the sun moves from south to north. The earth, therefore, is really travelling not in a beaten circle, but in a spiral line, which is gradually carrying it toward certain stars in the northern sky. And, of course, all the other planets also travel in spirals, going at the same time round and round the sun, and with the sun toward the north.

The simplest proof that this motion of the solar system really exists is the fact that in that part of the sky toward which we are going the stars are observed to be slowly moving apart, while in the opposite part of the heavens they are drawing together.

But now comes the difficulty. On account of the immense distance of the stars, the apparent motions exhibited by them as a result of our varying distance from them are exceedingly slight; far too slight to be detected without the aid of the most delicate instruments, applied with an accuracy and precision that only great skill and long practice can give.

Then, too, each star has an actual motion of its own—one in one direction and another in another—for, like our sun, they are all journeying through space, without by any means "keeping step." The observer must, consequently, in the first place measure motions that are almost beyond the reach of measurement, and in the second place distinguish the real movements of the individual stars from their apparent movements due to the actual motion of the earth.

Yet, difficult as this task is, it has been attempted over and over again, and astronomers are still engaged on it. There are two things that they wish particularly to learn: (1) in exactly what direction we are thus journeying through space, and (2) just how fast we are going. The latest results indicate that the point toward which we are moving lies in the eastern part of the constellation Hercules, not far from the very brilliant star Vega. It is thought that the entire solar system is moving through space at the rate of twelve miles a second, but estimates as to this vary.

Fishing with Dogs

The Ainus of Saghalin Island, off the Siberian coast, have a unique method of fishing for salmon-trout with dogs.

The waters about the island are wonderfully clear, and from a boat the bottom of the water is distinctly visible, and innumerable salmon-trout may be seen swimming.

The Ainus, when about to fish, take with them a number of dogs. At a certain point all the men and dogs come to a halt. Then half the men and dogs move further along the water's edge, about two hundred yards.

At a concerted signal the dogs are started from their respective points, and swim straight out seaward in single file in two columns. At a cry from the Ainus, the right column wheels left and the left column wheels right, until the heads of the columns meet. Then, at another signal all of them swim in line toward the shore.

As the dogs near the shore increasing numbers of fish appear in the shallow water, frightened forward by the splashing of the advancing column of dogs, which, as soon as their feet touch bottom, pounce upon the fishes with lightning rapidity.

The animals promptly bring the fish which they have seized to their masters, who cut off their heads and give each dog the head which belongs to him as his share of the catch. The dog that catches nothing gets nothing.

It is believed that this dog-drill of the Ainus is entirely unique. It is the more extraordinary, when it is considered that the dogs, many of which have been captured from the forest, are still half wild.

Washington's Artificial Teeth

It may not be generally known that the Father of his Country was one of the first Americans to wear artificial teeth. By the time the War of the Revolution had ended he had parted company with most of the outfit which nature had given him. An ingenious physician and dentist of New York City undertook the then unusual task of re-equipment, and produced at length a full set of artificial teeth. These are now, of course, a dental curiosity, and offer an additional proof of the heroism of our first President, for it is a matter of fact that General Washington wore these teeth for many years and, so far as we know, never complained of them.

The teeth were carved from ivory, and riveted, wired, and clamped to a somewhat ponderous gold plate. Three large clamps, in particular, figure conspicuously in the roof of the mouth, and must have caused difficulty, if not anguish. There were an upper and an under set; and the two were connected and held in position relatively by a long spiral spring on each side.

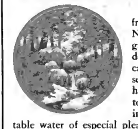
Nevertheless, Washington wore them long and well: a fact sufficiently attested by the worn and dinted condition of both teeth and plate.

At the last account these teeth were the property of a dental institution in Baltimore.

The French Sardine Industry

France boxes sardines in two hundred canning factories on the coast. Fourteen thousand women prepare the fish as come from the nets, and twenty-five hundred men are employed in canning them.

The average annual production of canned sardines is 20,000 tons. This represents a value of between $8,000 and $10,000. About twelve pounds of tin are used on every one hundred square meters of the sheet iron from which the cans are made.



Springing pure from the heart of New Hampshire's granite hills, Londonderry Lithia Water is carried under perfect seal to thousands of homes in city and town. It should be in your home as a table water of especial pleasantness and as an efficient guardian of health.

Londonderry

is a natural water with its solvent minerals so blended as to be peculiarly healthful. It is highly recommended by physicians as the most valuable of alkaline waters.

The sparkling (effervescent) in the usual three sizes for table use. The still (plain) in half-gallon bottles.

An attractive brochure on Londonderry will be mailed free on request.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO., Nashua, N. H.

MAINE!

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The RAMRODDERS

A New Novel

BY HOLMAN DAY

W. L. DOUGLAS

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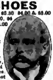
MEN'S $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 & $5.00
WOMEN'S $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4
BOYS' $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00



THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

These are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom — value guaranteed.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalog.

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PAQUIN

PARIS

THE **WELL-KNOWN** DRESSMAKER

3 RUE de la PAIX, PARIS

begs to inform his clients that his trade-mark having been **extensively counterfeited**, his waist-bands will bear the signature "Paquin" in ***nasturtium letters*** on ***white ground*** for the Winter Season of 1910.

The Belgian Horse

THE Belgian horse enjoys a world-wide reputation as a beast of heavy burden whose production constitutes a practical monopoly for its native country. To this three factors contribute: the soil and climate, the economic conditions, and the skill of breeders. In the central districts of Belgium there is found a humid soil peculiarly adapted to the requirements of the horse, while the action of a maritime climate, with frequent but relatively light rains, combines with this favorable condition of the soil to produce a vegetation that is abundant, rich, and suitable fodder for the animal.

Similarly, the economic conditions of Belgian agriculture are ideal for horse-breeding, especially where the heavy draught horse is concerned. The industry is carried on on farms of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty acres (the minimum area practicable) to others of several hundred, and of farms of this size the country boasts a greater number.

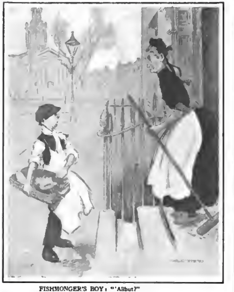
The heavy soil necessitates much labor: three strong horses are required to draw a plough. Small wonder, therefore, that the farmer favors the indigenous draught animal. So rooted, in fact, is his preference that interventions pursued for a century in a contrary spirit by government have been abortive. After several devastating wars there arose a demand for a cavalry horse of lighter build and more spirited than the Belgian animal, and succeeding governments tried in vain to induce breeders to fill the bill. In 1770 there was established at Alost a breeding stud with Arab, Neapolitan, and Dutch stock. Napoleon in 1806 ineffectually repeated the attempt with Arab stallions, as did the Dutch government at Wolverdange subsequently. Finally, in 1864, all idea of a state breeding stud was definitely abandoned.

After the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, Germany became the chief buyer of the Belgian horse in place of France. England also gave an impetus as a customer. Thus encouraged, native breeders sought more definite results. They had their work cut out. Each district hitherto had operated irrespective of its neighbor with dissimilar results. Hence many local strains: Flemish, Brabantine, and the Ardennes, etc.; the last an outcome of Oriental crosses. The desire to remedy, if possible, the blemishes in these several races led in 1885 to the establishment at Liège and Ghent of two associations of breeders devoted to the improvement of the horse. These became merged twenty-five years ago in the present foundation "The Society of the Belgian Draught Horse," having its headquarters at Brussels.

This society, with its membership of 1,200, has accomplished much already by the following means: the institution of genealogical race-books (stud-books) insuring purity of stock, and the holding early each June of an exposition. Sometimes seven hundred animals are exhibited, while the prizes distributed represent a lump sum of over $8,000. Results mark an improvement in the Belgian farm horse, which now approximates more nearly to the ideal type intended for hard work.

The popularity abroad of the Belgian horse is already of comparatively ancient date. England was the first importer, then the north of France. A later customer was Germany, hitherto without a draught horse properly so-called. Then came the turn of agricultural competition with the English "Clydesdale," that resulted finally in the survival of the native breed. Denmark, although possessed of a draught horse favorably known, yet followed the example of Germany. Brazil, the Argentine, and Japan have given their attention to the Belgian horse. From December 1, 1906, to November 30, 1907, the administration of the stud-book delivered 1,150 pedigrees of stock sold abroad. Of this number 450 stallions and 150 mares were shipped to the United States.

Several facts of horse-breeding are of economic importance. For instance, it is arranged that births shall take place in spring, when agricultural labor is well advanced, in order to turn the foals and mares out to grass. In round figures, there are born annually 40,000 foals, but apart from those chosen for breeding purposes the farmer does not usually keep foals until they are full-grown. They are sold in the autumn which follows their birth, or the next autumn, and become the property of agriculturalists of another district, where they are broken in to work from the age of eighteen months to two years. Some breeders, again, undertake to fatten animals before sending them to market. Prices average: for foals of three to six months, $60 to $120; for foals of eighteen months, $120 to $200. Three-year-old horses fetch $200 to $280; four-year-olds $250 to $300. Finally, the value of the Belgian equine exportation trade has risen to $3,400,000, ranking in importance after such necessities as sugar ($7,400,000), and oil ($5,200,000).


FISHMONGER'S BOY: "'Alibut?"
CHARWOMAN: "Not 'ere."
FISHMONGER'S BOY: "But this is Number 22."
CHARWOMAN: "I tell yer I dunno the name."
The Tatler.

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Public Confidence
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The advertisers in the Surface Cars of New York City possess the full confidence of the world's greatest buying public. It's a big thing—this having a person's or a public's confidence. It spells success. Ask them about it.

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Where Monkeys Are Happy

INASMUCH as it is against the principles of the Brahman religion to take the life of any creature, it follows that the people of India are preyed upon and overrun by a great many animals, against which they can make but a feeble and ineffective resistance. The real tyrant of the Hindu people has always been the monkey, which ceaselessly harasses them.

On one occasion the merchants of Benares, the sacred city of the Ganges, decided that they could endure the depredations of the monkeys no longer. The shops of the city are without doors and windows, and the fruits, grains, and other commodities offered for sale are exposed to the open air. The merchant usually sits watching his wares, but often his attention is diverted from them for a moment, and, moreover, the Benares merchant, having not much to do, and the climate being warm, often nods and sleeps at his door.

The monkeys are always at hand, watching their opportunity. Let the merchant absent himself for an instant, or go off into a nap, and instantly the nimble apes are helping themselves to rice, fruit, cakes, or anything else they fancy. If the merchant wakes suddenly, there is a great scampering, and the thieves are well out of reach before he can lay a hand upon one of them.

On the occasion referred to the streets of Benares had become so overrun with these impudent little plunderers that the merchants held a meeting and decided that something must be done. Inasmuch as their religion forbade them to kill the monkeys, they decided to banish the pests.

A great force of men was organized. The streets were surrounded and invaded, the monkeys were all captured and placed in cages.

Then they were taken to a large forest at a considerable distance from the city and freed in the midst of the great trees. They scampered into the branches as if they were having a very good time, and there the merchants left them and returned to their shops, rejoicing that now they could nod in peace.

That evening there was a rare sight in Benares. Into the streets, just at dusk, there came a great capering army of apes. They were the monkeys of Benares, who had found their way home from the forest into which they had been banished; and, though they must have been very tired from travelling on foot so long a distance, their joy at reaching home again was so great that they gambolled like a troop of school-children coming home from a picnic.

Being town-bred monkeys, they had not enjoyed country life. Next day they were all at their old posts, raiding the food shops with renewed and eager appetites and greatly refreshed impudence.

Birds Balk at Wireless

THE behavior of birds, especially of gulls, in the neighborhood of Marconi stations, and recent losses among homer pigeons, have given rise to the belief that the wireless waves have interfered with the instinctive knowledge of direction that birds possess.

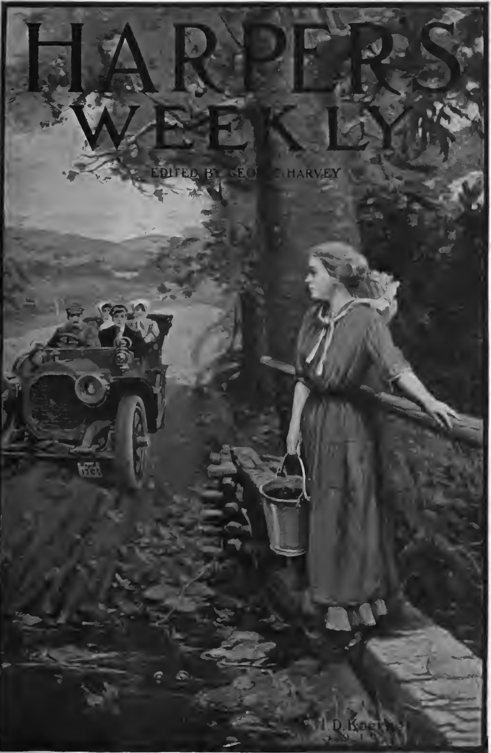
The way of a bird has always been a mystery. The swallow does not guide itself by the sailor's stars, for flight is made more often by day than by night. Nor does it make use of landmarks, so far as we can surmise, since the flight is frequently led by the young. This "sixth sense" affords, therefore, some means of determining direction through a medium unknown to man. The flights of homer pigeons are less wonderful, except in the matter of speed, than the flights of the wild bird, yet they, too, have the migrant's gift and can travel over wide seas as the season dictates.

Birds and certain animals appear to be extra sensitive to disturbing influences imparted through the air. Naturalists have given evidence of the responsiveness of animals to thunder. Horses before an earthquake will tremble and refuse to leave their stalls, and a monkey fly for protection to its master. Highly strung persons, women especially, have similar sensations.

Of the travelling instinct and the sense of direction in birds a plausible explanation is the popular idea that they and some animals have what is called an "electric" sense, meaning that they are, so to speak, in touch with the ether, that mysterious "fluid" which carries messages from the Marconi stations. And if birds are so attuned, it is easy to imagine that the course of the earth, the incidence of the seasons, the movements of light, convey to bird senses curious and certain news. Supposing, therefore, that living things can feel what the Marconi receivers record, it is not difficult to understand the confusion in a bird's instinctive sensations, and how these abrupt vibrations from the stations would war with its previous electric experience.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



October 1 1910 **HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.** Price 10 Cents.

The Story of a
Warren-Detroit "30"
$1250 Stock Car and Its Sensational Victories

THE CHAMPION OF THE POPULAR-PRICED CARS

UNHERALDED the *Warren-Detroit "30"* stock cars have in the present season established a record on the speedways, in road races, hill climbs, and economy tests and other contests, which give them the title "Champion of the Popular-Priced Cars."

Genuine stock cars, examined and vouched for by the officials of the American Automobile Association, driven by factory drivers—not high-salaried racing men—have accomplished this wonderful feat. When a Warren-Detroit "30" has been beaten—it's always been by cars *Costing Many Dollars More.*

Fought its Way to Victory in the Big Elgin Road Races

A Warren-Detroit "30"—genuine stock model—in the big Fox River trophy event at the Elgin races near Chicago, on August 26, defeated its American rivals and took second to Hearne's high powered and expensive German Benz ($1800).

Persistently the Warren-Detroit "30" tagged its big rivals over the 135 mile course at a mile a minute speed. The race was one of the most gruelling ever held. A big percentage of the starters fell by the wayside with broken frames, radiators jolted from their spigots, axles bent and other troubles due to the terrible condition of the course. The cars' drivers were forced to manœuvre to escape great ruts, many of them two feet in depth.

And this great feat was accomplished in a car sold at $1250 which had been shipped from the factory three days previous to the race, untuned and simply stripped to diminish wind resistance.

This proves something. It reveals the true worth of the Warren-Detroit, shows that in spite of its price, it is a car with a real motor—a motor for every kind of usage.

Some cars of the Warren-Detroit price have inefficient motors, fit only to be placed in runabouts which will see service on city pavements.

Romps Away From Entire Field of Popular-Priced Cars in Washington Hill Climb

It was a Warren-Detroit "30" which won the big hill climb at Washington, D. C., on Aug. [illegible]. The entry was the demonstrating car of the Washington dealer, and the driver an amateur.

On a hill seven-tenths of a mile long, with a grade of [illegible] per cent., the Warren-Detroit "30" never faltered. Its time was [illegible]. It ran away from a big field of well known cars, in which were included three of its greatest competitors.

Isn't this positive proof that the Warren-Detroit "30" has the most powerful motor of any of the medium priced cars? Doesn't it show that it has unusual hill climbing ability? A car which can negotiate such a hill in the record time will never fail you on the hilliest or sandiest of country roads.

On several different occasions a Warren-Detroit "30" has climbed the famous [illegible] in the Berkshires on high speed. This great hill, the steepest in the [illegible] district, causes the drivers of the high powered and most expensive cars to throw on their low speed gears.

When you buy a Warren-Detroit "30" you find incorporated in your purchase such qualities as these.

Dealer's Demonstrating Car Entered in Munsey Tour makes Record of 1550 miles with 19 Points Penalty

In the Munsey Reliability Tour which began at Philadelphia Aug 16, and after a 1550 mile journey ended at Washington on Aug 27, a Warren-Detroit "30" entered by the Philadelphia dealer was second in its division—defeated by a car COSTING $250 MORE—and fourth in the sweepstakes—defeated by cars COSTING SEVERAL HUNDREDS MORE.

The remaining cars in the Warren's division had a total penalty of 6540 points against them—the car finishing third sells for $5000 and its penalty was 200 points.

The Warren-Detroit "30" asks for odds from no one and yields precedence to none. It has established a record—one which can not be taken away from it.

It is a real car for $1200. Your purchase check for a Warren-Detroit "30" buys POWER, SPEED, RELIABILITY—and PRIDE. Every man wants to drive a winner—a car that people know about.

Oldfield in His Big Racing Car is Beaten by a Warren Demonstrating Car

At St. Joe, Mo., on June [illegible], a race meet was held on the Lake [illegible] half mile track, officially sanctioned by the American Automobile Association.

A Warren-Detroit "30" demonstrator, driven by the local dealer, with a handicap of [illegible] seconds, defeated Barney Oldfield in his big racing machine in a three mile race. The little car raced away and crossed the line two feet ahead of the great Barney.

Reliability in a car does not alone mean the ability to make long tours. A reliable car is one which is always ready. This is proof that a Warren-Detroit "30" is ready for whatever service you demand of it.

Remember that when you buy a Warren-Detroit "30" you get a car which is ready to carry you at mile a minute speed, or to climb to the top of the highest hill.

No Car of its Price Has Ever Defeated this Car In An Economy Test

In the Washington Post economy test last spring, practically every well known make of motor car in the country was represented.

When the results were compiled by the judges it was found that the Warren-Detroit "30" had been defeated by just one car—that car cost $400 more.

When ECONOMY is added to POWER, SPEED and Reliability, there is absolutely nothing to be demanded in a mechanical way.

It is impossible for a purchaser to secure more for his money when he buys a Warren-Detroit "30." He has the car which has set the STANDARD OF VALUE for the popular priced field.

At Indianapolis

At the Indianapolis Speedway on July 4 a Warren-Detroit "30" was third in the ten mile race. The car was a genuine stock model and averaged [illegible] miles per hour. The two cars which finished ahead were driven by the professional race drivers, Chevrolet and Burman. The Warren driver was a tester from the factory.

At Los Angeles

The third car ever manufactured by the Warren Motor Car Co. was shipped to the coast. Less than ten days later, April [illegible], the car won third in the fifty mile race on the Los Angeles Motordrome, having been entered by the Los Angeles dealer. It made the 50 miles in a fraction over 40 minutes.

Seven Models for 1911—all on one chassis. **Touring Car $1325, Demi-Tonneau $1300, Fore Door Touring Car $1500, Torpedo $1500, Coupe $1750, Roadster with Round Tank $1200, Roadster with Dickey Seat $1200.**

[illegible]

TEAR THIS OFF — and Mail for Catalog

H. W.

Warren Motor Car Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
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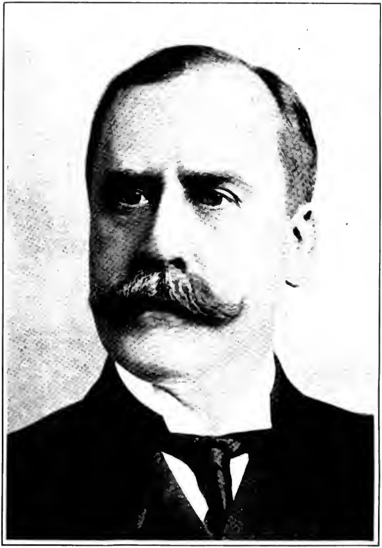

MAINE'S PLEDGE TO DEMOCRACY

Colonel Frederick W. Plaisted, Mayor of Augusta, who has been elected Governor of Maine by a plurality of 8,500. This is the first occasion in a generation on which Maine has elected a Democratic Governor, and, following immediately upon the reduction in the Republican pluralities in Vermont, the success is considered a certain indication that a Democratic House of Representatives will be sent to Washington this fall

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

Some of Dr. Wilson's Ideas

TALKING, on September 23d, to a representative of the New York *Evening Post*, Dr. WOODROW WILSON devoted most of his discourse to the necessity of bringing home the illegal actions of corporations to the individual men who commit or direct them. Fines, he said, fall upon the wrong persons, more heavily on the innocent than on the guilty.

> If you dissolve the offending corporation, you throw great undertakings out of gear. You merely drive what you are seeking to check into other forms or temporarily disorganize some important business altogether, to the definite loss of thousands of entirely innocent persons and to the great inconvenience of society as a whole.
>
> I regard the corporation as indispensable to modern business enterprise. I am not jealous of its size or might, if you will but abandon at the right points the fatuous, antiquated, and quite unnecessary fiction which treats it as a legal person; if you will but cease to deal with it by means of your law as if it were not only a single individual, but also—what every child may perceive it is not—a responsible individual.
>
> Corporations do not do wrong. Individuals do wrong. Guilt is always personal.
>
> You will say that in many instances it is not fair to pick out for punishment the particular officer who ordered a thing done, because he really had no freedom in the matter; that he is himself under orders, exercises no individual liberty of choice, is a dummy manipulated from without. I reply that society should permit no man to carry out orders which are against law and public policy, and that, if you will but put one or two conspicuous dummies in the penitentiary, there will be no more dummies for hire. You can stop the traffic in dummies, and then, when the idea has taken root in the corporate mind that dummies will be confiscated, pardon the one or two innocent men who may happen to have got into jail. There will not be many, and the custom of the trade will change.

It will be seen that there exists in Dr. WILSON'S mind a clear idea of a way to make the corporations attentive to the laws enacted to control them. It is very much the same idea that is in the mind of Governor HARMON. It is definite and it is practical.

As to another important matter, Dr. WILSON said:

> In a recent speech I undertook to comment upon the old idea of as little government as possible. The indisputable fact is that the Federal government has, in recent years, been launched into many fields of activity, even the existence of which previous generations did not foresee. I, for one, am very jealous of the separate powers and authority of the individual States of the Union. But it is no longer possible with the modern combinations of industry and transportation to discriminate the interests of the States as they could once be discriminated. Interests once local and separate have become unified and national. They must be treated by the national government.
>
> Stated in general terms, our principle should be: Government not for the sake of success at whatever cost and the multiplication of material resources by whatever process, but for the sake of discriminating justice and the wholesome development, as well as regulation of the national life.

Mr. Tawney's Loss Regretted

The political obituaries of Congressman TAWNEY, who was beaten for Congress in the Minnesota primaries, are adapted to leave considerable balm in his hurts. It will be recalled that Mr. TAWNEY was chairman of the Appropriations Committee and naturally a supporter of Mr. CANNON and of the PAYNE-ALDRICH bill, and that it was to help him that Mr. TAFT made the generous Winona speech a year ago. The speech didn't help Mr. TAWNEY. It is not known that it helped anybody. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of mourning for TAWNEY. He was an important man in Congress and that makes much lamentation in Minnesota that he isn't going back. He was accounted very useful in cutting down public expenditures and a sincere and active enemy of extravagance, and there were those who liked him for that. He stood up to President ROOSEVELT about some secret-service expenditures, and there were those who liked him for that. So there are a good many mourners for Mr. TAWNEY.

But, after all, he may be happier out of the next Congress than in it. It wouldn't have been the same place to him, anyhow.

Refused to Petition

The Grand Army of the Republic refused at its recent encampment, by a vote of 133 to 102, to ask Congress to take the LEE statue out of the Capitol. The view prevailed that Virginia, being a State, had the same right as other States to select what statues she should send in. To persons able to accept that view, which seems to us entirely sound, the presence of the statue of General LEE in "Statuary Hall" is of no particular significance. The chances are that the time will come when any State that added a good statue to that unregulated collection will regret that it did not keep it at home. Meanwhile the G. A. R. has declined to be a party to an unprofitable squabble in which no important principle was at stake.

As to Mohammeds and Mountains

That MOHAMMED went to the mountain seems to have been considered important for a good many ages; else we should not all be so well acquainted with the fact. Yet it can hardly be questioned that if the mountain had come to MOHAMMED that would have been held a still more special occurrence. Indeed, one might argue that the real significance of MOHAMMED'S going to the mountain lay entirely in the previous refusal of the mountain to budge an inch in the direction of MOHAMMED. Anyhow, the episode is not reckoned one of MOHAMMED'S triumphs. That is plain from present-day usage. Where one turns the incident into a figure of speech, it is the part of modesty to speak of one's self as MOHAMMED in motion, not as the mountain in repose.

It was the Colonel who played MOHAMMED the other day, and the President who conducted himself most like the mountain. Of course the Colonel's voyage was a perilous one. The seas were tempestuous and the motor-boat was frail and fragile, and bade fair to go to smash every minute. Probably it would have foundered if it hadn't been for the "CAESAR and his fortunes" story. Also, a tire burst, and then the second automobile broke down. The whole thing made excellent copy. Still, it wasn't quite clear from the papers that the Colonel succeeded any better than MOHAMMED did in the matter of getting prestige out of his excursion. In both cases the advantage seems to have remained with the party that stayed put. All the indications at present are that in reference to the Colonel the President is staying put extensively. His attitude is of a piece with his wise parsimony of campaign oratory. Both policies, in fact, seem to us decidedly well advised.

An Untenable Position Lamely Abandoned

The morality of the observation may be questioned, but a sin seems to have one point of superiority to a blunder. It can be more gracefully abjured and atoned for. Honest confession and sincere repentance have a pleasing effect, and they usually make forgiveness fairly easy. Repairing blunders is much more awkward business. An exquisite poem of the late E. R. SILL, *The Fool's Prayer*—a poem almost too exquisite, in fact, to be mentioned in this connection—poignantly proclaims the view that only blunders are really unatonable. There are certainly some blunders that cannot be undone otherwise than by doing something that will look like another blunder.

That has been the way with the administration's melancholy mistake of trying to coerce certain insurgents by withdrawing from them the patronage which by custom they were entitled to. Once that unwise policy was adopted, there was no pleasant or graceful way to discontinue it. Secretary NORTON'S letter announcing that the President had decided to discontinue it did not evoke praises from any quarter. Yet since the thing so obviously needed to be done, there was probably no better method of doing it than for the President to avow full responsibility for the course taken, give his reasons frankly, and state as frankly why he intends henceforward to take a different course.

He has further signalized his change of attitude by naming Senator BRISTOW'S choice for postmaster in his home town in Kansas. To people who know their Washington it may seem to be not without significance that the notice of this appointment came through the First Assistant Postmaster-General—not from the chief of that department. Of kindred significance is the announcement recently sent to the same official that henceforth, when appointments are to be made in North Carolina, the advice of the State Committee, not of the once all-powerful "referees" of the Postmaster-General, shall be taken.

Mayor Gaynor's Letter

It is not surprising that the papers last week made much of Mayor GAYNOR'S letter to his sister about the attempted assassination. That incident had, it is true, been elaborately reported. The newspaper men had had an extraordinary chance to do it justice, for there were so many of them present when it occurred that if it had been arranged especially for their benefit the facilities for describing it and photographing it could hardly have been better. Yet we venture the remark that His Honor's own "story" is the best of them all—and not merely because he was himself the chief figure in it, but because it was the best written. Politicians and people generally may have found this bit of writing valuable mainly from political considerations, but others of us found it absorbing in its own character of vivid and graphic narration. His Honor has a directness and simplicity and quaintness of style that indicates he has not in vain devoted himself to reading the old masters. How much EPICTETUS has had to do with it we don't know. As Mr. WEGG says in *Our Mutual Friend*, we "haven't been not to say right slap through him very lately." But His Honor might have turned from JOHN BUNYAN or BENJAMIN FRANKLIN or PLUTARCH to write that letter—and then turned back again without feeling the need of any particularly humiliating self-abasement.

The Coming Short Session

A despatch from Washington announces that the Monetary Commission will meet there early in November and try to agree upon a report, and that the report is likely to include a bill to be submitted to Congress. But it is added that the commission hardly expects any decisive action to be taken at the short session, which ends on March 3d.

If the commission entertained any other expectation it would find little to sustain it in the history of other short sessions. The unwisdom of having one Congress sit for three months after its successor has been chosen has been pointed out often enough, and our experience demonstrates it; but there seems to be little prospect that anything will be done about it. Moreover, even if short sessions in general were more productive of legislation, the chances that this particular short session would dispose of such a big new undertaking as the radical reform of our currency would still be of the slightest. It will have a lot of other things to attend to. There are important items in the administrative programme still pending. Nothing has yet been done in fulfilment of the Republican platform pledge concerning Federal injunctions or in pursuance of the President's ardent desire to improve and quicken all kinds of procedure in the Federal courts. The programme of conservative legislation is not nearly completed, and on some parts of it there is pretty sure to be a fight. Then there is the Appalachian Park bill, which this Congress is practically pledged to take up before its final adjournment.

Nevertheless, the Monetary Commission is probably wise in endeavoring to get its far-reaching proposals at once before Congress, so that at least ground may be broken and public opinion, as well as Congressional opinion, still further tested. In approaching so big and so difficult a task no preparation or precaution should be neglected.

A Test for the Revivified Democracy

If, as seems now entirely probable, the Democrats are going to have control of the House in the next Congress, and also a much more potent voice in the Senate, then the Democratic attitude toward monetary reform this winter will be quite worth watching. For the party will be already on trial. Thoughtful voters all over the country will be trying to make up their minds whether it is yet fit to be trusted with the government, and it will be in the power of the present Democratic minority to effect very serious commitments. In no way could that minority do more to commend the party to a still suspicious and uncertain electorate than by an exhibition of sanity and knowledge and soundness concerning finance. Ever since Bryanism began, that has been where the party has been weakest—not merely weakest, but wildest. The free-silver craze has passed, but the country has as yet no evidence that sounder ideas have taken its place. What few Democratic contributions have yet been made to the discussion of the currency question are not reassuring. If there is a single Democrat in either House who has devoted himself to that question and attained clear views on it, we cannot name him. Yet no intelligent student of the matter doubts that it is a question we are bound to take up and debate to a finish in the near future. It is high time, therefore, for responsible Democratic leaders to be preparing themselves to deal with it. If we have not entirely misread public opinion, it is by no means enough for them to "lay low" on this and other issues and trust to Republican dissensions to bring them into power. Their own case is yet to prove; and proving it is going to require hard work—the patient study of public questions and the working out of a programme of progress and construction.

Schurz and Conservation

According to a special article in the *Evening Post*, there was ardent and able championship of conservation in this country, and particularly of the conservation of the forests, long before Mr. PINCHOT'S day. CARL SCHURZ as a pioneer in civil service reform has been recognized and praised. But it now appears that during his memorable service as Secretary of the Interior in HAYES'S Cabinet he also made a vigorous beginning of the fight to stop the destruction of the forests, then proceeding without check or hindrance from government, and which he characterized as the "murder" of the country's future prosperity and progress. That was not all he did: he formulated a plan of scientific forestry, and of a forestry bureau, based mainly on the experience of his native country, Germany, which included the best of what has since been done. His determined efforts in this direction were all the more admirable in view of the complete absence of any public sentiment to prompt or sustain them when he began. The only national law of any kind that could be interpreted as a protection to the forests dated from 1831, and had long been actually interpreted merely as forbidding the destruction of certain kinds of trees reserved for naval purposes! The axe was still the universally accepted symbol of our progress; the general feeling was that the best thing to do with our forests was to cut them down and make farms; and so SCHURZ was promptly criticised and ridiculed for suggesting such an idea as that our resources could possibly be exhausted. The legislation he proposed was defeated. The only tangible results he got were in the way of checking actual depredations and punishing timber-thieves. But he kept up the fight as long as he remained in office, and after, and he did make some impression on public opinion. His claim to be considered the chief pioneer in this kind of statesmanship would seem to be valid.

Are the States Making Good?

State rights are not debated as much as they used to be; but State duties, and the way the States are performing them or not performing them, seem to be coming in for a fresh handling by our publicists. First a number of high Republican officials warn the country that it is expecting too much of the big national machine at Washington, and that the States must assume more governmental work. Then comes the division among the conservationists, President TAFT and JAMES J. HILL and Mr. GRAVES and the Western Governors contending that to the States belongs much of the responsibilities for conservation, while the Colonel, on the other hand, at once smells corruption in that proposal and is for turning everything, swamp lands and water-powers and all, over to the nation. What seems to be agreed, however, is this: that a good deal of work which the States ought to be doing is neglected, and that that is one of the reasons why the Washington departments and bureaus are overworked.

But there are also, it appears, things that the States ought not to do and which they yet persist in doing. In an address before the Virginia and Maryland bar associations Mr. ALFRED P. THOM, general counsel for the Southern Railway, makes an interesting summary of the lawbreakings the States have committed. Leaving out of the count decisions by State courts and by the lower Federal courts, Mr. THOM finds that the United States Supreme Court alone has been called on no less than one hundred and seventy-four times to restrain States from violating the Constitution. Fifty-six of the State laws thus annulled impaired the obligation of contracts; twenty-two attempted to deprive people of property "without due process of law," and sixty were interferences with the Federal control of interstate commerce. It appears, therefore, that most of the lawlessness of States has had to do with property rights, not with those of life or liberty; but Mr. THOM does not, for that reason, incline to excuse the offences.

Evidently, our State governments have a lot of room for improvement. Some of the agitation now devoted to Federal affairs might well be turned in that direction.

From Georgia

LAMAR, GEORGIA, *September 13, 1910*

DEAR SIR,—You will greatly oblige me by an answer to this question:

In a Democratic primary held to elect a successor to a Congressman who voted for the FITZGERALD amendment to preserve the so-called "CANNON rules," would you vote for the incumbent or for his opponent for the Democratic nominee? Your answer will be highly appreciated. . . .

Very truly yours,
GEORGE M. DU BOSE.

That would depend on several considerations. The fact that the Representative in question was one of the little group of Democrats who helped defeat the first Democratic and insurgent effort to lessen the Speaker' power and make the House rules fairer would certainly stand against him. For not only do we think that movement was right, but the Democrats who deserted their party on the question rest under a grave suspicion of having acted in pursuance of a corrupt bargain. But we should not feel as free as some others seem to feel to be governed by this consideration alone. We should inquire in the first place whether the committee assignments which the member received from Speaker CANNON were of a sort to sustain the suspicion of improper motives. We should also take into account his whole career and character, as compared with his opponent's. It is desirable to make plain the rebuke to a public servant for a conspicuous sin; but the only general rule that can be laid down for a voter's action in his party's primaries is simply that he should vote for the candidate who seems on the whole to be the best man.

Perhaps some one may criticise our correspondent for speaking of a Democratic primary as held "to elect" instead of to nominate; but we shall not. Our correspondent, it will be noted, lives in Georgia; and in Georgia the Democratic primaries are still the real elections. That may be unhealthy, but it is true.

Biographical Matter

If Colonel ROOSEVELT'S biographers will gather up the recent additions to the literature of the STORER episode, perhaps it will be as well to let them deal with that matter. Meanwhile, if Mrs. STORER can induce the admission of the Archbishop of St. Paul to the Ananias Club, it may help on the good work of making that able and worthy man a cardinal. Even a Pope may have fellow feelings.

The Consent of the Governed

We believe that the statement in the Declaration of Independence that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed is false.—*Editorial in the "Outlook," June 18th.*

Commenting on this passage, Mr. T. M. OSBORNE said, in an address on September 10th:

> It is nothing more or less than the argument of tyranny, from the first enslavement of one man by another down to the latest exhibition of imperialist politics. It is a theory as old as mankind, but it is one which in this country of ours is a new thing to our generation: it was thought that LINCOLN and the Civil War had settled it once for all.
>
> Have we in truth been repeating parrot-like a wrong formula all these years? Is the Declaration of Independence, after all, to be declared false doctrine? Who is right, THOMAS JEFFERSON, JOHN ADAMS, GEORGE WASHINGTON, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, or the editor of the *Outlook?*

Is it not true that the governed must have reached the age of consent, and the development proper to that age? There is a time in the growth and development of children when obedience gradually ceases to be exacted of them, and advice, inducement, or persuasion takes the place of command. Is it not much the same with nations and peoples? The passage quoted from the Declaration of Independence is certainly true to the extent that it was true to the signers of the Declaration—true, probably, to a far greater extent than that. Many of the signers were slaveholders. Did they apply that formula to negroes? Did they apply it, or have their descendants applied it, to the American Indians? So far civilization has not often waited on the consent of the governed. It has come along largely by government of the unconsenting. We cannot repudiate the processes of civilization. We can only better them as we have the opportunity and the power. Government by consent of the governed is an ideal. The fathers did well to put it in their Declaration. It has come far along toward realization under the government which they founded. It seems to be progressing toward realization all over Christendom. But it wins only as the governed acquire the character and the power to make it come true. If it could win on any other terms civilization would go backward. The processes of civilization are the processes of Nature, of the Almighty Law. Formulas do not affect them, though formulas may help people to understand them and their purpose, and to

. . . see the shaping and compelling hand
That leads who will be led, and drives the rest.

Never Tried Kansas

Rear-Admiral EVANS, retired, condemns the ports of the State of Maine as the worst ports in all the world, so far as liquor is concerned, to put a sailor ashore in. In most ports sailors get drinks. In Maine ports they get poisoned, and that with neatness and despatch. Of course that is true. A pity the Admiral never landed any seamen in the ports of Kansas and cannot tell us how Kansas drinks affected them.

Our Cities Grow Beautiful

Our new census says that twenty-five cities having more than 100,000 people each in 1900 increased 2,029,893 between 1890 and 1900, and 2,716,048 between 1900 and 1910. The percentage of increase in these cities taken all together has been a very little larger in the last ten years than in the decade preceding. The twenty-five cities have now a population of 11,042,500, as against 8,273,182 in 1900, and 6,233,583 in 1890.

What the census has to say about the cities is interesting, but it tells only a small part of the story. What most strikes a visitor to one of the fast-growing and prosperous American cities is the growth in beauty. The observer going back to a city which he used to know and which has had ten years' growth since he saw it, is apt to be strongly impressed with the beautification and embellishment of the town. There has been far better building in the United States in the last ten years than there ever was before, and far more of it. Architectural knowledge and taste have spread and done their work here in fifteen years to an amazing extent. One of the incidents of growth in these big American towns is a great multiplication of detached houses, of a good quality, big and little. As a rule the new houses are incomparably better in taste and contrivance than those ten, twenty, or thirty years older. So are the new public buildings, schools, business blocks, churches, and factories. So, too, the streets are far better paved and lighted and swept.

Another thing, in most of these cities the parks are not more than twenty or twenty-five years old. The growth, increase, and embellishment of the parks is very notable indeed. The parks could not have come in these towns to anything like the present extent without cheap and rapid transportation. These came with the trolleys. Most of our cities began with an eye to the main chance and immediate convenience and neglected everything else. Central parks and pleasure places got little attention until it was too late. The trolleys saved the situation by making outside parks possible and accessible. In like manner they build up suburbs, carrying people whose work is in town out into the country where there is garden room, clean air, and country sights.

The American cities of our day, especially the newer parts of them, are extraordinarily good places to live in. If human life has a better chance anywhere else we would like to be shown that place. We may regret, and even deplore, that people do not stick closer to the back country and show more enthusiasm for rural life, but there is nothing about the growth of our cities that need conflict with the theory that our people know a good thing when they see it, and incline to better themselves when they move.

Persepolis

ALL day-dreams that men have ever dreamed, or far-off visions that have ever blessed the mind's eye, resolve themselves ultimately into two—a dream of power and a vision of beauty. Dream and vision may have had very small and ignoble beginnings, but the question of origins is generally less significant than that of results, seeing it is by fruits rather than by roots that we know and judge things. When a nascent life lies in its cradle, all is implicit and inscrutable; but when that same mortality lies cold and still, the hands folded, the last rites done, the watchers turned away, then something definite may be said and reckoned. For the little special life, so minute when thought on in connection with life in general—that little life now "rounded with a sleep" must still live on at least as influence, and the nobler the dream and the lovelier the vision, the stronger and more lasting will be the influence. How dream-haunted by power and beauty men are and always have been, even a superficial survey of history will show. The savage, hunting for his food or grubbing in the earth, must gain power over circumstance in order to procure food and covering, must control to-day if he is to command to-morrow. A most circumscribed dream this, looking only a few hours ahead, yet enough to persuade primitive man that his first power must be over nature by means of forethought and labor. Like his kindred, the ant and the bee, he must provide. But close beside the "practical" man who took thought for bodily needs only, there went yet another. He may or may not have been hungry; but instead of procuring a dinner, he sat him down in a sequestered spot, momentarily removed from the lusty turmoil of the tribe, and, with a sharp stone or flint, drew on a less hard surface the look of things, his world as he saw it. That early man, who has left some rude tracings of his life, was the first great artist, a creature with a germ-sense of beauty, true twin of him who dreamed of power. That primitive man was a forerunner of all those beauty-haunted souls that have foregone things material and temporal for the sake of things spiritual and lasting, and he stands as evidence that there is a principle in man which makes for beauty, and which beauty alone can satisfy. But together with the gradual conquest of nature by man, has gone the unmistakable conquest of man by his fellow. For what so feeds and flatters a man's sense of power as to command other men? The tribal chieftain, the petty ruler, the great monarch, the many expressions of this dream of power through manifold forms of authority and rule—this is history's record. Wars and rumors of wars, the lust of battle, the woe of slavery, come from the dream of power, and man's clutching desire to have.

> "Is it not passing brave to be a king,
> And ride in triumph through Persepolis?"

That dream of earthly power, or some mere atom of it, has fired more hearts and let loose more misery than any one can reckon. The mighty men of valor, the conquerors, from Rameses to Napoleon, who sought to make substantial this dream of power, who pulled down kingdoms and changed the face of the times, have each in turn ridden through his Persepolis, and mostly toward oblivion. Yet every man has some Persepolis in his heart, some dream of power, some objective point or thing which stands as the goal of desire and effort. It may be a very narrow and sordid one of just making a living and of satisfying creature needs, nevertheless the dream, with its accompanying desire and motive, is the mainspring of the man's activity. The dream *places* the man, gives his *quality*, as nothing else can. And it also indicates his possibilities, whether for good or ill, to himself and his fellows. For his dream is his ambition, and his ambition is his true self. The man who never dreams at all, if there be such, is never completely individualized; he remains a mere human atom borne onward by the mass, a part of the *vis inertiæ* of life, but he contributes little or nothing to its real energy. And since this dream of power is inherent in man's nature, seeing all life is but its expression in manifold forms, it is well to stop sometimes and ask ourselves, what are we dreaming and what are we doing? For the dream works out in a twofold way, it individualizes and it socializes. In its lowest and commonest form it causes a man to measure himself *against* the mass, his fellows, in a burning desire to possess all. In its intermediate forms it induces a man to combine with certain other men of like passions and views as his own, but still *against* the mass, for the combined power and profit of these few. In its ultimate and highest form it induces a man to measure himself by *service to* the mass. He perceives that the truest and noblest individuality is attained by and through the good of all; that only in a sense of losing or foregoing his individuality does man ever really attain it, does he ever really achieve freedom and true self-possession. He perceives that a common ideal of life and living—common in the sense of shared by all—can alone ever equalize our natural inequalities. For the civilizing forces are from within out, and never from without in. It seems a far cry from individual rulers and conquerors and political oligarchs, down to present-day democracy with its dream of political equality, an even and equable distribution of political power and responsibility throughout the whole.

But every present holds in it all the past, with its many experiments, its many failures and qualified successes. After ages of unconscious and conscious struggle man has indeed achieved for himself some measure of political freedom. In civilized countries he is fairly assured of his bodily life and personal safety. But the dream of power is just as strong and insistent as it ever was, and works out in his subtler, though still analogous ways. Military conquerors like Attila and Tamburlaine, Alexander and Napoleon, may be men of the past, but the demagogue is still with us, is still to be overcome. The obvious political oligarchy is no more, but there are many ways of conquering and controlling men. Man's physical life is no longer in jeopardy, cities are no longer razed and their inhabitants destroyed utterly, or else swept into ruthless captivity and bondage. But, "you do take my life when you do take the means by which I live." The scene of the struggle shifts, but the struggle itself continues. It is no longer so much a question of political liberty as of economic and industrial freedom that now confronts us. It is subtler and more far-reaching to control the means of living than to command men themselves. Yet in this land, supposed to be devoted to justice for all and privilege for none, we see power largely concentrated in the hands of a few individuals, or a few combinations of individuals. Privileges for the few have grown more, and opportunities for the many have grown less. And modern life is so complex and delicately interrelated, the administrative capacity and ability to deal with it must be so correspondingly manifold and great, that one almost fears to touch lest more should be destroyed than may be built up. So the perpetual questions—what is authority, whence derived, where lodged, how shall it be constituted, how applied?—are more vital than ever. And back of them, as their very essence, is man's dream of, one might almost say instinct for, power. But if "we the sovereign people" (greatest mockery in words!) are ever going really to rule, what is our informing and compelling ideal, what Persepolis have we in view? What leaders are we going to choose, and what is their ideal? Do they truly wish to serve the people, or do they insidiously seek to gratify their own ambition by using the people? There is the possibility of this common ideal—an ideal of noble service. The Greek dreamed of outward beauty, and achieved it; the Hebrew dreamed of the beauty of holiness, and the Christ manifested it, and our great faith holds that the ultimate issue of life will be the Beatific Vision when, power and beauty blended, dream and vision fulfilled, the "eyes shall see the King in His beauty, and behold the land that is very far off."

Correspondence

VAIN TO PLEAD WITH BROTHER BRYAN

Roswell, N. M., *August 15, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Is it not rather pathetic at this late day to find Colonel Watterson pleading with William J. Bryan to become broad-minded and patriotic? Mr. Watterson ought to understand—I believe he does understand—that Mr. Bryan is a narrow, selfish, bigoted opportunist who is troubled least of all by possibilities of Democratic disaster. He is the apostle of defeat. He thrives on it. The suggestion of real Democratic success is enough at once to arouse his rancorous activities. The growing strength of Governor Harmon of Ohio was sufficient to bring out a broadside in Mr. Bryan's weekly mouthpiece. The success of such a man as President Wilson in New Jersey will be the signal for a series of sly attacks which Mr. Bryan knows so well how to pass along to his fanatical followers. A clean, able, progressive Democratic Governor in New York may be expected to arouse a systematic campaign in opposition on the part of the Nebraska trouble-maker.

If the Democratic party is determined to keep the standard of defeat floating at its masthead, I suggest again that it hold one more national convention and nominate William J. Bryan for the rest of his natural life. This will save millions of dollars in hotel bills and travelling expenses, not to speak of other heavy expenditures, and the whole country may learn from any life-insurance solicitor the "expectation" of Republican rule. Mr. Bryan is just fifty. If he shall live as long as General Jackson lived, he can count on leading his party in seven more defeats, making ten in all, which record might be depended upon to stand for many years at least.

I am, sir,

H. C.

BY-PRODUCTS OF AUTOMOBILISM

Beverly, N. J., *August 16, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It was with great interest I read the article in a recent issue of the WEEKLY, "How the Automobile Affects Other Industries" (by William Harley Porter). It was a strong statement refuting much of the matter we read "that the automobile is diverting capital from its proper channels and accounts in some measure for the prevailing high prices." Mr. Porter might have included in his article other lines to which the automobile has given considerable impetus.

The license tag that swings on the rear of every machine has created an industry in itself. I know of one concern that manufactures name-plates to mark the several accessories of the automobile that has been compelled to increase the size of its plant owing to the increased demand for this line. Another party conceived the engraved monogram which we frequently see on the front of many machines, and has made out of this one article alone a sufficient sum to purchase a fine home in the best residential section of the city where he resides. As Mr. Porter states, the automobile has surely made a greater diversity of labor than almost anything else in common use in the land.

I am, sir,

C. L. HAZZARD.

ENGLISH IN ENGLAND

August 20, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—For the consolation of your English correspondent who has suffered so acutely from American vivisection of his (and their) native tongue, I may be permitted to relate an instance in which retaliatory measures were inflicted on an American in England to the point of revolt.

Having mastered such terms as tram, luggage, van, booking, etc., and having reduced his nasal accent to a minimum and dropped out of existence all of a large percentage of geographical names except the first two letters and the last syllable, he was still annoyed at having his pronunciation commented on with naïve freedom.

One day, on entering a London hotel with a friend, the clerk directed him to the "lift," adding, loftily, "Or, since you are Americans, I suppose I should say elevator."

"Oh no," sadly replied the traveller; "don't trouble. We understand English, though we don't speak it!"

I am, sir,

W. E. AIKEN.

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The sarcastic editorial concerning Theodore Roosevelt in your "Comment" column of September 3d disgusts me. Your comment reminds me forcibly of Harper Brothers' publications during the dark days of 1860 and '61, concerning Abraham Lincoln. Copperhead then, mean, slimy, and nasty now. I predict the result will be the same.

Abraham Lincoln overcame the malignant abuse of the subsidized press, and the gang of Copperheads that sympathized with the secessionists in 1861. Theodore Roosevelt and the principles he advocates will survive the abuse now heaped upon them by a subsidized press of the present day. The American people will again glorify the strenuous advocate of the people's rights.

As good men everywhere have thanked God for Abraham Lincoln and his life, so, I believe, the future will find good people to thank God for Theodore Roosevelt and his life.

The almighty dollar and Copperheads in 1861.
The almighty dollar and Reactionaries in 1910.

I am, sir,

SUBSCRIBER.

HOW IT LOOKS FROM A DISTANCE

English Club,
Montevideo, *August 10, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Here in a far-off country I have just read a few of the editorials in your issue of June 25, 1910. You write of "The Right Key-note" of "the Colonel" and of other men who, strong in the courage of their convictions, fear not to say that which they believe to be right and just.

I know that it will mean but little to you, but I just want to tell you that your organization, and the brain that conceived the thoughts printed on your pages, are bound to receive the thanks of this and all generations that are to come. To every man who thinks—be he high or low in the social scale of to-day—it must be clear that though the world of politics, of business, and of society is now wrapped in a fog, there are some men alive to-day who are fighting with all the strength that is in them to help us through it.

They may win, and yet they may go down to defeat, but victory or defeat, their ideas and ideals will live forever, and, handed down from generation to generation, will grow and develop, helping mankind to work out its destiny.

I am, sir,

L. T. F.

THE NEXT-DOOR FRUIT-TREE

Lancaster, Pa., *August 22, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of August 20, 1910, you are mistaken in your article "The Next-Door Fruit-Tree."

The overhanging limbs may be cut off on the line. If they are not cut off the owner of the adjoining lot is entitled to the fruit that grows on the overhanging limbs. The owner of the tree has no right to come in on the adjoining lot and pick it up and carry it away. This is the common law and, unless there are statutory provisions, it prevails in all the States of the Union.

Lines run from the centre of the earth to the sky—this is the common-law theory.

I am, sir,
A LAWYER.

BLIND, BRUTAL, AND BIGOTED ABOUT BRYAN

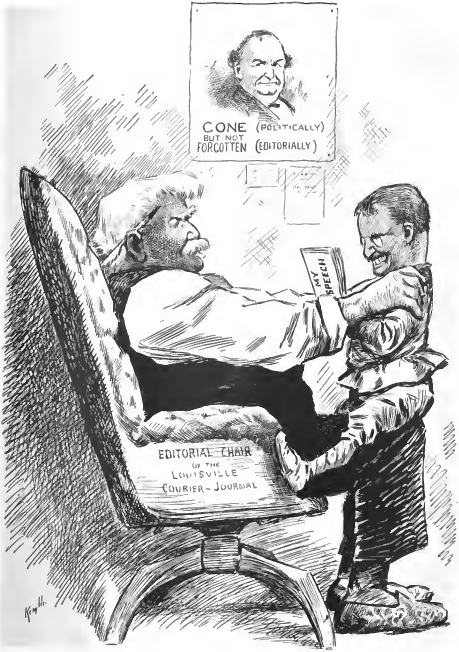
Quill Lake, Sask., *August 8, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I cannot keep still without making a protest to your persistent wrong-headedness when it comes to anything in which W. J. Bryan is concerned. In dealing with regard to him you are a blind, brutal, and bigoted ignoramus. The Democratic party might as well go out of business if it builds upon the destruction of Bryan, as he has too many friends who will see to it in the future, as in the past, that his enemies within the party will be punished effectively.

I am, sir,

J. A. OSWALT

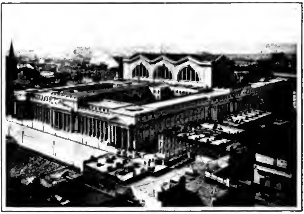

GONE (POLITICALLY) BUT NOT FORGOTTEN (EDITORIALLY)
MY SPEECH
EDITORIAL CHAIR OF THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL
Kemble.

FOOLISH QUESTION NO. 78,936

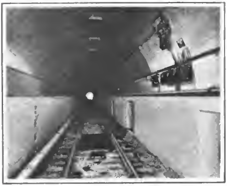
"CAN YOU BRYANIZE THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, THEODORE?"
"MARSE HENRY, IS THERE ANYTHING *I* CANNOT DO?"

DRAWN BY E W KEMBLE

Borough Presidents Steers and Gresser honor B. B. J. Brenton, who has commuted for fifty-five years

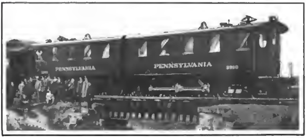


A bird's-eye view of the new Pennsylvania station at Thirty-first Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, the greatest structure of its kind in the world



The interior of the Pennsylvania Tunnel beneath the North River, affording a view of the signal apparatus

Jamaica turned out with a brass band to celebrate the arrival of the first through train



A type of the heavy electric locomotives which will be used by the Pennsylvania Railroad for hauling cars through the new tunnels

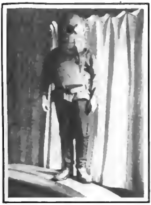
Two of the Long Island portals of the tunnel in Sunnyside yard

LINKING LONG ISLAND TO NEW JERSEY

A REMARKABLE ENTERPRISE HAS FINALLY BEEN BROUGHT TO A SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION BY THE RUNNING OF THE FIRST THROUGH TRAIN FROM THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TERMINAL IN MANHATTAN TO JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND, UNDER THE EAST RIVER. THE BUILDING OF THE TUNNEL COST $125,000,000, AND OCCUPIED EIGHT YEARS. IT WILL SOON BE POSSIBLE TO TRAVEL BETWEEN LONG ISLAND AND NEW JERSEY WITHOUT EMERGING ON MANHATTAN ISLAND AT ALL

Schooling Men-Fishes

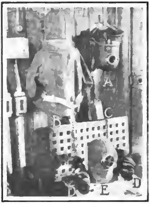
A NEW DEVICE WHEREWITH THE ENGLISH SAILOR IS TAUGHT TO ESCAPE FROM A DISABLED SUBMARINE WHICH CANNOT RISE TO THE SURFACE



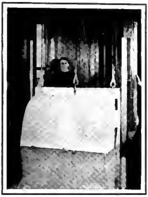
The life-saving apparatus used as a smoke-helmet. It is also useful for diving in shallow water. The chemicals in the purifier destroy the deadly chlorine gas of the submarine, should any enter

Of all the duties that fall to the enlisted sailor's lot none calls for stauncher qualities of courage and self-possession than the manning of the submarine. During the present year Japan and France have each lost a vessel through accident; less recently France has lost two besides, England two, and Russia one, and in each instance the crews, trapped and helpless, have slowly died from the exhaustion of the air or have been poisoned by chlorine gases within their tombs of steel.

To avoid a recurrence of such loss of life in cases of similar disasters, England will fit to every submarine that she builds in future air-traps—into which the men can go for momentary breathing time, while they put on their helmets—and air locks, through which to leave the submarine. The men will be provided with special life-saving dresses and helmets. The helmet contains an oxylithe chamber, providing a supply of air for the period of an hour and a half, and has a glass window. It is so buoyant that it will support the wearer and another man upon the top of the waves. The dress is fitted with a chamber which can be inflated when the wearer comes to the top, and, after closing the valve, the man can open the front window and breathe the air for an indefinite time, until rescued by some passing vessel. There is a twelve-pound weight attached to the dress, which enables the wearer to keep down while travelling from the air-lock to the place of escape. Then if he has not enough buoyancy to start from the bottom, he slips the weight. This gives him extra buoyancy and takes him to the surface. If, on the other hand, he has enough buoyancy, he keeps his weight in place until reaching the surface, and it is slipped there. Several hundred men have been instructed in the use of this invention in the Submarine Depot at Portsmouth. The photographs show how the men are trained by being sunk in an air-lock, which is a sort of diving bell, in a tank of water. This reproduces the conditions under which the men would find themselves when their submarine sank.



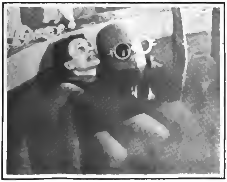
A, the helmet, with the purifier folded inside; B, helmet and jacket unpacked; C, the purifier carrying the charge of oxylithe; D, D, lead-soled shoes; E, a shallow-water diving helmet, with purifier folded inside



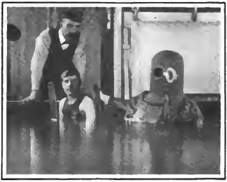
Trying to finger out their situation

Lowering the air-lock into the water

Men of the class watching the submerged air-lock



The helmet, after inflation, is buoyant enough to hold up two men



Coming out of the air-lock with the helmet window open

The Remarkable Case of William Kemble

TOLD BY WILLIAM TURK, SURGEON

Edited by Gaillard Hunt

WILLIAM TURK, who wrote the narrative which follows, was a citizen of New York and was appointed surgeon in the Navy on July 24, 1813, being ordered for service on the frigate "President" on October 9 of that year. He died on November 20, 1831 while still in the Navy. According to the records of the Navy Department, his long naval career is without blemish; and there can be no doubt that he did not fabricate the story which is told here. He wrote it in 1823 and addressed it to "Mrs. Rodgers and her sister," the latter being the wife of Commodore John Dandridge Henley, of the Navy.

The manuscript was found among the papers of Dr. William Thornton, which were deposited with the Library of Congress by the late J. Henley Smith, Esq., of Washington, having passed from Mrs. Thornton, after her death, to her friend, Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith, J. Henley Smith's grandmother. How it got among Dr. Thornton's papers is easily explained by the fact that he was a friend of Mrs. Rodgers and Mrs. Henley, and was regarded as the most accomplished man of science in Washington. They would naturally have given him a copy of Dr. Turk's letter, as he was known to be interested in phenomena such as it describes. He was the same Dr. Thornton who won the prize in competition for designs for the Capitol, and was Superintendent of Patents for twenty-six years.

The "President," which was the scene of William Kemble's remarkable manifestation, sailed from Providence, Rhode Island on December 4, 1813, on her last cruise under Commodore Rodgers in the war of 1812-15. She shaped her course at first for the Canary Islands, and early in January, 1814, captured two British ships, the "Wanderer," of seven guns, and the "Edward," of six guns. It was in these waters and at this time that Surgeon Turk saw the strange occurrence which is set down here.

William Turk's MS. is printed verbatim.

ALTHOUGH the events now for the first time recorded, occurred ten years since, they are still fresh in my recollection, and have made so strong an impression upon my mind, that time can never obliterate them. They partake so much of the marvellous that I would not dare to commit them to paper, were there not so many living witnesses to the truth of the facts narrated, some of them of the greatest respectability, even sanctioned by Commodore Rodgers. The story is considered by all who have heard it, too interesting to be lost. I therefore proceed to the task, while those are in existence, who can confirm it. Living in an enlightened age and country, when bigotry and superstition have nearly lost their influence over the minds of men, particularly among the citizens of this Republic, where knowledge is so universally diffused, I have often been deterred from relating circumstances, so wonderful, as to stagger the belief of the most credulous. But facts are stubborn things, and the weight of testimony in this case, cannot be resisted. Unable for want of time and room to enter as far into particulars as I should wish, I will give to the best of my recollection, the most prominent and striking occurrences, in the order in which they took place, without comment or embellishment.

Sometime in the latter part of December 1813, a man by the name of William Kemble aged about twenty three, (a seaman on board the U. S. Frigate *President*, commanded by Commodore John Rodgers, on a cruize then near the Western Islands) was brought to me from one of the tops, in which he was stationed, having burst a vessel in his lungs, being at the time in great danger of instant death, the blood gushing with great violence from his mouth and nostrils. With much difficulty I succeeded in stopping the discharge, and he was put upon the use of remedies suited to his case. I visited him often, and had the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with his temper, habits and intellectual attainments, and under all circumstances, during his illness, found his language and behaviour such, as stamped him the rough, profane, and illiterate sailor. It is my belief, though I cannot positively assert it, that he could not either read or write; it is certain that his conversation never differed in the least from that of the most ignorant and abandoned of his associates constantly mixed with oaths, and the lowest vulgarity. Had he possessed talents or learning, he must have betrayed it to me during his long confinement.

In the early part of January, a vessel bore down upon us, with every appearance of being an English frigate; all hands were called to quarters, and after a short and animated address by the Commodore to the crew, all prepared to do their duty. Before I descended to the Cockpit, well knowing Kemble's spirit, and how anxious he would be, to partake in the glory of the victory (defeat never entered our thoughts) I thought it best to visit him. After stating to him the peculiar situation he was in, and the great danger he would be exposed to, by the least emotion—I entreated him, I ordered him, not to stir during the action, which he promised to observe. We were soon after obliged to fire; at the sound of the first gun, he could restrain himself no longer, but regardless of my admonitions and of his own danger, he rushed upon deck and flew to his gun, laying hold to help run her out. A fresh and tremendous discharge from his lungs, was the consequence, and he was brought down to me again, in a most deplorable state. I apprehended immediate death, but by the application of the proper remedies, I succeeded once more in stopping the hemorrhage by which he was reduced to a state of extreme debility. Being near the equator, and suffering much from heat, his hammock was hung upon the gun-deck, between the ports, as affording the best circulation of air. He continued for some time free from hemorrhage, but was under the constant use of medicine, and was confined to a particular diet. This made him fretful, and he would frequently charge my Mates with starving him, at the same time damning them in the true sailor style. After some time being again called to quarters at night, he was necessarily removed below to the sick-birth (commonly called Bay). This was followed by another discharge of blood from his lungs, which was renewed at intervals until his death. On the 17th. of January in the afternoon, Dr. Birchmore my first mate, came to me on deck, and reported Kemble to be dead. I directed him to see that his messmates did what was usual on such occasions, preparatory to committing his remains to the deep.

About two hours after this, Dr. B. again called upon me—He said that Kemble had come to life, and was holding forth to the sailors in a strange way. I directly went down, where I witnessed one of the most remarkable and unaccountable transactions, that perhaps had ever fallen to the lot of man to behold. Kemble had awakened as it were from sleep, raised himself up, and called for his messmates in particular, and those men who were not on duty, to attend to his words. He told them he had experienced death, but was allowed a short space of time to return, and give them as well as the officers some directions for their future conduct in life. In this situation I found him, surrounded by the crew, all mute with astonishment, and paying the most serious attention to every word that escaped from his lips. The oldest men were in tears, not a dry eye was to be seen, or a whisper heard; all was as solemn and as silent as the grave. His whole body was as cold as death could make it, there was no pulsation in the wrists, the temples or the chest perceptible, his voice was clear and powerful, his eyes uncommonly brilliant and animated. After a short and pertinent address to the medical gentlemen, he told me in a peremptory manner to bring Commodore Rodgers to him, as he had something to say to him, before he finally left us. The Commodore consented to go with me, when a scene was presented, truly novel and indescribable and calculated to fill with awe the stoutest heart. The sick bay (or birth) in which he lay, is entirely set apart to the use of those who are confined to their beds by illness. Supported by the Surgeons, surrounded by his weeping and astonished comrades, a crowd of spectators, looking thro' the lattice work, which enclosed the room, a common japan'd lamp, throwing out a sickly light, and a candle held opposite his face by an attendant, was the situation of things, when our worthy Commander made his appearance: and well does he remember the effect produced by so uncommon a spectacle, especially when followed by the utterance of these words from the mouth of one long supposed to have been dead.

"Commodore Rodgers, I have sent for you, Sir, being commissioned by a higher power to address you for a short time and to deliver the message entrusted to me, when I was permitted to revisit the earth. Once I trembled in your presence and was eager to obey your commands—but now, I am your superior, being no longer an inhabitant of the earth—I have seen the glories of the world of Spirits—I am not permitted to make known what I have beheld; indeed, were I not forbidden, language would be inadequate to the task; 'tis enough for you and the crew to know, that I have been sent back to earth, to re-animate for a few hours my lifeless body, commissioned by God, to perform the work I am now engaged in."

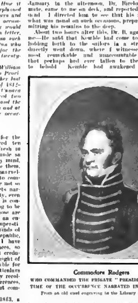
He then in language so chaste and appropriate, as would not have disgraced the lips or the pen of a divine, took a hasty view of all the moral and religious duties, incumbent upon the Commander of a Ship of War. He reviewed the vices prevalent on shipboard, pointed out the relative duties of officers and men, and concluded by urging the necessity of reformation and repentance. He did not, as was feared by our brave Commander, attempt to prove the sinfulness of fighting and wars, but on the contrary, warmly recommended to the men the performance of their duty to their Country, with courage and fidelity. His speeches occupied about three quarters of an hour, and if the whole could have been taken down at the time, they would have made a considerable pamphlet, which would no doubt have been in great demand. Dr. Birchmore now at Boston, heard all the addresses, I, only the last. When he finished with the Commodore, his head dropped upon his breast, his eyes closed, and he appeared to have passed through a second death.—No pulsation nor the least degree of warmth, could be perceived, during the time that he was speaking. I ordered him to be laid aside, and left him. I was soon sent for into the cabin where the Commodore required from me an explanation of the case on rational and philosophical principles. This I endeavoured to give; I, but in part, succeeded. It would swell this narrative too much to repeat all I said, in endeavouring to elucidate the subject,—at best it proved a lame attempt; for when asked, how this man, without education, reading or mixing in other society than that of common sailors, should acquire the command of the purest language, properly arranged and delivered clearly and distinctly with much animation and great effect—to this question, I gave no reply, as it was, and ever will remain inexplicable, without admitting supernatural agency. The days of miracles are past, and I know I shall be laughed at by many, for dwelling upon or even repeating this story. But never since I arrived at the years of discretion, has anything taken a stronger hold upon my mind; and that man must have been made of strange materials, who could have been an indifferent spectator. Was he divinely illuminated? was he inspired? or was the whole the effect of natural causes? These are questions which have arisen in the minds of many and must be left for the learned of two professions to answer.

I retired to bed, deeply reflecting upon the past, unable to sleep, when about 9 o'clock P.M., many hours after Kemble had been laid by, I was called out of bed to visit a man taken suddenly ill, in his hammock, hanging near Kemble's apartment. It was an hour when all but the watch upon deck had turned in, general silence reigned, and all the lights below were out, with the exception of a single lamp in the sick's apartment, where lay the remains of Kemble. I had bled the sick man, he was relieved, I entered the sick room, before I retired, to replace something, and was turning round to leave it, being alone, when I was almost petrified, upon beholding Kemble sitting up in his birth, with his eyes (which had regained their former brilliancy and intelligence) fixed intently upon mine,—I became for a moment speechless and motionless. Thinks I to myself, what have I done, or left undone, in this man's case, that should cause him thus to stare at me at this late hour and alone. I waited a long time in painful suspense, dreading some horrid disclosure, when I was relieved by his commanding me to fetch him some water; with what alacrity I obeyed, can easily be imagined; I gave him a tin mug, containing water, which he put to his mouth, drank off the contents, and returned to me, then laid himself quietly down for the last time. His situation was precisely the same, in every respect, as before described. The time had now expired, which he had said was given him to remain in the body. The next day by noon, all hands attended as usual, to hear the funeral service read, and see his remains consigned to a watery grave. It was an unusually solemn period; seamen are naturally superstitious and on this occasion their minds had been wrought upon in a singular manner. Decorum is always observed by sailors at such times, but now they were all affected to tears, and when the body was slid from the plank into the sea, every one rushed instinctively to the Ships side to take a last look. The usual weights had been attached to the feet, yet, as if in compliment to their anxiety to see more of him, the body rose perpendicularly from the water breast high, two or three times. This incident added greatly to the astonishment, already created in the minds of the men. I beg leave to remark that it was not thought proper to keep the body longer, in the warm latitude we were in.

I have now given a short and very imperfect sketch of the important events attending the last illness and death of William Kemble. It is submitted to the ladies, in this state, begging they will excuse haste and inaccuracy. The change produced upon the crew, was for a time very remarkable: it appeared as if they would never smile or swear again; the effect wore off by degrees, except when the subject was renewed.

W. Turk.

Mrs. Rodgers and Sister
Washington



Commodore Rodgers

WHO COMMANDED THE FRIGATE "PRESIDENT" AT THE TIME OF THE OCCURRENCE NARRATED IN THIS STORY

From an old steel engraving in the Library of Congress

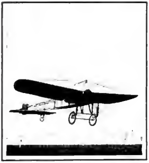
Clifford B. Harmon takes a rest

Ralph Johnstone winning the duration contest

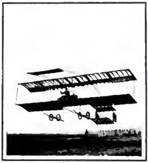
Grahame-White, the English speed champion

Charlie Willard takes up Miss Eleanor Ladd, of Boston, for a little spin

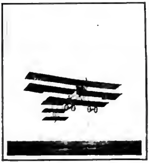
Roe's triplane breaks a brace in a swift descent



Grahame-White in his Bleriot monoplane



A Farman biplane driven by Grahame-White



A. V. Roe flying in an English triplane

THE BIRDCRAFTSMEN AT BOSTON

DURING THE RECENT AVIATION MEET HELD ON SQUANTUM MEADOWS, MONOPLANES, BIPLANES, AND A TRIPLANE, DRIVEN BY ENGLISHMEN AND AMERICANS, COMPETED IN MANY EXCITING CONTESTS

Motoring Without Labor

SOME INGENIOUS NEW APPLICATIONS THAT ENABLE THE UP-TO-DATE AUTOMOBILE-OWNER WHO DRIVES HIS CAR TO AVOID WORK, DIRT, AND CHOLER

By Harry Wilkin Perry

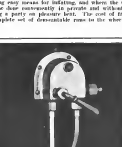
IMAGINE motoring with never a turn of the crank to start the engine, with no removal, repair, and replacement of a damaged tire in its clincher rim on the road, and no laborious pumping-up afterward; picture yourself driving until nightfall and then turning on the head-lights, side-lights, and tail-light by a simple turn of a switch or lever on the dash, while the car is rushing along at full speed; anticipate the delights of a tour over an unfamiliar route with every turn to be made indicated automatically on a dial always directly before you, to which your attention is called by an automatic signal at the right instant or on which prominent landmarks are shown to reassure you. In short, think of automobiling day after day throughout the season with most of the major and minor annoyances left out, and you will conceive of *fin-de-siècle* motoring as rendered possible by the latest efforts of a small but active number of inventors, designers, and manufacturers.

In the minds of many, motoring has been inseparably associated, since the period of its most imperfect development, with a train of supposedly concomitant evils which included a long list of tire troubles; exhausted batteries, short-circuited coils; faulty vibrators; oily, sooty kerosene-lamps; ill-smelling, dirty gas-generators to be cleaned and recharged; clogged gas-burners; cracked front glasses and lens-mirrors; matches extinguished by wind and rain; folding road-maps blown out of hand or torn; route-books rendered unreadable by vibration or by darkness, carbureters clogged or flooded as a result of dirt or water in the gasoline; and real manual labor at the starting-crank, not always unattended by a sprained wrist or bruised arm as the result of a back-kick.

It is too much to say that these troubles and annoyances have been done away with, yet it is possible now for the motorist who has the money to spend to obtain up-to-date car equipment that will obviate most of them and make automobiling an easier, more cleanly, less annoying, and therefore more thoroughly enjoyable pastime than it has been up to the present. Like all good things in life, such equipment comes high, but to him who has the price it is worth all it costs.

Taking tires as that part of the equipment of a car that formerly gave the most disagreeable series of troubles, it is observed that on some of the 1911 models the standard equipment includes demountable rims which obviate altogether the necessity of removing a punctured or blown-out tire from its rim, repairing or replacing it with another, and then inflating the tire again. The demountable rim is one of the many products of road racing of which tourists and every-day motorists are deriving the benefit. It is manufactured under various trade names and different patents, but the object in all is the same—to enable the motorist to carry one or more spare tires already secured in their clincher rims and fully inflated, so that when any of the tires on the car goes flat it is necessary only to release the rim on its wheel, usually by loosening or removing six or eight nuts, and lift it off bodily with the tire still attached, then substitute the extra rim and inflated tire, tighten the bolts, and lower the axle with the jack. The operations can be performed under ordinary conditions in ten minutes, counting from the stoppage of the car to resumption of the trip, and experts, working with tires and tools ready to lay hands upon, can effect the mere change of rims and tires on a wheel in less than a minute.

Except in races the saving in time is of less importance than the avoidance of disagreeable work under trying conditions on the road, the nature of which is familiar to all motorists of several years' experience. All the hard work of removing the tire from the clincher rim, patching and vulcanizing, replacing the inner tube, working the beads of the shoe into the rim again, and finally pumping up the tire, is done in the garage where all tools are handy, including easy means for inflating, and where the work can be done conveniently in private and without delaying a party on pleasure bent. The cost of fitting a complete set of demountable rims to the wheels of a car and providing a spare rim amounts to from $65 to $100 or more, according to size and make.



An instantaneous electric lighter for gas head-lights and searcher as applied to the dash of the car

If the owner of a car does not wish to go to so much expense he may do the next best thing by carrying on the car, strapped to the running-board, an emergency or spare wheel. This is simply a standard clincher rim to which are secured three or four special clamps by means of which the emergency rim, with a previously inflated tire attached, can be clamped directly against the outside of the regular rim on the wheel. The flat tire may even be left in place if one is in a hurry. It is sometimes not necessary to jack up the wheel, and the spare wheel can be fitted in place in a minute or two, without the use of any tool whatever.

For making permanent tire changes one may have quick-detachable rims fitted and then buy one of the several makes of portable power tire-pumps or tire-inflating tanks. By means of the q. d. rims, as they are designated for brevity in the trade, the damaged tire may be removed quickly and easily from the rim on the wheel and a fresh one as readily put on in its place. Most such rims are made with a split ring that either forms one of the clincher flanges itself or is a locking-ring that serves to hold the former in place. A special tool is furnished for drawing the ends of the split ring together until they can be secured by the holding device provided.

There are half a dozen or more power tire-pumps designated to be carried on the car and driven directly or indirectly by the motor. One of the earlier styles is made to be attached to the frame of the car in such position that it will have a friction pulley in contact with the fly-wheel or other revolving part, or have a spur pinion in mesh with a gear keyed to a shaft. A second kind, of very recent development, is intended to be placed on the ground and the car backed until the uninjured tire rests upon rollers that operate the piston of the pump when the engine is running and the wheel revolves. Another new style, and without doubt the simplest, consists merely of a cylinder closed at the ends, one half having a diameter of 2⅝ inches and the other half of 1½ inches, with a hose piston working inside. When a tire is to be pumped up, the spark-plug in one of the cylinders of the engine is removed and the large end of the pump screwed in its place. Upon being started, the engine runs on the remaining cylinders and the suction and compression in the first one operates the piston of the pump. Only air is pumped into the tire, no exhaust gas or gasoline vapor from the engine being admitted. The prices of power tire-pumps range from $15 to $40.

Other recent inventions render the inflating of a tire no more labor than the connecting of a hose to the tire valve and opening a valve on a steel cylinder carried on the running-board or other convenient place on or in the car. The steel bottle or "tire tank" may contain compressed air, liquefied carbonic gas, or gas dissolved in acetone under pressure, and the solution held by absorption in porous bricks of asbestos contained in the tank. From ten to fifty tires can be inflated on one charge of these tanks, according to the kind and size of tank and the size of the tires. The tanks, which weigh about twenty-five pounds and cost from twelve to twenty dollars, will be refilled at agencies for from one to two dollars.

Newest idea of all is the tire tube, containing just enough gas for one full inflation and measuring 1¼ or 1⅝ inches in diameter by one foot in length—a convenient size for carrying in the tool-box. As many or as few of these tire tubes as desired may be carried, and when emptied they can be exchanged for twenty cents at any leading automobile dealer's for charged ones. In order to use them it is necessary to have a short length of hose, fitted at one end with a puncturing valve for releasing the charges in the tubes, and at the other end with a connection to fit the tire valve. The total expense of a complete outfit, however, is only three dollars.

As for the lighting of a car at night, inventors have ever since the first application of oil and gas lamps to this purpose sought to devise ways of reducing the work and trouble in connection with them. The very latest idea is to get away from both kerosene and acetylene altogether by the substitution of a complete electric lighting system, which has the important advantages of providing an inexhaustible source of illuminant, of perfect cleanliness, and of enabling the lights to be turned on and off instantly from the driver's seat without stopping the car. A small generator resembling a magneto is permanently attached to the engine and is driven by it through a pair of gears. Wires from this generator lead the current direct to head-lights, side-lights, and tail-lights, when these are burning; at other times the current flows into a storage-battery carried on the running-board until the battery is fully charged, when the generator is automatically disconnected and stops running.

Using a wheel-driven power tire-pump for raising the opposite wheel with a pneumatic jack

Applying a spare demountable rim and ready-inflated tire. The valve passes through a hole in the felly

When the automobile engine is stopped, the lamps may be kept burning with current from the battery. By means of a switch on the dash and proper wiring the operator can at will light or extinguish either pair of front lights or the tail-light, independently. The system also permits the use of electric dome lights in the roofs of limousines, gauge lights, speedometer lights, etc., on the dash, and special reading-lights and portable lights for trouble-hunting under the hood or under the car. The system is automatic so far as the generation, storage, and supply of the current are concerned. Such a system is, of course, expensive, costing, complete, $130 exclusive of lamps.

It is not necessary to provide special lamps in connection with an electric-lighting system, as the gas and oil lamps already fitted to the car can be made to serve very well by the use of so-called adapters, which are attachments to be secured to or in place of the oil or gas burners to hold miniature or candelabra electric-light bulbs. The bulbs furnished for automobile-lighting have tungsten filaments that give a much whiter and brighter light than the carbon filaments generally used in house and office globes and are very economical of current. In order that the fragile filament may not be broken by the jolting of the car, some of these sockets are spring-supported.

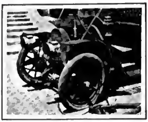
Use of acetylene gas, which is unsurpassed in brilliancy and lighting effect, is rendered most convenient by a combination equipment consisting of a gas tank and an electric lighter. The former takes the place of the gas generator and does away with all cleaning and recharging of the generator, and avoids the possibility of moisture in the gas collecting in low places in the tubes leading to the lamps and putting them out or causing the flame to fluctuate. The gas-tank is a copper-plated steel cylinder intended to be secured by steel straps to the side of the car and connected by copper tube and rubber hose to the head-lights and search-light. It is provided with a valve at one end and a pressure indicator at the other. Porous bricks of asbestos fill the interior, and at the factory these are forced full of acetone in which acetylene gas has been dissolved under pressure, the process being a secret one. Each tank holds enough gas for upward of sixty hours' use in a pair of ordinary head-lights, and when a tank is exhausted it can be exchanged for a full tank at any of four thousand automobile-supply dealers' houses upon payment of a nominal fee to cover the cost of recharging.

Electric lighters for gas-lamps are a much later development, having made their appearance in perfected form during the last year or two. They consist of a small attachment for the dash, to which gas is led from a gas-tank; a special spark-coil for use in connection with dry-cells or the storage-battery used for ignition on the car, and special burners or burner attachments providing spark gaps across the gas-openings or the fish-tail burners. The controller or dash attachment has valves for regulating the rate of flow to the lamps and for turning the gas on and off instantly. There is also an electric switch, sometimes in combination with the gas-valve lever, by which a stream of sparks from the spark-coil can be flashed across the gap through the jet of gas at the burner, igniting it. Many users of high-priced cars would feel that fifteen or twenty dollars invested in a complete igniting device of this kind were well expended.

It is now possible to avoid the well-known annoyances of trying to pick out a touring-route by almost constant reference to a route-book or road-map, which are increased many fold after dark. Several ingenious devices have been placed on the market within a year which automatically guide the driver over any known touring route in the country throughout the length of an ordinary day's run. These auto guides, path-finders, or live maps, as they are variously termed, are made for attachment to the steering-column directly beneath the steering-wheel or to any convenient place on the dash or back of the front seat where the dial can be easily seen and read. They are cylindrical or circular in form and have movable route directions printed on paper strips or disks or formed on the edges of revolving metal wheels. The directions are made to pass under a pointer either by rotating the moving parts by one finger of the driver's hand or by means of a flexible shaft geared to a front wheel of the car, just as a speedometer is driven. The route for the day is selected and inserted in the case, or the series of indicator-wheels is set for the desired course from a printed route-book, and as the car proceeds the guides mechanically indicate when and how to turn and the distances from point to point in miles and tenths of miles. According to the nature of the course these devices will indicate all the necessary directions for a route of from fifty to one hundred and fifty or more miles with one setting. Some automatically ring a bell just before a turn is to be made, and others indicate such landmarks as bridges, railroad crossings, and prominent buildings as they are passed. At night the dials are illuminated by little electric lights. If sixty or one hundred dollars seems like a good deal to pay for a self-operating route-indicator, complete with attachments and a set of one hundred different routes, or a volume of a road-book for a large section of the country, the motorist needs only to think back over his worst annoyances in trying to find his way in order to appreciate the chief advantages of such a piece of up-to-date equipment.

A touring-car equipped with a live map or route indicator, operated mechanically from one of the road wheels

Serious efforts are being made to obviate the need for cranking the motors of gasoline cars, an operation demanding considerable physical exertion and skill and involving some risk and one that is decidedly objectionable to women drivers under any conditions and to men when it is raining and roads are muddy. Several manufacturers have provided their cars with automatic starting devices as part of the regular equipment within the last two or three years, and there is at least one self-starter offered on the market as applicable to any car. This last consists of a small special vaporizer connected with the fuel tank, a set of little pumps connected one to each cylinder of the motor by a copper pipe, a check-valve for each such lead, and a single lever placed within easy reach from the driver's seat. Movement of the lever forces the cylinders full of rich gas until a turn of the ignition switch will fire the charges successively and start the engine. Another form of automatic starter operates by means of compressed air that is stored in a tank on the car by a small compressor driven by the motor when running. When it is desired to start the motor this compressed air is admitted to certain of the cylinders in which the pistons happen to be up, and by forcing them down starts the crank-shaft revolving and causes the remaining cylinders to draw in fresh charges of gas until ignition occurs. Still a third type enables the operator to "turn the engine over" by hand or foot mechanically without leaving his seat.



Inflating a front tire with a power tire-pump operated by one cylinder of the engine

Another modern idea that will appeal to the practical mind of many automobilists is the folding lavatory with which at least one enterprising motor-car company is this year equipping its touring landau. This is a small cabinet built into the side of the car and having a nickel-plated wash-basin that can be let down into horizontal position, a mirror that can be swung up on top of the cabinet, a self-closing faucet and waste outlet, a towel-shelf and compartment for soap, combs, and brushes. A tank for holding water is placed in the roof or under the body of the car. When closed, the cabinet measures about twenty-three inches high, thirteen inches wide, and four and a half inches deep. The net weight is eighteen pounds.

All too often a faulty spark-plug, badly adjusted carbureter, empty or inoperative oiler, loose brake, or flat tire needs attention on the road and one's hands become soiled despite precautions. When this occurs, the motorist usually must drive without being able to clean them until he arrives at a hotel or the end of his run. The folding lavatory enables him to wash up immediately. It need not be built into the car, but can be attached to the side or rear of almost any touring-car, limousine, or similar large machine, after it has passed into the hands of the user. Finish similar to that of the car itself renders the lavatory inconspicuous. While the lavatory is not one of the necessaries of motoring, it can be made to contribute in a large measure to the comfort and enjoyment of long runs and tours.

THE FASTEST FIGHTING CRAFT AFLOAT

THE U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT-DESTROYER "PAULDING" AS SHE APPEARED WHEN MAKING HER TRIAL COURSE OFF ROCKLAND, MAINE, RECENTLY. SHE IS OIL-BURNING, AND MADE 32.8 KNOTS AN HOUR, A SPEED UNEQUALLED BY ANY OTHER NAVAL VESSEL

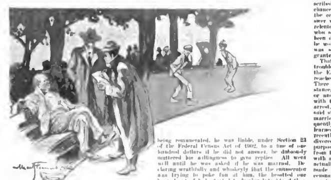
Humors of the Census

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED BY THE ENUMERATORS OF UNCLE SAM'S INCREASING FAMILY

By George Jean Nathan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK FENDERSON

LATE one night not long ago a middle-aged man with a slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, and with his form shrouded in a long black coat, entered a dingy lodging-house that shrinks back from the sidewalk on the Bowery, mounted the rickety stairs with quiet tread, went into a bare, dimly lighted, dismal room filled with bunks on which lay sleeping a score of dilapidated human beings, poked one of the slumberers near the doorway in the ribs, and, bringing him suddenly to a startled upright position, demanded to know where he had been born. The man who had been awakened rubbed his eyes, gave his inquisitor a look that emphatically consigned him to a certain equatorial resort, told him that he had been born in "four different places," and then rolled over and went to sleep again. Exactly twenty-five minutes later the slumberer found himself reposing in a police-station cell. And exactly ten hours and twenty-five minutes later Magistrate Barlow, in the Tombs Court, fined the slumberer five dollars for having baffled the government of the United States of America—through Albert Munnes, its representative in the slouch-hat and black coat—in its decennial effort to arrive at a complete census.



The gathering of the statistics among the park-bench loafers was replete with humorous incidents

Although this gentleman was the only person in the whole great city of New York who had to be arrested for having an exaggerated and persistent sense of humor during the recent taking of the census, there were hundreds of unarrested persons who gave Uncle Sam a metropolitan giggle when he sought to pry into their statistical selves. And reports from the other two hundred and ninety-nine census districts that cover the country show that there was no community without such persons. Judging from these varied chronicles, the taking of the census is scarcely analogous to the oft-quoted apogee of simplicity that relates to the taking of sweetmeats from children. The census must battle with the great sense of American humor, and each of its thirty-two questions must leave with the grins of each of the 90,000,000 Americans to whom the inquisitive interrogations are put. In witness whereof is the reply credited to the obviously mismated James Tillinghast, of Chicago, who, answering the question "Are you divorced?" made chronicle, "Not yet, but very soon." And in further witness whereof is the statement made by one Albert Hartley, of the Hoosier State, who, in replying to the question "Can you read?" vouchsafed the information, "Yes, except the sort of stuff Elinor Glyn writes."

A professional humorist, who answered the census enumerator dispassionately and accurately, has said that the one thing he should have hated most to have had to inscribe opposite "What is your occupation?" would have been, "Dining-car head waiter." To this professional humorist's attention is called an answer made to the question in point on one of the slips in the possession of Joseph B. Haviland, Assistant Supervisor of the Census in New York. The answer was, "Professional crook," this being supplemented with the information that the general nature of the individual's industry was burglary. The fact that every census employee is bound by oath not to divulge any information given to him is undoubtedly instrumental, in this case, in depriving at least one jail of one perfectly good and guaranteed occupant.

A nice idea of the troubles of the census enumerators in the dark corners of the land may be gleaned from the difficulties experienced by them in such spots as the dank metropolitan lodging-houses described in the introductory case. Conducted by Census Superintendent Albert Falck and his corps of assistant interrogators, these lodging-house "raids," as they were called, had to be made late at night, inasmuch as it is an established fact that the Bowery lodgers never go home until the last light is out in the last saloon. In the dormitory of one of the houses the statistical investigators came across a frowsy, intoxicated specimen of semi-humanity who insisted upon being paid one cent for each question that he answered. "I am a stenographer," he stated, "and I demand pay for my work." When he was assured that, instead of being remunerated, he was liable, under Section 23 of the Federal Census Act of 1902, to a fine of one hundred dollars if he did not answer, he dubiously muttered his willingness to give replies. All went well until he was asked if he was married. Declaring wrathfully and whiskeyly that the enumerator was trying to poke fun at him, the besotted one hopped out of bed, started to lumber into his clothes, and shouted out that he was going right down to "headquarters" to register a protest. When he was finally pacified the census man asked him if he could read and write. Again the bellicose individual piled pell-mell out of bed, again started to clamber into his trousers, and again declared his intention to see to it that he wasn't insulted by such (swear word) busybodies. When subsequently soothed for a second time and ordered to answer the question, "Can you read and write?" the lodger admitted that he could do neither.

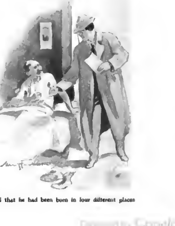
On one night alone during the taking of the national census one hundred enumerators hurled themselves against the lodging-house fortresses in the Bowery, Third Avenue, the far West Side, and ulterior Harlem. In a cracked and creaking house in the latter locality there was encountered a portly Teuton named Schmidmaier, who, in answer to the query as to the nature of his occupation, graciously volunteered the information that he was a "trinker." Assured that he had not been asked what his favorite amusement was, he was asked to answer the question a second time. "I am a trinker," he insisted. And he kept on insisting until a policeman was summoned to escort him to the Morrisania station. The German protested he had done nothing. "Well, what's the trouble, then?" asked the officer. The census man told him. The policeman grinned. "Sure he does like beer," he answered, "but he ain't kiddin' you. I know Schmidmaier. He's a tinker and he's got a shop in a basement round the corner."

In another lodging-house, in lower Third Avenue, according to the story told by one of the statistic gatherers, there was a man who, upon being asked whether he was married, proceeded to break down under a teary rain-storm of grief. Believing that the man had suffered the recent loss of his beloved wife, the enumerator tried to console him as best he could and urged him to brace up long enough to answer the rest of the necessary questions. The man persisted in his grief, however, and, upon eventually composing himself, insisted upon telling the census man "the story of his life." And it developed that not only had the man not been married, but that his excessive burst of salty sorrow had been engendered by his having put his hand [illegible] into his "money-pocket" just as the [illegible] had asked him the marriage question, and [illegible] having made the alleged discovery that he ha[illegible] the quarter that he had placed there an hour [illegible] The "story of his life" was used as a sympa[illegible] to extract a piece of change from the enum[illegible]. In this same lodging-house, according to [illegible] same enumerator, there was a superlatively spec[illegible] specimen of the genus tramp who stated with calm honesty that his occupation was "a bum."

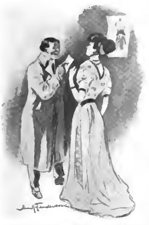
The question "Are you divorced?" says Assistant Supervisor Haviland, gave the New York enumerators more trouble than any of the other questions. The efforts of women to avoid adding their statistical mite toward the gathering of figures from which the government intends to compute the national divorce average were particularly difficult to overcome. One woman with whom the enumerators came in contact admitted that she was a divorcee, but insisted upon being listed as a widow. Her reason for this had no further foundation than the fact that she "thought 'widow' sounded more stylish than 'divorcee.'" And the census man, not unmindful of his own sense of humor, managed to escape gracefully only on promising that he would bring the matter to the attention of the census authorities in Washington and champion the lady's cause in seeking to have her described as a "widow." Another woman, says the enumerating bureau, agreed to allow herself to be listed as divorced only if the phrase "with alimony" were inscribed after the line. "I am not going to spoil my chances of getting married again," she argued. When the census man assured her, however, that her answer would be subject to the strictest confidence she relented. Still another woman, according to the men who sought statistics, said she would admit having been divorced only on the enumerator's promise that he would write down the discriminating fact that it was she, rather than her husband, who had been granted the divorce.

That the divorce question met with considerable trouble in other sections of the country as well as in the East is evident from several other stories that reached the ears of the metropolitan census-takers. There was a woman in Omaha, Nebraska, for instance, who flatly refused to commit herself one way or another on the question, and who only complied with the enumerator's request when threatened with arrest. Then, to the surprise of the census man, she said she had not only never been divorced, but never married. Her rebellion against the question consequently puzzled the census man greatly until he learned that the woman, who had come to town only recently, had been posing in the community as a divorcee with a large alimony income for the evident purpose of obtaining credit on a considerable scale from the local merchants. A second story has to do with a woman named Allison of St. Louis, who was actually taken to the police station before she was made to realize the necessity of complying with the census rules. "What's the trouble?" asked the sergeant. "She won't tell whether or not she has been divorced," came the complaint. "You must answer all the questions," was the command. "Well, then," said the woman, "I was divorced a year ago, but as my husband and I are thinking of making up again soon I don't see why I have to be labelled as a divorcee. I hate the sound of it." The third story comes from Toledo, Ohio, where a woman told the census man that if he failed to chronicle the fact that she had been allowed the custody of the children and that her husband was a brute she would see to it that he "lost his job."

As is probably known, the taking of the statistics in the big apartment-hotels is facilitated by placing one of the census blanks in each of the residents' mail-boxes. The persons living in the building fill out the slips and hand them to the clerk in sealed envelopes. The clerk subsequently sees that the blanks covering



Told that he had been born in four different places



Only if the phrase "with alimony" were inscribed

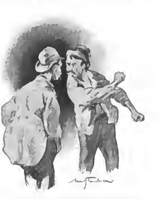
the hotel or apartment-house in question are given to the enumerator. That the great American sense of humor reigns in the bachelor-apartment buildings is evident from the replies made on some of the blanks. For example, one man, after inditing the proper answers to all the earlier questions, replied in the negative to the final question, "Can you write?" On another blank taken from one of the sealed envelopes a man named Murphy stated that his father had been born in Germany. Although, to be sure, this may possibly have been true, the census men were inclined to scout the idea. In reply to the question, "Did you fight in the Civil War?" two jokers answered, "No, I have never been married." Still another apartment-hotel occupant stated that his occupation was "heiress-seeker." In further explanation, he wrote below in very small letters that "on the side" he was a broker. In contrast to the attitude of such bachelors who took the census lightly was one named Richard Heatherington, with apartments in the West Forties, who was in North Carolina when the statistics were being gathered, and who, learning on his return that he had been left out, gained newspaper notoriety by threatening to institute a suit for heavy damages if his name were not included. Mr. Heatherington gave out an interview in which he stated that he was determined to get in the census even if he had to be listed as "an appendix or a memorandum."

Another New-Yorker who believed he had not been included in the census filled out a blank, printed in the newspapers for the purpose, and sent it to Supervisor Falck's Broadway headquarters.

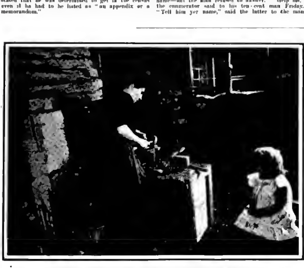
The gathering of the statistics among the park-bench loafers was replete with humorous incidents. Twenty-seven parks were visited. According to the police, two hundred and fifty persons sleep every warm night in City Hall Park and approximately three hundred in Madison Square. When the census men entered the latter, the "benchers," believing a "plain-clothes raid" was imminent, fled in every direction. Those who were corralled refused to believe that nothing more painful than the asking of a few questions was going to be inflicted upon them. This is peculiar in view of the statement of Supervisor Falck, who says that almost ninety per cent. of the men found in the parks were educated men who had gone the road to ruin through drink. "Not more than ten per cent. of the persons whose names we were able to get could be called tramps," says the supervisor. One of the latter class, on being asked what his occupation was, insisted that he was a "lineman." When questioned further as to which telegraph or telephone or railroad company he worked for he said that he had not meant that kind of lineman. "Well, what kind do you mean, then?" he was asked. "Bread-lineman," he answered, facetiously. This is only one of a very large number of witty answers encountered by the enumerators among the park-bench sleepers. One of the sleepers, who was awakened in City Hall Park, admitted frankly and bellicosely that his occupation was "booze-fighter," while another occupant of a bench in Morningside Park, according to the story told by the enumerator himself, asserted persistently that the nature of his work was "astronomy." A series of questions on the part of the now curious census man revealed the information that the fellow owned a small battered telescope, through which he allowed youngsters to look at the stars for one cent apiece. A census enumerator in Mulberry Bend Park was attacked by three women who believed he was trying to pry unwarrantedly into their private affairs, while a woman loafing on a bench in City Hall Park told an enumerator that if he did not stop flirting with her she would call a policeman. "But," protested the enumerator, "I'm a census man." "I don't care what you are," rejoined the woman. "It wouldn't make no difference to me if you was a millionaire." A policeman was finally called upon to explain to her that it did make a difference, and the woman, grumbling, proceeded to answer the enumerator's questions. When he came to the divorce question, however, she jumped up and ran off. She was finally brought to a halt some distance away and made to answer.

Each night in New York there are two long bread-lines, containing from 1,200 to 1,800 men in each of the lines. The attempts of these men to avoid the census questions brought about any number of laughable set-tos. One man in the Bowery line, for instance, told the enumerator he would help him get the other men to answer the questions if the census man gave him a dime. The census man, curious to see what assistance the man might lend him, handed over the ten-cent piece. The man stepped out of his place in the line and, with the enumerator, approached the man standing two places back. The enumerator asked the man in line the first question—as to his name—but the man refused to answer. "Help me," the enumerator said to his ten-cent man Friday. "Tell him yer name," said the latter to the man in the line, "ar, by Gee! I'll knock yer block off!" The enumerator decided that he could hardly afford to avail himself of that kind of assistance, however, and released the man to whom he had given the dime from his service. A man in the Eleventh Street line, says one of Supervisor Falck's assistants, insisted that his name was Theodore Roosevelt and that he lived in Washington, D. C., and no amount of persuasion could get him to admit that he had not told the truth. Another mussy individual when approached contented himself with making faces at the census man and running away when threatened with arrest. In reply to the question, "Where is your home?" one of the men in the Eleventh Street bread line answered, "In whatever park the cops aren't."

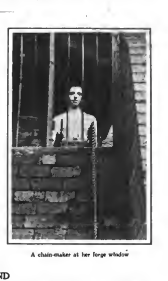
From every census district in the country there have come stories indicating that the humors of the census in New York may be accepted as a fair criterion of the funny side of the census elsewhere. The truth of the oft repeated statement that there is nothing so dry as statistics is denied by each and every enumerator. As one of them has remarked, "They may be dry when they finally arrive in Washington, but they are anything but that in the process of gathering." It is true as well that there is a tragic side to the census, as was evidenced in the case of the sensitive Indiana woman who committed suicide after the enumerator had questioned her, leaving a note explaining that she had been driven to self-destruction through fear of having given incorrect information as to the business concern with which her husband was associated. But for one case like this, there are ten thousand, yes, twenty thousand cases that provoke a very broad grin.



"Tell him yer name or I'll knock your block off!"



Teaching the younger generation how to close the links of the chain



A chain-maker at her forge window

THE WOMEN SMITHS OF ENGLAND

THE WOMEN CHAIN-MAKERS OF CRADLEY HEATH, ENGLAND, HAVE RECENTLY STRUCK FOR A WAGE OF FIVE CENTS AN HOUR. MANY OF THEM WORK FOURTEEN HOURS A DAY, HAMMERING THE HOT IRON, AND THEIR CHILDREN SIT BY THE FORGES AND LEARN THE TRADE, WHICH IS LARGELY HEREDITARY. A LARGE NUMBER OF THE WORKERS ARE MOTHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS

The Toll of the Wheat

THE TROUBLES OF TWO COLLEGIANS WHO TRIED TO HELP KANSAS HARVEST HER GOLDEN GRAIN

By Charles Dillon

THIS is a story of the harvest-fields of Kansas. It is a tale of two sons of good families in New York, who, having finished their sophomore year with excellent football records, responded bravely to the call from Kansas for help with its golden grain.

They started for the West in a Pullman car with enough money to land them, still eager and ambitious, on Union Avenue, in Kansas City, whither go nine-tenths of the "hands" when the cry goes up for help. This being a true tale, it is necessary to say that they had $3.50 and $1.45, respectively, when they looked over the marble counter of the last real restaurant they were fated to visit for several days. What they did there reduced their capital to three dollars and one. Soon after this feast they changed to the old clothing they had brought along, put the habiliments of college days into their valises and checked them in a hotel.

Waddingham carried the copartnership kodak when they got into line before the first labor agency, where a sign proclaimed that "five hundred husky harvest hands" were wanted at once to be shipped that night.

"'Shipped!'" Duchesne observed, critically. "Sounds a bit like cattle, doesn't it, Waddy?"

Waddingham noticed that every man ahead of him paid some amount, said a few words, and received a printed slip. "Suppose," he said to Duchesne, "it's their transportation—or an order for a ticket, you know. Mighty clever, I think."

"Well, Bo, this ain't a picture show," a man growled, and the sophomores were surprised to find themselves at the agent's window. Both had been intently watching the moving throng of lumpy-shouldered men in overalls and rough shirts, old hats of straw or felt, and heavy shoes or boots, with a few college boys somewhat like themselves, bright-eyed youngsters with soft hands that were soon to blister and bleed from unaccustomed toil, muscles that were to ache, eyes that would be red around the rims, and noses peeled by the glare of the sun in the waving, wearying deserts of wheat where they were to pay the toll. The avenue, bustling with life, the bawling of a score of agents, the unfamiliar scenes of a Western city at the gateway of a great storehouse—these things held the two bound for a space, so that the rasping voice of the man at the window boomed at Waddingham twice before he came back to the business of the day.

"Certainly," the sophomore said, good-naturedly, bending his six feet to look into the man's face. "We want jobs, you know, in the wheat-fields of—Kansas, I believe."

"Oh, we do, do we?" the agent snapped, with an irresistibly funny imitation of Waddingham's speech and manner. "And what would you two do in a wheat-field?"

"Who—us?"—Waddingham stammered, his face flushing—"why, we'd work, you know, shock it, or whatever it is they do to wheat. We're strong enough—"

"You'll get the shock, all right," was the disturbing comment. "How much money you got?"

"Three dollars," Waddingham replied, not understanding the warning wink of a man standing near. The agent seized a pad of blanks and began to write. Presently he handed out a slip, swept in the three silver dollars, and, half pushing Waddingham from the window, called, "Next!"

"But what is this?" the sophomore inquired, holding up his slip.

"Hand that to Barker at Larned," the agent said, "and you get the job; three dollars a day and found. Move on, now, son."

"And how do I get to Larned and where is it and who is Barker?" were the hurried questions that Waddingham managed to get out. "How do I—"

"You buy a ticket," the agent said. "Or you walk or take an air-ship. You asked for a job. I give you one. That's the end of my work."

And it was. Luckily Duchesne had not given up his remaining dollar, so the sophomores still had a chance to eat two or three times. As to sleeping—

"Nothin' doin'," said the policeman to whom they applied with their woful story. "Perfectly legal. You asked for a job and if you go to Larned you'll get it."

"But we're broke," Waddingham explained. "We can't get anywhere."

"Better go to the State free employment office," the law advised, a bit kindly. "It's up town."

"Up-town? Where?"

"In the Braley Building—I think."

Now, be it known, in Kansas City the test of a man's capacity to act as a policeman is his ability to direct strangers to the Braley Building. This structure is known to be on the edge of the shopping district, where they who seek employment seldom wander, but few persons ever find it. Its location is, after all, only a rumor. All through the harvest season the newspaper offices and the Bureau of Information in the Union Station have men assigned especially to answer the one appeal, "Tell me where the Braley Building is, please," and Police Headquarters is sending out scouts hourly to gather and guide the lost and strayed who seek in vain. Why this should be so in a large city no one knows; but the fact is that not two persons in twenty can correctly describe the whereabouts of this building in which the State has its free labor agency.

STUBBS
LABOR
AGENCY

All kinds of jobs for all kinds of men

Waddingham did not know this and was, therefore, surprised when the policeman he had met informed him that the Braley Building was "up-town—on McGee, I believe—I've heard it is," and continued his walk.

"Twon't do you no good if you find it," a red-faced hanger-on told the two when they told their story in a barroom, where a glass of beer and a free lunch took the place of dinner. "The free employment bureau, believe me, pal, don't give you no ticket. You and that guy 'll have to beat it for Larned. You'll get the job, all right. They're stealing men off'n the trains out there."

"Why don't you go out?" Waddingham asked, not intending to be too inquisitive.

"Who? Me?" the bar-fly smiled. "Oh, I'm waiting for money to take me to New York, where an aunt has left me a legacy."

Waddingham and Duchesne will have a thrilling tale to tell when they return to New York. Chiefly it will relate to how they sneaked down into the railroad yards that night, talked to tramps of several degrees, and finally screwed up their courage to the point of "hitting the blind baggage" on a west-bound flyer and got safely to Topeka, eighty miles away, black with smoke and cinders and half dead for want of sleep. But there was no sleep that night, except for the fitful naps they fell into in the rattling box-car that took them westward, and out of which they crawled at dawn, hungry and weak and weary, at Newton. Town marshals are lenient in Kansas when the harvest is on. Hoboes are not jailed—if they will work or get out of town. Waddingham and Duchesne were hoboes by this time. Not a jury in the whole liberty-loving land would have acquitted them of the charge. They were hard-looking hoboes, too. The station policeman at Newton took only one look at them. Waddingham showed his "job slip." "Right out that way," the officer said, pointing to the boundless West. "That track leads to Larned and a whole lot more places. Hike!"

"Well," Waddingham sighed, as they started up the cinder path, "we've got down to being ordered out of town, Bitty; I wouldn't say anything about this when I write if I were you."

"The golden fields of Kansas," Duchesne replied, "seem a long way off. I've been thinking of that chapter in *Lorna Doone* where what's-his-name is cutting wheat, and how rhythmically Blackmore describes it all, particularly where he 'walks among the golden grain and swept his cycle 'round it,' or some such line; but to save me I can't see the poetry in wheat nearly so much now as when I read that book in Ithaca."

After a while they "hopped" another freight, were put off, got on another, and eventually, as most things come to God's creatures who deserve them in the darkest hour, they reached the Promised Land—Larned.

Barker was there. "God bless you," said Waddingham, fervently, when the man accepted the fateful slip issued by the Union Avenue agent and told him where he was to go to work. "We'll go, but we're fearfully hungry, old man."

"Why don't you soak that kodak?" Barker suggested.

"Lord save us, Duchesne, I didn't know we had this thing!" Waddington exclaimed. "We'll 'soak' it, as the man says."

They slept in a stable that night. So did twenty other harvesters. A calf in process of weaning and its sympathizing mother bawled through the night. Horses and mules kicked and restive laborers cursed, but Waddingham and Duchesne heard nothing. They were "into the hay" at eight o'clock, clothed as they had been when they left Kansas City, and sleeping as men sleep after a long battle—a dreamless and quiet sleep.

At four o'clock the next morning the chanticleer chorus was working overtime, but the sophomores slept on. "Hi, there!" a stern voice said, and a rough hand shook Waddingham. "Awake and to breakfast and on to the golden fields," or words to that effect, the same voice cried, and, presently sitting up and rubbing their tired, bleary eyes, the sophomores faced the day.

A hasty breakfast of bacon, eggs, and biscuits was served on platters, with coffee strong enough to move a binder. And then the beautiful fields of wheat!

There are times in the lives of most men that are better forgotten, experiences it were wise to tuck away in some closet along with unrealized ambitions and the dreams that never came true. That morning in the wheat will be so catalogued by Waddingham and Duchesne. At noon dinner—which they called luncheon, a word that aroused laughter—was taken to them in the field, but they were too sore to eat much. Pride at first held them up, but after a bit they saw others with signs of weakening under the torrid rays of that Kansas sun. The beards and the dust and the sand filled their clothing, filled their eyes and ears and hair. The sweat rolled from them black with the dirt they had been unable to erase after their box-car ride.

At three o'clock Waddingham was ready to take the count. "I'd like to sell my share in a set of motion pictures of this engagement," he said; but Duchesne, half buried in the torturing straw, refused to smile. Finally Duchesne agreed with Waddingham that they would stick until five o'clock, take a day's pay, and beat it back to Kansas City.

At five o'clock the sophomores announced to the farmer that they'd like their pay for the day and, if he pleased, they'd quit the job.

"A day's pay!" Mr. Farmer exclaimed. "Why, it's only five o'clock! I'll give you three-quarters of a day. The most work is done from now on. Better stick and try it again to-morrow."

"Not if the preservation of the Republican party depended on it would we stay another day," Waddingham exclaimed, a half-choke in his voice. "Not if the whole dratted Union went to pieces because we quit. Give us of the largess that is ours, O Farmer, and we will away to the pavements of New York."

It would be painful and a strain on construction to follow them back. It was a fearsome ride, but they lived through it, and reclaimed their clothing on Union Avenue. "If I were you," said a friendly policeman, "I'd go up to the Braley Building and—"

"No," Waddingham said, firmly. "We found Larned and Barker and the wheat-fields. That'll do. I don't care if I never see the Braley Building, wherever it is. Privately, I don't believe there is any such building."

All of which explains why two fond fathers in New York received identical telegrams one day in late June to this effect: "In deep need. Must come home. Wire money for ticket."

Short
orders
of all
kinds

Union Avenue in Kansas City, whither go nine-tenths of the "hands"

A New Light on the Rokeby Venus

By Eunice and Francis Grosvenor

DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA Y VELASQUEZ was at work on his fifth portrait of the king. To tell the truth, he had grown a little weary of the familiar features, and Philip's insatiable vanity demanded an admirable attitude that taxed even his loyalty. At his entreaty, the king had posed, in this particular instance, at a studio outside the palace, for Velasquez had been at work on many paintings inside the Escorial, and now pleaded for the tranquillity and isolation that he could command only in his own quarters. In spite of himself, he had to confess that, even in its incompleteness, this portrait was a great achievement. Philip had smiled at the artist's content in his work, and having grown restless, took this opportunity to make good his escape.

The necessary form and ceremony attendant upon the royal departure jarred upon Velasquez's mood for painting, and stretching his arms to relieve the tension of the muscles, and with a slight yawn, he moved toward the window and looked down. Just at that moment his son-in-law, Juan Baptista del Mazo Martinez, entered the patio and called to him, lightly,

"Amigo de mi alma, art thou alone? May I come up?"

Velasquez nodded and beckoned. Juan, pausing for a second to assist a comely girl with a water jug, disappeared in the doorway, and his light footstep was heard on the stone stairs.

The two men, who were of about the same age, had long been close comrades, and their friendly relations were in no wise disturbed when, eighteen years before, Velasquez yielded up his pretty daughter Francesca to become the wife of Juan. And at the time, in proof of his desire for the marriage and to make it possible, the master had resigned his position at court as Usher of the Chamber in favor of his son-in-law, who was not too well blessed in this world's goods.

Juan was a happy-go-lucky fellow, apparently susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, though in reality a model husband. He was always buoyant with dreams of great achievement, yet lacked the ability to bring about their realization. The sun was ever in his eyes, and youth sang in his heart. Velasquez loved him dearly, and Juan's warmth of temperament appealed to him the more by reason of its contrast to his own gravity and self-restraint.

The painter opened the door and, affectionately embracing his friend, exclaimed:

"Where wert thou, thou graceless one, when I sent for thee last evening?"

"Why, didst thou not know that the Sevillian dancers were here?" was the reply. "All Madrid has been praising the seguidillas of La Mariposa. I have long waited to see her dance. I tell thee there is no one on the earth that can equal her for grace and charm. The butterfly is not so light. Thou shouldst see her," and, placing his fingers lightly on his lips, he wafted an imaginary kiss to the fair one.

The master smiled tolerantly. He was accustomed to Juan's outbursts of enthusiasm, and the other went on:

"Listen! La Mariposa's form is as blithesome as that of a child, yet with the contours of one who has already reached seventeen—and her coloring! Valame Dios! was there ever such carmine as that of her cheeks and lips, such alabaster as her throat and shoulders, such ruddy lights as those that play in her copper-colored hair! She is perfection!"

"Tush, tush! thy geese were ever swans," said Velasquez; "the rouge-pot and the dyers' potions easily account for a dancer's beauty. Wert thou a youth, there would be excuse for thy credence. Fie, fie, Juan! I took even thee for a wiser man than to chant the charms of a dance-hall siren." Then, with an amused smile at the other's momentary discomfiture, he said, impressively: "Leave all such pleasures to boys. Thy home and thy fair wife should absorb thee."

Juan's remonstrance took the form of a series of ejaculations, in which he called all the saints to witness that his love for his wife was as deep as the sea.

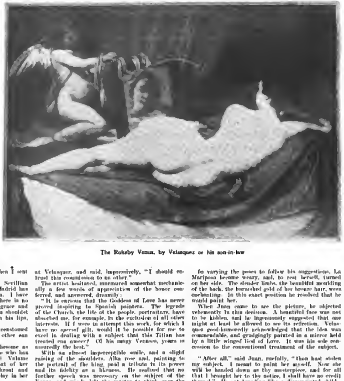
"But," he added, naïvely, "Francesca is the mother of six sturdy boys. Were it not a desecration to fancy her pirouetting in a seguidilla?"

Velasquez was moved to laughter in spite of himself, and his mirth was still at its height when a knock at the door interrupted them. Juan made a wry face when it was found that the Duke of Alba's servant stood without to announce the coming of his master. He chafed at forms, and felt that it would be a tiresome ordeal to be present during the visit of such a grandee. As he fled, he repeated his injunctions to his father-in-law to see La Mariposa.

A year earlier, while in Italy, Velasquez had been commissioned by his friend the duke to search for a representative work of the Italian school, to be hung in a newly decorated chamber of his palace. The artist had sought in vain, and was almost in despair, when a fortunate opportunity to obtain important works of the previous century presented itself. From the sale in question Velasquez had bought in a superb Venus by Titian, and upon his return to Madrid great festivities had attended the hanging of this important acquisition to the duke's collection.

"May I crave your pardon for thus breaking in upon your seclusion?" was the duke's greeting. He seated himself, and went on deliberately:

"I have been seized with a desire for a pendant to the Venus which you purchased for me. This example of the Italian school is so remarkable that it should challenge a native artist to compete with Titian in painting the nude. I share your feeling," he continued, with a gracious gesture, "that Spanish art is comparable to that of Italy. Will you undertake to paint a companion to my Venus?" He paused, looked at Velasquez, and said, impressively, "I should entrust this commission to no other."



The Rokeby Venus, by Velasquez or his son-in-law

The artist hesitated, murmured somewhat mechanically a few words of appreciation of the honor conferred, and answered, dreamily:

"It is curious that the Goddess of Love has never proved inspiring to Spanish painters. The legends of the Church, the life of the people, portraiture, have absorbed me, for example, to the exclusion of all other interests. If I were to attempt this work, for which I have no special gift, would it be possible for me to excel in dealing with a subject that this Titian has treated con amore? Of his many Venuses, yours is assuredly the best."

With an almost imperceptible smile, and a slight raising of the shoulders, Alba rose and, pointing to the portrait of the king, paid a tribute to its power and its fidelity as a likeness. He realized that no further speech was necessary on the subject of the Venus, and wisely left the master to think over the proffered commission.

Velasquez was troubled as he turned over in his mind the matter of the picture. How could he be expected to idealize a model after the manner of the earlier Italian painters? was his impatient thought. If he painted a nude, it must be simply a faithful likeness of a beautiful woman. If the world chose to call it a Venus, well and good. With relief at having come to a definite decision, he began to consider the question of a model. He named over in his mind the available ones, only to reject them. Where under heavens was one to find a type both interesting and unusual?

It seemed to Velasquez that the vision which now met his eye came in answer to his question. The door had been opened silently, and the slim figure of a girl, lovely in the extreme, stood on the threshold. The clear carmine of her cheek deepened at sight of him.

"A thousand pardons, Señor." The words were spoken with a slight accent. She was evidently not Spanish. "I was told by the Caballero Juan del Mazo that if I presented this card, his illustrious kinsman would permit me to see the portrait of the king."

Velasquez did not need to glance at the card to know that this was one of Juan's pranks—but the girl was ravishing. She and no other should pose, and Alba's new painting would indeed be worthy to represent the Spanish school.

La Mariposa—it was indeed she—readily fell in with his plans, although a little disappointed to learn that he did not wish to immortalize her as a dancer. Her Spanish blood kindled at the thought that one so pre-eminent in art should speak rhapsodically of her beauty, a beauty, in truth, largely inherited from her English mother.

The picture progressed rapidly, for Velasquez had been forced to concentrate all his efforts to bring the work to completion before the dancer's departure from Madrid.

On the first day that she had posed, he improvised a couch and threw across it a piece of gray satin that had hung behind the king's chair. The girl's recumbent form, as she stretched herself on the couch, was lithe and young. The flesh tints were fresh and exquisite.

In varying the poses to follow his suggestions, La Mariposa became weary, and, to rest herself, turned on her side. The slender limbs, the beautiful moulding of the back, the burnished gold of her bronze hair, were enchanting. In this exact position he resolved that he would paint her.

When Juan came to see the picture, he objected vehemently to this decision. A beautiful face was not to be hidden, and he ingeniously suggested that one might at least be allowed to see its reflection. Velasquez good-humoredly acknowledged that the idea was commendable, and grudgingly painted in a mirror held by a little winged God of Love. It was his sole concession to the conventional treatment of the subject.

"After all," said Juan, ruefully, "thou hast stolen my subject. I meant to paint her myself. Now she will be handed down as thy masterpiece, and for all that I brought her to thy notice, I shall have no credit thereof." He sat brooding like a disappointed child.

Velasquez tapped him on the shoulder.

"Thou art a skilful artist," he commended, "and thou shalt have thy share in this work. Paint in the folds of the red curtain indicated in the background. I am due at the Escorial, and must be off at once. Thou wert ever clever in the handling of drapery."

Juan's face cleared. He was never really put out for more than a moment at a time. "Diantre!" was his ejaculation. "Is this all that I am to do?" and good-naturedly seizing a palette, he began to work vigorously on the folds of the curtain. Seeing him thus contentedly occupied, the master stole away.

It was well past noon (and the craving for the midday meal made him aware of the fact) when Juan put in the last touches. He drew back, viewed the effect of the curtain, and nodded to himself in approval. An idea flashed into his mind, and acting upon it, he dashed in with a few bold strokes the initials of his name, placing them under one of the little rosy feet.

Later in the day, Velasquez made his way back to the studio, only to find it empty. Turning curiously to the picture, he examined Juan's work with interest. Was there ever such an audacious rascal? he thought, smiling broadly. Taking up a brush that had been carelessly dropped by Juan, the master made a few deft strokes, partially erasing the signature.

"Who knows," he said, whimsically, "but that in the far future some old dry bones of a critic may spend hours over these faint traces of letters, and end by repudiating my claim to the work."

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With Such

We want you to accept every word of this announcement in its most exact and literal sense.

Therefore, we repeat---Never before such a car at such a price, with such a guarantee. And we take the liberty of reminding you that it is the

Based on the Three Years' Experience of 7500 Hupmobiles, This New $900 Touring Car Will Coat the Owner Who Keeps It at Home 20 to 25 Cents a Day.

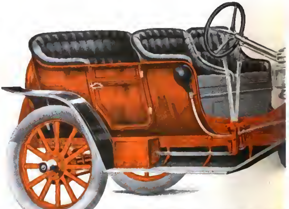
We could cut short the statement in the headline and say "Never before such a car at such a price;" and it would be literally true. Never before, for instance, has so large a touring car (its 110-inch wheelbase has no parallel under $1200) been sold for $900.

Never before has a touring car with sliding gear transmission and Bosch magneto been sold for less than $1000

But it is only when we add "with such a guarantee" that the full force and importance of this offering is made clear. No such guarantee has *ever been placed on any car at any price.* It covers the life of the car. It emphasizes the extraordinary value of such a car at such a price. It introduces into the manufacture of motor cars a new element of responsibility and reliability. Two years, three years, six years from now, you can look to the maker to make good any defect. Not to the dealer, mind you, but the maker—the Hupp Motor Car Company.

This new Hupmobile, therefore, first raises the value and lowers the price in the touring-car class. It gives you the kind of a touring car you couldn't afford before at a price you can afford. Then it assures you that this great stride forward has not been made at the sacrifice of quality, by guaranteeing the goodness and the soundness of the car *during its entire lifetime.*

The plant of the Hupp Motor Car Company at Detroit has been working toward this great economic achievement for three years. The materials have all been in hand for months. The motors for several months' supply are made. The forging plant, the machine shops, and all the other manufacturing departments are working double shift. The cars are being assembled as we write.



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20 H. P. Hupmobile Tou

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A 110-inch wheelbase, four-cylinder, four-passenger Touring Car, with 30x3-inch front tires, and 30x3½-inch rear tires; and a speed capacity of 40 to 45 miles an hour. 20 h. p.; sliding gear transmission; multiple disc clutch; Bosch magneto; offset crank shaft. Upholstering in No. 1 machine-buffed leather, tufted.

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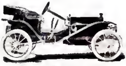
The guarantee is explicit, unqualified, and lu
how many different people may own the car. It
Car Company guarantees the car, in all its parts,
terial or workmanship. The guarantee reads: Th
Car Company guarantees the Hupmobile free from
or workmanship, *during the life of the car,* and
charge, any such defective material when returned
inspection, transportation prepaid.

HUPP MOTOR CAR



HUPMOBILE RUNABOUT

$750 F. O. B. Detroit, including three oil lamps, tools, and horn. Top, gas lamps, tank or generator, trunk-rack, and speedometer extra.

These Cities Will Receive Hupmobile Touring Cars Nov. 1st.

Atlanta, Ga.
Birmingham, Ala.
Baltimore, Md.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Bozeman, Mont.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Lethbridge, Alb., Can.
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Charlotte, N. C.
Davenport, Iowa
Dallas, Texas
Denver, Colo.
Detroit, Mich.
Erie, Pa.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Hickman, Ky.
Kansas City, Mo.
Little Rock, Ark.
Louisville, Ky.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Memphis, Tenn.

HUPMOBIL

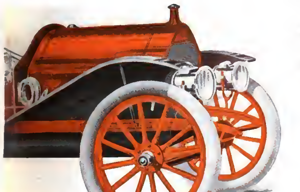
$1100 F. O. B. Detroit
magneto, elec
head light,
and tail lam
absorbers:
inch rear tires

Car At Such A Price;

Guarantee

Hupp Motor Car Company which is speaking; through its General Manager, R. C. Hupp.

We want you to recall that the Hupp Motor Car Company has kept faith with the American people in every promise it ever made; and every car it ever built.



der, sliding gear,
ng Car.

Delivery to 58 Cities November 1st—Go to Your Hupmobile Dealer and Place a Reservation Order at Once.

We are serious in urging you to see your Hupmobile dealer at once. We believe that 150 cities should absorb, within 30 days, all the new cars we can build in three months' time.

Hupmobile production, large as it is, has never kept pace with Hupmobile demand. Your dealer will buy a large quantity; but you should help him to insure you against disappointment by an early order. He will number your reservation in the order in which it is received; and if you choose to cancel later on, your "place in line" will be allotted to some one else.

The average cost of upkeep to the Hupmobile owner who keeps his car at home is 20 to 25 cents a day.

A battery of three Hupmobiles—the two-passenger Hupmobile Runabout at $750; the four-passenger Touring Car at $900; and the three-passenger Coupe at $1100—represents a total investment of only $2750.

These three cars, with carrying capacity for nine passengers, each or all available at any time you want them, or for any purpose for which you want them, in any kind of weather, *can be maintained more economically than one big car.*

Hundreds of Hupmobile owners have found, in the past three years, that they could use their Hupmobiles quickly, conveniently, and with dispatch five times where they could use their large cars once. Many are substituting the three Hupmobile types for their large car.

If you want any further assurance of the value of this wonderful new Hupmobile than is given by the sweeping guarantee—which covers its entire lifetime—a word or two about the Hupmobile Runabout will not be out of place.

The other day a Hupmobile in California fell over a cliff 500 feet high. It cost the owner just $45 to put it back in perfect condition.

There is not a crippled Hupmobile in America, unless it has been crushed in some accident.

There is not even a second-hand Hupmobile.

Year-old Hupmobiles command pretty near full list price.

Every "Hup" that started going three years ago is still going.

Hupmobiles, because of their readiness, are probably kept more continuously in commission than any other make of car—yet their repair expense is ridiculously low; and a discontented Hupmobile owner is as rare as a white blackbird.

obile

RANTEE

ung It covers the entire life of the car, no matter
as that during the life of the car the Hupp Motor
the accessories and equipment against defect of ma-
Hupp Motor
ects in material
eplace, free of
its factory for

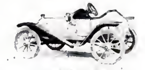
COMPANY

R. C. Hupp
General Manager.

THE PRICE

$900

F. O. B. Detroit, with three oil lamps, two gas lamps, piping, and gas generator, shock absorbers, horn, and tools.



HUPMOBILE TORPEDO
$850 F. O. B. Detroit, with same equipment as Runabout

COUPE
Equipment includes
ing interior over-
and electric dash
and wiring; shock
on dash; 31x3½-

These Cities Will Receive Hupmobile Touring Cars Nov. 1st

Mexico City, Mex.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Mobile, Ala.
Macon, Ga.
Montreal, Quebec
New York, N. Y.
Nashville, Tenn.
Natchez, Miss.
New Orleans, La.
Omaha, Neb.
Oskaloosa, Iowa
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Pittsburg, Pa.
Plainfield, N. J.
Robinson, Ill.
San Francisco, Cal.
Savannah, Ga.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
[illegible] Va.
Salt Lake City, Utah
St. Louis, Mo.
Toledo, Ohio
Vicksburg, Miss.
Vancouver, B. C.
Weston, W. Va.
Washington, D. C.
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Toronto, Ont.
Windsor, Ont.

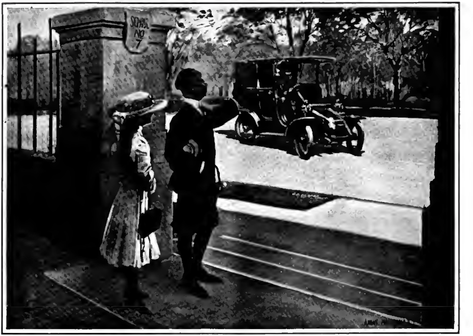
Hupp Motor Car Company
Dept. L
Detroit, Mich.
Licensed Under
Selden Patent

HUPP
MOTOR
CAR
COMPANY
Dept. L
Detroit, Michigan

Send me your large folder describing the new $900 4-passenger, 4-cylinder, sliding gear, 20 H. P. Hupmobile Touring Car, and give name of nearest Hupmobile dealer.

Name ....

Address ....



THE RISING GENERATION

SUMMER-RESORT ETIQUETTE FOR CITY-DWELLERS

BE courteous to all under any provocation, and remember if you are a gentleman always to give up your strap on the Subway train to any tired lady who may enter the car.

It is not considered good form for bank clerks to carry their golf clubs down to business in the morning, even as a pretext for concealing in the bag a couple of thermos bottles full of iced tea and a half-dozen club sandwiches.

Remember that there are certain differences between a roof-garden and the ordinary common garden variety, and do not work therein in your shirt-sleeves, and under no circumstances permit yourself to be seen there with a rake.

When you are courting your best summer girl in the city bear in mind that certain things which are proper in the country are not permissible in the city, and therefore refrain from scratching her name on the sidewalk with the end of your cane, and do not cut pictures of two hearts entwined on the top tread of your boarding-house front stoop.

Remember that a merciful man is merciful to his phonograph, and give your talking-machine an occasional rest, preferably between 1 A.M. and daybreak.

It is a part of the etiquette of married life for a married man spending the summer in town to send his wife in the country a daily reminder of his existence. If you have not time to write her a letter every day, put in your Sunday afternoons writing seven short letters, and have one of your clerks mail one to her each day during the week, using some discrimination in respect to their sequence.

Avoid making scenes in public places. If you have ordered a fourteen-dollar dinner at a brilliantly lighted restaurant, with only a dollar and sixty cents in your pocket, while the waiter has gone for your check endeavor to retire unostentatiously through the nearest exit, avoiding as far as possible such eccentricities as climbing out of the window or hiding under the table.

Bear in mind always that others have rights as well as yourself, and do not attempt to swing your hammock between your front-parlor window and the lamp-post. If everybody on your block did this, traffic would soon become very difficult.

Do not try to substitute the stream from the street hydrant for surf-bathing. A man living in Harlem who tried this last summer, and spent five deliriously joyful minutes plunging in and out of the copious flow of water thus obtained, is spending this season at the Bloomingdale Asylum being treated for water on the brain.

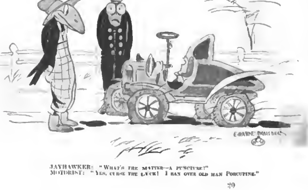
Do not attempt to go fishing on Broadway for lobsters or terrapin unless your pocketbook is plentifully supplied with the necessary bait. A fracture of this rule is likely to result in your getting the hook yourself.

It is not proper for a party of young people living in the same boarding-house to use the front stairs for a bump-the-bumps course without the landlady's express permission, or to transform them into a chute-the-chutes, using a tea-tray or an army cot in lieu of a boat, under any circumstances.

While off in the country it is not generally regarded as improper to fish in whatever stream or mill-pond you may find handy, it is not considered good form for dwellers in city flats during the piscatorial season to fish down the airshaft for such articles of an edible sort as they may be able to hook from the window-sill of their neighbors on the lower floors, set there to keep cool.

Do not water the flowers on the window-sill of your front hall bedroom while your fellow boarders are sitting in the cool of the evening on the stoop below. So inconsiderate an act would be likely to put a damper on their innocent pleasures.

Do not confound the etiquette of one city with that of another. While it is not considered bad form to stroll upon the board-walk at Atlantic City in your bathing-suit, an attempt to do the same thing on Fifth Avenue, New York, Tremont Street, Boston, Market Street, Philadelphia, or along the Michigan Avenue Lake Front at Chicago might involve you in complications with the officers of the law, which should always be avoided in hot weather.

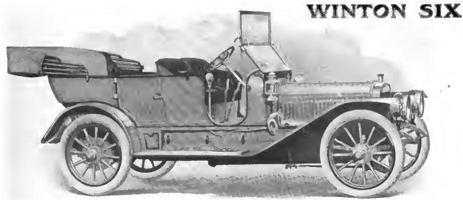


JAYHAWKER: "WHAT'S THE MATTER—A PUNCTURE?"
MOTORIST: "YES, CURSE THE LUCK! I RAN OVER OLD MAN PORCUPINE."

THE AWAKENING

I DREAMED of her I once loved best,
Who once my being had possessed,
Whose hand I'd passionately pressed.
Once more I sought her out [illegible] zest.
"She'll joy to welcome me," I guessed.
And then, ah me!
That it should be,
With bitter pain
I guessed again.
I found a bird in last year's nest,
With plumage rare
Of yellow hair,
With her sweet golden head at rest
Upon the vest
He wore on his protruding chest!

WINTON SIX



You Always Pay More than a Car's Actual Value

EVERY buyer pays the maker the cost of materials and workmanship in the car and the maker's profit.

All legitimate charges.

Especially profit, which is the maker's wages for his skill in producing from raw materials a finished article of merit.

The Buyer Pays

But the buyer pays for more things than these.

Increased payment that profits *neither* maker nor buyer.

We refer to "overhead."

What "Overhead" Is

"Overhead," a business term, means "non-productive" expense.

Includes the maker's bonded debt, mortgages, rents, racing expenses, losses, waste, and the cost of administration.

Adds No Car Merit

Most overhead never adds an iota of merit to the car; never increases the car buyer's enjoyment.

But the buyer pays for it just the same, whether he knows it or not, and whether he likes it or not.

The Maker's Duty

Since overhead does not make the car better, but only adds to the buyer's expense, thereby forcing upon him a burden for which he receives no value, the maker's duty should be to keep overhead expense down to absolute minimum.

This is Our Policy

That is exactly the Winton Company's Policy.

We carry no bonded debt, and no mortgages.

Own our plant and equipment scot free from debt.

Have no water in our stock.

Take the cash discount on our accounts payable.

Waste no money in racing or other unnecessary "stunts."

And manage our entire business with minimum red tape, minimum waste, and absolutely no extravagance.

Benefits Our Buyers

That is the sole reason why we can sell you a car of highest grade at a price so extremely low.

In other words, because we believe you should not be required to pay for anything *you do not get*, we keep quality *up* and overhead *down*.

The Car is Proof

The car itself, the Winton Six for 1911, proves these facts.

Look it over. Observe what it is, and what it can do.

Then compare it, point for point, with other high-grade cars; and satisfy yourself that you save yourself from $1000 to $3000 by purchasing a Winton Six—a car of convincing merit, whose overhead is down to rock-bottom.

Get Our Three Books

We have three books that every car buyer ought to read. These are our 1911 catalog, The Difference Between Price and Value, which tells more facts about overhead, and Twelve Rules to Help Buyers, a guide to safety in buying a car of whatever make, size, or price.

The Winton Motor Car. Co.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

Cleveland, U. S. A.

BRANCH HOUSES

NEW YORK	Broadway at 70th St.
CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 13th St.
BOSTON	Berkeley at Stanhope St.
PHILADELPHIA	246-248 North Broad St.
BALTIMORE	209 North Liberty St.
PITTSBURGH	Baum at Beatty St.
CLEVELAND	Huron Road at Euclid Ave.
DETROIT	738-740 Woodward Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS	16-22 Eighth St. N.
SAN FRANCISCO	300 Van Ness Ave.
SEATTLE	1000 Pike St.

The Winton Motor Car. Company
118 Berea Road,
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send the three books to

Clip the Coupon and mail it to-day

....

....

....

Features of the 1911 Winton Six

Smooth as velvet six-cylinder, 48 H. P. motor. Only motor that *cranks itself*. Ball-bearing multiple-disc clutch and four-speed selective transmission. Stromberg carburetor. Bosch magneto. Exide battery. 124-inch wheel-base. Frame narrowed in front to permit short turns. Spacious five-passenger body. Holds the world's lowest upkeep record—77 cents per 1000 miles. Price, **$3000.**

ALMANAC FOR OCTOBER

THE cautious gardener will take advantage of the first clear day in October to substitute mittens for foxglove in his garden, and to get all his holly out of hollyhock in time for the approaching Christmas market.

It is safe to assume, if your cauliflowers have not called by this time, that they have either lost your address or have crossed you off their visiting-list, and need not be expected any longer this season.

If the heavy breezes of autumn, sometimes attaining to considerable violence, show a tendency to uproot your spring bulbs, a heavy wash of Portland cement applied three times a day to a thickness of one inch for ten consecutive days will serve to keep them in place.

If you have gone in for turkey culture in anticipation of Thanksgiving profits, several bottles of a strong solution of iron poured into the water-trough, and a mixture of buckshot with the grain with which they are fed, should add materially to their weight; but this should not be begun until the day before they are sold on the hoof.

The leaves on the maple and oak trees should be hand-picked before the tenth of the month if you wish to keep them from falling off and littering up your lawns and roads. Suitably pressed and varnished and hemstitched around the edges to keep them from fraying, autumn leaves in good condition and of brilliant color will make charming book-marks for an inexpensive birthday or Christmas present.

While it is generally believed that there are no hornets in last year's nests, hornets' nests should never be hand-picked until you have carefully ascertained their date, and then only when the date so ascertained is at least five years prior to the date of picking.

A few coppers planted daily in some secure, unfrequented spot, and carefully guarded for the next ten or twelve weeks against the spendthrift bug and the bargain bacillus, will blossom into a very gratifying crop of long green by Christmas-time, which will come in handy in case you wish to decorate your house in honor of the Yule-tide.

In raising mistletoe in your greenhouses be very careful not to leave it in charge of a good-looking hired man and your French maid. Either one of these acting alone would probably bring about a satisfactory result, but when the two act together the plant is likely to be neglected and the fruit blighted before it is really ripe.

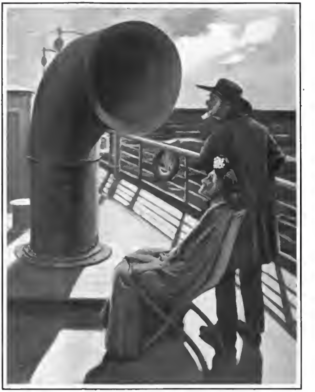
Owing to the approach of Hallowe'en you will not do badly to build a strong iron fence, covered with barbed wire, around your garden gate, unless you desire to have the same transplanted from its usual place to the front entrance of the public library. If the cost of this is beyond your means, a wasps' nest, fully inhabited, fastened to both gate-posts in the vicinity of the hinges and the latch, will afford you moderate protection. The only other method of securing it is to wrap it up carefully in fly-paper with the sticky side out.

It is to be hoped that you have been far-sighted enough during the summer season to save all your lemonade straws for use in covering your delicate plants for their long winter nap. These not only serve to ward the heavy blasts of winter from your plants, but, if placed on your window-sill on rising, provide you with a very acceptable substitute for a weather-vane, showing immediately and with entire accuracy which way the wind blows.

In leaving your country house for the winter, do not forget to put several pairs of old trousers on the legs of the piano, and to swathe its stomach carefully with Persian rugs, army blankets, and Sunday newspapers. Its tone will be preserved by this act far better than if you sprinkled the inner strings and sounding-board with powdered mustard, or put porous plasters on its pedals.

Owing to the departure of the birds for southern latitudes with the approach of cold weather, it will not be necessary for you to leave the water running in the bird-bath in your garden during the winter months, unless you desire to raise an automatic crop of ice for use during the Christmas holidays, in the event of your return for a Christmas celebration. Speaking of bird-baths, it is the height of ostentation to supply these at any time with crash towels and expensive imported toilet soaps. This is never done by our best people, and should be avoided by those of lower grades.

Do not be lured into buying your next season's thermometers at this time by the fact that they are much below what they were in July and August. Be patient, and you will find them considerably lower yet before next March.



"'MANDY, THIS BE THE LARGEST FUNNYGRAF I EVER SEE"

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

MEETING Trouble half-way no relief imparts.
Better far it is to nab him ere he starts!

Socially speaking, it is interesting to note how summer levels all distinctions. Everybody is in the swim, and nobody in particular cuts any ice worth mentioning.

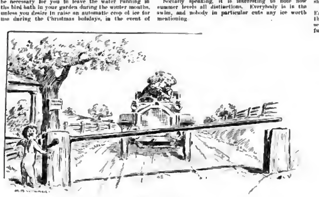
The woman who would be wholly free should take especial care to avoid double harness, and, in so far as she is able, to keep away from the bridal path.

It is said that a man out in Oklahoma who was recently tarred and feathered by a vigilance committee is going into vaudeville in selections from the *Chantecler*.

The origin of the Adam's apple, Bildad, lies probably in a desire on the part of nature to intimate delicately that upon the occasion of the original trouble Adam got it in the neck.

The summer girl should not be blamed, after all. With the thermometer playing in the vicinity of the nineties warm friendships may ripen over-quickly, to follow the natural process of blighting "when the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

We are glad they have no insurgents over in England. If they had, *Punch* would probably say that the proper fabric for an insurgent to dress in is serge. Under the prevailing conditions we shall mercifully be spared that atrocious jest.



THE TOLL-GATE

ON THE LINKS OF LIFE

I STARTED on the Links of Life
Resolved to play a Onesome,
But found amid the greens of strife
The play was mighty lonesome.

And so I sought among the jades—
I'm glad to say I knew some—
To find the very maid of maids
Who'd join me in a Twosome.

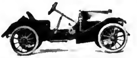
I found her, too—a charming girl,
Who, after I did chum some,
Became my own beloved pearl,
Both beautiful and winsome.

We wed one day, and then there came
A player pink and wee-some
[illegible] well-beloved game
[illegible] turned on
Into a lively Threesome.

The years went by, and now—ah well,
Perhaps you'll think it awesome,
But really I rejoice to tell
I'm caddie for a Foursome!

CARLYLE SMITH.

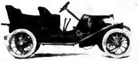
20,000 Owners Say to You



Model 45. 20 h. p.—4 cylinders 96-inch wheel base—$775. A Torpedo Roadster with same power sells for $850.

"Buy an Overland for 1911"

Licensed under Selden Patent



Model 49. 25 h. p.—4 cylinders—102-inch wheel base—$1,095. Made with five styles of bodies, including delivery body.

8% Less Cost—Fore Doors Free

The Overland—the leader of motordom—announces 22 attractive models for 1911, a further saving of eight per cent. in cost, and fore doors free.

Twenty-two 4-cylinder models from 20 to 35 horsepower from $775 to $1,675. All prices include magneto and full lamp equipment.

We start this new season with almost 20,000 Overlands in use—with a record of 12,326 cars delivered in the first seven months of this year—with deposits already in hand for more than 18,000 of the new models just coming out.

We start with five factories—with the finest machinery ever employed in making motor cars—a factory capacity of 140 cars daily.

And we start with a record of amazing success such as none ever approached in this industry.

Cost Reduced 8%

We will continue to manufacture a line of five models, the same as produced in 1910; but, as a result of an investment of $3,000,000 in new equipment, these five models, as well as all new models, have been reduced in cost to the consumer an average of 8%—making 28% in two years.

We have made this reduction in spite of the advance in materials, the great jump in rubber, the increase in wage. We have done it while other makers of low-profit cars have been forced to advances, in one way or another.

Now the Overland gives the most for the money by a margin much greater than ever.

Fore Doors Included

The new Overlands are made with fore doors and without—your choice at one price. The fore door models, for which most makers charge an extra price, sell the same as the open front.

We do this because fore doors will be the coming vogue. In Europe, where moter styles are set, 97 per cent. of this year's models are shown with fore doors.

Soon or late, every motor car maker must include fore doors at his standard price. So the Overland, in maintaining its lead, is doing just that this year.

22 Attractive Designs

The improvements of this year are mainly in refinements of designs. Overland mechanism can hardly be further perfected. It brought this car, in two short years, to the dominant place in this line.

Our master designers have this year created 22 attractive models, largely based on foreign trend. The best of them will take their place among the most attractive cars in the world. No cars are made at any price with better style, or lines, or finish.

Prices for 1911

The Overland prices for 1911 begin at $775 for 20-horsepower—4 cylinders—and $850 for a Torpedo Roadster with 4 cylinders.

The 25-horsepower Overlands sell at $1,000 and $1,095, according to style of transmission. The 30-horsepower Overlands sell at $1,250. So does an inside drive coupé.

The prices run to $1,600 and $1,675 for the finest cars possible in 35-horsepower with 118-inch wheel bases. Every price includes a magneto and full lamp equipment.

No other make gives so much for the money. No other make gives better than our best, save in excessive power.

Our 1911 Book Free

Send us this coupon for our latest book, showing all the new models with complete specifications. It will enable you to make your comparisons. No catalog published shows so many styles as this. Send for it now before you forget it. The cars are on show by more than 800 dealers.

The Willys-Overland Company
(Licensed under Selden Patent)
Dept. N-55 Toledo, Ohio

Send me the 1911 Overland book

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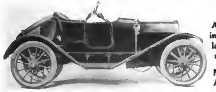
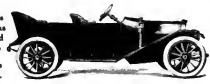


Model 50. 30 h. p. 110-inch wheel base.
Made also as 5-passenger car with fore doors or open front. Price, $1,250.

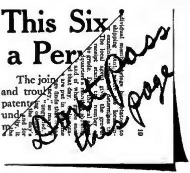
(116)

All prices include gas lamps and magneto

Members A.L.A.M.



Model 54. 35 h. p. 118-inch wheel base.
As attractive a car as was ever produced. Price, $1,675.



Several thousand people in this country are running their cars at a much lower cost, per month or year, than you are.

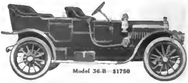
They are getting the same turning effort out of a four-cylinder car as you could get out of an eight—if there were such a car. The car they drive runs more smoothly than yours—it will run more slowly on high gear and climb grades with vastly less effort than your car.

If you care to know how and why they are enjoying this advantage over you, it will pay you to read this Elmore advertisement.

The product of the Elmore plant has gradually been increased from **150** to **3,100** cars per annum. And we are just as far away from satisfying the demand today as we were ten years ago.

Elmore

Valveless Two Cycle



Model 36-B $1750

Other models—Model 25, Touring Car, $1200
Model 25, Roadster, $1250
Model 46-B, Touring Car for seven, $2500
All models equipped with the Elmore High Duty Motor

Advantages Enjoyed by Elmore Owners Which Are Denied to You

A lower cost of upkeep than any other car in the world.

Continuous power and all that it implies in smoothness and economy.

A power impulse from each cylinder every time the fly-wheel revolves.

More power in our four than you get in your six.

The same turning effort in our four as you would get in a four cycle eight.

A greater overlap of one power impulse over another in our four than in any four cycle six.

More power at a lower speed than you get with your four cycle six at high speed.

No engine trouble from one end of the year to the other.

No ignition trouble from one end of the year to the other.

Absolutely automatic foot-control of the amount of gas used—more, when you want it at high speed or on a hard pull; less, when you want less at slow speed or on a good road.

The same volume and quantity of gas io each cylinder for every explosion, through the patented Elmore distributer.

Why the Elmore Alone Can Offer You These Advantages

A lower cost of upkeep than any other car in the world is possible with the Elmore largely because of the continuous power supplied by the Elmore engine

The Elmore engine furnishes continuous power because it is a valveless two cycle.

It gives you more power impulses from each of the four cylinders every time the fly-wheel revolves—one impulse overlapping another.

For this reason you get as many power impulses from one cylinder in the Elmore as you get in your car from two.

This is why you get more power in the Elmore four than you get in your six, and much smoother action than you would get in a four cycle eight.

The overlap of one Elmore impulse over another is equal to the power of an extra cylinder.

The Elmore overlap is half an impulse—the overlap in the four cycle six is only one-sixth of an impulse.

So you get in the Elmore more power at low speed than you get with your four cycle six at high speed.

In climbing a hill with the Elmore, you have not only the power produced by an impulse from each cylinder, but this excess power of one impulse overlapping another by one-half. On the grade, or at low speed, the Elmore engine pulls like a locomotive and HANGS ON.

The Elmore owner loses none of this tremendous power through valve leakage; while every four cycle car, unless its valves are continuously cleaned and reground, is losing all the time from one-fifth to one-third of the energy which its engine develops.

The Elmore engine has no valves. It wastes neither power nor gasoline The Elmore four-cylinder engine has 600 less parts than any four cycle six-cylinder.

The Elmore owner has an advantage over you, because you have no means of controlling the volume of gas to each cylinder, nor of regulating the flow of gas. The Elmore owner does this infallibly and automatically—through the Elmore patented gas distributer.

Each Elmore cylinder gets the same amount of gas for every explosion, whether you are using much gas at high speed, or little gas at low speed.

The intake of gas into the Elmore cylinders is absolutely positive; it does not depend upon the uncertain action of valves. The port opens and the gas flows into the cylinder, compressed and ready for conversion into power.

We have given here the barest outline of the Elmore virtues. Yet you can see the tremendous possibilities opened up; you can compare, in a way, the action of the Elmore with your four cycle car.

The real comparison can be made by calling on the local Elmore dealer for a demonstration. If you do that you will become an Elmore enthusiast, and eventually, if not at once, an Elmore owner.

Sign and send the coupon to-day for the Elmore literature.

Elmore Manufacturing Co.
Licensed under Selden Patent
3004 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

Elmore Mfg. Company
3004 Amanda St.
Clyde, Ohio

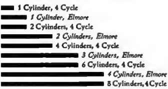
Send Elmore two-cycle literature to

NAME ______________________

STREET ______________________

CITY AND STATE ______________________

Comparison of power impulses developed by Elmore and four cycle engines in two full turns of crankshaft.

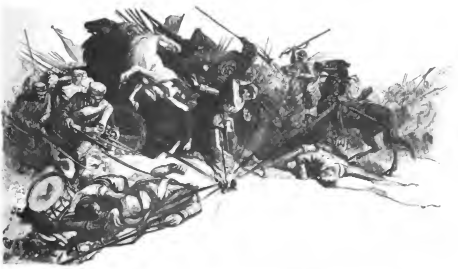


The Elmore	The Four Cycle
Each Elmore cylinder exerts power at EVERY turn of the crankshaft—twice the impulses of the four cycle.	Each four cycle cylinder exerts power only at every second turn of the crankshaft.
Elmore four-cylinder engine gives crankshaft eight impulses in two full turns.	Eight impulses, in two full turns of crankshaft, from eight-cylinder engine.
Elmore power impulses overlap.	Intermission between four cycle power impulses.
Elmore power therefore continuous.	Four cycle power therefore not continuous.
Overlap in Elmore four-cylinder half an impulse, coming when power stroke is full and strong.	Overlap in four cycle "six" but one-sixth of an impulse, coming when power stroke is almost exhausted.
Result—Continuous power in volume possible only with the Elmore or with an eight-cylinder four cycle engine.	Result—A let down, if not an actual intermission, in flow of power.

The Red Cross Train

By Victor Rousseau

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN



He perceived screaming steeds that careered wildly across the plain, and figures of men that tumbled and floundered

DON CAMILLO GUZMAN Y RIBERA lay stretched out diagonally upon the short bunk of the hospital train that moved like a long caterpillar across the North African plains. By the dim light of the oil-lamp above his head he could distinguish the faint outlines of the compartment, with its three wounded soldiers. The man on the top bunk opposite, who had groaned and muttered all night in his delirium, had suddenly become silent, and his white face stared out at him from among the pillows, the eyes black, motionless circles, and the nose like a blunt pen. The man beneath that one had fallen asleep at last and was snoring hoarsely. The third was tossing in the bunk under him. But Don Camillo lay as motionless as the dead man opposite, though he was unwounded.

An orderly, dressed in blue serge, with the red cross flaring upon the white band on his arm, came through the corridor and looked in. He approached the dead soldier and raised the arm, which fell stiffly and heavily upon the breast again. He turned to Don Camillo. "Does His Excellency require anything?" he asked. Camillo shook his head; then he remembered that he must lull suspicion. "Water!" he gasped, in simulated agony, and felt the military canteen placed between his fingers and thumb. He carried it to his mouth with affected feebleness. In spite of his pretence, however, the fluid cooled his parched throat gratefully.

Then Don Camillo was left alone again with the dead man and the two wounded ones, lying in his bunk motionless, watching the stunted olive trees crawl past the slowly moving train. Thus every night, respected by the Kabyle warriors, it crept painfully down the line, flying the Red Cross flag, to transport those wounded at the front to the base hospital at Melilla, thence to be shipped to Spain. The train would reach the terminal by dawn. Then Don Camillo must escape, before they learned that a deserter was shamming his way to safety from the horrors of the battle-field. The unrolling scroll of time appeared interminable as he lay there, the only dissimulator among the dying and dead, the only schemer among those simple heroes. Yet even the mental suffering that he now underwent seemed preferable—anything was preferable to those scenes of violent death, the hissing bullet, the unexpected ambuscade.

It was not that he feared imprisonment. His rank would prevent that, would suffice to send him home free to bear the scorn that would greet him. How preferable if he had never volunteered! Yet all the young nobles of Spain had gone to the front, many as simple soldiers, and how could he have held back? His heart, kindling with hopes of glory, had not revealed to him its craven fears until the first engagement. Besides, his widowed cousin, Doña Isabella, would never have betrothed herself to a coward.

She had gone out with the Queen's company of nurses. "We shall meet in Melilla, Camillo," she said. But they had not met since they placed Spanish soil behind them, for he had been sent to the front immediately upon his arrival.

Presently a soft palm closed upon his and he became aware that a nurse was standing beside him. As her fingers smoothed back the hair from his forehead a white illumination, thrown upon the screen of his dark thoughts, impelled him to an agony of self-confession. He groaned and turned his face to the compartment; but she placed her arm under his neck and raised him, so that her face looked in his. As their eyes met, a shudder ran through his body, and a fear deadlier than that which the Kabyle forces had inspired entered his heart. This was Isabella!

"How is your head, Camillo?" she murmured. "Does it ache? In three hours we shall be at Melilla, cousin, and then—"

As she bent over the blood-stained bandages that he had wrapped round his forehead Don Camillo half leaped from the couch and seized her by the arm.

"Isabella, I must tell you," he panted. "I am unwounded!"

He saw her dark eyes light up at her melancholy smile. "Not badly, Camillo," she whispered. "Beyond doubt the doctors will soon mend your wound—"

"You don't understand," he cried. "I was not wounded. Don't you understand? I am a deserter. I crawled from the field into the hospital train to escape that death I feared. My colonel was killed at my side; his blood bespattered me." He shuddered again at the remembrance.

"Never mind," she answered gently, beating up his pillows. "We will reach Melilla soon. If your wound is not serious—praise Christ it is not bad—"

"But I must make it clear," he raved. "Will you not listen?"

She sat on the side of the bunk. "Yes, I will listen, Camillo," she said, softly. "Tell me everything. But first—some water."

He gulped it down and, tightening his grasp upon her palm, began. He told of war; not that anticipated by those who marched through Madrid's streets, spick in their uniforms, between flying flags and photographers, but war unwritten and undreamed of—a war of dysentery and sleepless nights on picket duty in spongy boots beneath the sluices of the skies, when the rebellious frame craved but one instant of closed eyelids that would mean a court martial and a firing squad; one of coarse brawls and petty pilfering of water-bottles, haversacks, and rifle-cleaners, and stolen rations sold by camp cooks; a war of insect plagues and horse diseases, and filth and vermin, and fatigue duty imposed by malignant corporals; of thirst, tobacco hunger, absinthe intoxication, of an incessant craving for chocolate that produced Tantalus dreams; a war of endless and unintelligible night patrols, of stolen slumbers on the backs of jaded horses, of a growing conviction that the leaders were incompetent, that none knew the outcome. How it came back to him!

The mental images seemed, as he spoke, to stamp themselves upon his retinas, and a long procession of shapes and scenes passed in review against the swinging wall of the compartment. The wounded man under him was tossing restlessly. The train crept onward through the black African night, and as it descended toward the coastal plains the heat became intolerable. But Isabella still sat by his side, her eyes calm, listening, yet still attentive to his needs. He had not told her yet; he must hasten.

One night . . . surely that seemed but yesterday, although it must have been an eternity ago . . . one night . . . say yesterday, then, he dozed under a moonless sky while his column unwound its snaky length along a mountain road. In the distance there was firing somewhere, and somewhere behind them the Kabyles lay in their entrenchments. His breeches, stiffened with sweat, adhered to the saddle, his bandolier chafed his shoulders raw, and his carbine, jarring in the shallow bucket at his side, had blistered his forefinger. Just as dawn flung her cloudy curtains over the land a rumor spread from the head of the long column backward. Of a sudden the new-born sun burst through the clouds, rolling them up and away, and, far to the right and the left, bugles began to call.

Like a tiny section of a child's puzzle the minds that directed them had fitted them into their sections. They were emerging through the cleft of a hill that opened upon a valley whose farther end terminated in ridges that marked—there was no need to tell. And stretching away on either side of them, clustered against the olive groves and solitary figs, were dots of horses and men, black against the sun, but soon to be swallowed among the dun of the plains. Half a mile to the right the railway ran, two ribbons of black, and puffs of smoke ascended from a toy engine that flew the Red Cross flag. From some unnoted point a messenger came galloping. An officer spurred out to meet him, came back, halted one instant before the company, and waved his hand. The bugle sounded.

He was not telling her? He had said nothing! He had been dreaming it all again, but no word had passed his lips. He gripped her hand tightly in his agony of mind. "Listen, then. I want to tell you," he stuttered. She looked at him compassionately; she understood nothing.

But he was telling her now. They had been sent forward to regain a battery of captured guns. The Kabyles were said to be ignorant of how to use them. They galloped bravely forward, and he was not afraid. He felt his horse gather itself beneath him, saw the steeds plunging before him, felt the hail of mud clods hoot past his ears. Then suddenly, out of the clear air, there came the screech of the captured artillery.

Immediately the smooth plain was furrowed and sown; furrowed with trenches, sown with writhing fragments of men. The sun grew dim; a yellow sulphurous cloud enveloped them, and, as through rifts in a curtain, he perceived screaming steeds that careered wildly across the plain, dark figures of men that tumbled and floundered in quagmires of purple mud, human teetotums that spun through the thick ochre clouds, their fingers pressed to their ear-drums to shut out that pandemonium, their faces set into expressions of unrestrainable fear. As they ran, bullets and splinters caught them, and they stumbled and tumbled, and horses, looming up suddenly from without, trampled them down with iron hoofs and dashed away, or pinned them under their heaving flanks as they rolled, biting at curb and snaffle, upon the ground. An officer ran past, swinging his sword.

Then the world seemed to dissolve in splinters of fire that sprang from a pyramid of mud. He saw the officer tumble at his side, the screams of the injured came faintly out of the smoky distance; insensibility enveloped him as one puts on a blanket and draws it over his skull. . . .

This man's face was like smoking lime, pitted with rain-drops. One moment it had been stamped with the proud glance of command, and he had moved, bright in his insignia, an indomitable spirit amid the rout: and now!

The battle line was gone, and Don Camillo was lying across the body, staring into the staring eyes. Only the stubble of the reapers' crops remained. Camillo glanced round fearfully. He was the only living thing upon the plain; but half a mile to the right, where the steel ribbons of the railway line converged upon the horizon, he saw the train, the engine puffing noisily, and, as he watched, he saw men moving among the compartments, bearing bodies on stretchers.

The shell, which had struck the officer fairly in the body, had splattered him with his blood from head to foot, but left him uninjured. He knew the cowardice of his heart now. Though he tramp the globe as the meanest of all creatures, scorned and cast out, never again could he go forth among his comrades to battle.

As he watched the hospital train a thought came to him, desperate enough, but offering safety. If he could reach her before she started for the coast they would not examine him: he might leap off somewhere in the environs of Melilla and steal into the city by night, eluding the posted sentries. He staggered to his feet, drew a discolored handkerchief from the dead officer's sleeve, and bound it around his head. Then, faltering equally from weakness and by dissimulation, he made his way toward the embankment, running craftily when he came to a secluded spot among the bush, then stumbling feebly toward the carriages. They spied him and ran forward as he sank upon the ground. Even then remorse surged over him as the rough peasants of Spain tenderly conveyed him into the compartment. They placed him on his bunk. Presently a doctor passed.

"It's no use putting these desperate cases aboard," he muttered, raising the blood-stained bandage from Camillo's forehead. "Well, there's just a chance," he added. Camillo opened his eyes and groaned. The wheels began to revolve and the long night ride began.

He had told her. He saw the incredulity deepen in her eyes. Her face was flushed as she bent over him. "Camillo dearest, you have been dreaming," she murmured. Could nothing convince her? "It is true! I am a deserter!" he shouted. But she only laid him gently back on the pillows and still sat by him, holding his hand. He lay still, her touch was very soothing. Soon enough the discovery would be made. He closed his eyes. Let him dream on in peace until the awakening!

It came too soon. The wheels ground noisily upon the metals. Distant shouting arose. The murmur swelled into a din. Camillo heard footsteps of men that ran along the compartment. He saw the frightened face of the orderly.

"The Kabyles!" he cried. "Massacre! The Virgin save us; it is all over with us."

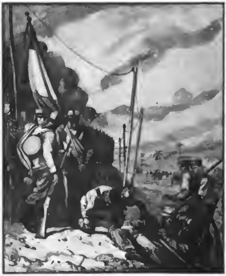
Even as he sank upon his knees and prayed there came the rattle of musketry. Camillo knew that sound too well. The savages were attacking the train—they who had always respected it. The troops had left the line unguarded.

Six men, all that could be mustered—and of these two had wounds—knelt by the embankment. Raising himself upon his elbow, Don Camillo saw, by the light of the full African moon, now newly risen, a yellow ball on the eastern horizon, a line of horsemen that charged wildly upon the train. There came a few scattering shots, and the defenders were swept aside and trodden down.

In that instant Don Camillo saw Doña Isabella stand like a white statue at his side. One arm was placed protectingly upon him; the other she raised instinctively in an attitude of defence. Shame overcame his fear. He lifted himself and felt at the belt that hung beside his blood-stained tunic. Groping in the darkness, he found his pistols. The magazines were filled. He took them in his hands. Doña Isabella turned and saw. Then for the first time a cry of horror broke from her lips, and Camillo hesitated.

The Kabyles were riding leisurely along the train, peering into the compartments. Evidently massacre proved no part of their immediate plans. There were not more than a half-dozen of them.

From his compartment it would be possible to pick them off singly before they realized whence the attack came. But, if he did so, he would overthrow the ultimate shred of her belief; he would stamp himself as the deserter that he had acknowledged himself to be. He watched her; he saw the scorn deepening in her eyes.



They spied him and ran forward as he sank upon the ground

Suddenly the wheels began to revolve again, very slowly, and the carriages lurched and ground out their way over the lines. At the same moment a savage shout came from the fore part of the train. The horsemen were riding at full tilt diagonally toward the carriages. The orderly ran through the corridor, panting with fear.

"They're sticking the wounded. They're spearing them through the windows," he yelled, frantically. He crouched against the lower bunk and began to babble out his prayers.

Camillo hesitated no more. He saw the tall figure of a chief seated upon his horse with couchant lance. As the train moved he spied the woman in the compartment. With a yell of triumph he spurred his horse and darted forward, the lance swaying like a reed, yet aimed straight at Doña Isabella. At that moment the pistol-shot rang out. The man fell forward and rolled from the horse's withers just as the steed reared and plunged upon the summit of the embankment; and the lance clattered against the wheels. Then, leaning from the window, Camillo emptied both his magazines after the astonished Kabyles.

The wheels revolved faster; the train was moving at its old pace again. Camillo and Doña Isabella surveyed each other silently. They did not hear the orderly upon the floor, still babbling out his prayers. She was regarding him inscrutably. Presently she came forward and replaced the bandages.

"You have been dreaming, Camillo dearest," was all she said.

And he was still lying there, feeling her palm in his, still tended by her merciful ministrations. But neither spoke for a long while.

Presently it lightened and lambent fires played upon the eastern sky. Camillo broke silence.

"I must escape," he muttered. "At Melilla—they will discover me. You will help me to escape from the train? You would not have me dishonored throughout Spain?"

She only stroked his hand. She raised the water-bottle to his lips.

"You have been dreaming, dearest," she answered, softly.

So this was his punishment. She meant that he must go to his fate manfully, and that, until he was proclaimed the deserter and impostor that he had discovered himself to be, he was her hero whom she had sent out of Spain. He lay still upon the pillow, his mind wracked with an infinity of schemes. Might this last hour last through eternity!

The day grew lighter; fields and cultivated land replaced the interminable plains of sand. It was too late for action now. The train was steaming into the terminal, and outside, in the far distance, Camillo saw the blue curve of the sea. The train slackened to a standstill amid a throng of waiting orderlies with stretchers, nurses, and women with flowers. The town had gathered there to honor its heroes, to soothe their ills, offer its quiet solicitude. It was too little that it could do.

"A good run!" called an officer to the engineer.

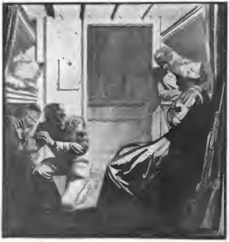
"A good run and a clear line, sir," the engineer answered.

Camillo felt himself lifted and placed upon a stretcher. Discovery was imminent now. But he no longer cared. A curious and inexplicable weakness had overcome him, and he closed his eyes in intolerable pain, as though the imagined wound had actually wrought some physical injury upon him. He felt a doctor raise his bandages.

"A bad case," he said to the orderly. "Another skull fracture, and the brain exposed. The work of a splinter. We'll save him if we can."

"We must save him, sir," said the orderly, stepping forward with a salute. "Beg pardon, Your Excellency, but we picked that man up on the field lying upon his colonel's body, sir. His captain asked me to recommend him specially to your care. There was a live shell close by—the company had been ambushed, sir—and this man, when he saw his colonel fall, and the shell hadn't burst yet—not knowing the colonel was already killed, he laid himself down over him and put his head in front of him to shield him when it exploded. He's been very low all night, and once or twice Her Excellency the nurse thought he was gone; but we can save him and will. Besides, Your Excellency, he is Don Camillo Guzman y Ribera."

The soldier heard and understood, and from under his closed eyelids the tears crept and coursed down his cheeks. Through what a hell of delirious, lying dreams he had come into the light, to find himself honored still! Dimly he perceived Doña Isabella bend over him. Hell had striven with him and had not prevailed; and he knew now that death could not conquer him, save on some future field, where he might face it manfully.



"Massacre! The Virgin save us; it is all over with us"

HOWARD E. COFFIN'S MASTERPIECE IS THE NEW HUDSON "33"

Howard E. Coffin built the four-cylinder Oldsmobile, the Thomas-Detroit 40, the Chalmers-Detroit 40, the Chalmers-Detroit 30. He is President of the Society of Automobile Engineers, Chairman of the Technical Committee of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, and Chairman of the Rules Committee of the Manufacturers' Contest Association. His Masterpiece is the HUDSON "33".

HOWARD E. COFFIN designed the HUDSON "33"!

He is in constant personal charge of its manufacture.

That fact guarantees to those who know that this new car is to-day's greatest achievement in automobile designing. It represents the only great step in advance made in this industry this year.

Because of that fact, dealers placed orders for ten thousand of his cars—our whole year's production—before the first car went out.

Never before was such a tribute paid to any master of this craft.

No other name means so much in the development of the automobile. Howard E. Coffin has designed and superintended the building of four famously successful cars. His motor designs are to-day used by a dozen leading manufacturers. Transmissions and axles of his design are in daily use upon thousands of well-known cars of forty different makes. A large percentage of the better American cars are using the system of lubrication which he brought out six years ago.

During the first few years of the industry Mr. Coffin made frequent visits to all the famous factories of Europe. Of recent years, however, European engineers have been coming to America to see what Mr. Coffin is doing and to work under his direction.

In the Hudson factory you will find many who are here for that purpose. They have come from England, from France, and from Germany to work under this genius, whose fame is known wherever the automobile is known.

Howard E. Coffin has been a great teacher. Many engineers, prominent in the industry, have worked under him to learn by his example. In the plants of the Packard, the Stoddard-Dayton, the Franklin, and the Chalmers are men prominent in the engineering departments who were his assistants.

The chief designers of eight well-known and successful American cars received their early instruction from Mr. Coffin.

HOWARD E. COFFIN
"The Master Motor Car Builder"

CARS BETTER AND BETTER COSTS LOWER AND LOWER

Each of Howard E. Coffin's cars has been a leader of its time.

Each has increased the standard of automobile construction, and each has set a new low-price record for cars of quality. Each has been an advance step in reducing the cost of automobile upkeep.

The Oldsmobile sold at $2,750.

The Chalmers-Detroit 30 was the first really successful car of value ever produced at its price—$1,500.

The HUDSON "33", his greatest car, sells at $1250.

Each car has marked a distinct advancement toward simplicity.

There are approximately 900 fewer parts in the HUDSON "33" chassis than in the average automobile selling under $2,000.

This reduces cost and makes upkeep cheaper.

Fewer parts to make, fewer parts to assemble, fewer parts to wear and get out of adjustment, make it possible to build a better car and sell it at a lower price. It means, also, that it will cost less per mile to run the HUDSON "33" than it costs to operate more complicated cars.

There has been no sacrifice of power, simplicity, quietness, beauty, or sturdiness to obtain cheapness.

WHAT RACING CARS TAUGHT

Howard E. Coffin designed some of the most famous speed cars America has produced. His sole purpose for entering his cars in these contests was to locate weaknesses that three years' ordinary use would never indicate.

The performance of every car was carefully watched. Every fault was quickly located.

Each contest taught him something new.

That is how he discovered the damaging effects of dust, and why he has made the HUDSON "33" a dust-proof car. He found that the sand that is sucked through the radiator collects upon the delicate valve mechanism and wears away the adjustments, as so much emery dust would do. To overcome this in the HUDSON "33", he protects the valves by easily removed plates. This keeps the dust out of the motor, deadens the sound of the valve action, and prevents the oil from leaking out. All wearing parts of the car are dust-proof.

He found in these contests that the wheels of the ordinary cars are not strong enough. He saw how many accidents resulted from the collapse of the front wheels, and so in the HUDSON "33" he uses ten bolts in the spokes where most manufacturers use only five. He found a common cause for spring breakage, and has a device that will make this trouble practically unknown. He located the cause for body squeaks, and so he made a stronger and lighter frame for the HUDSON "33" than is used on any cars of its weight.

SEND FOR THE BOOK BUT SEE THE CAR

Mr. Coffin has written a book in which he tells the keynote of the HUDSON "33".

We want you to have it. You should, however, see this great achievement in automobile engineering.

Look at the wonderful simplicity of the chassis. See how accessible all oiling points are.

Note the generous provision for strength and the great improvement in the motor design over any other in any car at any price. Stand off from the motor ten feet while it is running. You will hardly be able to hear it, it runs so quietly. Examine the fine quality of finish in every detail, and compare its long, low, graceful lines with those of any car on the market.

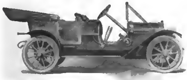
Be sure to see and examine this new car.

Send for the book.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Licensed under Selden Patent **2903 JEFFERSON AVENUE** **DETROIT, MICH.**

$1200



HUDSON TOURING CAR

114-inch wheel base, extra large steering wheel, 34-in[illegible] with Quick Detachable Rims, 33 horse-power. The five-passenger body of al[illegible] metal throughout. The foot boards of solid cast aluminum. Special attenti[illegible] has been [illegible] in this model to riding comfort. The rear seat is wide, tilts backward, is [illegible] and [illegible] the floor. The car is equipped with dust guard over the springs and spring and [illegible]

Pony Tonneau
$1300

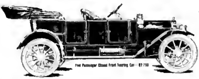
$1350

HUDSON TORPEDO

114-inch wheel base, extra large steering wheel, 34-inch wheels with Quick Detachable Rims, 33 horse-power. Gear shift and hand brake lever in same position as upon other models, thus preventing the cramping of the knee and elbow room. Body of aluminized sheet metal throughout, with double flush side doors in rear and single fore door on the left. The foot boards of solid cast aluminum. Note the long, graceful lines.

THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car in the World".



Five Passenger Closed Front Touring Car — $2,750

MARMON worth, Marmon consistency, Marmon quality of materials, the Marmon grade of workmanship and Marmon tire economy are the essential factors in these long-distance racing victories. And they are the essential factors in the thoroughly satisfactory service the Marmon gives in private hands.

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Indianapolis (Estab. 1851) Indiana

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The Victorious Marmon Won

Cobe Cup
200 Miles—163¾ Minutes
Wheatley Hills—Van'bilt
190 Miles— 180 Minutes
Atlanta A. A. Trophy
120 Miles— 107 Minutes
Los Angeles—Two Hours
140 Miles— 120 Minutes
Wheeler & Schebler Trophy
200 Miles— 166¼ Minutes
Atlanta Speedway Trophy
200 Miles— 182½ Minutes
Los Angeles— Class 3 C
100 Miles— 88½ Minutes
Los Angeles Grand Prize
100 Miles— 78½ Minutes

And a number of other Long Distance Events

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The Cleanest and Most Decisive Tire Victory in Motor History goes to

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IN THE MUNSEY HISTORIC TOUR, August 15th–27th, eight cars were equipped with Firestone Tires—a clear lead over all competition. Four cars had Firestone Quick-detachable Demountable Rims—the only demountables in the Tour.

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Illustration of Firestone Non-Skid Tire for slippery streets on Firestone Quick-detachable Demountable Rim for quick tire-changing without tire-pumping. The up-to-date equipment of America's best cars.

Finance

THE AWAKENING IN THE BOND-MARKET

By Franklin Escher

LIKE a man awaking from a deep sleep, the bond-market has several times of late shown signs of bestirring itself, only to lapse again into its long-continued state of somnolence. In the middle of August and again toward the end of that month, there were times when a suddenly better demand for bonds by investors seemed to indicate that the market's lethargy was being shaken off, but each time the little breeze died down as quickly as it had sprung up, leaving the same old dead calm prevailing.

Again, however, a few cat's-paws on the water have been followed by a lazy swinging over of the boom and a gradual filling out of the sail, while the lapping ripples under the cutwater show that we are moving again. Slowly, very slowly, so far, it is true, but nevertheless with a steadier breeze than has been felt for a good while. Will it hold this time? Will the renewed demand for bonds among investors broaden out and increase in strength until conditions, at least normal, prevail again?

Several false starts having already been made, bond men are exceptionally cautious in their views of the outlook. At the same time, it is impossible to discuss the influences bearing on bond prices with men who are in close touch with investment matters, without receiving the impression that underlying whatever pessimism may outwardly be expressed, good bonds are regarded as at present selling at prices most attractive to the conservative investor. Full allowance being made for the unsettling influence of politics and for other unfavorable influences, there seems to prevail, in bond circles, a well-defined idea that the investor who puts his money into good bonds at present prices will never have cause to regret what he has done.

For the idea that whatever false starts toward recovery in the bond-market may have been made of late, the turn has at last been reached and present betterment is to continue, the improved banking position is primarily responsible. The summer began, it will be remembered, with general banking conditions all over the country in such shape as to make it seem improbable that we could get through the year without a severe ruction in the money-market. All over the West a speculation in land in which the banks seemed to have become singularly involved was in full swing, while here in the East the position of the banks was regarded as being none too strong. With the Western banks extended, as they were, and the Eastern institutions not in a position to help them to any great degree, it was felt that the moving of the crops must inevitably bring about a highly disturbed state of things in the money-market, if not, indeed, a positive stringency. Bond prices in that case, it was realized, regardless of how low they had already fallen, were bound to fall even to a lower level.

It is only the beginning of October now and we are by no means yet out of the woods, but from all indications the threatened trouble in the money-market is not going to develop, after all. Forewarned is forearmed. When the big banks here in the East saw toward what condition things were drifting at the summer's beginning, they combined in a determined effort to avert the threatened trouble. How successful was this effort has become a matter of record. Through the far-reaching influence these banks are able to exert, a check was put upon the loaning operations of their interior correspondents; and thus deprived of the fuel on which it was feeding, the land speculation flame soon enough died down. On this end great reserves of cash were accumulated. It was a great period of readjustment, and of the correction of a condition of things badly needing correction.

The situation having been taken in hand as it was, conditions now are very different from what they might have been—from what, indeed, it looked, during the early summer, as though they inevitably would be. And, as a consequence, estimates as to the course of the bond-market, like a good many estimates made early this year, have had to undergo revision. Instead of the banks of the East standing helpless in the face of an overwhelming demand for cash from the interior—money rates soaring, loans being ruthlessly called, and all the rest of it—the Eastern banks are well fixed for cash and easily able to satisfy the moderate demands so far made upon them. October 1st, it is true, is pretty early to say that there will be no trouble whatever in money-market for the rest of the year, but with the position as sound as it has been made not even the most untoward developments can result in bringing about anything like the conditions which, not many months ago, it was feared would prevail in October and November. With the money-market outlook as black as it was at that time, it is no wonder that neither dealer nor investor wanted to take on bonds at any price.

Now it is a fact which must not be lost sight of that the prevalence of such conditions over a period of several months results in the accumulation of a great deal of buying power. Business during the summer has not been all that it might have been, but business men on the whole have made money. And instead of a good part of this surplus finding its way, as usual, into the bond-market, only a very limited amount of money has been invested that way. What has been happening is that investors, very largely on the advice of their bankers, have been holding off, on the idea that when the expected trouble developed in the money-market this fall an excellent opportunity for investment would present itself. Bonds may be low, it was argued, all through the summer, but when the crop moving gets in its fine work on the money-market they'll be lower yet. The thing to do is to wait till then.

Application of that principle to the investment operations both of individuals and of dealers in bonds, has resulted in the accumulation of a big fund of money likely to be stampeded into the bond-market on the first real sign that the turn has been made and that there will be no opportunity to buy bonds cheaper. An immense buying power, particularly, rests with the dealers themselves at the present time. For months past the inquiry for bonds by their customers has been so slight that they, the dealers, have been lugging along as few bonds as they could possibly get along with. In the bond-market the dealer corresponds to the retailer in a mercantile line. When he thinks the demand for his wares is going to be good he stocks up. When, on the contrary, he figures that business is going to be poor he sells what he can and lets supplies on hand run down to the smallest possible proportions.

So it is with the bond-dealers at present. Their shelves, figuratively speaking, are empty. For months past they have been disposing as best they could of what they had on hand, but the amount of new bonds that they have been taking on from the big bond-houses, the wholesalers, has been very small. The first real demand from their customers will mean that these dealers themselves will at once have to stock up with bonds in order that they may have something to offer their clients.

By no means confined to the dealers alone, however, is this potential buying power. Very much the same sort of thing has been going on all over the country with respect to the banks and trust companies and other institutions who are ordinarily in the market for bonds. All through the summer the bond salesmen who work for "institutional" business, as they call it in the Street, have had the hardest sort of a time of it. With the chance of a "squeeze" in money continually in their minds, bank men have naturally been loath to tie up their loanable capital in bonds. Along toward the middle of the summer, indeed, there came a time when "institutional" buying of bonds came to a full stop.

Things are different now. There are not many cases on record of presidents of country banks walking out to meet bond salesmen with open arms, but the situation has at least improved to the extent that the bond salesmen are allowed a chance to offer what they have. Furthermore, where bargains among high-grade bonds have been offered, there has of late been little difficulty about finding a purchaser. Bank men are keenly alive to the fact that other banks as well as their own have long been holding off from buying bonds and are thus in a position readily to snap up anything "good" that may be offered.

Realizing the strength of the potential buying power coming from these various sources, bond men are naturally hopeful as to the outlook. And already, indeed, has the better feeling resulted in the removal from the market of a number of the most attractive offerings among the highest grade issues. In many cases, as has been said, they have been taken by the banks and trust companies, while in others the offerings have simply been withdrawn.

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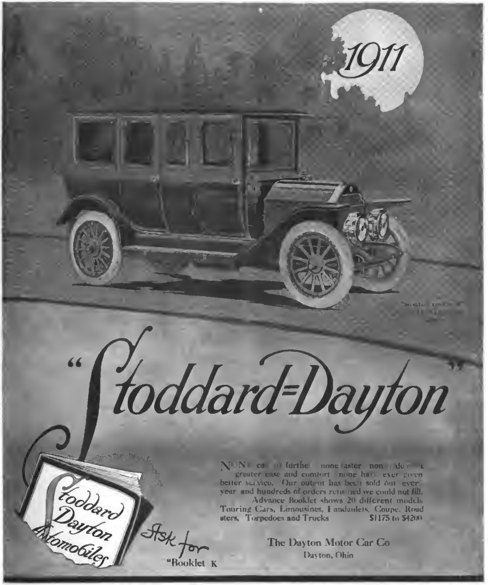

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"Seeing Stars"

USUALLY the sensation occasioned by a blow on the head or close to the eye is accompanied by a [illegible] the person struck thinks that he sees something similar to a flight of stars or fireworks. Such an illusion follows the compression of the globe of the eye. If there is a sudden relaxation of the eye-ball, due perhaps to a passing paralysis of the external muscular system of the eye, the effect is like that of a strong breath exhaled over the face of a mirror. Instead of a shower of sparks or stars, a veil falls film-like on the eye.

A man "sees stars" because the eye has been momentarily flattened, either by sudden action or by a spontaneous spasm. Sudden sickness, a swoon, nausea, or some too poignant emotion may be enough to produce the reflex movement. The most peculiar feature is that the initial seat of the phenomena is not in the eye, but in the ear. This is a recognized physiological fact that has been demonstrated by the best eye specialists. The sense of locality, the sense of space, to which man owes his power to stand alone, to walk straight, to look straight forward or in any chosen direction—the sense which regulates his attitudes and [illegible] his gestures, is seated in the semicircular canals of the internal ear. When a [illegible]age, a wound or a violent disturbance of this sort produces disorder in the semicircular canals, the disturbance is followed by vertigo. Vertigo is a visual trouble. The victim cannot use his eyes. If he can see at all, his vision is blurred or deceitful, and he imagines that he is either falling or rising from the earth.

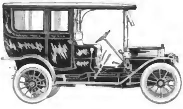
There is a close relationship between the nerves of the eye and those of the internal ear, and some skilful physicians have declared that the physician who is summoned to a case of eye trouble should begin his diagnosis by a careful examination of the periphery of the outer ear, as well as the mechanism of the internal ear centres.

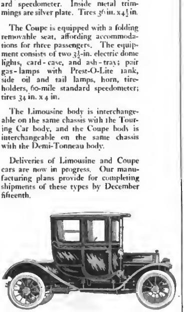
Hunting the Truffle

IN France truffles are gathered with the aid of pigs specially trained for the purpose. Three men and one pig usually constitute a truffle-hunting expedition.

Truffles grow only near oak or hazel trees. At a sign from the leader of the force the pig begins to sniff about the roots of a tree, digging with its nose and tossing up earth and small stones in great profusion. Long practice has enabled the truffle-hunter to determine the psychological moment when the pig has come upon the truffle. He gives the pig a whack on the snout with his stick; whereupon the animal slips to one side and the prize is secured. The man then takes from his pocket an ear of corn and, picking off a few grains, gives them to the pig by way of soothing its injured feelings and encouraging it to go on with the hunt.

The party moves about in the dry, open wood, keeping always near the trees, and truffle after truffle is turned up from the reddish light soil. At a blow on the snout the pig retires at the right moment and waits for the corn that is invariably given it in exchange for the truffle. So well trained are some of the pigs that, it is said, on finding a truffle they do not attempt to seize but point to them and grunt for their equivalent in corn.





Cadillac
"Thirty"
LIMOUSINE
$3000 F. O. B. Detroit

The 1911 Cadillac "Thirty" enclosed cars embody the same principles and general mechanical construction as the regular Cadillac line. The bodies typify the latest conception of the builder's art. Their handsome proportions and graceful lines, with the finish and luxuriousness of the appointments, appeal to the tastes of dignity, elegance, and refinement.

The upholstering and inside trimmings are of high quality blue broadcloth. The seat cushions are Royal Arch spring construction, affording the maximum of ease and comfort. Window sash are dark-finish mahogany, with lights of French plate glass. Windows are made to drop into pockets, excepting the front window of the Coupe and windshield of the Limousine, which are divided, and the upper portions made to swing outward or up under the ceiling. Sash are fitted with muffler strips to prevent rattle. Windows are equipped with blue silk curtains on rollers.

The Limousine, with its two revolving folding seats, affords accommodations within for five passengers. The equipment consists of two 3½-in. electric dome lights, two toilet-cases, clock, robe-rail, umbrella-holder, speaking-tube, sliding arm-rests, hat-rack, two foot-rails, large gas-lamps with Prest-O-Lite tank, combination oil and electric side and tail lamps, horn, tire-holders, 60-mile standard speedometer. Inside metal trimmings are silver plate. Tires 36 in. x 4½ in.

The Coupe is equipped with a folding removable seat, affording accommodations for three passengers. The equipment consists of two 3½-in. electric dome lights, card-case, and ash-tray; pair gas-lamps with Prest-O-Lite tank, side oil and tail lamps, horn, tire-holders, 60-mile standard speedometer; tires 34 in. x 4 in.

The Limousine body is interchangeable on the same chassis with the Touring Car body, and the Coupe body is interchangeable on the same chassis with the Demi-Tonneau body.

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Two persons, - - $5.00 to $8.00 per day
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Center of Chicago's Activities

The Gentler View

SOME DELUSIVE JOYS

By Florida Pier

There are certain things that must be done every three or four years in order to be reminded of their wholly unattractive traits. They seem to have the faculty of taking on a false charm, and of passing successfully as things that you have always longed to do. It is only on a repetition of them that you are again disillusioned and know them in their hollowness. Wading is a glaring example, and it is with pleasure exposed. Any one who has forgotten the last time she waded and is falling once more under the charm of the idea of wading is expected to be properly grateful for this timely warning. It is frankly admitted that wading ought to be the most lyrical of experiences. That it is not is just one of those things stupidly and regularly forgotten. The dimpling water, glinting pebbles, willows, tiny trout, and hazy screen of things read about brooks and their enjoyment might all be resisted, or at least delighted in, dry shod. But the idea that wading is one of the things that one likes best, that one has always from early childhood adored it, tricks one into the most chill, inconvenient, and flat of diversions.

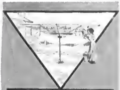
There one sits, conscious that no other part of one matches those ridiculous, dabbling feet, at a loss to explain how one got in so pointless a predicament. Which extremity is most ill at ease it is difficult to say. One's mind has little patience with this pastoral burst on the part of two members habitually forgotten, and one's feet feel their effort at individual enjoyment has not been a success, and blame it entirely on the lack of sympathy in their critical owner. It is difficult to be sportive in the presence of sane people, and it is hardly to be wondered at if the brook is left hurriedly, eyes and toes averted, both deeply aggrieved that they cannot part company at the waist and go off in different directions.

Wading is only an example. There are other things. Dickens is one of them, and Christmas dinners is a third. Sleeping out-of-doors is one so daring in its appeal even after a recent trial that it requires great patience to write of it at all. The marvel of it all, the thing that makes the subject worthy of our attention, is the persistency of the appeal possessed by these events we ought to know we actively and without an upsetting exception dislike. We never have slept out-of-doors, we have lain in a marvellous world of stars and fearsomely cracking things, until we could have cried with sleep, cold, and discomfort, but we never did sleep, and the next morning always found us tragic figures whom it was well to treat with silent respect. Yet let a mere month pass, and the phrase "sleeping out-of-doors" dilates our nostrils. In six months' time we regard ourselves as wild woodland spirits, caged against our wills, the better part of our nature slowly dying for lack of a night in its proper element.

How do some things manage to make us forget the boredom and disillusionment they brought? How can they make us come to them with fresh enthusiasm and what we regard as the fondest of recollections time after time, until we look ahead to a lifetime dotted by this irresistible carnage? The tenderness with which we regard Dickens and the sincerity of our desire and intention to reread him is equalled only by our pain and embarrassment when we do. We suffer at what appears a diminishment in our merits or his, and we might be permanently saddened were it not for the rapidity with which we again regard him as a source of quaint delight, long unread through force of unfortunate circumstances, not, most certainly, because of any other reason.

Perhaps it is that all these things that seem so good are in reality so, and when we are at sufficient distance not to bring them into contrast with our modern lacks, requirements, nerves, and need of fitness, and form for even a spirit we in the abstract approve of, we catch their flavor, and are right and truthful in our loyalty to them. The same things brought into contact with us are no longer the same things, and we must not be hurt or unduly disappointed at the mutual regret over what is on both [illegible] a strained situation.

We put these things not of our temperament out of focus which makes our continued belief in their beauty, in spite of our inherent inability to see them correctly, a matter wholly praiseworthy. The rapidity with which we contrive to deny our distorted view of them on anything like a close inspection is food for permissible congratulation, and the people who lamely remember what they dislike, in the actual experience, and never run the risk of forgetting, seem somehow not at all compensated by the rarity of their disillusionment.



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Animal and Plant Partners

The principle of partnership, which makes so great a figure in the commercial world, is found in operation in both the plant and the animal kingdoms.

Partnerships exist between certain plants and animals for their mutual benefit and defence. There is a group of plants in the tropics called "ant-loving" or myrmecophilous plants, which allows swarms of ants to feed upon the nectar secreted on the surface of the leaves and to dwell in the hollow stems.

The return which the plants receive for this hospitality is protection against another species of ants that are fond of eating their leaves. Other plants suffer greatly from the ravages of the leaf-eaters, but the latter are driven off from the myrmecophilous plants by their ant friends.

There have been pointed out many instances of similar relations both between plants and animals and between different plants. The minute green bodies found on the fresh-water polyp have been shown to be vegetable cells which furnish sugar for the animal, while the latter in turn provides them with nourishment.

The threads of fungus which flourish upon the roots of oaks and beeches surrounded by decaying leaf mould turn the latter into nourishment for the trees, and the seedlings of the trees are unable to grow amid such surroundings without the aid of the fungi.

One of the most interesting of these partnerships is one discovered among the organisms of the "ginger-beer plant." Two such organisms are principally concerned in the fermentation of ginger beer, a yeast, and a bacterium.

The yeast produces a waste product which, if allowed to accumulate, would arrest the process of fermentation; but this product is precisely what the bacterium needs for food, and thus it is absorbed by the one partner as fast as it is produced by the other, and the result is that the fermentation goes on for the benefit of both, and finally for the delectation of a third—man himself.

Still another instance of this sort of combination for mutual benefit would appear to be furnished by those strange members of the vegetable kingdom known as "carnivorous plants." Some of these plants are aquatic, and feed upon young fish. They possess a peculiar peptonic power which enables them to digest their animal food. It has been shown that this digestive ability is due to the presence in their sap of certain micro-organisms which flourish upon the food that the carnivorous plants devour.

It must not be assumed, therefore, in view of the above facts, that parasitical growths exist only at the expense of the plants or animals on which they are found. A little investigation may show, as in the case of the oaks and the fungi, that what we see is not a battle for life between the two parties concerned, but, on the other hand, a friendly union of their interests.

Curious Spider Eyes

The *Attus* family of spiders, abounding in Java, have, in addition to numerous smaller eyes, a pair of large ones which have been called "gig-lamp" eyes.

A specimen of the spider, lately captured near Buitenzorg, exhibits a remarkable power of changing the color of its eyes. When taken the eyes were dark brown like the body, but suddenly they changed to bright grass-green. Soon afterward they turned back from green to brown, and this change of color was repeated several times in succession, apparently at the will of the creature.

Whether this action, on the part of this curious species of spider, is an effort to inspire terror in its enemy or whether it is an effect of its own terror is uncertain.

Another singular fact is that the color of either one or both eyes could thus be changed at will.

Siam's Old Maids

In certain districts of Siam the girl who, at an uncertain age, has failed to find a husband, becomes a "daughter of the King." The King undertakes to look after these adopted daughters to the extent of providing each with a husband.

The royal method is quite simple. Any prisoner in a Siamese penitentiary can secure a pardon and liberty by marrying one of this class. As might be expected, old maids are at a premium among long-term men. Whether or not they are already married makes no difference, as men of Siam are not restricted to a single wife. No provision is made for disapproval or disinclination on the part of the lady; the king has given his royal word that she shall have a husband, and that settles it.

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Surgery for Horses

Science does not save all her favors for humankind. The horse comes in for a good share of the improvements of modern surgery. It is largely due to American inventiveness that operations on horses have been rendered more humane, and that the proportion of successful operations has been immensely increased. This success depends much on the use of an operating-table that has come into general favor.

The contrivance for holding horses during operations is a marvel of ingenuity. It might be called a vise. It makes possible the placing of a horse in any position with the greatest ease and the holding of him with rigidity. Not the least important feature is the saving of pain. This contrivance makes it almost impossible for a horse to struggle and injure itself.

The old way of securing a horse was by casting. This consisted in hobbling the animal's four legs and throwing him on a heap of straw. Many cases of broken backs occurred by reason of the violent struggles of the animals. Sometimes a neck was broken or a skull fractured in this process. Another source of great danger lay in the clouds of dust, laden with germs, which arose from the heap of straw and rendered aseptic methods impossible.

The contrivance referred to—a table—consists of a massive frame of such size and shape as to contain a horse standing, and it revolves round a central horizontal axis. The end piece in front is padded to receive the animal's head. The whole machine is revolved by means of a lever and so exactly balanced that it is possible to rotate a heavy horse with one hand. Every part of the animal's body is held firmly.

By turning a winch the horse is raised until his feet leave the ground, then the whole apparatus is revolved and the horse placed in a horizontal position without any shock or pain whatever. He cannot struggle, and usually he does not try to.

The table can be fixed at any angle. Every part of the animal is accessible to the surgeon, who can operate under the most favorable conditions. Chloroform can be administered with ease.

It is a simple matter to back the horse into the contrivance, which is similar to putting him into the shafts of a wagon. Once in position, the side bar is adjusted and the horse is a prisoner. A stout band of canvas is passed under the animal and his feet and legs secured. At a signal an attendant turns a small wheel, and the animal is instantly swung off his feet. From this time he is under perfect and absolute control.

Singing to the Eggs

The stormy petrel builds her nest just above the Atlantic billows on the islets near Iona and the Hebrides. There, beyond the rocks, is a black buttery soil in which the birds burrow like little winged mice and on nests of sea-pink lay one egg.

There is, in the Outer Hebrides, a very pretty popular belief as to the way in which the eggs are hatched. The birds, say the people, hatch their eggs by sitting not on them, but near them, at a distance of six inches. There the petrels turn their heads toward the opening of the burrow and coo at the eggs day and night, and so hatch them with a song.

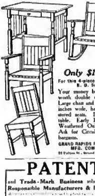
This sounds like a fable made out of folklore, but it really has a basis in fact, according to one authority. Although he never heard the cooing noise by day, he often did in the evening. It is rather a purring sound. When the nest is opened the bird is usually found cowering a few inches away from its egg.

Perhaps the truth is that the burrows are so warm that there is no need of a higher temperature induced by animal heat, and the parent bird can afford to sit down and sing over the excellence of the arrangement.

The Origin of Fairy Rings

Those curious green circles in fields and pastures, appearing both on level ground and on hillsides, have given rise to many superstitions and called forth a variety of more or less scientific explanations. One authority strongly advocated the view that they were of electric origin.

The real cause of their formation is thought to be the growth of a species of fungus which, starting from a single seed, spreads circularly and makes a broad disk on the ground. The fruit and seed form only at the outer rim. The soil in the middle is exhausted, and, consequently, as the ring grows larger the grass in the inner part withers. One of these circles near Stebbing, England, attained a diameter of one hundred and twenty feet.



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Towns with Strange Names

By Professor A. S. Isaacs

The railroad folder, with its list of stations of varying degrees of importance, cannot be surpassed for the odd names it gathers, rivalling for places the function which the city directory assumes for persons. It is not so much the mere repetition of names that excites surprise, but the oddity and nondescript character of so many. One may be charitable to twelve Bostons, twenty Charlestons, twenty-five Daytons, thirty Washingtons, twenty-eight Williamsburgs; but how can one tolerate Lone Jack, Tip Top, and Zuni in Virginia, Pon Pon in South Carolina, Paw Paw and Buncombe in Illinois, Gas in Kansas, Embarrass in Wisconsin, Ty Ty in Georgia, Nay Aug in Pennsylvania, Killawog in New York, Plumweseep and Quispamsis in New Brunswick, to select only a few out of the many curiosities of nomenclature?

Not far from Scranton, Pennsylvania, is Tobyhanna, and, although a Judyville flourishes in Indiana, a Punchtown is still to be heard from. Ohio can point to Kinnick-Kinnick; Mississippi to Hushpuckena, Bobo, Nitta Yuma, and Alligator; Kentucky has a Ruth, Mississippi a Bear; Alabama a Choccolocco; South Carolina its Sixty-Six, Ninety-six, and Ten Mile. Georgia has a Doctortown, with a Noah and a Zebulon; Missouri an Eve and a Lion, Nebraska an Eli, Minnesota a Sleepy Eye. We can understand the propriety of such graceful names as Fruitville, Citronelle, or Orangeburg, in the heart of a fruit section, or Furnace, Coalville, Ironton in the centre of a mining region. Why, however, should China, Asia, Palestine, Italy, startle us in Texas, an Alhambra amaze us near Los Angeles, with Goshen Junction not so distant? Some of the stations on the Southern Pacific remind one of the nomenclature of a race-course, with Clip, Abe, Sparks, Alum, Chico.

Perhaps the railway stations of Illinois illustrate most convincingly the vagaries of place names. You can go from Peoria to Pekin in almost as brief an interval as it took King Solomon to fly on his magical carpet from one end of his realm to the other, while Cuba is only a few miles farther. Within the limits of that one State you can visit Bethany, El Paso, Joppa, Lisbon, Malta, Marseilles, Sorento, Toulon, and still have room for Palmyra, Sparta, Genoa, Saxony, with a delightful disregard for history and geography as generally taught. Texas, which is nothing if not cosmopolitan, will show you a Dundee as well as a Midlothian, Athens, Carthage, Odessa, Toledo, Weimar. Iowa has a Grundy Centre, in brave defiance of gossips. Arkansas courageously offers an Arkadelphia. Louisiana can boast of a Napoleonville, which would not cause Bonaparte any exultation if he could tread its main street and beyond. One meets on the map in various States, Alpha, Beta, Delta, Iota, Kappa, and Omega. Tennessee is not ashamed of its Chuckey. The birds of the air and the fish of the sea alike give their names to places. Of recent years the tendency is spreading to call towns after famous people. Thus Texas has its Boerne, Dickens, Dryden, Longfellow; Wisconsin its Cato, Minnesota its Verdi. This custom is commendable, of course, but why Langtry should be retained is to be questioned. Paradise is frequently encountered, now and then Eden being given the preference. It remains for Georgia to recognize the situation by calling one of its towns Enigma.

Now it is easy to ridicule such vagaries of nomenclature, but what are towns to do? Are not the best names pre-empted? It is not always possible to take the founder's name and transform that, as Elberon sprang from L. Brown, Erastina from Erastus Wyman, or Biltmore from Vanderbilt. Instead of duplicating and reduplicating existing names, must we have recourse to Firstville, Secondville, and so on to Nine-Hundredville? Is it not an education, after all, to live in Athens, if in Georgia; in Cairo, if in Illinois; and in Jerusalem Crossroads, although it happen to be in Oklahoma? Let us not sit in the seat of the scornful; and as mellifluous names are not too plentiful let us be satisfied even with Oshkosh, Squedunk, Chin Lee, and Hackensack.

Of course one remedy is possible. This is an era for organizing new departments of the government and new commissions for varied objects of inquiry, financial, social, economic, hygienic. The entire subject of place names might be given over to a national bureau for improvement and regulation. This shifting of responsibility might be regarded as paternalism carried to excess, but a definite system of supervision from the educational as well as purely esthetic points of view cannot much longer be deferred. Much ado is made about simplified spelling, yet how trifling is such a matter compared to the present anarchy in place names, which calls for effective reform.

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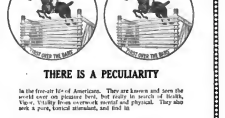

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The Rapaciousness of Cylinders

By Robert Bartlett

It is a matter of common knowledge that in the early days of motoring the cost of fuel was practically a negligible factor, while that of lubricants was almost insignificant. Gasoline was cheaper then than now, it is true, but the principal reason was that the average motorist spent far more of his time tinkering with his car to make it go than he occupied in running it. The motor did not burn up much gasoline because it could not be induced to take its food, except at intervals that frequently were of brief duration. One hundred miles a day was a feat of which to boast and only the most enthusiastic and persistent of the fraternity could point with pride to many century records in those days a decade ago. What a difference between then and now!

In the mean time, gasoline has been advancing constantly in price, and as the supply of crude petroleum continues to decrease, the cost of lubricating oil must necessarily rise also, because vegetable oils are not adapted to use in the internal combustion motor.

The motorist who has progressed through each of these initiatory stages of experience represented by the successive possession of one, two, four, and six cylinder cars realizes full well that each additional cylinder in the motor means a consumption from twenty to thirty five per cent. greater for the same distance travelled. He knows from experience that his first car, despite its diminutive gasoline tank, did not need replenishing over-often, and he could figure with a reasonable certainty on doing better than "twenty to the gallon," while under favorable conditions this was considerably increased, average mileages of twenty-four to twenty-six miles being not uncommon, although these old-time "one lungers" were burdened with more weight in proportion to their power than are their successors.

It may have occasioned him some surprise to find that his next and more ambitious possession, a two-cylinder car, managed to get away with more fuel without travelling any farther, but the difference, although plainly noticeable, was not so great as to occasion any qualms on the score of the increased fuel bill. Twenty miles then became a good maximum, that was not often reached, and seldom exceeded, while eighteen to nineteen miles was a good average performance.

Probably there is not a motorist today who, after being in the peaceful enjoyment of a good two-cylinder car for some time, has not set his ambition on the ownership of a four-cylinder machine—"a real automobile with the engine up front," as it has sometimes not inaptly been termed. Sooner or later the majority have succumbed to the fascination and discarded the two for the four. Even though the latest acquisition were not of the heavy, powerful type, the increase in its capacity for fuel consumption was marked. Fifteen miles to the gallon was now a liberal allowance, with twelve to thirteen miles nearer the average daily performance, so that in realizing his ambition to own a "real automobile," as represented by the steps intervening between it and the original one lunger, the motorist found that he was paying twice as much for fuel alone to travel a given distance. The consumption of lubricants was doubled also, although it is difficult to give even approximate figures because the appetites of different motors and cars for lubricating oils and grease vary quite as much as do those of their human owners for more delectable provender.

There is another step intervening between this stage of motoring and the final degree of initiation, although it is not represented by an addition to the number of cylinders. It is the acquisition of a more powerful car of the four cylinder type. The 20-24 gives way to the 45-50 and the transition is fully as great, in the matter of consumption, as from the two-cylinder to the four cylinder car. Whereas the smaller four could get over its twelve to fourteen miles per gallon up hill and down, its more powerful, speedier, and ponderous successor made further inroads into the gasoline-barrel by reducing the equivalent mileage per gallon to what, in the earlier days, would have been considered an astoundingly wasteful return—ten miles to the gallon and, in heavy going or with much hill work, not so good as that.

The little "one-lungers" carried a five-gallon tank whose contents represented more than one hundred miles' running. The larger two-cylinder cars had more space in which to dispose of this essential, so that the size of the tank was not limited by considerations having no direct bearing on its relation to consumption, as was frequently the case with its predecessor. Consequently, the tank usually held ten to twelve gallons, or double that of the smaller car, and the mileage on one filling was also nearly doubled. From this it was but a step to the eighteen or twenty gallon tank of the moderate sized four cylinder car, but in this case the increased amount of fuel carried sufficed only to add a third to the effective mileage. Further enlargement of the tank was made necessary in the larger, higher power four-cylinder cars, and among the models of forty five horse-power and upward are to be found some in which the fuel tank is capable of holding a whole barrel of the precious fluid, without, however, increasing their capacity to get around by even so much as a fraction over their smaller prototypes, for the twenty-four, with its twenty gallons of gasoline and its average of fifteen miles to the gallon, is good for three hundred miles, whereas the forty-five, with thirty-odd gallons of fuel and its attainable maximum of ten miles to the gallon, will more often than not fall short of the same total.

Where, then, does the six-cylinder car of high power and corresponding weight come in on the fuel question? One hesitates to think how rapacious the appetite of such a car for gasoline must be. It is safe to say that six to seven miles to the gallon represents the average.

In the face of this, the technical points involved in the addition of an extra pair of cylinders, such as uniformity of torque, overlapping of power impulses, flexibility, and so on, will not mislead the average motorist who is desirous of running his car as far as possible on the minimum expense—in other words, of getting the maximum number of passenger miles per gallon out of his expenditure for gasoline and lubricating oil.

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The Philippines Scarecrow

In the Philippines a novel contrivance is employed for frightening birds off the rice-fields. In a corner of each rice field there may be seen a little house. Over the field is strung a network of *bejuco*, or Indian cane much the same as that of twine strung over our corn-fields at home. But the Igorrote "goes us one better." He puts his child up in the little house in the corner and keeps his little fellow pulling at a strip of *bejuco*, which connects with those in the field and so keeps them all in motion. It is a venturesome crow that is going to fly into that arrangement.

In some places the network is kept in motion by another ingenious contrivance. Under a little waterfall a block of wood is suspended. The block is so shaped that the water, on striking it, drives it out away from the fall and, of course, down, because of the weight of the water striking it. This pulls the string connected with the network over the field. Then, of course, the block is by the reaction, pulled up again to its former level and swung back into the waterfall, and so on, indefinitely.

Metals as Fuel

Metals may be burned for the sake of the heat and light they produce just as ordinary fuels are burned. But the burning of metals differs from that of ordinary fuels in that the products of combustion are not gaseous, but solid.

Aluminum has been found to be an admirable fuel for producing the intense heat used in welding. This kind of metallic fuel has assumed much industrial importance at Essen, in Germany, where in consequence metallurgy has entered upon a new phase. An instance of burning metal for the sake of light is furnished in the "magnesium star," a contrivance by which a shell packed with magnesium and attached to a parachute is fired electrically high in the air, thus producing an illumination of the ground beneath at night.

The Cruel Secretary-bird

The secretary-bird, so named from the tuft carried on his neck, which resembles the old fashioned quill carried behind a clerk's ear, takes his scientific name *serpentarius* from the fact that he feeds on serpents, preferably the most venomous species.

When the serpent sees his foe he makes piteous efforts to hide. The bird reaches his prey in four long hopping strides, fixes one of its claws around the neck of the serpent close to its head, and, with implacable patience, with the other claw unrolls the coiled body. The secretary plays with the serpent as a cat plays with a mouse. Its methods and unconscious cruelty are the same. After fifteen minutes of torment the serpent ceases to struggle. Then the secretary swallows it at a gulp and goes in search of another victim, for his appetite is insatiable.

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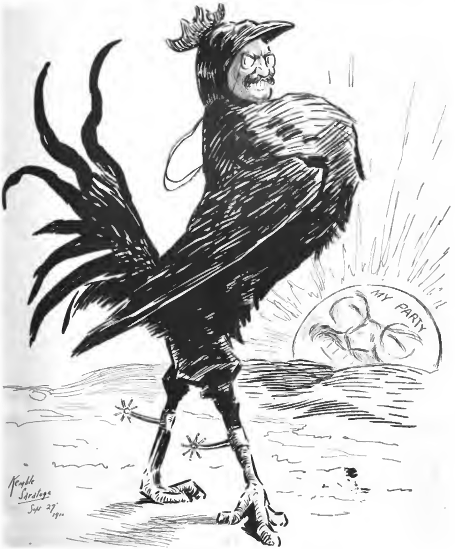
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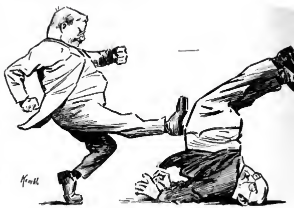

Sherman gets his

Comment

The Campaign

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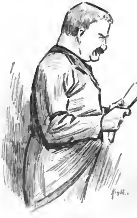
None can gainsay the cunning that prompted his technical nomination. The Roosevelt party, small but select, was smeared with saccharine. President ROOSEVELT had refused even to consider the evidence, submitted to him by GEORGE H. EARLE, whose ultimate presentation brought the dastardly concern to book. HERBERT PARSONS was and is ROOSEVELT's first lieutenant. The Sugar Trust was a heavy contributor to the ROOSEVELT campaign fund. JOHN E. PARSONS, the master legal mind of the thieving corporation and a director of the company during the entire period when it was robbing the government, was and is an avowed admirer and supporter of the Gaekwar of Oyster Bay. Without reflecting in the slightest degree upon the zeal of Prosecutor STIMSON, the fact remains that his activities have stopped far short of the directorate. The long-time alliance of ROOSEVELT and the Trust was too patent, too well established, to be ignored. It was necessary to divert the public gaze. What surer method than by nominating the man who had successfully prosecuted (under TAFT) the criminal corporation? Thus, by a stroke, the master politicians drew the teeth of criticism and suspicion and incidentally withdrew from deeper research into the doings of those higher up the one man who seemed likely to strike the trail. So much for the candidate selected by ROOSEVELT by advice of HERBERT PARSONS, nominated by ROOSEVELT in person, guaranteed to the people by ROOSEVELT, controlled by ROOSEVELT. As the FREMONT of the Roosevelt party he may find a niche in history. As a candidate he may be dismissed from consideration with a sigh of regret that so decent a man should have become enmeshed in the coils.



The old attitude

The Platform

"No compromise! We shall have a clean-cut progressive platform. I will accept no compromise. I will beat them to a frazzle." Those were his brave and ringing words. And he did beat them to a frazzle. And he did not accept compromise. Not a suggestion from the opposition respecting resolutions was heeded or even considered. So fearful was He Who Trusts the People that somebody or something might get beyond his reach that he refused to permit the delegates from the various counties to name their own committeemen. For the first time in the history of the party the Temporary Chairman made the selections. He did this, be it clearly understood, not as a boss who drives, but as a leader who leads. Anyhow, he did it, and the men whom he appointed adopted his platform—the platform which he had drawn with his own firm hand, the "clean-cut, progressive" platform which he had promised and from whose stern espousal no power on earth could drive him.

The Eastern Version

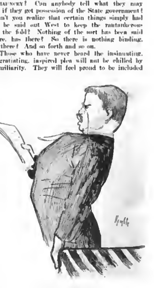
New Nationalism? Yes, by George! Let them oppose it if they dare. "They won't do it," he shouted a week before in Syracuse. "They may criticise me, but they'll walk as if they were on eggs. I should be glad if they would take the other side." They didn't. They couldn't. The Committee on Resolutions was packed. But Somebody did. And that Somebody was the Gaekwar himself. Upon second consideration, New Nationalism, meaning, of course, only the Old Moralities, had better be left in Osawatomie, where it had its birth. The New York climate was not adapted to its growth. Go through the platform with a fine-tooth comb and not a shred of the wonderful doctrine will you find.

"It is necessary that laws should be passed to prohibit the use of corporate funds directly or indirectly for political purposes; it is still more necessary that such laws should be thoroughly enforced. Corporate expenditures for political purposes, and especially such expenditures by public-service corporations, have supplied one of the principal sources of corruption in our political affairs."

Strong, fine words these! But they were spoken in Kansas for local consumption. Is the purpose embodied in the Roosevelt platform? Nay, nay, not a whisper. The situation is different in New York. Money is needed here to carry an election. Witness 1904, when CORTELYOU was sent to HENRY H. ROGERS for $100,000 and got it, when HARRIMAN, at the last minute, was ordered to raise a quarter of a million to make assurance doubly sure and got it. Such doctrine is glowing—for Kansas. But "prohibit the use of corporate funds, directly or indirectly, for political purposes" in the Empire State? Hardly! That would not be the act of a practical man. And it wasn't done.

The collector will be around as usual, gentlemen, and the other eye will be winked at Oyster Bay as of yore. Aren't you satisfied with STIMSON? Isn't he safe? Can't you entrust your interests to him and ROOT? Who else would have satisfied you better? Do you want the Democrats to elect a United States Senator in place of DEPEW? Can anybody tell what they may do if they get possession of the State government? Can't you realize that certain things simply had to be said out West to keep the rambunctious in the fold? Nothing of the sort has been said here, has there? So there is nothing binding. Is there? And so forth and so on.

Those who have never heard the insinuating, ingratiating, inspired plea will not be chilled by familiarity. They will feel proud to be included



The new attitude

among the favored few. But what of the many who have been buncoed in the past—those, for example, who pledged to Cortelyou and gave to Bliss? Will they again prove "easy"? The solicitor, of course, will have changed. Trust the wily one not to send the same pitcher to the well a second time. It will not be the patient, long-suffering Cortelyou or the disgusted Bliss this year. Their bellies are full of distasteful work and hateful recrimination. It may be Loeb, on the quiet. Or the guileless Griscom in gum-shoes. Or maybe that "trump," Herbert Parsons. It matters not. The box will be passed around with the usual sanctimony and timely veiled threat, and back of the carefully trained voice of Jacob, whatever his apparent name, will be the greedy hand of Esau, himself craftily looking the other way, and ready at a moment's notice, if in danger of detection, to demonstrate his innocence.

"At a conference of Colonel Roosevelt and his associates," we read in the public prints, "apprehension was felt at first that there might be difficulty in obtaining the money requisite for legitimate campaign expenditures, but a satisfactory conclusion was finally reached that the necessary funds would be forthcoming." And why not, pray? It has been done. It was done in 1904 and yet again, after bitter experience, in 1908. Why not in 1910? In the tersely picturesque language of the experienced Abraham Gruber, "Come on, ye come-ons." But we have yet to learn who is to pass the hat.

Return to the platform, the clean-cut, progressive platform. Here we are. "In the light of all the testimony and of these admissions, I submit that the jury of the people should find as a general verdict 'that the failure of the executive and legislative branches of government, both State and Federal, to protect the people from the special-privilege hunters and graft-seekers, is deeply rooted in a corrupt alliance between them and the Republican political machine.' Upon that verdict but one judgment can be entered—that of eviction. When you find cancer you know that pills and plasters will serve only to divert the mind of the patient from his fate. Pills and plasters have been liberally and sensationally prescribed for some years now, yet the cancer is still growing. We must tear it out ere it is too late.

"However much the people have suffered in dollars and cents through the polluting tariff alliance, they have suffered still more because of the lowering of the moral standards."

Good work! Fine sentiments! Lofty ideals! Undaunted courage in opposing Wrong with Right! Down with Injustice! *Conspuez* Special Privilege! Break the Polluting Tariff Alliance! Away with Pills and Plasters! Cut out the Cancer! But wait! There is something wrong here. This isn't for New York. This was for Kansas. How could one be so stupid? There is no cancer here. There is no need even for pills and plasters. The new tariff is the best ever. It "has reduced the average rate of all duties eleven per cent." (Still leaving, we trust, the fair margin of profit promised by the Republican platform.) It "has turned a national deficit into a surplus." (Deficit! deficit! What deficit? When! Where? How? Why? Oh yes, under Cleveland, probably. Quite so!) It "will give us for the first time equality with other nations in our foreign trade." (Excellent! And again, admirable! But why "for the first time," after all these years?) Anyhow, "a Republican Congress is necessary to provide needed appropriations" (be calm, Kansas, be calm!) "needed appropriations" for a tariff commission to get some facts and suggest changes in the perfect statutes now in force.

Who said "moral issue"? Who said "cancer"? Who said "polluting tariff alliance"? Who said "special-privilege hunters and graft-seekers"? Who said "corrupt alliance" and Goodness knows what all? Could it have been Mr. Opper's Honest Man, or the other one, the Only Other One? Doubt we may as to the whichever, but not as to the wherever. It was in and for Kansas exclusively. Friends and yappers are needed there, but here a few special-privilege hunters are not to be despised along about election-time. So let them be not offended. Come on, ye come-ons!

And yet, says the Founder of the Immaculate Roosevelt party—and yet—

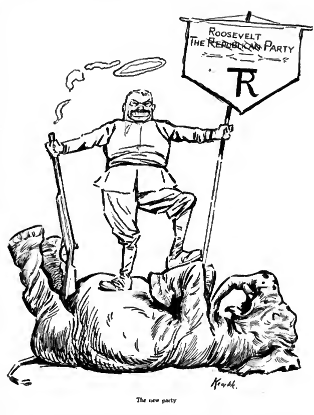
"It is particularly important that all moneys received or expended for campaign purposes should be publicly accounted for, not only after election, but before election as well."

That is the only way to free government "from the sinister influence of control of special interests." We know that to be so because he himself said it with a thump of the virtuous cudgel—in Kansas. He would have said it in his New York platform, too, if he had thought of it. But he was too busy. Its omission, be it understood, and anybody who speaks to the contrary is an unqualified liar, was a mere oversight. If you doubt it, read these virile words addressed to the Federal officeholders, *et al.*, in Saratoga:

> Our first duty is to war against dishonesty. We war against it in public life and we war against it in business life. Corruption in every form is the arch enemy of this Republic, the arch enemy of free institutions and of government by the people, an even more dangerous enemy than the open lawlessness of violence, because it works in hidden and furtive fashion.
>
> We are against corruption in politics, we are against corruption in business, and, above all, and with all our strength, we are against the degrading alliance of crooked business and crooked politics, the alliance which adds strength to the already powerful corrupt boss and to the already powerful corrupt head of big business and which makes them in their dual capacity enemies against whom every patriotic man should stand with unwavering firmness. We are against crookedness in the small man, but we are against it just as strongly in the big man.

We are. We are. We have been for a long time. Dishonesty has always impressed us as being a most unpleasing attribute. Corruption, too, "in every form," is distinctly offensive. Open lawlessness of violence also we have always found most confusing. And when it comes to degrading alliances of crooked this, that, and the other, we simply lose all patience. We, too, pronounce against all such with unwavering firmness. We cannot speak with the vigorous fervor of the proselyte, but we really do think it is better form to do right than to do wrong.

Incidentally, we highly commend the Roosevelt party's "firm demand for rigid economy." Its predecessor was a trifle slack. In 1895, under Flower, the budget was $15,713,578. This year the appropriations amount to $39,601,224, exclusive of $3,000,000 sinking-fund obligations—an increase in fifteen years of about 152 per cent. That may be all right, but it seems a little high, and we regard with favor the new party's promise of economic rigidity.



The new party

But little remains to be said of the clean-cut, progressive platform. Particular attention, however, must be directed to the one Overpowering Plank, whose adoption was so essential to the glory of all mankind that the Real Leader felt it incumbent upon himself to smash the Unclean Bosses. This is it:

> To Governor Hughes is due the credit of arousing the interest of the people and convincing them of the need of directly electing their party officers and directly nominating their party candidates. We promise legislation which will enact these principles into law.

Just what these marvellous principles are nobody seems to know. One good Governor first favored the Green-Hinman bill, which provided State-wide primaries for the nomination of all candidates. Subsequently he took a firm stand for the Cobb bill, which restricted nominations by primaries to Senators, Assemblymen, county officers, and the like. Doubtless the Governor knows which of these principles he would like to see enacted into law, but if so he has kept the information to himself. Also, it is true beyond question that he is entitled to the credit or debit, or whatever it may be, of "arousing the people," but the number of those he has "convinced" does not seem to be overpowering.

Great cry and little wool, this! Barnes and Woodruff would have taken the meaningless plank as it stands without a whimper. Roosevelt didn't know what he was approving when he approved it and probably doesn't know now. If he does he is is a class by himself. Nevertheless, there was no compromise. No, sirree! By George!

> "He was the bravest man in France:
> He said so, and he ought to know."

Up to Republicans

Republicans must determine the result of this election. The Democrats will vote solidly for their candidates. There is no reason why they shouldn't. Mr. DIX is a first-class man and was nominated in a first-class way, despite ROOSEVELT'S disingenuous attempt to divert public attention from his own arrogant bossism to the presumed bossism of MURPHY. As a matter of fact, MURPHY'S conduct was admirable throughout. He announced at the outset that he would accept any one of the up-State candidates upon whom the others could agree, and he kept his word. The outcome was entirely satisfactory. No possible objection can be made to DIX, and no charge of subserviency will stand. All Democrats can and will vote for him with clear consciences.

But there are not enough Democrats to elect. It is up to the Republicans. The issue is simple. They are not called to vote for or against a Republican candidate for Governor. They have only to choose between ROOSEVELT and a Roosevelt party ticket and DIX and his associates. If they want to establish definitely a ROOSEVELT autocracy, with all that that involves, they can do so. If they want to shake him out of the saddle and make Mr. TAFT the real leader of the Republican party, they can do that.

But let there be no misunderstanding. If ROOSEVELT wins, there will be no holding him. He will be as completely the national master of the Republican party as he was the State master last week in Saratoga. He will have received *carte blanche* to rant and smash to his heart's content, to drive at the courts, to obliterate State lines, to supplant Republican doctrine with noxious Federalism, to subvert the Constitution, and to ride roughshod över TAFT and everybody else.

If ROOSEVELT is beaten in this State his back will be broken. He may continue to rave and prate and denounce all men opposed to him as traitors and liars, but his locks will be shorn; his power will be gone. The Roosevelt party will have perished at birth, and the Republican party will come back into its own under the leadership of WILLIAM H. TAFT.

That is the situation in a nutshell and there is no escape from it. Thousands of Republicans have been saying vehemently that they would welcome an opportunity to support a decent Democrat against ROOSEVELT. Well, the opportunity is here at hand. What are they going to do? Are they going to make good their promise, or are they again going to put the seal of their approval upon cunning, hypocrisy, and blatant defiance of law, order, and common decency?

"ROOSEVELT *or* the Republic," says the *World*. And the *World* is right. Which shall it be?

The "New Nationalism" and Colonel Roosevelt

It will be a great mistake if critics and opponents of the "New Nationalism" permit their criticisms and opposition to be construed merely as antagonism to THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Resisting ROOSEVELT, the man, and his ambition, is one thing and is justified by one set of reasons. Rejecting certain definite ideas and proposals which he has promulgated is another thing and justified by another set of reasons. The man himself may be considered, and by a growing number of Americans he is considered, dangerous to our institutions, not so much on account of what he stands for as for what he is—his character and temperament, his habits of thought and speech and action. But it may also be held, and is held by many, that the ideas he stands for are dangerous in themselves without reference to the personality of their chief advocate. To attain clearness on this point, it is desirable to point out precisely what those ideas are.

The "New Nationalism" and the Constitution

Now, there seem to us to be at least five propositions or proposals in the "New Nationalism," as expounded by Colonel ROOSEVELT in his Western speeches, which look distinctly to very important changes in our system or plan of government, and as such they ought to be considered. That is to say, it is incumbent on our people to consider carefully whether or not they favor departing, in these several respects, from our established practice under the Constitution. Here are the five features of the "New Nationalism" which have this character:

1. Colonel ROOSEVELT announces that the conditions of to-day are such that not only did the fathers fail to foresee them, but that in dealing with them "the political theories of a hundred years ago" simply will not work. That sweeping contention may be held in a way to cover all the others: but the revolutionary character of the others is clearer because they are more specific.

2. Colonel ROOSEVELT holds that government must concern itself with business and industry more intimately than the fathers dreamed. This general contention is not uncommon: but he goes on to propose for this intervention and control a form that unquestionably controverts established legal and constitutional principles. Big fortunes are to be allowed only if in the winning and keeping of them a distinct service to the public is rendered. It is not enough if it can merely be said that no positive damage is done to the public. In that case the big fortune is not to be permitted. He goes farther and contends that in dealing with the corporations we must not only distinguish between the good and bad and punish the bad, but we must see to it that those which are good yield a fair profit.

3. He would, by a commission or bureau, also see to it that laborers in protected industries get the benefit of the protection. Clearly, this proposal, as well as No. 2, looks to governmental interference with earnings in various industries.

4. He contends that this great increase of governmental powers and activities shall go to the nation, not the States; and he stands, further, quite distinctly, for increasing the powers and functions of the Federal government at the expense of the States. This also can only be interpreted as a proposal of radical departure from our constitutional usage.

5. He has not merely criticised the courts for such decisions as he holds to have created or permitted to exist the "twilight zone" in which neither national nor State legislation is effective, but he has set up a new standard for the courts to guide themselves by. He practically says that it is not enough for them merely to interpret the law as they find it. He would also have them take account of the public welfare and the demands of democracy as he understands them.

Here, unquestionably, are very grave and far-reaching changes proposed. "Revolutionary" is hardly too strong a word to apply to them. It certainly behooves us all to look into them carefully before we accept them. Their meaning is fairly plain, but their ultimate consequences no man can foresee. It is to the last degree unreasonable and misleading to talk as if one's attitude toward them involved nothing more than approval or disapproval, trust or distrust, of the man who proposes them.

The Best Way to Protect State Rights

Of the five innovations proposed in the "New Nationalism," the one that has so far seemed to provoke the most opposition in Colonel ROOSEVELT'S own party is the setting up of a new standard for the courts. But opposition to the proposal of still more centralization, of more power for the Washington establishment and less for the State establishments, also instantly showed itself among Republicans; and Democrats, of course, found there the most direct challenge to them. There are, of course, two ways of meeting it. One is the merely argumentative way. The other is the practical way. Both from the Constitution and from broad considerations of expediency, one can draw strong reasons against the proposal. The States having come into the Union on terms set forth in a carefully framed written document, it is not idle to say that they have rights under that instrument which cannot with justice be taken away from them unless the instrument is amended. Equally strong is the consideration of the value of the principle of home rule, of local self-government—and the practice also. It is best for different communities to attend themselves to affairs which belong to them severally, to care for their own interests, make their own laws. But it is doubtful if mere reasoning, no matter how sound, is the best way to oppose the tendency to over-centralization. The more practical way to preserve for the States their rightful powers is to see that those powers are actually exercised, and wisely. When all the States take up vigorously and sensibly the work of conservation—as some of them have, in fact, begun to do—the likelihood of the nation's monopolizing that sort of activity will diminish. When they control properly the corporations they charter, as far as their present legal authority goes, we shall hear much less of the necessity of the nation's taking complete control, and so in other fields. This, we take it, is substantially the response which WOODROW WILSON would make, or would have New Jersey make, to the ROOSEVELT contention; and we trust Democrats in other States will follow his lead.

To Take Post-offices Out of Politics

The newspapers did not instantly seize upon what may well be considered the really important thing in President TAFT'S speech before the League of Republican Clubs. It was understood that the speech was to be a campaign speech and so most of it was. The newspapers accordingly treated it as if the whole of it had that character. But the President also put into it an announcement of policy that is decidedly worth considering by itself. He declared his intention to urge Congress to take at least 7,198 second and third class postmasters "out of the category of political patronage." He went further, and announced his conviction that all postmasters of the first, second, and third classes should "ultimately" be put in the classified service, and with them the collectors of internal revenue and of customs, the surveyors of customs, and the appraisers. "We can then," he added, "patiently push on for further progress toward an elimination of all local offices from the field of politics."

This is a sweeping programme—a startling one, no doubt, to politicians of the commoner sort. Even if only the first step in it is actually accomplished by President TAFT, he will have given the spoils system one of the most damaging blows conceivable. Of course there will be opposition, particularly in the Senate, which would have to give up the right of confirmation.

The Issue at West Point

One of the uncomfortable things in army life is to be under orders of a superior officer who is for one reason or another not agreeable to serve under. There are bound to be many such officers, men of inferior talent or competence, or objectionable manners, or lacking in grace, tact, fairness, or consideration, and yet of sufficient ability and good enough deportment to hold their rank. To learn to serve faithfully under such officers is one of the necessary accomplishments of a soldier, and it should be learned along with other soldierly duties at West Point. So whether the dissatisfaction of the cadets with one of the officers at the Military Academy is well founded or not makes no great difference. If they don't like the man, and for good reasons, they should still learn to control their sentiments and accept him as a superior officer. That is one of the lessons they are at West Point to learn.

Hard Work but Good Work

For a State convention the Democratic gathering at Rochester was fairly exhausting. National conventions are usually attended by some sacrifice of useful lives. A convention at Chicago cost the life of WILLIAM E. RUSSELL. BLAINE'S defeat at Minneapolis cost him the life of his most promising and ablest son. There is a pretty long list of similar cases. Any fairly husky man, however, has been used to expect to live through a State convention, but there have been few State conventions like that of last week in Rochester. The candidate came hard, but he came.

Sporting Standards Not Enough

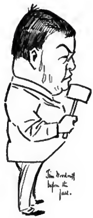
Mr. JAMES W. WADSWORTH, Jr., announced at Saratoga that he will not go back to the Assembly. Mr. WADSWORTH is an able young man, and we should regret to see him go out of politics altogether. The main trouble with him seems to have been that he has tried to do business in a moral-uplift season on sporting standards. Mr. JEROME had an analogous experience. Sporting standards don't quite suffice to capitalize a political career in these particular days. Time was when they represented comparative virtue and shone by contrast with the ordinary standards of politics. But nowadays they are not enough. The voters have had a taste of consecration and fervent zeal and anything less tastes flat to them.

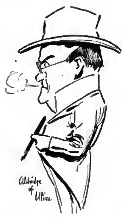
Score Two Misses

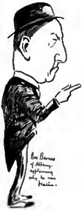
What do you think of Mayor GAYNOR'S statement that he will not accept the Democratic nomination for Governor if it is tendered him?

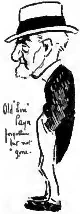
I now know positively, first, that MURPHY has surely arranged the nomination and, second, that GAYNOR will surely accept.—*Interview with Mr. Hearst in Paris.*

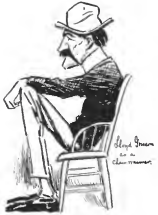
Nevertheless, and in spite of all that has happened, the *World* makes this prediction: Mr. ROOSEVELT will be nominated for the Governorship. He will be nominated by acclamation. He will be nominated apparently against his will.—*The World, August 18, 1910.*

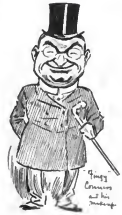

Jim Woodruff before the fall.

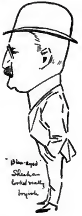

Aldridge of Utica


Ex Barnes of Albany explaining why he was beaten.


Old "Sere" Payn forgotten but not gone.


Lloyd Griscom as a chair warmer.


"Fingy" Conners and his makeup.


"Blue-eyed" Sheehan looked really boyish.

AT THE CONVENTIONS

KEMBLE'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE SPECTACLE AT SARATOGA AND ROCHESTER

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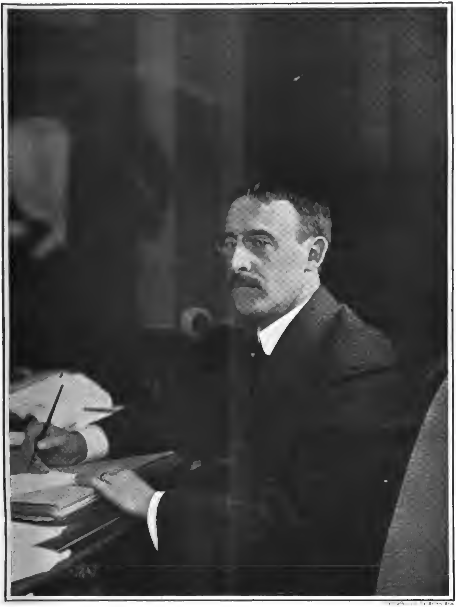
THE DEMOCRATS' CHOICE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

John A. Dix, who succeeded William J. Conners as Democratic State chairman last June, is forty-nine years old. He was born at Glens Falls, New York, and was a student at Cornell in the class of 1883. Not long after he left college he engaged in the lumber business, and later in the manufacture of paper. He was nominated by the Democrats for Lieutenant-Governor in 1908. Before his election to the head of the State Committee he served as chairman of the Washington County committee. He is still actively engaged in lumber operations and paper manufacture, and in the banking business



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THE ROOSEVELT CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

Henry Lewis Stimson, of New York, who last week received the Roosevelt nomination as candidate for Governor of the Empire State, passed his forty-third birthday one week before Mr. Roosevelt nominated him at Saratoga. Mr. Stimson graduated from Yale in 1888, and in 1893 became a partner in the law firm of which Elihu Root was a member. He served as United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York from 1906 till 1909, during which time he attracted attention by his successful prosecution of suits against the Sugar Trust

Some Letters About Roosevelt

"GREATEST MORAL FORCE OF THE DAY"

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
CEDAR FALLS, IA., *September 10, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your opening editorial note in the current issue of the WEEKLY would seem to indicate that hysteria had reached the sanctum of the editor of the "Journal of Civilization."

Just what has aroused your ire it is a bit hard to understand, for a perusal of what Mr. Roosevelt said concerning the judiciary of our country does not reveal anything so very revolutionary.

I am not aware that sensible men have ever deemed the bench as above criticism, provided that criticism was expressed courteously and with good intent.

One has a suspicion that it may have dawned upon you at last that the unparalleled receptions given Mr. Roosevelt during his journey to and from the West indicate his selection, by those holding the balance of power, as President in 1912.

In that suspicion I think you are justified, but something more effective than the frantic utterances in which you indulge this week will be needed to frustrate this object.

In these parts Mr. Roosevelt is respected for the kind of courage which few public men showed until his time—the courage of standing up alone, if need be, in defence of the right as he sees it.

His refusal to be present at the banquet of the Hamilton Club in Chicago if Senator Lorimer was to be there gives the finishing touch to what we consider in these States the greatest moral force of the day.

I am, sir,
ERNEST ELLSWORTH DAY.

"THOROUGHLY HONEST AND LOYAL"

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., *September 21, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—For many years I was a patron of your publications, but the malicious and unscrupulous attacks made by your journal on the then greatest of American statesmen—James G. Blaine—when he was a candidate for President, compelled me to discontinue my patronage.

Since that time I have not been a subscriber until about a year ago. The recent unfair attacks in your WEEKLY of September 3d and 10th, upon the character and motives of Mr. Roosevelt, and the so twisting of parts of sentences of different speeches into a "grapevine," render it impossible for me to further countenance by my support such methods.

I am not, as the saying is, "crazy about Mr. Roosevelt," but I believe the man is thoroughly honest and is as truly a loyal citizen, and possibly more so than many of his detractors.

One of the measures which he succeeded in having passed while President caused the corporation of which I was president over $50,000, and yet I believe the man was honest in what he did. I admire honesty of purpose in every one, and that particular feature of Mr. Roosevelt's character appeals to me. I am sorry that I cannot say as much of some of his maligners.

I am, sir,
J. R. KING.

OKLAHOMA PERCEIVES A LIMIT

THE BANKERS' MORTGAGE LOAN COMPANY,
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., *September 6, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just read your editorials in the WEEKLY of September 3d, and wish to compliment you on the terse and lucid way you have set forth the motives that apparently prompted this political jaunt of the Colonel's.

That courage and honesty in men are desirable every respectable person will allow, and if the Colonel will now add to his list of policies three new ones and commend amiability and chastity in women, obedience and respectfulness in children, faithfulness and trustworthiness in servants, and affix the Golden Rule he will then have a platform that will come quite near meeting unanimous approval.

I believe the people are beginning to understand that this Western tour was not undertaken to benefit any party or the country as a whole, but to gratify his insatiable desire for publicity and to "try out the idea" of his own political future. And I also believe that the capacity of the public to assimilate platitudes is limited, and when that limit is reached they will recognize the bunting, and will share with you the apprehension that the only living ex-President of the United States may degenerate from a common scold into a plain public nuisance.

I am, sir,
T. M. WATTINGTON.

ENCOURAGEMENT

SPOKANE, WASH., *September 15, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I wish to thank you for the strong, clear, editorial in the WEEKLY of September 10th, relative to the position of Colonel Roosevelt as to our Supreme Court. It seems to me all thoughtful men must view with alarm the "New Nationalism" advocated by this agitator. Keep hammering away along this line.

I am, sir,
W. SAMPSON.

LOOKS DIFFERENT NOW

EN ROUTE THROUGH THE BERKSHIRES,
September 10, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I owe you an apology which I'm glad to acknowledge. Several years ago I wrote you a very abusive letter, because I did not approve of your remarks about Roosevelt. At the time I thought him the greatest and best man alive.

I wish to take it all back. I woke up, and see what he really is. The greatest arch-faker and political crook ever before the American people. A crook for power, a turn-tail, looking for the wind to blow. Don't think for a moment his trip through the West was a success. People turned out as they would to a circus, and many who had a high regard for him lost it after listening to him. Many who were for him are against him now bitterly. They know what a faker and charlatan he really is. Political drummer is a good name for him. This rampant demagogue trying to draw the wool over the people's eyes by his plea for morals, honesty. He's the laughing-stock in many places for his supreme egotism. I have heard hundreds say he made them sick. He does not ring true.

I am, sir,
J. B. M.

THE ONLY ONE

MARIETTA, WASH., *September 14, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Send no more copies of HARPER'S WEEKLY to my address. I cannot admit to my table a paper that vilifies America's one wise, far-seeing, resolute, fearless statesman.

I am, sir,
CELIA BUTTERS.

THE HAMILTON CLUB DINNER

CHICAGO, ILL., *September 9, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The clippings which I enclose from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of September 9th correctly express the incident therein referred to concerning Roosevelt's invitation to the Hamilton Club banquet, of which club I am a member.

Having no interest in politics, except as a voter, and being in no sense a "Lorimer" man, I cannot but rebel against the insult given to the club, to its officers, and to every one of its members, by Mr. Roosevelt in refusing to attend unless Senator Lorimer was notified that he should not be present. Senator Lorimer is a member of the club, was also asked as a guest at this banquet, and so far as I am advised still stands unconvicted of any crime in any court of record. Lorimer has heretofore been present upon all occasions at which Mr. Roosevelt has been an invited guest in the city of Chicago. In addition to that, Mr. Roosevelt knew or could have known some time ago that Lorimer was to be present at this affair, and had he expressed his displeasure beforehand, it could have been adjusted in some way so as to have avoided the open and notorious insult which he perpetrated. However, it may be too much to expect from one who condemns all courts from the highest to the lowest of the land who refuse to prostitute their judgments and decrees to his own wishes, to indulge Mr. Lorimer with the presumption to which every man is entitled, that he is innocent until he is proven guilty.

We regret that the president of the club, when Roosevelt made the unreasonable demand, did not inform him that the arrangements could not be changed, and that they would express Mr. Roosevelt's regrets to the banquet committee. The president and the club missed a splendid opportunity.

I am, sir,
E. H. B.

ODIUM ABATED

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *September 14, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I want to thank you for relieving me from the odium that I have endured for some four years past. Your article this week on "the issue: Autocracy" simply repeats what I have been preaching for all these years, and have generally been regarded as an idiot therefor. Now comes the question, have you joined my fraternity, or am I entitled to a prophet's halo?

From the bottom of my heart I thank you for speaking right out in meeting. If the country prefers to depart from its traditions, let it be done with its eyes wide open.

I am, sir,
J. H. MOSER.

NOT A PRACTISING PREACHER

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *September 12, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Allow me to express my appreciation of your leading editorial in last Saturday's issue of the WEEKLY. You hit the nail exactly on the head, and, as "the Colonel" says, "you hit it hard!"

I am the proud possessor of a complete bound set of the WEEKLY since its first issue in 1857. I find you are generally right on public questions, except that, in my judgment, you are rather too strongly "anti-tariff."

I am happy to agree with you, however, in approving President Taft's policy of a "tariff commission" to recommend amendments from time to time, which shall correct unfair and unwise schedules.

As to the fiery "Teddy," he seems to me a dangerous demagogue, preaching "righteousness" and a "square deal," but failing ever to practise what he preaches.

I am, sir,
JOSEPH R. RHOADS.

CENSURE FROM NEBRASKA

CONGREGATIONAL MANSE,
YORK, NEB., *August 30, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your editorials are always interesting, generally instructive, and when they treat of Roosevelt frequently amusing. Our strenuous ex-President seems to have given you a continuous nightmare, for whenever you feel called upon to treat of *him*—never his policies, or only casually as they happen to touch him—you sputter and mouth like one demented. We have known people to be cussed into office, and it looks very much to me as if your bitter personal spite or envy or pique—what is the matter, anyway?—is to render that service for Roosevelt. I suppose your prejudice against the doughty Colonel is so great that you cannot see this.

Now, his policies are public property to be discussed, but surely a "Journal of Civilization" should not stoop to vulgarity in its treatment of any man, no matter how undesirable a citizen he may seem to be. Your attempt to bias the people against Roosevelt because he advocates Federal control over some of the public utilities of the nation is a case in point. If that is not the best way to prevent the abuses which are glaringly evident in the nation to-day, why, keep cool, and show us a better way. You seem to be able only to "abuse the opposition." Your fear that Roosevelt is planning to become a dictator is surely pitiable. Do you really mean it, or are you having a little fun with your readers?

You have, of course, studied Roosevelt's platform in his Osawatomie speech, and if what he says there is dangerous to government of the people let us see it. Personal abuse of the ex-President is no answer to his "New Nationalism." Come, Brother Harvey, keep cool, and let in the light.

I am, sir,
R. S. LINDSAY.

"OUR AMERICAN CAESAR"

MUSKEGON, MICH., *September 10, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—We have had within the week another instance of the demagogism of our American Cæsar.

As in the trial of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, he has seen fit to denounce men whom juries have pronounced innocent and thus prove his unfitness as a citizen, much less an Executive of a republic.

Every member of the Hamilton Club who has the least sense of social amenities should withdraw as a protest against the gross insult offered one invited guest at the behest of another. I rejoice that there have been those to whom Roosevelt could not dictate the terms on which he would be received and the Hamilton Club might have followed with profit the example of the Holy See.

Our insulted citizens, our assailed courts, and the very principles of our Republic cry for relief against this insane egoist whose anarchy is none the less dangerous because he proclaims it in the name of law and reform.

I am, sir,
GLENN A. KENDERDINE.

ELIMINATE BUSSE ALSO

CHICAGO, ILL., *September 10, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Please help the Hamilton Club eliminate from its membership Fred A. Busse, who sat at the same banquet-table with Colonel Roosevelt on September 8, 1910.

I am, sir,
JOE RURTT.

A Dream About Teddy

I DREAMED I'd reached the other shore—
The one where we receive
What punishment may be in store
For tangled webs we weave,
Likewise where we are given joys
For good deeds we have done—
When suddenly a jarring noise
Exploded like a gun.

'Twas Theodore who had arrived;
He stood and looked about.
The spirits swarmed like bees unhived
To learn what made him shout.
St. Peter met him at the gate
With countenance austere.
"Good morning," Teddy said—"But wait!
Please tell me who's in here."

St. Peter showed him then the list
And Teddy looked it o'er;
He bent his brows and clenched his fist
And then launched forth a roar:
"How *dare* you have that man inside?"
Right in St. Peter's ear
He yelled. "You know I'd said he *had*!
He should not be in here!"

Then other names of other men
He found upon the page,
Again, again, and yet again
He rumbled forth in rage:
"How *dare* you let such persons in?
You know upon the earth
I charged them with all forms of sin
And showed what they were worth!

"Just put them out at once, or I
Will not come in at all!"
St. Peter hove a gentle sigh
And stepped inside the wall
And closed the gate, and called: "Too bad,
But our list you can't fix.
So far in heaven we've not had
(But once) some politics."

Then Theodore went further down;
Mephisto met him there.
A hesitant and nervous frown
Showed in the ruddy glare.
"Here," said Mephisto, "you just take
This brimstone and a match
And go out there beyond the lake
And give that match a scratch
And start a hades of your own,
Because, the truth to tell,
If I can't run my place alone
I know it would be hell!"

JEFFERSON TOOMBS.

The City of "Kitchen-Joints"

HOW PROHIBITION HAS DEBAUCHED OKLAHOMA CITY, STUDDED HER WITH ILLICIT GROG-SHOPS, AND DOUBLED DRUNKENNESS THROUGHOUT THE STATE

By I. T. Martin

WHEN Oklahoma was admitted to the Federal Union a few years ago, it was on condition that prohibition of the liquor traffic in what was then known as the Indian Territory was to be effective for a period of twenty-one years.

At that time Oklahoma and Indian Territory were about equal in area, population, and wealth. There were as many prosperous cities and towns on the Indian Territory side as on the west side of the State, but, fearing that the cities and towns of the Oklahoma side would gain commercial advantages over the cities and towns on the east side, in the event of the west side being left "wet" and the east side made "dry," thousands of substantial citizens, opposed to prohibition as a matter of principle, cast their ballots for the law. Others were led by demagogues to believe that to vote down State-wide prohibition would mean no Statehood. In this election, of course, the voters were not given the opportunity to express their judgment as to whether local option and high license or prohibition would be the more advantageous.

The sentiment of the people of Oklahoma on the prohibition question was clearly shown in that first election, when the Constitution of the State was carried by a majority vote of over one hundred thousand; the State officers were elected by majority votes ranging from 26,000 to 30,000, while the prohibition clause was carried by less than 18,000 majority.

Oklahoma now seeks to invoke the powers of the initiative and referendum in order to repeal the law, results showing that it does not prohibit drunkenness, crime, and general disorder in the State. In short, the young State looms up as an "insurgent," questioning the right of Congress to invade her police powers.

A petition containing the signatures of more than sixty thousand qualified voters (being nearly twice the required number) has been filed with the Secretary of State, calling for an election on a proposed amendment to the Constitution providing for local option and high license instead of State-wide prohibition.

Governor Haskell and Secretary of State Bill Cross, disregarding the advice of Attorney-General West, for reasons known only to themselves, declined to grant the petition of the more than sixty thousand voters of the State, and the matter is now before the Supreme Court, in mandamus proceedings instituted by the resubmissionists to compel the Governor and Secretary of State to call an election on the question.

This condition of affairs has created factional differences in political organizations, and many see in the interference of various ministerial alliances an attempt on the part of the Church to dictate affairs of state. Much feeling has been engendered among the various factions, and Oklahoma is now on the verge of a bitter campaign that will end—no one is wise enough to predict where!

The business interests of the State stand almost as a unit against the continuation of the prohibition law, chiefly because, under the most favorable conditions, and with all possible pressure brought to bear in the enforcement of the law, it has written itself a dismal failure.

Those in favor of resubmission of the question to the voters assert that the prohibitory law has stopped the sale of intoxicating liquors only to the extent of closing the doors of the open saloon, and they produce facts and figures to prove that drunkenness and crime are on the increase, while taxes soar toward the sky.

The Anti-Saloon League is authority for the statement that Oklahoma has "the best prohibition law ever written," and those who have studied the law and noted its innumerable loopholes are wondering what kind of a farce prohibition would be under a law less exacting.

Federal licenses are numerous throughout the State, close to five hundred having been issued in Oklahoma City alone. This means that government protection is extended to that many "bootleggers," insuring them against a penitentiary sentence for violation of the prohibitory law.

Under this "best prohibition law ever written" an officer, in order to make an arrest, must actually witness the sale of liquor, and must see the money change hands, otherwise he is powerless to make an arrest, though he may confiscate the stock of liquor wherever he finds it, whether witnessing a sale or not.

Where the sentiment of the people is overwhelmingly against a law, that sentiment asserts itself in the jury-room, and in Oklahoma City only one jury can be recalled which meted out anything like a fair ratio of convictions to the numerous "bootleggers" brought before the court. But records prove that even conviction does not still the operations of the "bootlegger." In most instances where convictions have been secured appeals have been taken. So congested have the court dockets become by reason of these appeals, that when the case of the violator of the prohibitory law is again reached the culprit has scattered the witnesses, or so vitiated the evidence that it becomes well nigh impossible to sustain the verdict of the lower court.

A "joint" in the heart of Oklahoma City, where business men go for thirst-quenchers

When a "joint" is raided in Oklahoma the distress signal is hurried to the source of supply by a "wireless" system known only to the wholesaler and the "joint" keeper, and before the confiscated liquor has been delivered at headquarters, or has been destroyed in the streets of the town, a fresh supply is hurried to the "joint" from the secret storehouse of the wholesaler, who is enabled, under "the best prohibition law ever written," to reap a rich harvest, without paying a penny revenue into the city or State treasury, though the courts are made to grind for his clientèle, likewise without cost to them.

The Oklahoma "bootlegger" does not enter the business in a haphazard manner. If he happens to be the keeper of a "joint" of any pretensions he has his guards on duty at every step of the way. There are "joints" without number in Oklahoma City, for instance, where "lookouts" have been placed as far as a block away from the place, and arranged in tiers, as it were, close to the entrance.

When an officer presents an appearance, or if a "suspicious" character heaves into sight, the "lookout" gets busy. By a simple system of prearranged signals the approach of the enemy is announced at the "joint" long before his shadow casts itself before. A gallant tip of the hat to an imaginary acquaintance, the lifting of a finger, the waving of a bit of paper—these are but a few of the signals successfully employed by the "lookouts" of every well regulated "joint" in Oklahoma City. By means of these signals an officer is many times saved the trouble of a raid. The joint-keeper destroys his stock when the danger signals point to certain trouble ahead. A push button is arranged in many cases, so that as soon as the distress signal continues to come "down the line" the "lookout" nearest the throne can give the "hurry up" signal, which means destruction to the stock of the "joint." The signals prevent the possibility of an arrest, and, even though the stock is lost or confiscated, it may be quickly replenished and the cost is but a drop in the bucket to what the license would be for the conducting of a legitimate business.

Time was when great quantities of liquor were confiscated in raids but the "joint" keeper now has the business down to a fine art and knows how to stop all leakage in the business. For instance, take the case of Oklahoma City. Mayor Henry M. Scales of that city has left no stone unturned in an effort to put the "bootlegger" out of business, and readily admits that it is a hopeless task. When the industry became so popular that the expense of hauling the confiscated liquor to headquarters threatened to make grave inroads into the city treasury, Mayor Scales issued orders to the patrolmen of the city to destroy on sight all liquor, no matter where found, or under what conditions. At great risk of personal damage suits Mayor Scales continues to have this order enforced, and yet drunkenness is on the increase and bad whiskey is still peddled throughout the streets and alleys of the city.

Indeed, so bold have the "bootleggers" grown, that recently, after the adjournment of a grand jury, Mayor Scales, in order to preserve the dignity and fair name of the city, was compelled to order wholesale raids, in which more than two thousand dollars' worth of liquor was confiscated in a few hours, one Saturday night. It was destroyed in the streets of Oklahoma City, until the business district reeked with the odor of the poison whiskey of the "dives," and the sewers sent forth fumes enough to sicken the populace! And yet the "bootlegger" still calmly and more or less peacefully plies his trade, though his stock is now kept at low ebb, in order to save serious loss in the event of a raid.

Recent raids show conclusively that the "bootlegger" gambles on losing his stock. "Joints" known to do a rushing business throughout all the hours of the day and night have afforded, in late raids, but one or two bottles of whiskey and less than half a dozen bottles of beer. Why? Because the "bootlegger," after an exhaustive study of that "best prohibition law ever written," has found it cheaper and safer to have a porter almost constantly on the road, from the station of the wholesaler to the "joint," carrying his supplies in small quantities.

Nearly every drayman in Oklahoma City is armed with an injunction, which prevents the police from interfering with any liquor he may have on the dray, the interstate-commerce law protecting such shipments while in transit. Needless to add the draymen do not make a practice of driving through the streets of the city with loads of liquor. Instead there is a constant stream of liquor shooting down the alleys and back streets of the town, usually under cover of darkness.

At one time there were fifty cars of liquor on a railroad siding near Oklahoma City. The liquor was seized, but ordered returned to the cars when the case reached the courts, the interstate-commerce law again protecting the "bootlegger," and the costs of the proceedings being charged up against the county. It is declared in Oklahoma City that the selfsame cars were sent five miles out of town, and then shipped back, in dray load lots, to the consignees!

The hip-pocket "bootlegger" presents an even more formidable appearance to those who deprecate the flagrant violation of the law. The police are powerless to wipe out this practice of petty peddling, grown to astounding proportions throughout the State. Women and little children, tempted by the profits of the business, have joined the army of illicit liquor sellers, and many an humble kitchen has been transformed into a "joint," via the prohibition route, and the woman who, under ordinary circumstances would preside over that kitchen has degenerated into a "joint" keeper, her children often pressed into service for "special delivery" carriers, her home wrecked, all by the lure of the gold, ready for the gaining in Oklahoma by all who care to stock up and enter the illicit liquor business.

One of the most distressing features of these kitchen "joints" came to light a few months ago, when a house was raided, although the law prohibits the

A popular billiard-room with a bar in the rear. The clock is not unnecessarily large, for it contains enough liquors of various kinds to satisfy the thirst of all the players searching of a private residence. The raiding officers arrested a mother and her sixteen-year-old daughter, the latter a member of a class to be graduated the following day. The girl was placed in jail, along with her mother, and, when the auspicious day arrived for the graduating exercises and the girl did not put in an appearance, her teacher went out to investigate. The pupil was found in jail, and the teacher signed her bond, that she might appear with her class and carry off her share of the honors of the day! This is a matter of record.

Perjury, cheating, swindling—these are but a few of the minor evils that follow in the wake of prohibition, and it is safe to say that more boys have been ruined in Oklahoma City alone, during the two years of the prohibition rule, than would be possible in a quarter of a century under decent conditions.

Ask any travelling man who visits Oklahoma City whether or not the small boys of the streets, the messenger boys, and the bell-boys of the hotels know the location of the "dives." Any one of these lads may procure liquor for the asking, and many of them have embarked in the "bootlegging" business, carrying their small stock of whiskey, along with their bundles of papers or secreted in their clothing. Soon these lads acquire the taste for liquor, and then the extra money is needed to purchase the liquor for their own use. And it is but another step or two to the "bad" citizen, and Oklahoma, under prohibition rule, has a fine crop in the making. Trained almost from infancy to violate one law, these little urchins of the street, thrown on the world to fight for their living, and naturally taking advantage of any money-making chances coming their way, learn to violate other laws, and eventually to look with contempt upon all laws.

The spectacle of the trial, last January, at McAlister, Oklahoma, of a lad less than twelve years of age, tried jointly with his father, on a charge of "bootlegging," brings the flush of shame to the manhood of the State. The records of the McAlister County Court show that, in that particular instance, the court instructed the jury to acquit the lad, on the ground that it had not been proven that the child knew he was violating any law. The child was set free, and his court experience entitled him to a diploma from the Illicit Liquor-Sellers' Union of Oklahoma.

A few days previous to the advent of the twelve-year-old lad into the county court of McAlister a child of ten years was arrested, and when the officers made a raid on his shirtwaist it delivered up four and one-half pints of whiskey! It is such instances as these, multiplied without end, that have driven the decent and sensible and intelligent citizens of Oklahoma to the point where they have risen en masse and demanded the extermination of a law which, not content with its adult recruits, desecrates the home, robs the cradle, and makes of the infant a law-violator, a whiskey-peddler, before he has ever had a chance to know the difference between right and wrong.

Public officials of Oklahoma declare that suppression of the liquor traffic is impossible, and that the profit from the illegal sale of liquor has attracted to the State criminals of the worst type, who ply other criminal trades as a sort of side-line to the "bootlegging" industry.

In no city in the State have more strenuous efforts been put forth for the suppression of the illicit traffic than in Oklahoma City. The police and county authorities have been assisted by special enforcement officers, and yet the "bootlegger" is there, and his number is legion. More than three thousand search and seizure warrants have been issued by the justices of the peace, and the crusade has been carried on at an enormous expense to the State and county, and yet liquor may be had for the asking, and even the newsboys may point the way.

The efforts of the Oklahoma officials to suppress the liquor traffic during the first seven months of the fiscal year 1910 have materially increased the cost of the maintenance of the courts. Indictments returned to the District Court for the three years prior to November 10, 1909, also tell an interesting story as to the failure of prohibition to reduce crime in Oklahoma. Indictments for murder increased from 9 in 1906-07 to 20 in 1907-08 and to 27 in 1908-09; for burglary from 16 to 32 and 33; for robbery from 2 to 5 and 10. Police records of eight of the leading cities and towns of Oklahoma show that crime is increasing in the State more quickly than the increased population warrants. During the first eleven months under prohibition rule, from December, 1907, to October, 1908, the records of the six leading cities and towns of the State, showed the following conditions:

	Total Arrests	Arrests for Drunkenness
Oklahoma City	3829	962
Tulsa	1919	769
Shawnee	1690	517
Sapulpa	1029	508
Chickasha	772	290
Lawton	535	114

From November 1908, to September, 1909, inclusive, the second eleven months under prohibition rule, the same cities and towns showed the following conditions:

	Total Arrests	Arrests for Drunkenness
Oklahoma City	6061	2411
Tulsa	3074	1366
Shawnee	2063	867
Sapulpa	1820	726
Chickasha	1147	417
Lawton	897	204

As a still further indication that crime is on the increase in prohibition Oklahoma, thirty-nine counties out of the seventy-six counties of the State report 223 indictments and informations filed for homicides since the adoption of the prohibitory law on November 16, 1907. This does not include the many cases in which the culprits were not apprehended, but represents merely those against whom indictments and informations have been recorded. Any number of murders have taken place in Oklahoma in which the murderer has never been discovered, notable among them being the murder committed on the roof of the Campbell Building, one of the principal office-buildings of Oklahoma City, situated within a stone's throw of the City Hall and Police Headquarters, and almost adjoining the largest hotel of the city.

Of the thirty-nine counties included in the estimate given, but four report no indictments for murder, and the mere mention of the four counties, to those acquainted with Oklahoma, is all that is necessary. Grant, Harper, Washita, and Dewey counties report no indictments for murder.

A grand jury of Garvin County, in an official report to the court, recently made the statement that perjury in that county had "increased to an alarming extent, as a result of violations of the prohibitory law."

An amusing story is told concerning an official of the Anti-Saloon League, who boasted that, in his county, prohibition did prohibit, and that, out of twenty-two "bootleggers" tried, twenty-one were convicted. A little later on in the argument, in arraigning the liquor question in general, the enthusiast said:

"Why, in my county there have been eighteen murders committed since Statehood, every one of them directly traceable to liquor!"

"Why, I thought you said prohibition was a success in your county," replied his companion.

"It is," answered the Anti-Saloon official. "I am just telling you what a powerful influence the 'bootlegger' has, and the crimes that are committed through whiskey!"

The administration placed in power by the Statehood election has had the support of the prohibitionists at all times. The first Legislature was entirely controlled by them. Among other things, the prohibitory law provides for a State Enforcement Department consisting of attorneys and officers, appointed by the Governor, whose sole duties are to enforce the prohibitory law.

An appropriation of fifty thousand dollars has been made for this department, and only men known to be in entire sympathy with the law have been appointed to these offices. Besides this appropriation a percentage of the proceeds from the sale of confiscated liquor goes to this department.

Liquor confiscated in the State is shipped to Guthrie, to the State Agency, or State Dispensary, an institution made to work on an endless-chain theory, where it is sold at auction. The existence of this institution, with its local agencies scattered throughout the State, puts Oklahoma in the position of the liquor-seller, and, while the prohibitionists have fought for the maintenance of the agency, many of the citizens of the State are opposed to the institution, as the practical placing of State officials as bartenders or wholesalers of liquor. The agents of liquor houses from "wet" territory are stationed at Guthrie, where they bid in the confiscated goods, usually at very low figures. It is said that a Kansas City firm now has the "privileges" in this regard, agreeing not to ship the goods back into Oklahoma. It is also said that the Kansas City dealer lives up to his agreement, but sells the booty to another liquor agent of his town, who, in turn, ships it back to the Oklahoma trade!

Agents from Gainesville, Texas, have been known to bid in liquor confiscated in Oklahoma "joints" and shipped to the State Dispensary at Guthrie, the goods were then shipped to Gainesville, and thence to Oklahoma—back to the original purchaser; in many cases the goods, upon reaching Oklahoma "joints," were again confiscated, reshipped to Guthrie, thence to Gainesville, and finally returned by the quickest possible route, back to the original owner, and finally to Oklahoma's inner man, via the "bootlegger" route—slow, perhaps, but sure.

With a State administration thoroughly in harmony with the prohibition element, with ample funds and competent officers appointed to enforce the law, conditions during the two years in which the prohibitory law has been on trial have created a feeling of disgust for the law in the minds of well-balanced and unbiased citizens and taxpayers. The court dockets, from the Supreme Court down to the municipal courts, are congested with cases growing out of this law, to say nothing of the innumerable cases tried in which no convictions have been obtained. It is safe to say that the burden of increased taxation with which the Oklahoma taxpayer is now struggling may to a large extent be traced directly to the prohibitory law.

Professional men, business men, men in every walk of life, are lined up with the resubmissionists, many of them men who do not themselves indulge in intoxicating liquor in any form.

The Right Rev. F. K. Brooke, Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Oklahoma, is outspoken in his condemnation of the prohibitory laws.

"Prohibition makes cheats, liars, thieves, and hypocrites of men, and acts as a standing invitation to the criminal element of adjacent territory to locate in the State. The sooner it is wiped off the statute-books of the State, the better for Oklahoma. It is indeed unfortunate that Oklahoma, in the morning of her career, should be hampered by experimental laws, tried on the young State by men who seem to reason that any law, new to the old States, is just what Oklahoma needs. Character building is not a matter of legislation. Honor or sobriety cannot be legislated into a nation, State, or individual. The prohibitionist deals with a theory, while the State faces a reality, and he fails to realize that conditions cannot be met with theories."

It has been asserted time and again that the prohibitionist does not seek facts, and does not permit them to see the light of day if they do not support his cause. The last annual *Year Book* of the Anti-Saloon League bears out this charge, for it makes the statement that, in Oklahoma, under prohibition rule, some thirty-five hundred schools have been builded in the State. Assuming the figures to be correct, although the proof is not given, there is a reason for the school building, well known in Oklahoma, but perhaps overlooked in other States.

When admitted to the Union, there were none but Federal schools in a great portion of the State, notably on the Indian Territory side. With the advent into the Union, the first condition confronting the new State was the building of schools, the Federal schools having fulfilled their purpose and outlived their usefulness when the Territory advanced to Statehood.

One does not need the diploma of a divinity school to know that half a truth is worse than a lie, and yet upon "half truths" such as these the cause of prohibition in Oklahoma stands.

A few empty whiskey-bottles upon a vacant lot in Oklahoma City, evidence of a Saturday-night's conviviality

Ice-cream is sold at the counter. If you want a drink of whiskey you must stand before the screen

Shadows of the Stage

By William Winter

THE NEW SEASON*

This is the second of a new series of articles by William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, relative to contemporary drama, which will appear from time to time in future issues of "Harper's Weekly." Mr. Winter's articles formed a widely quoted feature of "Harper's Weekly" during the last theatrical season

> "*One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—*
> *That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,*
> *Though they are made and moulded of things past;*
> *And give to dust, that is a little gilt,*
> *More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

THAT acute remark, made by the wise Ulysses, in Shakespeare's tragical play of *Troilus and Cressida*, comes naturally into mind as the preliminary performances and the promise of the new dramatic season are scanned and considered. Of the eighty and odd theatres in New York thirty-three, as these words are written, are devoted either to revivals of plays,—of no conspicuous merit,—that were successful last year,—or to the presentation of more or less flimsy new ones, and to exhibitions of varieties. Within a short time the other theatres of the city will be open, and the full fever of theatrical enterprise will rage again with even more than the fervency of it that was manifested in the tumultuous season which closed last May.

Among the theatrical Overlords of the land there still is lively strife as to the identity of MacGregor and the place of the head of the table, but that contention has yielded no benefit to the public, other than accidental. The movement for "Independence" is alive, and in one way at least, namely, the maintenance of competition, it is salutary; but such denotements of it as can be discerned confirm the suspicion, expressed in this column last Spring, that the so-called "Open Door" organization will prove to be only another "syndicate," formed and used wholly with a view to selfish domination of the theatrical business of the country.

In both of the "syndicate" camps, and, indeed, in all parts of the theatrical world, the superlative is much over-worked. Jefferson Brick, like Julius Cæsar, in the play, is "mighty yet": "We air a great people, an' we must be *cracked up!*" The "alarums and excursions" are abundant and resonant. As these words are written no less than 113 revivals are announced of old plays which have already prospered, 122 new plays are specified, which are to come, and 42 new ones are said to be impending, which, as yet, are unnamed. There is, in short, resounding thunder in the index.

Meanwhile,—and this is as significant as it is deplorable,—the bustling enterprise of the New York Theatrical Syndicate (Mr. Charles Frohman's admired and much-vaunted organization for the advancement of the American Stage), cannot,—or does not,—undertake to provide for production, this season, even one Shakespearian or one standard legitimate drama. The stress is to be laid exclusively on "novelty" largely comprising old matter in new words, fribble, and experiment. That course, doubtless, possesses a moiety of practical wisdom: no objection can reasonably be made to the production of new plays: those that are good will be, and ought to be, welcome: but the vast play-going public of this country,—the country that leads the world, in its support of the Theatre,—surely is entitled to a fair return for its generous practical sympathy, expressed by large attendance and opulent receipts, and therefore it ought to be gratified by at least an occasional presentment, even under the Syndicate's direction, of some of the great standard plays of our language. There was a glimmer of purpose, not long ago, to augment the ranks of actors in the legitimate drama by presenting David Warfield as Shylock, and Frank Keenan as Sir Giles Overreach, but that has been "quietly inurned."

Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Blue Bird," now current at The New Theatre

Augustus Thomas, author of the new play, "The Jew"

Yet there are words of bright promise, and the higher drama will not remain unrepresented. Robert Mantell, maintaining his place as the leader of the American Stage in this period, will continue to act in his copious Shakespearian repertory, diversifying it, however, by production of one new play, called *The O'Flynn*, by that clever dramatist, Justin Huntley McCarthy, and also by revival of certain admirable old plays, long disused, which, to the present generation, will be new. Mr. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe, in the maturity of their professional powers and high in popular favor, will augment their already splendid repertory with the tragedy of *Macbeth*,—the most imaginative of the creations of Shakespeare's genius. The alert and enthusiastic manager, Mr. William A. Brady, will revive an Old English Comedy, in which the piquant Miss Grace George will play the chief part, and also he will revive several of the most effective plays which have adorned our stage within the last twenty-five years. Miss Anglin, who has made remarkable progress in authority and proficiency, will appear in new plays. Miss Viola Allen, one of the most accomplished actresses of our time, will continue for a while to act in the play based on the late Marion Crawford's novel of *The White Sister*. George Arliss, an actor of rare talent and interesting individuality, will assume the character of Lord Beaconsfield, in a new drama by Louis N. Parker. Foreign actors of distinction will come to America,—some to make acquaintance and some to say farewell. Mr. George C. Tyler expects to present the distinguished English comedian Herbert Beerbohm Tree, in association with Miss Ellen Terry, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. That eminent German player, Herr Possart, well remembered here, will make a return visit. Edward Terry, a comedian of brilliant ability and delightful humor, will come to us again, as Dick Phenyl, in *Sweet Lavender*,—a great embodiment of serio-comic character,—and in a select repertory. That wonderful woman Sarah Bernhardt is also named among impending visitors,—still intent, though close upon the snow-line of seventy years, to wield her sceptre and wear her crown. An example of vitality, constancy, courage, and indomitable will should have a salutary effect, equally on members of the dramatic profession and their auditors, and seldom, if ever, has such a striking example of those attributes been provided, by any woman of the stage, as is shown by that veteran actress.

Among new plays that are to signalize the dramatic season of 1910-'11, *The Jew*, by Augustus Thomas, and *Chanticleer*, by Edmond Rostand, will, no doubt, largely occupy and agreeably reward the public attention. Mr. Thomas, whose writings manifest an original and powerful mind, profound sincerity of feeling, beneficent purpose, lovely simplicity of style, and that large fidelity to human nature which, in the employment of art, transfigures and does not merely copy, is the foremost and ablest dramatist of America, and one of the [illegible] dramatists now living. In dramatic faculty,—which is the faculty that can, and does, represent character and conduct objectively and tell a story more in action than in words,—that author has few living [illegible] and no superior, and the spirit in which he employs his art is, in the highest degree, auspicious and admirable. "I shall never write a play," he said,—after witnessing the presentment of one of the most pernicious pieces that have soiled the New York Stage,—"that will send an audience out of the theatre depressed, or, if I can help it, anything but cheered and helped." In choosing an Hebraic theme, Mr. Thomas enters a field of pre-eminently important observation. The Jewish race, multitudinous in numbers, clannish and cohesive, immensely wealthy, acquisitive, inquisitive, patiently persistent, has acquired a prodigious power in America, a power rivalled only by that vast and wonderful organization, the Roman Catholic Church, and by the most potent and militant of Protestant sects, the Methodists; and that power, widely operative already, will more largely operate to shape the future of this country. Dramatic treatment of Jewish character in relation to American life (and from the pen of Mr. Thomas, who is not didactic and never preaches, no other kind of treatment can reasonably be expected) should prove interesting in quality, instructive in suggestion, and salutary in effect. The trend of the new play is, as yet, unknown, but magnanimity and humor are characteristics of Mr. Thomas, and there need not be any apprehension that the excessively sensitive Hebrew coterie will be wounded. The Jew is as much a legitimate subject of satire as the Gentile is, and on some accounts he ought to be subjected to it, in a distinctly caustic form: there is no weapon more effective than that of satire. Upon the American Theatre, as an institution, his influence has been potent and largely pernicious,—so much so that it has elicited the manly censure and public rebuke of some of the foremost and best representatives of the Hebrew race and the Hebrew religion. It would be melancholy indeed, and a sad augury of dark days, if his influence upon other fields of American business industry were shown to be correspondingly detrimental.

The play of *Chanticleer* will not be produced in New York until next January, and then it will be brought forth (at the Knickerbocker Theatre) under an apparent disadvantage,—a female performer, the interesting, capable, and widely popular Miss Maude Adams, having been chosen to act the chief male part. A woman acting as a man has seldom been commendable. This new play has been made known, far and wide, by many expedients of advertisement, among them that of controversy, in which some newspapers have joined. It is symbolical in character, and chiefly notable for eccentricity. Representation will, perhaps, disclose beauties that perusal of the published translation of it fails to discern.

A translation has also been published of Maeterlinck's play of *The Blue Bird*, with which The New Theatre has been opened. That play, like *Chanticleer*, treats human life by means of symbols,—giving a free play to fancy, and touching some chords that are joyous and some that are sad. Symbolism has been found useful in literary art, but it has often proved ineffective, and sometimes highly absurd, on the stage. *The Blue Bird* affords occasion for much variety of scenic embellishment. The principal expedient employed is the old one of a Dream. The spirit of it is playful, gentle, kindly, and the influence of it,—in so far as it can be thought to possess influence,—is good. Plays by Maeterlinck that have before now been shown here were drearily mystical and depressively morbid. This one is pictorial and sympathetic. Children, especially, will like it, and parents who are interested in having their children pleased can, doubtless, be relied on to give it practi-

Edmond Rostand, whose play "Chanticleer" will be produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre next January

(Continued on page 24)

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Where Kings Broke Bread

THE SALE OF THE CAFÉ ANGLAIS, OF PARIS, WHICH WILL BE CONVERTED INTO A BANK, REVIVES MEMORIES OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF ROYAL AND REGAL BANQUETS

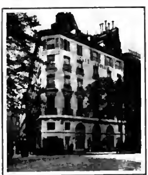
By Rowland Strong

WHEN the two official blue bills appeared on the white walls of the Café Anglais, announcing that the place was shortly to be sold, it is not too much to say that the whole gastronomic world of Paris received a severe shock to the stomach.

What would the boulevard be without the Café Anglais? Already the pitiless hand of time had been busy—especially of recent years—in effacing many, and indeed most, of its typical culinary landmarks. Tortoni's went two lustres ago, and with it the famous flight of three stone steps leading to its front door, up which had walked every illustrious Parisian from the Napoleonic days of Talleyrand and Wellington to these latter times of Clémenceau and Aurélien Scholl—a brilliant procession of diplomatists, politicians, conquerors, dandies, dreamers, and wits. Tortoni's is now a boot shop. Then the Maison Dorée, just opposite the Café Anglais, after a patriotic struggle against the democratic wave which is inundating the Boulevard, heeled over and sank. Bignon's had already gone down, and with it the evocative name of the Café Foy. The Café Riche was not long in following the tragic example of the Maison Dorée. Bréhant's, where Turgenieff, Daudet, Renan, and Prince Jérôme Napoleon were wont to foregather, had been better dead, for it had dwindled to the level of a beer saloon. The Café Julien had struck its flag to a dry-goods store. But none of these houses, essentially *boulevardier* as they were, could vie with the Café Anglais in Parisianism. Tortoni's, like the Café Napolitain, which is still with us, had an Italian inspiration which found material expression in a specialty of ice creams. The Maison Dorée, the one serious rival of the Café Anglais, was its junior in years, and though an acknowledged temple of French cooking according to the most sacred rites, lacked the serene dignity and the exclusive royal and imperial custom which give the Café Anglais its unique tone. And as for the others—well, all the others were, to use Verlaine's phrase, *littérature*, that is to say, they exhibited objective forms, from which pure art, in this case the art of living, on the principle of living to eat and drink, was in some essential detail lacking.

It was felt that the disappearance of the Café Anglais would be the end of a world. For it is now more than a hundred years since the Café Anglais was founded. The story of its genesis is not without human and dramatic interest. Before the French Revolution broke out, the space behind the ramparts of the city (now the boulevards), lying between what are to-day the corners of the Rue de Richelieu, and the Rue de Grammont, was occupied by the country mansion and park of the Duc de Choiseul, the Foreign Minister of Louis the Fifteenth. This was pulled down on the Duc's death, and in the grounds surrounding it the existing streets were then built. The boulevards, which had been planted with trees some years before, were just becoming fashionable as a promenade, and so a number of minor restaurants sprang up in their vicinity. Among these was the little wayside eating-house, or "cabaret," at the corner of the Rue de Marivaux, which was to become world-famous as the Café Anglais.

The name of its original owner has been lost in the fog of ages. His establishment was modest in appearance and possessed this inconvenience, that its floor was more than a yard lower than the level of the boulevard. Even now, on entering the Café Anglais, a step downward must be taken. Its customers were few; but one day a band of gilded youths invaded its precincts, and, finding the food good, and the wine even better, they consecrated it to their use. Chief among them was the very odd Monsieur de Sourdeval.



The Cafe Anglais from the Boulevard des Italiens

As soon as the vogue of the little half-rustic "cabaret" was assured, Monsieur de Sourdeval made a point of dining there daily, after which he would invariably proceed, in any sort of weather, to the Jardin des Plantes, to look at the wild beasts, reciting Latin verses on the way, and every night he listened to the last act—never more than the last act—of an opera, placing himself full in view of the audience on the steps leading to the orchestra. This is all that is known of Monsieur de Sourdeval; still, it sufficed to make him immortal, and he was the first of a long line of eccentric viveurs whose extravagancies helped to give fame to the Café Anglais. But it was not until the beginning of the last century, after the peace of Amiens, when the English were free again to visit Paris, that the Café Anglais achieved its present designation. The English were then the only people in Europe who had money "to burn," and they showed, regardless of expense, their appreciation of the excellent French cheer which was to be found at the little boulevard house. They constituted, in fact, its mainstay, and thus it took its name from them. When war again broke out between the France of Napoleon and the England of George III., the Café Anglais, perforce abandoned by its best customers, was on the verge of ruin. It was saved by one dinner, a feast of such Gargantuan proportions and culinary ingenuity that all Paris rang with its fame, and then flocked to the restaurant where every previous kitchen record had been beaten. The menu led off with a "potage Camerani," so named after its inventor, an actor at the Théâtre Feydeau. The chief ingredient of this phenomenal soup was the concentrated essence of forty fat chicken livers, and its successful preparation depended on the chickens having been killed by electricity according to a method invented by Beyer, the organizer of the dinner, an eminent scientist of the day, and, clearly, the discoverer of electrocution.

The fortunes of the Café Anglais were now on the up hill grade, and it became necessary to enlarge the premises. At No. 13 of the Rue de Marivaux, which forms angle with No. 13 of the Boulevard des Italiens, there was a gambling-den known as the "Grand Treize." This was absorbed by the Café Anglais, which thus bears the double No. 13—of the Rue de Marivaux, and also of the Boulevard des Italiens—but does not seem to have been unlucky on this account.

A year after Waterloo, a new proprietor, who was from Bordeaux, Monsieur Chevreuil, set himself to arrange the cellars on a scale which should be worthy of the growing reputation of the restaurant. His clarets and foreign wines were selected with immense care and skill, but, being from Bordeaux, he disliked Burgundies, and disliked the customers who drank them, though willing to minister at extravagant prices to the taste that he condemned. The eccentricities of the habitués and the crankiness of its successive proprietors have ever distinguished the Café Anglais. Its cellars, which extend under three neighboring houses, are kept as neatly as a lady's boudoir. The intersecting passages have a little railway running along them, and converge to a four-cross road, in the center of which is an artificial orange-tree with luminous oranges. The cellar walls are decorated with festoons of grape-vines hiding electric lamps. Here are wines, in the strictest sense of the term, fit for kings; Château Lafite of 1864 (of which the magnum is priced $30) and of 1865; Haut Brion of 1880 ($30); Château Margaux, 1848 ($20); Clos d'Estournelles, 1834; Château Latour, 1871; old brandies of 1784, 1797, and 1800, and green Chartreuse of 1869 and 1877, all of which are priceless; port of 1820 and 1834.

It was in the heyday of the Second Empire about fifty years ago, that the Café Anglais reached the zenith of its prosperity. At that epoch supper meant more than dinner to the smart men and women about Paris. The Café Anglais was essentially a supper-place, to which resorted after the theater the illustrious dandies of the time—the Duc de Gramont-Caderousse, the ill fated young Prince of Orange, heir to the throne of Holland, and nicknamed "Citron"; the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales; the Duke of Hamilton, who was finally to break his neck on the staircase of the Maison Dorée opposite his bosom friend, Lord Seymour, or "My lor' Arsouille" as he preferred to call himself; the late Prince de Sagan; Mr. Bryan, an eccentric American member of the Jockey Club, whose joyous practice it was to pour a bottle of curaçao into the piano, doubtless to give it tone. The "Grand 16," the first floor room overlooking the corner of the Rue de Marivaux and the boulevard where the most notable suppers were served, no longer has a piano, and this is a sign of the changing times, sedate dinners having taken the place of noisy suppers. More than once Napoleon III. came incognito to the "Grand 16," where in the Exhibition year, just before the Empire fell, was served the famous dinner "of the three Emperors," so called because the amphitryon was the then Tsar of Russia, and with him were the Tsarewitch, afterward Tsar Alexander III., and William, King of Prussia, afterward German Emperor. The "Grand 16" is, on account of the many imperial and royal personages who have dined within its red damask-hung walls, of all the restaurant dining-rooms in the world, the one in which the souvenirs of monarchy hang thickest. Once the "Grand 8" of the defunct Maison Dorée ran a close second to it; but the proprietors of the Maison Dorée made the mistake of purchasing a quantity of wines taken from the Tuileries and sold at public auction after the Imperial Palace had been destroyed by the mob, and the sight of these famous crus on the wine-card may well have proved an eyesore to the illustrious personages who in more peaceful times had enjoyed the fallen Emperor's hospitality.

The "Bibliotheque," where Russian Grand Dukes keep their silver services

The "Grand 16," the favorite dining-room of monarchs

The cellars of the Cafe, showing the celebrated orange tree

The "Grand 16" of the Café Anglais has retained its First Empire aspect on the original Louis Quinze setting, without a trace of modern garishness having been added. Yet in spite of its prim and demure outlook what fantastic scenes has it not witnessed in those old supping days to which Balzac and the memorialists of two generations ago so constantly refer? It was here that Cora Pearl, the Salome of the effete Second Empire, was served up in the costume of Eve on a silver platter hidden beneath a dish-cover at a supper given by the Duc de Gramont-Caderousse. It was from the "Grand 16" that Rigolboche, the Polaire of her day, set out in similarly light attire on her famous trip across the boulevard to the Maison Dorée. Not infrequently the supper service was sent hurling through the windows on to the boulevard below, by the frenzied young bloods of the period, of whom perhaps the maddest was the recently deceased General Marquis de Galliffet, in whose memory a dinner is now held at the Café Anglais every first and second Friday of the month. Prince Bismarck frequently supped there before the Franco-German war. The Café Anglais has helped to reconcile with the vicissitudes of life more than one deposed and exiled monarch. The ex-King Milan of Servia rarely dined elsewhere, and Queen Isabella of Spain, leaving her carriage a few doors farther down the boulevard, so as not to be seen, and accompanied by her suite, has many a time plied an assiduous knife and fork in the "Grand 16." During the revolution which followed the collapse of the French army at Sedan, the Comtesse de Castiglione, the most beautiful woman of her time, not excepting the Empress Eugénie, who thought she had reasons to be jealous of her, was hidden in an apartment over the Café Anglais by the head waiter. This saved her from the sanguinary fury of the Communist mob who attributed the national disasters in part to her supposed influence over Louis Napoleon. The figure of the head waiter Ernest, to whom the Comtesse de Castiglione was indebted for this chivalrous rescue, lingers in the memories of old-timers as the model of what a "maître d'hôtel" should be—clean shaven, soft of speech, with the manners but not the morals of a diplomatist, for he should never say the thing that is not, a sincere but not obtrusive counsellor, a living and loving encyclopedia of gastronomic lore. Ernest's present successor, Alphonse, worthily maintains the traditions of these weighty functions. For the maître d'hôtel is the ambassador of the chef. At the Café Anglais there has been an unbroken line of great cooks, of whom each in turn has inherited the mantle of the illustrious Carême. What Berlioz and Wagner were to music, and Châteaubriand to the written word, Carême was to cooking, the first of the great Romantics. After being cook to Napoleon the First, Carême entered the service of George IV., but his artistic spirit, cramped within the stony confines of Windsor Castle, quickly sought release from insular surroundings, and his description, in the preface of his monumental work on cooking, of the why and the how of his resignation from the service of the British sovereign is a page of blazing eloquence, instinct with patriotic and artistic ardor, which, if the "First Gentleman in Europe" ever read it, must have made him feel cheap indeed. Carême found refuge in Paris, with Baron de Rothschild, and there formed his most famous pupil, the great Dugléré. Quitting Baron de Rothschild, Dugléré became chef at the Café Anglais, where he invented the potage Germiny, dedicated to the eminent financier, Comte de Germiny, the barbue (brill) à la Dugléré, the pommes Anna, the poulet à la d'Albuféra, dishes now celebrated throughout the world. A pupil of Dugléré is the present chef and proprietor of the Café Anglais, whose name I would willingly have written down here, had he not, with the modesty so becoming to the true artist, particularly begged me not to do so. "The name of the Café Anglais," he said, "is quite glorious enough by itself."

The imperial and royal crowned heads of Europe have borne no grudge against the artistic descendants of the illustrious Carême for his refusal to accompany Napoleon to St. Helena, and his rupture with George IV. On the contrary, they are among the most assiduous and faithful customers of the Café Anglais, where several of them—notably the Grand Dukes of Russia—have their own dinner services of silver plate, bearing their crowned monograms. Other noble habitués have simply their private finger-bowls and rince-bouche, some of which are silver gilt, and one is pure gold. These are kept in a large cupboard with glass doors, which is called the "bibliothèque." The service on the first set of shelves in the right hand division of this "bibliothèque" was that used for the late King of England when, being on a brief visit to Paris with Queen Alexandra some months ago, he dined at the Café Anglais for the last time. The old King was giving Queen Alexandra the treat of "doing" Paris with him as if they were a newly married couple on their honeymoon. Grave politicians were convinced that the King's presence was motived by some deep political scheme. But it was nothing of the sort. The King, accompanied by his Queen, was visiting the scenes associated with his joyous youth and manhood, when, as Prince of Wales, he was the most popular of Parisians, and there they sat in the "Grand 16" with just a few intimate friends, almost like Darby and Joan, she, no doubt, with indulgent love in her thoughts, and he with the mist of fading memories in his eyes. This was the menu:

Potage chiffonade
Truite de rivière frite, sauce Madère
Poularde braisée au gros sel
Ragoût de truffes
Baron de Pauillac rôti, pommes de terre nouvelles
Purée d'Epinards nouveaux
Salade, pommes, chicorée
Asperges, sauce hollandaise
Poires à la Bourdaloue
Desserts.

Chablis moutonne
Moët 1893 frappé
Château Latour 1875
Grande fine champagne 1800.

A dinner in every way suitable to British sovereigns, simple and substantial.

One of the most treasured souvenirs in the possession of Monsieur Bourdel (there goes the name!), the present owner of the Café Anglais, is the autograph letter which Queen Alexandra wrote to him in reply to his respectful letter of condolence on King Edward's death.

In three to four years from now the Café Anglais, so well known to all the wealthy Americans living in or passing through Paris, will be driven from its ancient abode to make room for a Belgian bank. Will it be closed forever, or merely transferred to another and, if possible, equally congenial locality. That is the secret of Monsieur Bourdel.

The restaurant of the Cafe, with the head-waiter, whose name is Alphonse

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The Fishers of Colmerro

By Louise Morgan Sill

Oh, there's loafing at Colmerro in the golden Cornish sun,
And there's lounging on the pier when the fisher's work is done;
There's a glaring at the sky and a staring at the sea,
And a grumbling and a growling, "There's but little luck for we."

At five of every afternoon the boats file slowly out
From the little inner harbor, with their sails so brown and stout,
Sturdy gaffers, full of fishing nets well corked and black with tar,
And, dark against the rosy sky, they pass the outer bar.

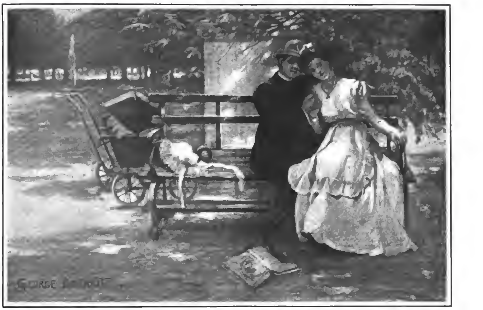
Then it's shooting nets, and guarding them, and fighting dogfish, too—
The devil's ugly enemy of every fisher's crew,
A-tearing nets and stealing fish and leaping at the boat
As if they'd like to fasten on the fisher's very throat.

Then it's snatch a bite of cottage bread, or try "a bit o' fesh,"
With the sea spray in your faces, and the wind a-blowing fresh,
And it's hoping, hoping, hoping that the pilchards come your way
That wife and children may be fed when winter locks the bay.

For there's three men to a boat, and a third is each man's share
When the owner's paid expenses; and if loaded nets are rare
Then there's lacking in the little old stone cottage on the shore,
And there's dry bread for the breakfast, and for dinner nothing more.

But there's always hoping, hoping for the fisher and his wife
As she waits for him at midnight, grown so patient of her life
That there's dusk around her eyes like the shadows on the sea,
And there's drooping of her lips where a smiling used to be.

But daily on the pier in the golden Cornish sun
There's loafing at Colmerro when the fisher's work is done;
There's a questioning of sky and complaining of the sea,
And a grumbling and a growling, "There's but little luck for we."



IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

WHAT is the matter with our immigration laws? Five or six weeks ago a Norwegian poet attempting to enter the port of New York with twenty-four dollars in his pocket was deported as an undesirable alien, while last week six pythons, two monkeys, and a poll parrot were admitted without question. It looks as if there were some discrimination hidden somewhere, and if the Helicon Chapter of the Amalgamated Poets doesn't take the matter up and demand an investigation we shall be mightily surprised.

It would be a great step in the direction of the world's peace if the report that the Krupp gun factory is going into the manufacture of marshmallows and gum drops exclusively on and after January 1st should prove true.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
  Whence all but him had fled.
The flames were curling high, by heck!
  About his auburn head.
Some thought him brave as brave could be,
  But as for me, begosh!
I think he knew the piffling sea
  Would douse the whole kibosh!

"What's the matter, little boy?"
"M' maw's gone an' drownded all the kittens."
"Dear! dear! Now that's too bad."
"Yep, and I' promised—boo hoo!—'at I c'u'd do it."

In Jonah's case there can be no doubt that the whale was, whether for good or evil none can say, the power behind the thrown.

While here and there may be found a woman who is alive to the fact that her husband is a genius, it is unfortunately true that no man is a hero to the woman whose shirtwaist he hooks up behind.

The Duc de Montpensier has recently been doing Broadway, but it caused very little excitement. The fact is that Broadway has been done so many years by the canvasback and others that a new duc more or less doesn't make much of an impression.

Bibbs is so obtuse that he can't see any sense in Wellman's project to go to Europe and back in his airship, "because," he says, "he is here already."

An Irish Prohibitionist up in Maine declined to be a pall-bearer for one of his best friends after he had been informed that one of the duties of the pall-bearer was to carry the bier down through the middle aisle of the church. He was afraid the excise officers would catch him in the act.

They are waxing very proud out in Montana because somebody there has just captured a twenty-foot snake, but, all the same, smiling little old Arizona still bears the palm with a hundred-foot centipede.

It is said that what man has done man can do, but the gold-brick man runs a terrible chance when he tries to do a farmer who has already been done by the same game.

STAVES FOR TIPSTERS

A dime suffices very well
For him who answereth the bell,
And to the buxom chambermaid.
Two silver dimes should e'er be paid.
But when you come to tip the porter,
He'll look at nothing but a quarter.
These fees will make a welcome guest,
The while the landlord takes the rest.

It will be interesting, after that aviation meet at the Hub, to hear whether the air over Boston is really any more rarefied than that which circles about other American cities of the same class.

A safe rule for the beginner in the world's affairs is to remember his debts and forget his grudges, paying the former, and letting the latter await the action of the statute of limitations.

"Don't die on third base," says a sporting clergyman. It is good advice, and one good way to keep from doing it is not to over-eat on the home plate.

HIS DEFENCE

It was shortly after midnight, and the Colonel had caught Rastus red-handed.

"Well, Rastus, you old rascal, you," said he. "I've caught you at last. What are you doing in my hen-house?"

"Why, Marse Bill," said the old man, "I—I done heerd such a cacklin' in dis yere coop dat I—I thought mebbe de ole hen done gone lay an aig, an' I—I wanted ter git it fo' you' breakfas' while it was fresh, suh."

THE EXPLANATION

"But, my dear Mrs. Boarders," said Wiggley, "I don't understand your rates at all. You say that you will charge fifteen dollars a week for me and thirty-five dollars a week for Mrs. Wiggley. Why this difference?"

"Why, you see, Mr. Wiggley," said the landlady, "you don't weigh more than a hundred and forty pounds, while Mrs. Wiggley don't weigh an ounce less than two hundred."

"But what has that got to do with it?" demanded Wiggley.

"Under the laws as they are now enforced," replied the landlady, "we charge for board by the weight."

LADY CUSTOMER *(to inattentive saleswoman)*: "Er-pardon me—but, seeing that you're so busy now, if you can spare a moment to-morrow or next day I'd like to make an appointment to buy a paper of pins."

THE YOUNG PHILATELIST

TOMMY: "Hello, Billy! do you collect postage stamps?"

BILLY: "Yep."

TOMMY: "Got any duplicates you'd like to swap?"

BILLY: "Well, maybe. We've just had a pair o' twins up to our house, and if ma will let me have one of 'em I'll let you have him for an uncancelled two-cent Nicaragua for 1903."

WITHERUP'S DREAM-BOOK

Compiled from Personal Experiences by Anne Warrington Witherup.

TO dream on the last night of the months of September, March, or August, that an unknown uncle has died and left you $8,000,000, is a sure sign that the first mail on the following morning will bring you between eight and ten unreceipted bills from the gas company, the telephone company, the butcher, the baker, and others.

To dream that your great-grandfather has driven up to your house in a pink automobile, accompanied by Lucrezia Borgia and Cleopatra, with Methuselah sitting in the little rumble at the rear, is a sign that the Welsh Rabbit you ate at the club the night before was too leathery to be readily digested.

To dream that you are tobogganing in the arctic regions with the Sultan of Turkey, clad only in a blue bath-robe and a yachting-cap, is a sign either that in your sleep you have kicked the bedclothes off on the floor, or that the maid has forgotten to put the extra blanket on your downy couch.

To dream that the president of the national bank in which you keep your funds has called upon you with a hamper full of fresh fifty-dollar bills, with the request that you use them for whatever purpose you see fit, with the compliments of the Board of Directors, is a sign that within forty-eight hours you will receive notice of an overdraft of not less than three dollars and forty-eight cents.

To dream that your lily-white fingers are covered with engagement rings, each containing diamonds, sapphires, or topazes, worth between $2,000 and $3,000 apiece, is an omen that the French count who proposed to you at Saratoga last summer is in all probability a ringer.

To dream that upon your return from Europe you have been held up by the custom-house officials, and that four pearl necklaces, eight diamond tiaras, forty-three gold watches, seven hobble-skirts, three seal-skin sacks, and Leonardo Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* have been discovered sewed up in the lining of your Persian-lamb cloak, is a sign that when you really do come in you will save yourself a lot of trouble and notoriety by declaring everything.

To dream along about eight o'clock in the morning that all the church-bells in the world are sounding a violent tocsin outside your bedroom window, accompanied by a running fire of little chimes from the necks of your neighbor's cows, is in most cases an omen that breakfast is ready.

To dream that a runaway elephant from the circus that played in your town yesterday has slid through the keyhole of your door, and perched himself on your chest, and started in to sing "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," through his proboscis, is an infallible sign that there was something wrong with your bride's tea-biscuits the night before.

To dream that an Armenian refugee has called at your house and tried to sell you a patent wash-boiler that can be used on Saturday nights for a bath-tub, and on Sundays as a jardinière, is a sign that before a year has passed by somebody will ask you to contribute something for foreign missions.

To dream that your son in college has written a letter saying that his allowance is much too small, and that because of the high cost of living he has to meet expenses that you never dreamed of when you went through thirty years ago, is a sign that he is still there, and going along in the usual way.

To dream for seven successive nights that you have had to act as judge of a cake-walk in the Zoological Gardens, and to decide whether to give the prize to a blue zebra accompanied by a green monkey, or to a tiger having a ferocious lion for a side-partner, is an omen that the nerve tonic you have been taking to recover from the effects of your summer vacation was prepared especially for use in prohibition States.

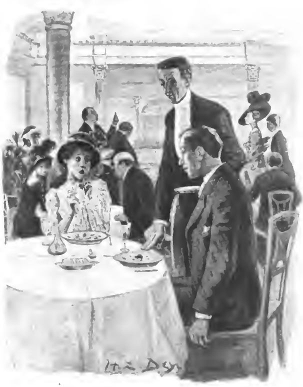
To dream that your tailor, who has not been paid for some time, has called at your house, bringing with him a large cylinder which, upon being unrolled, discloses a bill a hundred and sixty yards long, with the items written in a small but legible hand, and ending with a "please remit," is a sign that some one is thinking of you.

To dream that your pet donkey has broken loose from his stall, and, entering your drawing-room, has started to play *The Death of Siegfried* on your baby-grand piano with his hind legs, is a pretty infallible sign that before the month is over there will be a kick coming from somewhere.

To dream that all the great editors in the country have written you a round-robin asking permission to print your five-hundred-stanzaed poem on "Washington Crossing the Delaware" is a sign that the little joke you sent last week to the comic paper will be returned to you, not because it is lacking in literary merit, but because the editor of the said comic paper has heard it before.

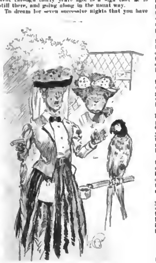
To dream that Wilbur Wright has induced you to take a ride through the sky with him in his aeroplane and, upon reaching the outskirts of the Great Dipper, has pushed you overboard without a parachute or any other kind of a safety device, is an omen that something is going to drop before you reach the age of ninety.

To dream that in a hand-to-hand encounter with your red-haired cook you inadvertently threw her down, and that she immediately rebounded from the kitchen floor and flew up into the air until she looked like the smallest of the twinkling stars in the heavens, is a sure sign that some day you will have to bounce her for good and sufficient reasons.



THE CITY'S PERILS

"WHAT'S THIS, WAITER?"
"CLAM COCKTAILS, MADAM."
"THERE, HIRAM! I JUST KNEW THIS WASN'T A TEMPERANCE HOTEL WE'D GOT INTO."



FORMS OF SPEECH: "'NUFF SAID!"

JUST WHAT HE WANTED

"I AM very much obliged to you," said the Facetious Personage to the Wandering Agent, "and I really do want a sewing-machine, but not exactly your kind. What I am after is a machine that will sow wild oats."

"Then I have just the thing you seek," returned the Wandering Agent, with a placid smile. "I am the agent for this district of the whoopitupmobile, one of the fastest little red cars on the market. It is about the size of a taxicab, and is furnished with a metre that shows you just how fast you are burning your money. The 1911 model will be ready for delivery on the fifteenth of—."

But the Facetious Individual had fled. He had met his match, and he was afraid it might harm him.

A GOOD THING

"THAT Miss Wilkie has completely lost her head over Bobbitt," said Bjones.

"Well, that's good for Bobbitt," returned Slithers. "If she lands him he'll save a lot of money on hats."

A SURE SIGN

"I UNDERSTAND, Mr. Reuben," said the visitor, "that your son is devoted to the turf."

"Yaas, I reckon he is," said the old man. "Jabez kin lay down on the grass for half hours 'thout makin' no complaint."

ONLY

ONLY a pair of dark brown eyes,
Only a dimple sweet;
Only the clouded autumn skies,
Only a muddy street.

Only a glance from the eyes of brown,
Only a friendly smile;
Only a maid in a fetching gown,
Only a bit of guile.

Only a boy with an ardent heart,
Only a gust of rain;
Only a glance at a taxi-cart,
Only a sudden pain.

Only a deeply anxious thrill,
Only a frown of rue;
Only a lone ten dollar bill,
Only a swift skiddoo!

WILBERFORCE JENKINS.

The Fate of Man

By Charles Neville Buck

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

BUT Mahmid Pasha was not really convinced. Indicating, with a ringed forefinger, the wisps of cigarette smoke that drifted lazily up through the thickened air, he put his argument with gravity.

"Yet you will observe that the smoke floats upward—since such is the destiny of smoke."

Doctor Berry resolutely shook his head.

"It seems," he contended, "a bitter sort of creed that life is only a cul-de-sac into which one is remorselessly driven and from which there is no escape."

When the doctor spoke he radiated the impression of a force under restraint. His was a questioning intellect, and his tall, almost gaunt, body seemed to bear as remote a relationship to his personality as an undecorative binding to a profound essay.

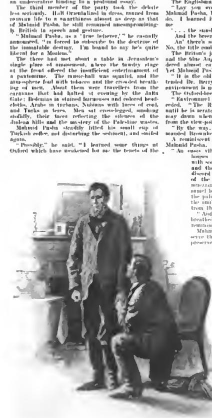
The third member of the party took the debate less seriously. Half Orientalized in dress, tanned from roving life to a swarthiness almost as deep as that of Mahmid Pasha, he still remained uncompromisingly British in speech and gesture.

"Mahmid Pasha, as a 'true believer,'" he casually announced, "is forced to subscribe to the doctrine of the immutable destiny. I'm bound to say he's quite liberal for a Moslem."

The three had met about a table in Jerusalem's single place of amusement, where the tawdry stage at the front offered the insufficient entertainment of a pantomime. The music-hall was squalid, and the atmosphere foul with tobacco and the crowded breathing of men. About them were travellers from the caravans that had halted at evening by the Jaffa Gate: Bedouins in stained burnouses and colored head-cloths, Arabs in turbans, Nubians with faces of coal, and Turks in fezes. Men sat cross-legged, smoking stolidly, their faces reflecting the silences of the Judean hills and the mystery of the Palestine wastes.

Mahmid Pasha steadily lifted his small cup of Turkish coffee, not disturbing the sediment, and smiled again.

"Possibly," he said. "I learned some things at Oxford which have weakened for me the tenets of the Koran. I am a Balliol man. Possibly the chimes of cathedral bells may have made me forget somewhat of the muezzin's call. Yet I know that at the end man comes back to the destiny of man."



The boy sprang forward and fell to his knees

He set down the shell-like cup and glanced about him.

"The eagle," he went on, "once left its eyrie on a very desolate mountain where the wind was fierce and biting. He discovered the warm abode of the ostrich at the edge of the desert. There was no need of facing the hard storms to reach the ostrich's place, yet the eagle mounted again to his own bleak nest of fagots because it was his home and because it was the destiny of the eagle."

"Then you contend that a man's life is only a circle back to the starting-point," demanded Dr. Berry.

"Tell me from what you come," replied Mahmid Pasha, with conviction, "and I shall tell you where you will end."

"I come," said Brownlow-Carter, with a laugh, "from London, but I've been about the East too long to abide the fogs again. At midnight I start with a caravan for Damascus."

"You, my friend," ruled Mahmid Pasha, seriously, "will return to your fogs."

The Englishman laughed.

"Lay you even! You may know your Koran, Mahmid Pasha, but you don't know your Kipling. I do. I learned it where he learned it himself. For me

'. . . the sunshine of England is pale,
And the breezes of England are stale,
An' there's somethin' gone small with the lot.'

No, the title couldn't draw me back now."

The Briton's jaw took on a more resolute pattern, and the blue Anglo-Saxon eyes deepened as they wandered almost caressingly about the murky confines. Yet Mahmid Pasha only shook his head once more.

"It is the old argument that heredity rules," contended Dr. Berry with great earnestness, "and that environment is nil."

The Oxford-bred Turk spread his palms.

"Environment controls until the final test," he conceded. "The Russian does not become the Tartar until he is scratched. Who shall say how soon a day may dawn when I, for example, must look on life from the view-point of the bazar in my native village?"

"By the way, where is this village of yours?" demanded Brownlow-Carter.

A reminiscent gleam came into the heady eyes of Mahmid Pasha.

"An oasis village in the Arabian desert . . . the houses about the market-place are hovels with sod roofs . . . the bazar reeks with dust and the smell of goats. Its noise is the discord of grunting camels and the shouts of the drivers . . . but there is also the muezzin from the mosque and the tinkle of camel bells. Likewise the water is sweet and the palms have shade. The sight of it is as the smile of Allah to the thirsting caravans from the desert!"

"And Mecca-bound pilgrims halt there," breathed the Briton with the softness of reminiscence.

Mahmid Pasha gravely bowed. "Now I serve the Sultan Abdul Hamid—whom Allah preserve!" After a pause he went on with great deliberation:

"Dr. Berry, here, is American. His reputation is known to every man who keeps in touch with the pulse-beat of the world—and the illustrated periodicals. I know that a delicate and important operation bears his name, and that even now a theory of his authorship is throwing the physicians of Vienna and Paris into controversy." He bowed with a flattering courteousness to the American, who flushed. "It would be interesting to see how far he has wandered from the elements that surrounded his birth."

The physician looked up, and a slow smile broke across his face.

"Picture to yourselves," he said, "as wild and tangled a hill country as your imagination can paint; rugged mountain ridges, symbols of isolation, with fields clinging to steep inclines. Picture an almost medieval life entirely surrounded by the twentieth century where men still cling to the idea of the vendetta, and assassinate their enemies from the laurel. Try to picture that life—the life of the Cumberland Mountains—and you have the thing to which, if Mahmid Pasha is a true prophet, I must revert. Instead of looking through the lens of the microscope I must lie in ambush and peer across the sights of a magazine rifle."

Dr. Berry laughed.

"But your own people," persisted Mahmid Pasha. "They were different!"

The famous specialist shrugged his shoulders—shoulders somewhat stooped from bending over operating-tables.

"My father was shot to death on the highway. My uncle, Isaac Berry, who became my second father, has stood for law and the regeneration of the mountains, but he stands alone, unaided. In my veins runs the blood of the feudist. By environment my work is life-saving and human repair; by heredity it is life-taking and destruction."

Brownlow-Carter studied the grave face of the speaker with a new and deeper interest. He had noted the soft panther-like tread of this man on the board floor and had thought it the noiselessness acquired in sick-room and hospital ward. Now he remembered seeing other men, half-wild men, who had the same cushioned footfall—men who might endanger their lives by the stirring of a leaf or the breaking of a twig.

. . . .

They bade Brownlow-Carter farewell at midnight in the stable enclosure where lanterns blinked fitfully. Camels grunted protest, and with the swaying of their shaggy necks sent fantastic shadows wavering across the circles of light, to be lost in the smother of the general darkness. Small, wiry stallions, tethered by their forelegs to heavy floor-chains, stamped and nickered. Then the loaded beasts filed out into the streets and shambled along under the stars toward the Damascus gate.

Mahmid Pasha walked back with the Kentuckian through the murky town, where the night-howling of hundreds of dogs rose from the crooked alleys. At the entrance of the Hotel Notre Dame de France, while he paused to say good-night, an officer, with a native *kavass* at his back, came forward and handed him a sealed letter. The Moslem tore the envelope and his face grew suddenly grave. Then bowing, with some speech in Arabic, to the messenger, he turned again to Dr. Berry.

"It is not only good-night, but good-by," he said. "I have received a summons from the government of the Sultan, whom Allah preserve, to report at once at the Yildiz Kiosk. I leave immediately for Constantinople."

As the physician grasped the outstretched hand he looked keenly into a troubled face. "No unwelcome orders, I hope?"

Mahmid Pasha shrugged his shoulders with an indifference that suggested the stoic, but his lips smiled.

"The fate of man is about his neck," was his somewhat enigmatic reply.

Some months later Dr. Berry reached his lodgings in New York, and rapidly prepared for a journey west and south.

In the mountains of the Kentucky border were his relatives. The term is plural, yet it is doubtful whether Dr. Berry had thought just now for more than one. That one was his cousin.

He had known her since she had been the small girl whose horizon ended with the shaggy hill ridges—since he had been the young physician returning from the great outer world to find the boyhood home grown strangely crude.

He had seen her personify the miracle with which the child turns woman, and after that he had never found the mountains otherwise than wonderful—when she was there. But like himself, she had been sent away that she might grow into the life which old Isaac Berry knew could not for many years come to the "ridge." Like himself, she knew both lives, and still loved her native hills and woods. There, in the past two years, she had been too busy with her labor of developing the schools and hastening the renaissance to give due attention to his numberless proposals of marriage.

He seemed to see her again, as she had stood at the creek ford to bid him farewell, very straight, very young, and to him very beautiful, with one roughly gloved hand resting on the scaly bark of a gaunt sycamore, as he urged his horse into the creek and turned in his saddle to look back.

Home-coming meant going to her, and in the haste of preparation he even thrust some of the waiting mail, uninspected, into his pocket. Later on, in the train, he tore an envelope bearing an English stamp, and as he opened the letter a newspaper clipping fell from the folded sheets. He first read the enclosure, and his forehead gathered in a distressed frown. The item was this:

"Mahmid Pasha, who was formerly attached to the Turkish Embassy at London and who is known in most of the European capitals, was recently recalled from service in Palestine by an imperial mandate. After a visit to the Yildiz Kiosk, he became a guest under guard in Stamboul and has not since been seen. It is rumored that he had been closely associated with the Young Turk party and that the secret service discovered a plot upon the life of Abdul Hamid, of which he was author. The many friends of Mahmid Pasha, who are conversant with Ottoman methods, have little hope of seeing him again."

With a sense of amazed grief, the specialist took up the letter and turned it to see the signature. At the bottom of the sheet he read, "The Earl of Melville," and beneath that in parentheses the truly English explanatory clause ("formerly Brownlow-Carter").

He spread the screed on his knee and read:

"The Turkish chap (I dare say the poor fellow is in the Bosphorus now) was quite right; we revert to type. My uncle, the earl, died. Likewise his son, leaving no duffer—I mean buffer—between me and the title. Not only am I back, but I find myself growing narrow and insular. One might think I'd never been out of England! I find myself thinking often of our talk in Jerusalem, and of you. On your next visit to England come to Melville House and—have tea on the terrace. Tea on the terrace for us that have drunk from goat-skins in the desert!"

In a great tract of virgin timber the house of Isaac Berry sat back of a trail-like road, sticky with mud and deep with ruts. Hedging it about in a broken circle lay the sentinel hills, under whose ragged slopes slept rich deposits of coal. Up and down steep grades, crossing the bottoms and climbing the peaks, wandered the Kentucky-Virginia boundary. It was a line which, at the ragged and undeveloped edge of Harlan County, became important only when a question of criminal jurisdiction arose and a refugee used it to rear an invisible ethical barrier between himself and pursuit. Isaac Berry himself was tall and gaunt and silent, and even in his heavy boots his feet fell noiselessly when he walked. His eyes were not happy eyes. He had struggled many years to wipe out the lawlessness which lay in a red and sanguinary stain upon his section of the State. At times he had despaired, and had thought enviously of the world beyond, where things moved forward along smoother grooves.

Now was the season of impassable roads and dripping hills. About his house, grown from the original log cabin to a sprawling structure of many additions, reached desolate stretches of stark trees—wet, dreary, and sombre. Every man in the county was his kinsman or his feudal enemy. The mountains had given him a fortune, but they had taken toll of him as well; and now at sixty he knew that when he went down among the men of the more polished blue-grass and beargrass country he appeared crude, and that, in moments of excitement, he lapsed into the half-illiterate dialect of the mountaineers. In his daughter and nephew he had resolved to rectify all that. Now his heart beat proudly as he gave ear to the music drifting from the living-room. Sally was there at the piano; and John Berry, already the famous specialist, was making his way, on muleback, over the sticky roads from the railroad station at Pineville, thirty miles away. After all, his life had its compensations!

Yet, reflected the old man, his mind would rest easier but for the rumors that Caleb Berry, the blackest sheep of the family, had been drinking and had gone across to Virginia. And Virginia was the stronghold of the Culloms. The names Berry and Cullom bore to each other such relation as once did Montagu and Capulet.

Isaac Berry turned and went back to the music which Sally had brought from the outside world. The carting of that piano over mountain roads with an ox-team had been a labor of Hercules and a labor of love. The many signs of refinement about the place were reflections of Sally's self. Sally played with her gaze on the window, from which she could see the viscid mud of the road, over which the Doctor would come. In her eyes was a sparkle of anticipation which would have given Dr. Berry brave hopes had he seen it.

The next morning, with "his children" at his table, Isaac Berry had forgotten everything except his pride in them. It seemed that the consummation he had wished for and built for had come. In this distinguished young scientist and this slim girl with the grace of a grand lady he had achieved his end and had overcome heredity!

Outside a dreary mist hung over the ridges and curtained them with raw wet. From the eaves came a dismal dripping. Isaac Berry rose from the table and filled his cob pipe from the box of "natural leaf" on the mantel-shelf. He stooped to light it with a wisp of paper from the coals on the stone hearth. Suddenly through the window he saw a cavalcade of horsemen coming hurriedly along the road, and his teeth closed with a snap on the pipe-stem, while the paper dropped, still burning, to his feet. Automatically he stamped out the blaze with his heavy boot, and his eyes darkened to a scowl. He read the meaning of that procession of shaggy, mud-splashed horses at first glance. He knew the slouching figure of Caleb Berry in the lead and the half-dozen unkempt men who rode with him. Even at a distance their attitudes told him that they came for sanctuary to the head of the clan, and that shortly a second cavalcade would come after them, demanding surrender.

Isaac Berry turned wearily and went into the living-room. Sally and the Doctor followed him, but neither of them had eyes at that moment for his troubled face.

A few moments later came a loud rapping on the door and there trooped into his presence the horsemen he had seen from the window.

The old man stood rigid before his hearth. In the sternness of his posture was a touch of the patriarchal. His thin cheekbones burned redly with anger. His bent shoulders were indignantly drawn back under his wrinkled coat.

Before his wrathful gaze the young men shamefacedly halted, and the more timid dropped back, fingering their hats in awkward silence. All were shock-headed and raw-boned. Every wrist and hand was chapped and coarsened with cold. Their heavy boots were red with mud, and each carried a repeating-rifle.

Caleb Berry himself, thin, sandy-haired, weak-faced, took a step forward and halted. For a moment he quailed under the eyes of his relative, then, spreading both hands, he broke out in wild appeal.

"Unc' Isaac"—all the younger clansmen called him Unc' Isaac—"Unc' Isaac, yer hain't er gwine ter let the Virginny sheriff take me, be yer?" He paused a moment, with a catch in his throat, then went on impetuously. "If it happened in Kaintuck—the Virginny sheriff hain't got no call ter tech me. Gawd knows I was compelled ter do hit."

The girl sitting on the piano-stool leaned forward and her hands went with a little gesture of despair to her breast. She had been struggling for schools, for enlightenment. Her father had struggled for law and order. Always she lived in dread of an outbreak that should awaken the sleeping crater of the Berry-Cullom "war." Now she listened with a stunned sense of crisis. At last she heard the old man speak. His face was like some visage roughly chiselled from granite. His words at first fell slowly, with a hard ring. As he talked he dropped unconsciously back into the dialect, the harsh mountain talk of his kinsman, and his inflection mounted to a ring of passion at the end.

"I hain't got no notion what scrape yer in, Caleb . . . I know yer been a heap o' trouble ter me, an' I know I stands fer the law. If yer've done broke the law, I'll see to hit that yer punished like any other lawbreaker. I hain't er gwine ter pertect yer just because yer a Berry. I heerd that yer'd done gone ter Virginny and filled up on moonshine licker. I was lookin' fer yer ter come streakin' back here fer pertection. Now, damn yer, I'm fer the law!"

"Unc' Isaac," pleaded Caleb, excitedly. "I reckon yer hain't heerd . . . Pap's done been shot from th' laurel!" He paused and the old man flinched under the news, the line of his mouth hardening. Then the boy went on again. "He was kilt whilst I was over to Virginny. I heerd tell o' hit whilst I wor at th' store an' I rid back over th' ridge fer see." The young man was talking so wildly that he had to halt for breath. Old Isaac Berry stiffened, and his hands clenched themselves tautly.

"Yore daddy—who killed him?" He put the question in a cold voice of absolute and ominous quiet.

"Hit war like this. I'd been drinkin' some, an' I went over inter Virginny ter see er gal. . . . Pap, he heerd tell that I war thar, an' he was skeered that I'd have trubble. He come arter me, but he didn't find me. He war crossin' th' crick down by old man Cullom's place when somebody shot him from th' laurel. Bud Powell heerd tell o' hit an' he come on inter town an' foun' me an' 'lowed that Pap had done been shot. I was ridin' home. I 'lowed to go an' see ef 'twar true, an' then ride on inter town, in Kaintuck, an' buy his buryin'-clothes. I didn't 'low ter have no trubble. I had my rifle layin' 'crost the pommel o' my saddle plum peaceable. I crost the crick an' then I met Bud Cullom, up th' road a piece. Bud 'lowed hit war a wet day."

The men who had ridden in with young Berry stood sullenly silent, and, as the narrative went on, began drifting diffidently toward the grateful warmth of the fire. The young principal himself paused for breath and looked wildly about the room.

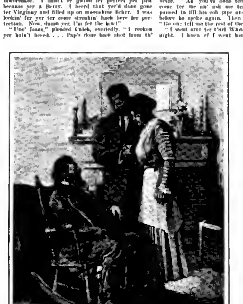
"Bud 'lowed hit war a wet day as he rid up," he went on, "but he didn't tech the rifle that was layin' crost his saddle an' I didn't tech mine. I 'lowed hit looked like hit mout cl'ar off, an' he 'lowed that mebby hit mout. I passed on by him an' I twisted round in my saddle an' waved ter Bud, an' Bud he leaned round and waved ter me. He 'lowed thar war gwine ter be a dancin'-party nex' week, come Thursday, an' I 'lowed I done heerd tell o' hit. Then he went round ther turn o' ther road an' I rid on. A piece farther on—jest arter I'd done crost the State line inter Kaintuck—I seen old man Cullom's white mare hitched by ther side o' ther road. I didn't see old man Cullom himself, an' I 'lowed he war in ther laurel 'longside ther road. I slipped offen my mule an' jest then old man Cullom come walkin' out in ther road. He had his rifle in his hands, so I up an' kilt him." The narrator paused for breath, then broke out again:

"Before Gawd, Unc' Isaac, hit war in ther open road! Ef I hadn't er done hit, he'd shore er killed me like he done Pap!"

The youthful avenger dropped his hands at his sides against his butternut breeches, and fell distressfully silent.

"So old man Cullom's done opened up ther war ergin!" said Isaac Berry, with a strange ring in his voice. "An' you've done took hit up, an' now yer come ter me an' ask me ter mix up in it!" He paused to fill his cob pipe and very slowly lighted it before he spoke again. Then he commanded, sternly, "Go on; tell me the rest of the story!"

"I went over ter Curl White's an' hid out thar last night. I knew ef I went home they'd get me shore. Then Curl went out an' got ther boys tergether. This mornin' some o' the boys rid in an' 'lowed that John Cullom, ther Virginny sheriff, had done crost ther line an' was huntin' fer me with er posse. We slipped out by ther back o' ther place an' cut crost ther ridge an' come hyar." The boy had finished his tale.



"My place is with my kith and kin!"

Isaac Berry's voice was even quieter than it had been before.

"Has ther Virginny sheriff done come inter Kaintuck ter take yer back?" he demanded.

The young man nodded his head.

Old Isaac Berry clenched his hands at his back, and his teeth tightened on the stem of his pipe. For five minutes he paced back and forth. Finally he came to a halt before the open hearth, and spoke slowly, much as the foreman of a jury might have spoken in rendering a verdict; he was composed now, and he dropped the dialect of his excitement. "Caleb Berry," he said, "I've lived in these mountains all my life. I've tried to teach the people here by precept and argument that the law of the vendetta is the law of hell. I've spent my life in the effort to make this community one that the rest of the State need not blush for before the world. You have always been a trouble-maker. You have always flirted with convict stripes. If you are a murderer, you shall answer to the law."

Caleb Berry groaned and his allies moved threateningly toward their rifles resting here and there against the walls; but old man Berry raised one lean hand and his voice rang out so commandingly that they halted and stood churlishly abashed.

"Don't nary one o' yer lay a hand on no gun till I tells yer!" he ordered, for the moment relapsing again into vernacular. "Don't none o' yer try ter skeer me!" Then he laughed contemptuously and went on once more, calmly, judicially.

"You say this killing occurred in the State of Kentucky. The Virginia sheriff is a Cullom. When the Kentucky sheriff demands you, he shall have you. If you need money for your defence, you shall have it. The Kentucky courts shall pass on your case, just as though you were any other man. But—!" He paused, and once more his voice rose a note. "I'll tell you this. Unless he can prove to my satisfaction that you fired that shot the other side of the State line, no Virginia officer can take you out of my house unless he first takes my house!"

The boy sprang forward and fell to his knees, seizing the wrinkled, horny hand of his protector. So might a petty noble, pursued by feudal enemies, have seized the hand of a great baron ally behind the moated walls of his stronghold. Old man Berry looked up, and his pale-blue eyes glinted dangerously. He glanced around and singled out Curl White from the crowd of men about the room.

"Curl White," he ordered, briefly, "take my horse and go to town and bring the Kentucky sheriff. Bring a posse. Caleb is my prisoner till you get back—and ride hard!"

None of them knew that the Kentucky sheriff was already on his way from Harlan Court House. Even where there are no trains and few telephones gossip flies fast; and last night a Berry had taken the news to the county-seat.

The sheriff acted rapidly. It was not only the arrest of Caleb Berry, but the indignity of the threatened "Virginia invasion," that lent speed to his preparations. Harlan had a company of militia. Its captain was a Berry. Last night the telephone to Frankfort had been working overtime, and when the permission of the Chief Executive came in response to the demand of the circuit judge, the citizen soldiers and the posse were ready for a forced march.

Two hours after the coming of Caleb, a second cavalcade was sighted trooping slowly along the road. Some dozen and a half men, with repeating-rifles across their pommels, drew up and halted at the edge of the woods across the uneven clearing of the hillside. A tall man slipped from his horse and came to the fence. For a time he stood looking in, then, raising his voice, he shouted, loudly:

"I'm Sheriff Cullom. I'm a-comin' in!"

Isaac Berry stepped to his door and stood out in the open as a pledge of good faith.

"What do you want?" he shouted back.

"I'm lookin' fer Caleb Berry. I'm a-comin' in," replied the officer from Virginia.

The householder surveyed his visitor, and calmly inquired,

"Ain't you out of your jurisdiction, Mr. Sheriff?"

"That's fer the co'te fer decide later, Mr. Berry."

There was momentary silence; then Berry directed: "Meet me half-way, and hold your men back while we talk. I'm unarmed."

As he spoke, Isaac Berry walked frankly forward. The sheriff hesitated in momentary indecision; then, turning to his posse, indicated with a nod that they were to wait, and came on to meet the other.

The two shook hands. In the feud zone war does not preclude the amenities.

Sheriff Cullom stood deferentially waiting, and, since his vis-à-vis did not at once speak, drew a plug of tobacco from his pocket and cut off a chew with deliberation. Both men kept positions directly facing each other, so that during the parley the sheriff's body shielded Berry from the guns of the posse, and Berry, in like manner, shielded the sheriff from the guns of the house.

"I have always stood for law and order, Mr. Sheriff," began Isaac Berry at last. "If Caleb Berry is guilty, he is going to be turned over to the proper authorities—but only to the proper authorities."

"Then he's in thar? You admit that?" demanded Cullom, with a jerk of his thumb toward the house and with the manner of having wrung valuable admission from his adversary.

Berry nodded. "And if this is to be adjusted without bloodshed," he announced, "we must talk the matter over. Will you trust me and come into the house? Bring one or two men with you. You have my word that you may come out unharmed and at your own pleasure."

The sheriff hesitated.

"Why kain't we talk hyar?" he demurred.

"You have come to my house, sir, and I prefer receiving you in my house. You have Isaac Berry's word. Until you are back with your men you are safe."

After a brief space of reflection Cullom nodded. "I reckon I kin trust yer, but I want some witnesses." He turned and, looking over his posse, called three deputies by name. They climbed the fence and sauntered toward the house.

When the five men entered the room they found it silent and empty save for the girl, who still sat by the piano, pale but steady, and the physician, who remained at her side. His clothes and manner stamped him the "furriner." The sheriff's party waited in an awkward semicircle about the hearth.

Then, simultaneously, two doors opened, and in them stood a half-dozen silent men with ready rifles. Their appearance came with absolute noiselessness. For an instant the sheriff drew back, and his scowl showed that he believed himself betrayed, but the next moment the scowl vanished in reassurance as old Isaac Berry's voice rang wrathfully through the room.

"Damn you, put up those guns!"

The doors became empty spaces, and in another minute the Berrys filed shamefacedly back, unarmed, and remained slouching about the room, eying the enemy with sullen and smouldering wrath. Isaac Berry locked the doors and put the keys into his pocket, cutting them off from their arms. Then he stepped forward.

"Mr. Sheriff," he said, slowly, "Caleb Berry is my kinsman. The man he killed—the man who had killed his father—was your kinsman. I have fought through years for the enforcement of the law. You have taken an oath to fight for the same thing."

Sheriff Cullom stood stolidly silent.

"If this shooting happened in Virginia," went on Isaac Berry, "it was undeniably your duty to take custody of the prisoner. If it happened in Kentucky, you are a trespasser with no color of law for your action—and it seems to have happened in Kentucky."

The sheriff was slow of thought and speech. For a time he stood with the air of a man of action confronted with the awkward subtleties of diplomacy. At last he said in a surly voice,

"When I present the prisoner at co'te the jedge 'll decide whether he has ther right ter try ther case."

"But," went on the old man, still patiently, "you are not going to present him to a Virginia court unless you first establish your right. Have you requisition papers?"

For an instant Cullom's eyes blazed in hot anger, but before he broke silence he had regained control over voice and words and spoke in smooth evenness.

"Mr. Berry," he urged, with a slow drawl, "you've been right smart of a law-an'-order man, an' I hain't got no grievance erginst yer. But I'm an officer of ther law, an' I'm answerable to my co'te an' State fer my conduct. Yer'd better think twic't befo' yer go doin' anything plumb foolish. My posse is out thar, and I guess we kin take this prisoner."

"I have sent for the Kentucky sheriff," answered Berry, with deliberation. "I will be personally responsible for the prisoner until he arrives. If the courts decide that the jurisdiction is across the line, Caleb shall answer the charge there. Meanwhile, if you attack my house you attack not as an officer of Virginia, but as a Cullom making war on a Berry. Outside your State and without requisition papers, you have no standing as an officer."

Cullom's eyes again glittered savagely.

"I've done come fer take back that thar man," he declared, thrusting a belligerent finger toward Caleb Berry and raising his voice to a loud pitch, "an', by God! I'm er gwine ter take him back!"

There was a tense minute. Berrys and Cullums alike drew themselves up into more truculent attitudes, but no one spoke. The girl's finger unconsciously touched a key of the piano, and as its liquid note fell on the quiet every one started. Slowly old Isaac Berry cleared his throat and began to speak, quietly at first, but with quickly ascending pitch and passion.

"As I've said before, I've stood for law. I stand for law now. But it's not law that a sheriff who is also a feudist should prostitute his office to his enmity." He slipped all at once into the crude, untutored form of speech as he hurled out his ultimatum. "By God! Mr. Sheriff, yer've crossed ther State line ter wage war in Kaintucky! Damn yer, wage it! Ef yer take him yer've got ter git him away from me fust, an' befo' yer git him away from me yer'll leave a few men behind yer!"

The sheriff edged toward the door.

"Is yer mind sot?"

"I don't stand fer no law that invades a furrin and sovereign State," shouted old Isaac Berry. "Yer hain't ther State of Virginny, but if yer be, then I say ter hell with ther State of Virginny!"

A murmur of applause came from the Berrys, an ominous snarl from the Cullums.

"I guess," said the Virginia sheriff, slowly, "ther hain't no use arguin' no more time. Mr. Berry, when I go out thar yo're house is er gwine ter be shot up. When yo' Kaintuck officer comes hit'll be a damn sight too late. I give yer a chance ter think it over."

At the threshold Isaac Berry called him back, speaking without appeal, but with the manner of a soldier demanding the rights of war.

"Mr. Sheriff," he said, "I reckon you'll let two or three folks here, that ain't concerned in this, go out before the fightin' begins."

Cullom bowed.

"I 'lowed yer didn't want ter let ther gal an' ther furriner git mixed up in it," he said. "In course they kin go out. We won't begin fer twenty minutes. Ef yer want ter change yer mind meanwhile—let me know."

He turned, followed by his deputies, and left the house.

Old Isaac Berry came back with a slow, unelastic step and dropped heavily into the huge rush-bottomed rocker before his hearth. He had grown older in the last ten minutes. He sat with his wrists resting limply on his knees, his fingers hanging. His eyes were pathetic and full of the bitterness of despair.

His daughter came over and dropped to her knees beside him. She said nothing—there was nothing to say. But she took his bony, talon-like fingers in her own, and some instinct of comprehension led the rough men of the Berry faction to file out and leave their patriarch alone with his own family.

"Sally, gal," he said, slowly, apathetically. "I want you an' ther boy ter saddle up two hosses an' go ter town. . . . I've eddicated yer the best I knowed. I've done what I could fer yer both. Yer don't belong in these here parts." His voice broke bitterly. "Yer civilized!"

The girl's strong young arms closed about his neck. Her voice was soft and her words came with the music that a feminine tongue can lend the mountain vernacular, the vernacular which she had not used in years.

"I reckon my place is with my daddy. I don't 'low to leave him."

Isaac Berry sat up and held her proudly away at arm's length. His old eyes were glowing, but he shook his head.

"Child, you air goin'," he said, decisively. "I want that you should go. You an' the boy. Neither one of you belongs here. You must go!"

But suddenly John Berry laughed with a strange note in his voice. He came over and took the girl's slender figure in his arms. He lifted her from her knees and held her close to his breast. Then, though he had not yet received her answer, he kissed her lips and hair.

"My place is with my kith and kin!" he declared. His voice became vibrant, joyously self-reliant, as though he were looking back with sure eyes into former lives. "Don't you remember, Sally, once in another century"—he held her close to him and bent his head—"once, thousands of years ago—

"I flaked a flint to a cutting edge
  And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank
  And fitted it head and haft!

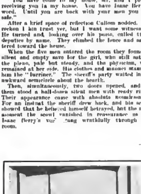
Why, it's only of late, sweetheart, that I've been seeing things through the microscope."

He released her, and going to the wall took down a repeating Winchester. Standing near the window, he threw the breech-block down and back, fitting the thing experimentally to his shoulder, and glancing along the barrel.

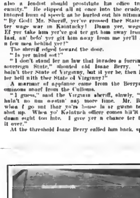
The minutes wore on.

Outside, Sheriff Cullom looked at his watch and snapped its case decisively; then he turned to his men. "Two minutes more," he commented, and breech-blocks began to click into place.

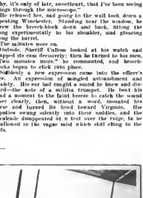
Suddenly a new expression came into the officer's face. An expression of mingled astonishment and anxiety. His ear had caught a sound he knew and disliked—the note of a militia trumpet. He bent his head a moment to the faint breeze to catch the sound more clearly, then, without a word, mounted his horse and turned his head toward Virginia. His deputies swung silently into their saddles, and the cavalcade disappeared at a trot over the ridge, to be swallowed in the vague mist which still clung to the hills.



A hawk's-eye view of the aviation grounds



The "battleship" outlined upon the sward



A view of Blackpool from aloft

BOMB PRACTICE ON AN AEROPLANE

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN FROM MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S AEROPLANE WHILE IT WAS ALOFT OVER THE AVIATION GROUNDS IN BLACKPOOL, ENGLAND, RECENTLY. TESTS WERE MADE AS TO THE PRACTICABILITY OF DROPPING BOMBS UPON A BATTLESHIP, THE "BATTLESHIP" BEING CHALKED UPON THE GRASS

Queer Golf Tournaments

THE so-called "goat golf tournament" held not long ago on the links of the Montclair, New Jersey, Golf Club is only one of a considerable number of freak tournaments that have been played recently in this country. There is scarcely a golf organization that has not given vent to its excess golf enthusiasm in some sort of odd-angled match, and a chronicle of several of the queerest of these tournaments may provide suggestions for such golfing organizations as have not already adopted them.

The "goat tournament" proved to be a great success, so great, indeed, that it promises to become a feature on the annual schedule of the club in question. Every player who entered the contest—and the registration approached a total of about sixty—received a small, round silver medal on which was engraved: "—— ——, His Goat." That was all, simply the name of the player who had the little medal and the slangy descriptive phrase. The handicaps were assigned in the usual way, and the contestants were matched in the usual way. The tournament rule was as follows: "In each match the player who wins shall receive from his defeated opponent the latter's 'goat'; that is, the latter's medal, and the player who, at the conclusion of the tournament shall have gotten the 'goat' of every one he has played and beaten, shall be termed the 'king goat.'" An unwritten rule also allowed the "king goat" a sumptuous repast, the expense of which was met by all the golfers whose "goat" he had got.

The flag tournament played over the Dunwoodie Links proved fully as popular as the Montclair tournament. Each player entered in the tournament received a flag mounted on a sharp stick. On the flag was printed the player's name, together with his handicap. The handicapping was very close. The rule of play stipulated that as soon as a player had exhausted his number of strokes—that is, par plus handicap—he had to plant his flag on the spot where his ball rested following the last allowed stroke. The player who planted his flag nearest the eighteenth hole obviously won. And the tournament, when it got as far as the fifteenth and sixteenth holes, made the links at those points take on the appearance of a cemetery on Decoration Day.

At one of the golf clubs up the Hudson, as well as on the links of the Essex County Country Club, there was played not long ago a cross-country tournament. Half an hour before the tournament was scheduled to begin the officials handed to each contestant a map of the links, showing in which order the various holes had to be played. Instead of progressing from hole number one to hole number two and thence to number three, in the usual manner, the rules of this style of tournament called for hole number one first, hole number six second, the fourteenth hole next, and so on, in a highly confused way. The resultant play was not less amusing than it was difficult. On one of the links over which this kind of tournament was played, for instance, a miniature forest intervened between the fourth and sixteenth hole, and yet the map of play called for that sequence. As a result, the players had to drive around the edge of the woods in order to get in sight of the next hole. Fences, houses, and similar obstacles similarly had to be surmounted. The number of strokes in which such a tournament may be won is, as may be imagined with consummate ease, not small.

If the cross-country tournament is queer, what must be the characterization of the so-called "kickers' handicap tournament" that has been played over the links of several of the Eastern golfing organizations? In the "kickers' handicap tournament" every golfer is at liberty to name his own handicap—which sounds very much better at first than it really is. After each contestant has posted the handicap he has allotted to himself on the club bulletin board, the arbitrary tournament score of the links, so called, is placed in a sealed envelope by the man in charge of the tournament and play begins. This tournament number may be anything—seventy-eight, eighty-six, ninety-nine, one hundred and twenty—any number at all. And the player who has come closest to this number at the conclusion of play is declared the winner and gets the "kickers' cup." The moral of this tournament is said to lie in its subsequent soothing effect on petulant golfers who have been in the habit of complaining about the small handicaps allowed them by the club's official handicappers.

Among the most popular of the freak tournaments are those known as the "advance club picking" contests. These tournaments occur at least once or twice a year on the links of most of the Eastern and Middle West clubs. First of all, there is the one-club tournament in which each contestant before beginning play has to select the single club with which he must play his entire match. With this one club, whatever it may be, the player must make every one of his strokes. Secondly, there is the tournament in which the players must pick their next clubs before they make the previous play. To be more explicit, let us say the golfer is preparing for a drive. Before he makes this stroke he has to call his next club. If he calls for a mashie he is subsequently compelled to use the mashie, even though it turns out that a brassey would be much better suited to his use. This practice continues throughout the tournament, the player always specifying his next club before he has made the stroke just previous. His ensuing troubles may be easily pictured. A two-club tournament, following the lines of the one-club tournament, is also played, only two clubs being used throughout the play.

"Anybody's 'Championship'" tournament has come into favor among several of the Eastern organizations during the last two years. This is really a season's play eclectic championship. In it, each player may record his best score for each hole made at any time during the season; and at the end of the season the player whose best scores, added up, prove to be the lowest is declared the winner. As may be appreciated, a player of anything but "championship" ability, if he has luck at various times during the year, may thus get a much lower score at the end of the season than a player who is normally his decided superior, but does not play so many times around the course.

FIVE GENERATIONS OF PENNSYLVANIANS

THIS FAMILY GROUP OF MANHEIM, PENNSYLVANIA, CONTAINS GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER SHIFFER; GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND GREAT-GRANDMOTHER HOSSLER; GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER HORN; MR. AND MRS. GINDER, AND LILLIAN MAY, THEIR DAUGHTER. THE FAMILY RESEMBLANCES CAN BE READILY TRACED

How Fish Express Emotions

THE ancients had many quaint ideas about fishes, and legends illustrating their habits are legion. According to them, they held converse with man, and not infrequently aided him in his daily occupations, thus showing that they possessed nearly all the attributes of human beings, though in lesser degree. It has been demonstrated that fishes and the higher land animals are largely swayed by the same emotions, and give rational expression to them.

Fishes erect their scales or fin rays when under the influence of anger or terror, exactly as feathers or hairs are erected in birds and mammals. As fishes have eyes without movable eyelids and cheeks encased with bony plates or covered with hard scales, which are hardly suitable for smiling, one cannot expect to find facial expressions, as of joy, pain, and astonishment, so well marked as in some of the higher animals. Recent demonstrations, however, have shown change of color to be one of the best indexes to the emotions.

When the fish is sick its color is apt to be faint, as when in health, angry, or breeding the colors stand out brightly and vividly. Among the best examples of the effect of the emotions on color are the parrot-fish and stickleback. These species have violent tempers and appear to be always carrying imaginary chips on their shoulders. During the breeding season combats between the males are exceedingly common. When fighting, their breeding-coats stand out with amazing brilliancy, but after the combat is over, the defeated one, with colors faded hides his disgrace among his more pacific companions. Even then he is not left in peace, as the victor seems to take delight in persecuting him in many ways.

Fishes are charged with being voiceless, but nothing could be farther from the truth, as more than three hundred species are known to produce sound. The Scienidae are probably the best examples of the falsity of that libel, for they emit noises that may be heard from a depth of twenty fathoms. It has been suggested that the story of the songs of the fabled sirens originated in the utterances of these fishes travelling in schools.

When captured the scup, or horse-mackerel, the globefish, the grunt, the pigfish, and the hogfish made sounds resembling the grunting of a pig, while one of the best-known fishes on the Atlantic seaboard, the croaker, gets its name from the croak it gives when caught. Carp also croak when taken out of the water.

The legend of Pascagoula River and its mysterious music has been explained as the noise made by sea drums. It may often be heard on summer evenings. The listener being on the beach, or, yet more favorable, in a boat floating on the river, a low, plaintive sound is heard rising and falling like that of an æolian harp, and seeming to issue from the water. The sounds, which are sweet and exceedingly plaintive, cease as soon as there is any noise or disturbance of the water.

When Humboldt first visited the South Seas an extraordinary noise startled the crew one evening. At first it was like the beating of many drums in the distance, and then the sounds seemed to come from the ship itself, near the poop. At first the terrified crew thought that breakers were at hand, and then that the vessel had sprung a leak; but it was soon discovered that the sounds were produced by fishes.

Formerly it was believed that fishes could not hear, as they have no ears, but anatomists have proved that they have internal organs of hearing. In Sweden the church bells are not rung during the bream season lest the fish take flight and desert the region. During the pilchard fishery the people are no less careful of their sensitiveness to sound.

In contrast to the poorly developed sense of taste in fishes is their acute sense of smell, as evidenced by the selection they make in their food. Fishermen know well that tainted bait is not so tempting as fresh bait. Though a hungry fish is not fastidious, the odor of badly decomposed bait is repugnant to fishes everywhere.

A Two-story Tree

ON the left bank of the River Oder, in Ratibor, in Silesia, Germany, there grows a maple-tree which is one of the most remarkable works of art in existence; for though a tree, and to that extent a natural object, it has been trained, twisted, and cut, until it has become more like a house than a tree.

The tree is more than a hundred years old, and through the greater part of this time the work of cutting and twisting has been going on. The trunk rises from the ground much like that of any other tree; but a flight of steps leads to the first level, where the branches have been gradually woven together until a firm and leafy floor has been made.

Above this is a second floor smaller in diameter and formed in the same way. Around each floor the branches have been woven into solid walls, making two circular rooms. Each of these rooms is lighted by eight windows cut through the walls of branches and foliage.

Below the first floor, at the level of the second, and at the top of the tree the branches have been allowed to grow out naturally, while the intermediate walls and the edges of the window openings are kept closely trimmed.

These tree rooms are occasionally used as a sleeping-apartment in summer. The old tree is in a healthy condition and promises to remain as a curiosity of Ratibor for many years.

Nature Worked Backward

THE following is an interesting instance of a reversal of the ordinary course of nature that cost an English market-gardener dear.

Watercress is eagerly devoured by caddis-worms, and caddis-worms are a favorite food of trout. The trout, in turn, have a voracious enemy in herons, which ordinarily catch the fish after they have grown fat on caddis-worms. Now, in the case referred to, it happened that a large grower of watercress had three-quarters of his crop ruined by the ravages of caddis-worms. On investigation it was found that the trout, which ordinarily protected the plants from the worms, had been devoured, ahead of time, so to speak, by a flock of hungry herons, which, in thus reversing the course of events, had brought disaster to the owner of the watercress.

"Daddy Long-legs"

EVERYBODY is well acquainted with the insect called "daddy long-legs," but not everybody knows that there is evidence to show that this strange little creature, towering high above its fellows on its thread-like stilts, is probably a more ancient inhabitant of America than any representative of the human species.

Far back, in tertiary time, at the very dawn of the modern world, its ancestors lived, we are told, in great numbers in that part of the continent which we call Colorado. The fossil remains of these insects show the characteristic features that mark them to-day, although new species have taken the place of the old; for even "daddy long-legs" knows what evolution is, and has attained to something that in his view is perhaps a kind of civilized existence suitable to the exigencies of life in the twentieth century.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box.

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A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a poison like coffee.

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long, weary periods to be dreaded, and unfitting me for business during the day.

"On the advice of a friend I first tried Postum, making it carefully as directed on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look—'like a new saddle.'

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied, with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years.

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep sound, and am not nervous." "There's a reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Finance

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRADE BALANCE

By Franklin Escher

AT the end of each June for the past ten years there has been a little flicker of interest in the government report showing that exports exceeded imports by four hundred or five hundred or six hundred million dollars, as the case may have been; but as a real live market influence this question of the balance of trade has never seemed to amount to much. Like the overproduction of gold and a lot of other subterranean influences whose claims to consideration alleged economists are constantly urging, Wall Street seems always to have taken it that this matter of our foreign trade was quite capable of working itself out without human intervention. And, indeed, as long as things ran along on a normal basis and each year saw an excess of exports of anywhere from four hundred to seven hundred millions, that was the case. If one year the big balance in our favor happened to be a little more or less than in the year before, it really made precious little difference.

Things, however, are no longer running along on a "normal basis"—they began to change in June of last year. In that month and in July and in August, for the first time in a long while back, imports ran ahead of exports. It's only temporary, 'most every one said, it won't last when the crops begin to be exported. And from August on, it is true, things did change and very respectable export surpluses were piled up. February of this year, however, saw the end of that and the recurrence of the unfavorable condition. Since which, things have gone along so that, for the eight months of the year ending with August, imports have actually run in excess of exports. To find anything like that it is necessary to go back all the way to 1895—a time just following another panic and not a very cheerful year to make comparisons with, anyway.

The part of Wall Street that counts isn't much on theories, but the turn taken by this question of our foreign trade has, as the grateful market writers say, "challenged attention." In the vernacular, the Street has had to sit up and take notice. Everywhere the question is being discussed, and with all the wealth of allusion to past, present, and future bred of never having paid any particular attention to it before. Marvellous indeed are some of the conclusions reached.

Passing up the wearisome and fruitless attempt to draw the analogy between the present time and times in the past when somewhat similar foreign trade conditions may have existed, but when all other attending circumstances were so radically different, it is apparent that what most interests the practical investor or man of business is the immediate effect which the loss of our trade balance is going to exert. What happened back in 1864 or 1872 doesn't make so much difference. What counts now is rather the fact that we have been running along for a good while back with a substantial balance in our favor; and that if things have become adjusted to that condition, any decided change therefrom has most decidedly got to be taken into account.

It takes but little knowledge of the subject to realize what the existence of a favorable trade balance has done for us in the past. Because of the fact that we are a new nation and still in process of development, the amount of foreign capital invested here is very great, possibly as much as four or five billion dollars—on all of which interest has to be paid. By reason of the same process of development, great numbers of foreign laborers find employment here, sending back to their homes a large proportion of the money they earn. A goodly number of foreign corporations, too—steamship lines, insurance companies, etc.—find it so profitable to do business in this country, that the amount which they annually earn and send home runs into very big figures. Again, there must be taken into account the great number of Americans who travel abroad each year, most of whom return with considerably less money than they took over.

What each of these four main items contributes toward the magnificent total of what we have to pay abroad each year it is impossible to say with any degree of accuracy, but that the total is truly "magnificent" is proved by the way in which year after year it has quietly absorbed a balance of trade in our favor averaging half a billion dollars. Plenty of economists are to be found who can tell just what the various items on the debit side of our account with the outside world amount to, but a look at the methods they use is all that is necessary to see that such computations are guesswork pure and simple. The amount of foreign capital invested here, for instance, may be four billions or it may be five billions—there is no way to tell anything about it. The amount of money annually spent abroad by American tourists may be two hundred millions or it may be three hundred millions—there is no way to tell anything about that, either. And as to arriving at anything like an accurate estimate of what the foreign steamship and insurance companies are making, it may readily be imagined how easy that would be.

Just what the total is there is no way of telling. One's man's guess that it is five hundred million dollars a year is just as good as another man's guess that it is six hundred millions. But, after all, exact knowledge of the figures is of no special importance. What counts is the fact that there *is* this big and annually recurring debt which we have to pay abroad, and that up to now we have always been able to pay it out of the balance of our exports over our imports. By the fact that we have all along sold more than we have bought, in other words, there has every year been created for us a big credit balance on the foreigners' books, which balance has all along been more than enough to pay the annual bill for interest on foreign capital invested here, freights, American tourists' expenses abroad, and the various other items. The whole thing may really be looked at as a matter of income and outgo; the hitherto favorable trade balance representing the income, and what we have to pay the foreigners each year, the outgo.

Suppose now that the favorable balance of trade should cease to be accumulated each year—that the "income," so to speak, should be shut off—what then might be expected to happen? Expenses, it must be borne in mind, would go on just the same; interest on foreign capital invested here, for instance, would still have to be paid, and wealthy Americans would still spend their millions in Europe. How, then, in case the trade balance in our favor should disappear, could we manage to make these payments?

Contemplation of the condition of things which would be bound soon to come about is so appalling that the mind turns with relief to the fact that the favorable trade balance *isn't going* to disappear. For the eight months of the present calendar year, it is true, the figures are against us, but then eight months do not constitute a period of time sufficiently long to prove the permanence of an economic change of such absolutely vital importance. It is bad enough and harmful enough to the immediate situation to have had the balance run against us for even as long a time as eight months, but what has happened can at the most be taken to indicate a tendency, and does not in any way prove that the present condition of things has come to stay.

For, in a young country of great natural resources like this, it must be borne in mind, the normal condition of things is to have trade with the outside world show a great balance on the side of exports. As such a country grows, agriculture, mining, and manufacturing all develop faster than the ability of the country to consume these products, with the natural result that the foreign markets are sought as an outlet. In the early stages of such a country's development, on the other hand, wealth has not accumulated to an extent great enough to bring about the purchase of luxuries in large volume on the foreign markets. The result is that more merchandise is sent out than is brought in.

We are no longer in the earliest stages of our growth, and seem to be able both to consume a good part of what we produce and at times even to go into the foreign markets on a pretty heavy scale for more; and yet the development of this country cannot be said to have more than fairly gotten under way. With the South just awakening to its industrial possibilities, with the mineral resources of the great Southwest territory just being opened up, with irrigation in that part of the country and, indeed, throughout the entire West, making fertile millions of acres of waste land—with such works under way in every direction, it is evident at what a rate the country's development is still going on. Very, very far are we yet from having reached the limit of our productive capacity, of our ability to increase our exports to foreign countries.

Concrete evidence that this is true is to be found in the way exports have been steadily on the increase. For August the figures broke all records, while for the eight months the total ran forty-seven millions ahead of the corresponding period last year. In the first eight months of 1907, of course, shipments were larger than they have been so far this year, but going back a few years it will at once be seen how exports have increased. During the first eight months of the five years between 1900 and 1905 they averaged 880 millions. For the corresponding time in 1909 the figures show 1,007 millions; for the present year, 1,054 millions. Evidently, if the foreign trade situation is out of gear it isn't because of exports. They have been increasing right along and bid fair to keep on increasing.

The trouble with the present situation, of course, arises from the fact that although exports have increased at a satisfactory rate, imports have increased even faster. While exports have grown fifteen or twenty per cent, imports have nearly doubled. For the first eight months of 1908 imports amounted to 700 millions. In 1909 they were 945 millions; this year they have jumped to 1,055 millions. With that going on, no wonder the balance of trade in our favor has disappeared for the time being.

This very fact, however, that imports have increased at such a rate during the past few years, is the surest sort of an indication that the rate of increase will not long be maintained. The past decade, generally speaking, has been a time of great prosperity, and our ability to buy in the foreign markets has been largely increased; but great as have been the strides made forward, they do not warrant the continuance of what has been taking place. Then again there must be considered the fact that prices of practically everything have for several years ruled relatively higher in this country than anywhere else, making this market a most profitable one to which to ship goods. That, too, has tended for the time being abnormally to swell the volume of imports.

Looking thus broadly at both the export and the import sides of our foreign trade, it seems difficult to believe that the present condition of things is to be lasting and that imports are to continue to run larger than exports for any length of time. As time goes on, of course, the consumptive capacity of the country is bound to overtake its capacity for production, which will naturally bring it about that we shall bring in more than we send out. With our natural resources as little developed as they are, however, that time is still far in the future.

By the time it comes, moreover, and we take our place with England and the other nations who yearly import more than they export, the chances are that such changes in our financial relationships with the outside world will have taken place as to make needless a favorable balance of trade. Instead of our paying interest on some billions of foreign capital invested here, for instance, very possibly we shall be receiving interest on some billions of American capital invested abroad. When that comes about we shall no more need a balance of trade in our favor than England needs one now.

A good deal of loose talk about "depression in business" is going the rounds these days. Bank clearings considerably less than they were, iron production on a smaller scale, steel mills operating well below capacity—these and other things like them are being seized upon to show that business is in a bad way.

It is always so after an upward movement in business has run its course and the trend is the other way. Each unfavorable development is singled out, dwelt on, exaggerated. Because bank clearings show a falling off from the record-breaking figures of last year, business has undergone "violent contraction." Because over-production of iron has been stopped and the output reduced to normal figures, there is great "depression" in the trade. Because there has been a let-down in the volume of orders placed with the steel companies and the mills are not being run night and day, the condition of things in that industry is very "unsatisfactory."

A little conversation with men in various lines, in a position to know what's what, will prove a powerful antidote to this idea that general business is in a bad way. Trade, it is generally admitted, is not as active as it was earlier in the year, but that in itself is very far from saying that anything like "depression" prevails. Lessened volume of iron production, fewer orders coming in, mills operating well below their capacity—these assuredly are not signs of a boom, but, on the other hand, neither are they signs that business is "in a bad way." What the future may bring forth no one can tell, but so far, at least, what has happened is no more than a normal reaction from a condition of things which was getting too strained for safety. A good many conservatives are not sorry that it has come.

Advocates of the "physical valuation" idea and the plan of allowing the railroads to charge only such freight rates as will enable them to earn a "fair return" on the actual amount of capital invested, were greatly pleased at the facts regarding Illinois Central's capitalization recently brought out at the Commerce Commission hearing. By issuing new stock at par at various times when the market quotation for the shares was higher, Illinois Central and a number of other roads, the shippers claim, "diluted" their capital, making the percentage of dividends paid appear smaller than it actually was.

In so far as the issuing of new stock to shareholders at a point well below the market quotation is done with the idea of spreading earnings out over a larger surface and concealing the true percentage of dividends earned from freight rates that are too high, the practice is certainly reprehensible. By no means has it been proved that such was the motive actuating these railroads who have issued new stock to shareholders at a price lower than that quoted in the open market. Suppose, as was pointed out by the Illinois Central officers at the time, an attempt had been made to dispose of so great a block of new stock "at the market." A sharp decline in price would inevitably have taken place. In the case of stocks having a narrow market, indeed, such a proceeding might have proved little less than disastrous. And some of the stocks in question have a very narrow market.

Where an out-and-out stock dividend is declared and stockholders are given new shares without their paying in any new money, the case is different; though here, too, the action may be a justifiable one. Through efficient administration or rise in real-estate values or any of a number of other causes, a railroad property may have so increased in actual value over a series of years that its directors may be fully justified in correspondingly increasing its share capital. In a stock company the partners are the shareholders, and they, certainly, are the ones who are entitled to the benefit of the increase in value which has taken place. Were such increase in value always reflected in the market price of the outstanding shares, special disbursements to stockholders would be unnecessary. Such, however, is often far from being the case. Liable to abuse as it is, the stock dividend is about the most reasonable way there is of letting stockholders share in the prosperity of their property.

Working over the above paragraphs and realizing the amazing intricacy of the questions involved, we can only wish Dr. Hadley and his associates joy in their job of reporting on the "conditions governing the issuance of stocks and bonds" by corporations engaged in interstate commerce.

Ten Miles Aboveground

In France certain experimenters have succeeded in sending a balloon to an elevation of sixteen thousand metres, or about ten miles. There were no people in the balloon, but it carried a variety of self-registering instruments designed to record the temperature, the atmospheric pressure, etc. The little balloon was started on its lofty trip about noon when the air was remarkably still and clear. It rose rapidly, and in three-quarters of an hour had attained an elevation of ten miles, at which height it remained for several hours.

It was there subjected to an atmospheric pressure only about one-eighth as great as that at the surface of the earth, and it is explained that its floating for so long a time at a constant height was due to the fact that the temperature does not vary sensibly with the elevation of a floating body after the latter has attained an altitude where seven-eighths of the atmospheric pressure is lacking and where there remains no trace of water vapor.

But toward six o'clock, when, with the decline of day, the temperature began to fall rapidly, the balloon started back toward the earth, arriving with a gentle motion which did not disturb the instruments it carried at eleven minutes past seven at the point from which it had started.

The balloon was visible through a telescope during the entire time. It shone like the planet Venus seen by day. By means of a micrometer attached to an astronomical telescope the apparent diameter of the balloon could easily have been measured, and this would have furnished a means of calculating its altitude independent of the record of the barometer which it carried.

The barometer and thermometer were furnished with automatic pens driven by clockwork, by means of which diagrams of the changes of pressure and temperature that the balloon experienced were obtained. At the height of about seven and three-fourths miles the thermometer marked a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit below zero. Then the ink in the registering pens of both the thermometer and the barometer became frozen, and the records were interrupted.

But as the balloon continued to rise the ink was thawed again, and at the ten-mile level the automatic records were renewed. The temperature registered there was only about six degrees below zero. The increase of temperature is ascribed to the effect of the unclouded sun heating the air in the basket that contained the instruments. The lowest record of the barometer was one hundred and three millimetres, or a trifle more than four inches.

Attention was called to the fact that the density of the air at the height of ten miles, where the balloon remained during most of the afternoon, is less than that existing upon the plains of the moon on the assumption that the atmospheric density on the moon is proportional to the force of gravity at the surface of that orb.

If this is correct, then the instruments would have behaved about the same if the experimenters had been able to place them on the moon, as they did when they sent them only ten miles above the earth.

The experiments mentioned above have suggested the question whether the air continues to be "air," in the sense in which we understand it, at a very great elevation from the earth. The diminution of temperature is so rapid as to indicate that in interstellar space it must sink at least as low as four hundred and fifty degrees or five hundred degrees Fahrenheit below zero, and perhaps much lower.

But at far less extreme degrees of cold than these, oxygen and nitrogen, the principal constituents of air, have been experimentally liquefied and solidified. What, then, is the condition of the air at heights where the temperature is so low?

Answer has been made to this question that the air there loses its gaseous condition and becomes changed into a series of minute crystals or drops which follow the earth in its motions through space and are constantly vaporized when falling in regions where the temperature is somewhat above their point of liquefaction or evaporation.

All of which reminds us of the astonishing effects produced by temperature. On the earth iron is a solid, in the sun it is a vapor. The air we live in is gaseous at and near the surface of the globe; but if the suggestion advanced by the French experimenters is correct, at an elevation of a few miles above the ground air is either liquid or solid or both.

HOW TO DRAW A CROWD

A NOON-TIME CROWD IN NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, STUDYING THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN A TAILOR'S WINDOW

The Japanization of the Hawaiian Islands

Out of a total population of about 170,000 in the Hawaiian Islands the Japanese now number about 75,000. In 1906 alone about 20,000 entered the islands from Japan. Only a few of the Japanese, however, are voters, since no Japanese-born immigrant can become a voter. In the case of those who are born in the islands, however, the situation is different. All Japanese born in the Hawaiian Islands are American citizens.

There were in the Hawaiian Islands in 1900 nearly 5,000 native-born Japanese, and each year since 1898 there have been born from 500 to 1,500 male Japanese. It is estimated that by 1919 there will be in the islands at least 1,000 Japanese voters; in 1922, 3,000; in 1924, 6,000; and in 1930 about 15,000. The total Japanese population will be at that time probably at least 125,000. In 1907, out of a total of 2,848 births, 2,281 were Japanese. The total number of voters in the islands is not at hand, but it thought to be not over 25,000. Since the rate of increase of the white races is so much inferior to that of the Japanese, it is entirely within the bounds of possibility that by 1930, if present conditions continue, the government of the Hawaiian Islands may be largely in the hands of the Japanese citizens, and that the territory may be represented in Congress by a Japanese-American citizen.

It is a significant fact that private schools, in which only the Japanese language is taught, are maintained throughout the islands, and all Japanese children attend them. These schools are well appointed and many of them are of large capacity. There is an excellent public school system in Hawaii, and all children of whatever nationality are required to attend the daily sessions—American, English, Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese, and Chinese. All Japanese children, however, are forced, after the close of the American schools each day, to attend the Japanese schools for a couple of hours. The Japanese are thus maintaining their racial integrity and counteracting the efforts made toward their Americanization.

It would appear, therefore, that Japan is in a fair way to acquire by peaceful means, through the operation of our own laws, one of our most valuable possessions, which it might take several years of war and a vast expense to obtain.

Coffee-Tea

Coffee and tea have been so long known to the world, and have given so much delight and refreshment to millions of people, that it seems to be a very singular statement to make, at this late day, that man has not yet availed himself of some of the most valuable properties of these plants. Such, nevertheless, appears to be the case, especially with respect to the coffee plant.

The stimulating power of tea and coffee is due to what is known as caffeine or theine, but tea contains a large percentage of tannin, which is not a desirable component in a beverage; and coffee, while less rich in theine than tea, possesses other properties which give it flavor as a drink.

Tea, as everybody knows, is made from leaves, while coffee is made from berries or beans. Just here is where something appears to have been overlooked. It is true that the leaves of the coffee-plant are not only available for making a beverage, but they possess properties which make them in some respects more valuable than the coffee beans.

In appearance and fragrance the dried coffee leaves very much resemble those of the tea plant. An infusion of them being made, just as in the case of ordinary tea, an aromatic beverage is produced which is bitter to the taste, but not disagreeably so, and which contains almost as much theine as real tea, while there is a notable falling off in the proportion of tannin.

It has been suggested that this "coffee-tea," although not quite so agreeable to the uneducated taste as either of the other beverages, may become an important article of diet, since it is admirably refreshing and restorative in its effects, and at the same time would probably not prove disagreeable to people who are unable to drink ordinary tea and coffee.

Protecting the Bank of England

While there is no perfect safety for life or property in this world, the measures adopted by the Bank of England to protect its treasure against the depredations of robbers exhibit almost the limit of human ingenuity.

Its outer doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close them instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by a special mechanism.

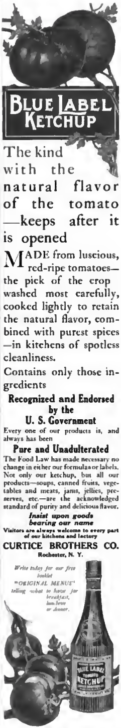
The bullion department of this great British banking institution is nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near this person's head.

If, in the Bank of England, a dishonest official during day or night should take even one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

Cloth from Pine Wood

The discovery of a means of making cloth from the pine-tree of northern Europe and Canada has led English weavers to experiment with the Russian pine, with a view to introducing it as a textile. Pine cloth is regarded as the possible competitor of cotton cloth. Pine threads are as lustrous as cotton threads; they can be mingled to advantage with woollen threads; they bleach and take dye equally well. Possibly the time is coming when pine cloth will be used in place of cotton for underclothing, while pine and wool mixtures will compete with heavier goods for outer garments. Pine cloth will be as cheap as cotton cloth, whatever the cost of manufacture, because the raw material of pine cloth is considerably below the price of raw cotton.

The discoverer of the new textile has not made known the secrets of his process, but application for his patent covers every detail of the machinery used as well as the methods of manufacture. The cloth made from pine is supple, strong, and durable.



The kind with the natural flavor of the tomato—keeps after it is opened

MADE from luscious, red-ripe tomatoes—the pick of the crop washed most carefully, cooked lightly to retain the natural flavor, combined with purest spices—in kitchens of spotless cleanliness.

Contains only those ingredients

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Every one of our products is, and always has been

Pure and Unadulterated

The Food Law has made necessary no change in either our formulas or labels. Not only our ketchup, but all our products—soups, canned fruits, vegetables and meats, jams, jellies, preserves, etc.—are the acknowledged standard of purity and delicious flavor.

Insist upon goods bearing our name

Visitors are always welcome to every part of our kitchens and factory

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SHADOWS OF THE STAGE

(Continued from page 13)

cal support. The mind of Maurice Maeterlinck shows at its best in his Essays and in his remarkable book on *The Bee*,—a book in which wide and particular knowledge of a fruitful subject is blended with poetic comment and happily suggestive thought. As a dramatist the Belgian author is fantastic and, usually, elusive and tedious. Review in this place of the current representation of *The Blue Bird*, produced on October 1st, is necessarily deferred.

The New Theatre, this season, becomes an object of peculiar and solicitous interest. It started, last autumn, with a copious supply of those "good intentions" which constitute the calorific pavement mentioned by Dr Johnson. Its progress now ought to be marked by deeds more than by pretentious words. At the time of its dedication particular care was taken,—most unwisely,—to disclaim any design of contravening the established usage of theatrical management. That was a mistake. The established usage of theatrical management stands in great need of reform, in the public interest, and the very name of the institution,—The New Theatre,—whether it was so intended or not,—implies the purpose to take a course distinct from that generally prevalent. The right course, obviously, is that which seeks to satisfy, and thus to win, the better judgment, taste, and feeling of the public, and to make a fine influence predominant throughout the whole community. The "Old" Theatre, meaning the existent Theatre, from which it was proposed to dissent and depart, is, for the most part, a shop—and nothing else. Selfish commercial policy controls it. The "New" Theatre should be a temple of art.—The Art of Acting. Sneers at Art, with a capital A, do not signify: "What great ones do the less will prattle of." There is such a thing as art, and it happens to be the corner stone of the whole "business." Without the Art of Acting the Theatre would not exist. The immediate formation of a perfect dramatic company for The New Theatre was not readily practicable, and it was not expected: formidable obstacles stood in the way, and some of them still are standing: but there is no capable theatrical manager who, being provided with ample available capital, could not have assembled a stronger company than the one with which that theatre was opened. The preference, seeing that the institution was planned, announced, and clearly intended as National, should have been given to American actors. Many of the best actors on our stage at present are, indeed, natives of Great Britain, and such actors, and all actors, whether of foreign or domestic origin, are fully entitled to all the recognition and support that their talents and industry can obtain. Discrimination against the foreign actor, as such, would be wrong, and it is not advocated. But, in this particular case, there was a good and obvious reason for, first of all, employing home talent. The administration, furthermore, should have been entrusted to persons, in each and every instance, of proved ability, persons indisputably and unequivocally qualified, by intellect, judgment, taste, and ample experience, to manage a great theatre. The generous public spirit that prompted and sustained this splendid enterprise,—one of the best and most liberal that our country has seen, and one worthy of the warmest admiration and the most bounteous practical sympathy,—ought not to have been charged with the cost of professional education of even one member of an executive force. Sound judgment and wise management would never have allowed the presentment of such stuff as *The Nigger*, *Liz*, *A Son of the People*, and the emasculated *Brand*, nor would they have permitted the "artistic designer" to publish in the newspapers a foolish disparagement of one of the ablest theatrical managers and most competent stage directors who have ever been associated with the theatre in America,—Augustin Daly, a manager who, years ago, employed that "artistic designer" as long as he could tolerate bumptious pedantry. The New Theatre was,—and is,—expected to be much more than merely an additional playhouse, in a city already encumbered with too many theatres. Public good will toward it is general and hearty, and, certainly, all workers for the public welfare earnestly desire that it will prove a magnificent, permanent success, and that it will exercise a far-reaching influence to ennoble the Stage throughout America.

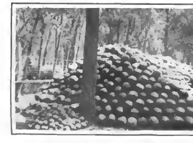
As the new season opens it may not be amiss to glance at the active effort which seems to be in progress to convert New York, long the great and reputable dramatic centre, into a sort of "theatrical finishing shop." Rapid and excessive increase in the number of theatres within it is especially noticeable, as indicative of the growth of an injurious policy of theatrical management, which affects the whole country. Many more theatres exist in this capital than can be supplied with good new plays (the quest is all for novelty), and with good actors. The fact of a trend toward that condition was some time ago declared in the press, by this pen, but then it was strenuously denied. Of late several conspicuous managers, Mr. Daniel Frohman and Mr. Alf. Hayman among the number, have publicly avouched and deplored it, saying there are "too many theatres" in this city. The reason for this injurious excess might advantageously be considered now, with a view to the application of a practical remedy,—or, at least, with a view to right comprehension of existing conditions. The Theatre, as a business mart, has expanded more than it has developed as a vehicle for the art of acting. There are thousands of theatres in the United States,—representing an investment of millions of dollars,—all of which theatres must be supplied with attractions, in order that they can be kept open and made remunerative. Much money is to be gained by keeping them open, if the public can be allured, and predominant theatrical managers, eagerly desirous to acquire that money, have devised a means by which their acquisitive craving can, as they believe, be satisfied. "A New York success" is still the potent magnet, the country over. But there is a difference: in former days productions were made "on the road" with a view to satisfaction of enlightened taste in the capital. In this time, though success here is still earnestly desired, the enterprise is to manufacture auspicious repute by making productions almost anywhere, and passing them through New York,—as slowly as may be,—with a view to reap gain by supplying "the road." The speculative manager, good new plays being few and quickly pre-empted, obtains something which he calls a play (almost any fabric of dialogue, however vacuous, is utilized), produces it in some little country town, brings it to New York as soon as possible, keeps it current in this city as long as he can, and then sends it forth to earn money in other cities and in the many "one-night stands" that are included in the various theatrical "circuits." A theatre in New York is essential to the execution of that plan, and, since the leading theatres are occupied, and not available for the purpose, the alternative is to build theatres,—and theatres, accordingly, have been built, till now the capital is overrun with them. One indication of the actual, as contrasted with the ostensible, purpose of this multiplicity of playhouses, is the small seating capacity of many of them. The plan sometimes succeeds,—not always, and less often each year. Some speculators meet with disaster. But—"all men think all men mortal but themselves," and every manager seems to start with the conviction that whatever ill luck is stirring will light on the shoulders of others. The expedient is ruinous; for the people of the country,—because of the nature of the stuff foisted upon them,—have long been growing more and more distrustful of the vaunt of a "New York reputation"; and the use of this method by men who plume themselves on being prodigies of practical business ability is amazing. Melancholy comment has from time to time been supplied by the announcement that some "first class" New York theatre has been converted into a show place for "moving pictures."

The old practice, often flouted now, was productive of much better results. Fine productions were made, by independent managers, in many cities,—for example, in Albany, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, Memphis, New Orleans, Providence, and St. Louis,—and the intelligent enterprise of those managers proved beneficial alike to the art of acting and the business of the theatre. At the present time there are, in a few cities, stock companies which, occasionally, are utilized for the production of a new play: a little production "for the road" has, within recent seasons, been effected in Philadelphia and Boston, and more has been effected in Chicago: but, in general, the old practice has been discarded. Moreover, even the plays produced in the cities just named are, as a rule, brought in to receive the mint mark of New York,—although the Olympian firm of Klaw & Erlanger has intimated its imperial purpose to make Chicago, instead of New York, the capital and producing centre of the theatrical world. That consummation,—if present methods are to be long continued,—would be a blessing to this capital.

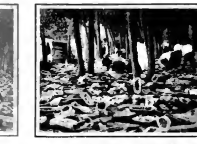
It seems a pity that, as this new season opens, of which the promise is munificent and the prospect engaging, the public should not be relieved of a nuisance to which it has long been subjected,—that, namely, of Theatrical Ticket "Speculation." That nuisance could be abolished within as brief a time as one week, by concerted action on the part of the theatrical managers. There is no good reason why theatre tickets should be offered for sale anywhere except at the box-office of the theatre. It is a subterfuge of trade that they are placed at any agency in order to accommodate persons who chance to be residing at hotels. It is as easy to communicate with the box-office of a theatre as it is to communicate with an agency. The tickets placed at the agency cost not less than twenty-five per cent. more than they cost at the box-office,—the extortionate profit being divided between the agent and the management,—and, furthermore, it is significant that the tickets placed for sale at the agency are, almost invariably, the best seats in every theatre concerned in the transaction. It has, of course, been urged that the public could put an end to the extortionate agency form of ticket speculation by abstention from purchasing tickets from the agent, but that position takes no account of human nature: as the business is now arranged, it often is impracticable to buy good seats in the theatres anywhere except at the agency,—and the people *will* go to the theatre when their curiosity has been aroused.

The ticket "speculation" on the sidewalks is an abomination. The importunity to which persons who approach a theatre door are subjected by pestiferous ruffians who undertake to vend theatre tickets in front of most of the theatres of New York is, frequently, insolent and outrageous. It could not, perhaps, be legally proved that some of these semi-thugs are employed by the managers, but there is a very general impression that, in many instances, they are, and it is morally certain. Means of relief from this abuse could, and ought to be, found. Notwithstanding its true character,—that of a public institution,—extreme authority is allowed to the theatrical manager, in this State, as to the conduct of his business as an entirely private matter. He can bar from his theatre any person of whom, for any reason, or no reason, he happens to disapprove. Benvolio, in the play, who, having hazel eyes, quarreled with a passing stranger for cracking nuts, was not more peremptory than the theatrical manager can be, in preventing your access to his theatre, although you have paid for admission, if he chooses to dislike the color of your hair or the fashion of your garments. More than one honest writer has been denied entrance to theatres in this city, for no other reason than because he had done his duty by publishing a true and fair account of a dramatic performance. Yet, even with this arbitrary, unreasonable power of exclusion, the managers, it is claimed, cannot put an end to the nuisance of Ticket "Speculation"!

The season was opened early in August,—too early for either the essential good of the Theatre or the welfare of the audience. A crowd, in hot weather, is not healthful to itself. The enthusiasm and energy of actors,—vitally important to acting,—are susceptible of being depleted. It might be wise, sometimes, to look toward the future, and to remember that performances are to be given throughout a continuity of many weeks. The policy is short-sighted which does not, at the beginning, safeguard the vitality of the actor. Some of the acting now visible is more interesting than most of the plays are in which it is shown. Two farces, by Mr. Anstey, *Love Among the Lions* and *The Brass Bottle*, have caused a slight ripple of mirth and a farce called *Baby Mine*, chiefly notable for lack of delicate, genial feeling, has called to mind the just opinion of Sir Peter Teazle,—to the effect that true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than a mind of coarse texture can understand. Miss Emma Dunn, an actress of strong character, executive force, and notable efficiency in a monotonous though sometimes effective method of realism, has asserted herself, and gained some attention, in a medley of incredible incidents entitled *Mother*,—the good purpose of which is to exemplify and honor maternal devotion, the most sacred instinct of human nature and the greatest blessing of human life. It is much to be deplored that authors who undertake,—as it is "sweet and commendable" that they should,—to portray and extol the virtuous propensities and potential beatitude of the human heart so often defeat their excellent purpose by mawkish insipidity. That representative and favorite light comedian, Mr. John Drew, in a frail but amusing play called *Smith*, has pleased the town, presenting the well-worn character of a good fellow who returns home from a foreign land, to set matters right in a sophisticated domestic circle in England. A play called *The Country Boy* is likewise among the prosperous presentations of the new season,—particular discussion of salient features of which must be reserved for another paper.



The rampart of ten thousand melons at Rocky Ford, Colorado



All that was left of them after the onslaught

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OCTOBER'S BIG MUSICAL EVENT

Musical Organizations of Europe and South America to be Heard, as Well as World-Famous Opera Stars.

THE musically inclined people of this city will be glad of the opportunity to hear France's greatest band, the Garde Républicaine, and the Estudiantina Trio of Buenos Ayres, South America, play for them, as well as to hear the voices of such famous artists as John McCormack and Frances Alda, and many will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity. No, these artists themselves are not here, but their music is here on the new Victor Records, and it couldn't be better if you heard the artists themselves.

You won't be able to keep your feet still as you listen to the spirited and brilliant playing of the Second Chasseurs March by the Garde Républicaine Band, which ranks among the half-dozen best military bands in the world. And you will be delighted with the Chantecler novelty, *Mr. Rooster*, played by Pryor's Band, as it is one of the best of the "Cock-a-doodle do" compositions, and there is no doubt of its being written in honor of the King of the Barnyard, judging from the noise he makes during the rendition. Pryor's Band also plays a comedy-classic, *Humorous Variations on a German Folk Song* in which the composer has taken a sweet tune of a German folk song and treated it according to Bach, Strauss, Gounod and Wagner.

Blanche Ring also has two new records in the October Victor list, singing in her usual breezy style *Nora Malone* and *Top o' the Morning*, both of which are used by her in *The Yankee Girl*. A charming duet, *For You, Bright Eyes*, the hit of the new musical comedy *Bright Eyes*, is splendidly sung by Miss Barbour and Mr. Anthony. The favorite Pixley-Luders operetta, *The Prince of Pilsen*, was selected for this month's medley by the Victor Light Opera Company, and the five favorite airs are presented in admirable fashion.

Politics in Pompeii

A study of the walls and bill-boards that took the place of newspapers in Pompeii, over eighteen hundred years ago, shows that not only was the ward politics of the city astonishingly like that of modern elections, with ward meetings, primaries, and appeals for candidates, but that the Pompeians were actually in the midst of a hot political campaign when in A.D. 79 the city was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius.

We have it upon competent authority that the city had a thoroughly equipped "machine." Political clubs were numerous. Municipal elections were held once a year, and any citizen was at liberty to run for office. His intention to do so was made known by his friends posting his name on the bill-boards and walls about the city. We know that one Titus Gemarius, a baker, who had a shop on a corner with a side wall running back along an alley, made a handsome thing by renting it for bulletin boards.

After a candidate's name had been posted for some time he could ascertain readily whether he stood any chance of winning. If he saw that he did not, he went to the chief selectmen and asked to have his name withdrawn; but if he thought his chances pretty good his name was put on the "white list," after which there was no backing out.

The system of wards and primary elections was practically the same as that followed in many American cities to-day. The electors chosen at the primaries met at the Forum on election-day to deposit their ballots, and fell into line as men do at the polls now. There were three judges of elections, and each candidate was permitted to station one of his own men at the ballot box, to see that no intimidation was practised.

The ballot box was very closely watched, a fact which seems to show that ballot-box stuffing was not unknown even then. The candidate who carried a majority of the wards was elected.

The Pompeiians "whooped it up" for their candidates in the true modern style. Thus the Late Topers, a club which had its headquarters opposite the Forum, announced its preferences on a bill-board as follows: "The Late Topers beg their friends to vote for Marcus Lavinius Vatia for Aedile."

Vatia, who was a favorite in sporting circles, evidently had some money to spend in the legitimate expenses of his campaign, for all his notices and announcements are well got up. His rival, Popidius, either did not look after his campaign, or else had no money to employ a competent bill-poster, for his notices are misspelled, and in all respects inferior to Vatia's.

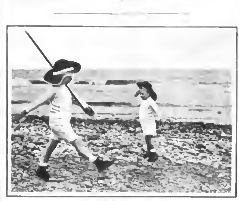
Thelme, a tavernkeeper on the Via Storta, wanted C. Gavius Rufus and M. Holconius Priscus elected duumvirs. They had probably promised to get his taxes lowered, or that the police should let his place alone. Therefore Thelme had all the walls in his neighborhood decorated with the notification that "Thelme and his customers nominate C. Gavius Rufus and M. Holconius Priscus for duumvirs."

The electors did not mind stirring up candidates who expected their friends to do all the work for them. One inscription reads, "O Eulonius, keep your eyes open!" And Infans is prodded as follows: "O Infans, you are fast asleep, and yet you say you are electioneering!"

There was a tavern in the first ward where a primary was probably held. At any rate, a large crowd had assembled, and the landlord very obligingly provided seats. For this he was rewarded by an inscription on the wall. The notice, freely translated, reads:

"O landlord, you did well to get us these chairs!"

Unluckily, investigators have been unable to find any record of how this election turned out. Probably the frightful 23d and 24th of August came before election-day arrived.



WAR LORDS AT PRACTICE

THE TWO ELDEST CHILDREN OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY, WILLIAM, AGED FOUR, AND LOUIS FERDINAND, THREE, PLAYING AT SOLDIERS UPON THE BEACH AT HEILIGENDAMM

Life in Nova Zembla

THE Russian government has recently given attention to the development of the northern portions of its empire, especially the island of Nova Zembla in the Arctic Ocean, which only a few years ago was inhabited by but fifty souls.

The governor of the province of Archangel induced eight Samoyede families to emigrate thither. All their wants were supplied with the greatest care, according to the official reports, and much attention was lavished upon them.

The Russian solicitude for the Samoyedes of Nova Zembla extended even to such details as the following. The settlers included a brother and sister, both grown, and in answer to the usual queries as to what articles they stood in need of, one requested, among other things, a wife, and the other a husband.

As these were not forthcoming, with the consent of the parents, the authorities brought out with them a bridegroom and a bride. Each having been introduced to his or her destined partner, the authorities allowed them an hour to become better acquainted with each other, after the lapse of which the weddings were immediately to take place.

The young Nova Zemblan was much pleased with the bride the obliging authorities had brought him, and she in her turn with him.

To the query put to the bride as to the young man, she replied, "Oh, he'll do. He's a real Samoyede." So the business in respect of that couple was soon over.

But not so with the other. The Nova-Zemblan bride would have nothing to do with a bridegroom of the Russian authorities' choosing.

"He a Samoyede!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "He's never killed a white bear! Why, my little brother, who is only eleven years old, has killed several, and I myself have shot over a score of wild deer! And what has *he* been doing? Killing tame reindeer. No, I won't have him!"

She was as good as her word, so that the match-making of the Russian officials was not altogether a success. The unlucky bridegroom could only pull a long face and retire. There was no help for it, and the authorities confined themselves to one wedding.

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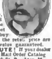
THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS



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The Gentler View

THE AGILE MINORITY

By Florida Pier

It is not true that it is preferable to be of the majority. Or, if it is true for some, they are of the huddling sheep brand, only comfortable when kept erect by pressure from all sides. To others the majority is a place in which they are pained to find themselves occasionally, and it is these others who devote lives of specialized agility to keeping with the minority. The minority is invariably right. It holds the opinions that the majority of the next generation will clasp comfortably. Instead of being the black sheep for its divergence, it is the advance-guard to be followed at as little distance as possible. It is generally sane to doubt any theory upheld by the greatest number of people, for its popularity is usually indicative of a shapelessness, a roundness too safe. An idea shared by millions is an idea with its edges worn off, it no longer grips and stings. It has rolled from one mind to another until its shape is such that it can be carried in a corner of the brain without ever attracting the attention of its supporter.

Or, if the minority is wrong, it is still stimulating to be of its number, for the society of those who are braced by being separated has something heady in it. To have an uncommon amount of breathing space all to oneself, and to inhale it with head flung back and dilating nostrils, enjoying its brisk freshness, is surely better than to pant scantily in much-used air. A minority appeals to one's valor: it suggests a losing course and the need of strong fighters. What fun is there in rallying around a standard about which so many have gathered that it looks like nothing so much as a sorry pennant flapping atop of a human pyramid? Those bees that gather on the outside of the large ball of which the queen is the centre never have our respect. When they saw how little need she had of them they really might have gone off in search of some queen with a less universal appeal.

It is not always easy to keep in the minority. A custom smartly exclusive in one country is demeaningly usual in another. One must keep one's eyes open and jump to where the crowd is thinnest. It is imperative to certain temperaments, those living most pleasurably among the minority, to burn wood fires in Newcastle and coal fires on the frontier. They cannot delight in a thing sunk in the bog of over-usage; it must stand alone in order that the associations and ideas clinging to it can be seen and appreciated.

The minority are people of a strong sense of responsibility. They feel it incumbent on them to investigate the claims of new ideas, and the pleasure they receive in standing sponsor for the trial of the little-liked leads them in details to vary radically, to drink tea in America and cocktails in England. So dependent are they on a constant whiff of minority that to suffer inconvenience in exhibiting its trade-marks is balm to their sensitive souls. And yet it is important that the minority be of a certain size. It is like solitude: it cannot be enjoyed alone. It requires at least two; and the more the better, so long as it remains a noticeably small group with its limits sharply defined. Self-realization is the water of the minority; self-congratulation, its bread; both are dependent on seeing oneself reflected sparingly in mirrors to one's liking. To be a minority of one is to be self-distrustful and only partially compensated in one's private moments by periods spent on a mountain-top, splendidly isolated, cut off from the valley below by one's no-longer-to-be-held scintillations, which, when aired in public, are regarded as queer to the point of stubborn idiocy. A genius unrecognized is laughed and scorned utterly by the peasants among whom he lives.

The fear of being of the majority is much more general than would be supposed, as so many of the great multitude live and die in it, always dreading it, but kept from knowing they were of it by a gift given each of us at birth by some wise and good fairy, that of feeling ourselves to differ utterly from the rest of mankind. If we were not all armed with this (our inability to see glaring resemblances is one of the beneficent, unregarded miracles) the majority would drown itself in its own tears. If we cannot be distinguished by virtues, vices will do, but our life depends on the possession of an identifying trait. To lack it is to be lost, swamped, worse than dead, overlooked. If the majority live in the majority by the aid of this necessary self-deception, picture the intoxication of living results of the few, of keeping, though with difficulty, in a small flat surrounded by a distinctly cleared space which is flatteringly avoided, for no matter what reason, by the countless others.

Human Types and Books

Would you increase your knowledge of humanity? Read books. Read more books. The people you meet every day are described in books; their hopes, aims, motives and passions are truly mirrored as you cannot see them by casual personal observation.

Perusal of the page headed "*Book Land*," edited by Edwin Markham and John Vance Cheney, appearing every Saturday in the *New York Morning American*, will help you to select the books *you* will like.

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Recognizing the Lighthouses

Passengers are generally astonished when, on a dark night, they hear one ship's officer remark to another, "There's Egg Rock!" or, "Crabtree Ledge!" or, "Beavertail!" as the case may be, naming some headland or shoal along the coast. The landlubber strains his eyes, and far away there appears, from time to time, a flash of light, red or white. As these flashes seem to the passenger exactly like those from hundreds of other lighthouses, he is astonished at the officer's assurance.

It is really a very easy matter to distinguish the American lighthouses and lightships, of which there are about 1,300 along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, if one is possessed of a copy of the code issued by the Lighthouse Board. Every light is known by the fixed light, the duration of flash, the length of the eclipse, or the number of flashes shown in groups. No lighthouses within one hundred miles of each other are even similar in these particulars. For instance, one guide-post of the sea may flash a white light every fifteen seconds, never varying, while the next flashes a red light every five seconds; the third may be an alternate red and white flash, with intervals of ten seconds between the flashes, and so on. The audible fog signals are identified by the time between the blasts of the siren and the continuance of the blast.

Flashing lights are preferred to fixed lights, for the reason that a fixed light might be confused with some other light on shore. Only white and red lights are considered desirable in lighthouses, since it has been found that the rays from lights of other colors cannot be seen at so great a distance. There is but one green light—a fixed one—on the Atlantic coast.

Soldiers on Skates

In the Norwegian army there is a corps of infantry which can cover a distance of eighty miles in a day's march. This extraordinary record, which equals the performances of the best-trained cavalry in Europe, is only possible because every man in the corps is a highly trained skater and when in marching trim is provided with a specially constructed pair of skates.

The corps can be manœuvred with extraordinary rapidity. The heels of the skates are so shaped as to enable the men to spin round as if on a pivot at the word of command. As a matter of fact, they can perform "right about face" far more quickly than any crack regiment of infantry.

The evolutions of the corps are naturally confined to the great fiords which indent the coast of Norway and during the long winter season are frozen solidly over. For patrol and scout duty these soldier skaters will be of the greatest service should Norway ever go to war. The men of the corps are the pick of a skating nation, and their commander was once the champion skater of his country.

The Letters of Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Early next spring Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish *The Letters of Elizabeth Cady Stanton: An Epistolary Autobiography*. The book will be edited by Theodore Stanton and Mrs. Stanton Blatch.

A curious chapter in the volume will be that devoted to Mrs. Stanton's sojourn in France, which she first visited in 1840, at the time of the return of the body of Napoleon from St. Helena, and again several times after the establishment of the Third Republic, when she met many prominent French men and women.

The editors would be glad to receive copies or the originals of any of Mrs. Stanton's letters, which should be addressed to Mr. Theodore Stanton, Rue Raynouard, Paris.

Felling Trees by Wire

A German inventor has discovered a way to fell trees by incandescent wires. His invention consists of an ordinary steel wire one millimetre in diameter, with a small attachment worked by a motor. The wire saws rapidly and evenly through the tree trunk, being heated to the burning-point by the friction. During the first trial of the wire-cutter a tree forty inches thick was cut through in less than six minutes. One of the advantages of this machine is that it cuts a tree close to the ground, or in the ground, through the roots. It produces steam instead of sawdust, and leaves a clean, smooth cut covered by a layer of charred wood so extremely thin as to show through it the recorded age of the tree.

The Celebrated Brontë Books

JUDGING by the books that have been written and read in recent years, by the common verdict as to the Brontë sisters, their story and their work, which prevails, almost without exception, in the literary criticism of the present day; by the tone of personal tenderness, even of passionate homage, in which many writers speak of Charlotte and of Emily; and by the increasing recognition which their books have obtained abroad, one may say with some confidence that the name and memory of the Brontes were never more alive than now, that "Honor and Fame have got about their graves" for good and all, and that Charlotte and Emily Brontë are no less secure, at any rate, than Jane Austen or George Eliot or Mrs. Browning of literary recollection in the time to come.

But if the Brontës live, their books live also.

Mrs. Gaskell, herself an accomplished novelist, wrote an account of these lonely girls on a Yorkshire moor, struggling with poverty and consumption, developing genius in the very wrestle with death, taking the heaven of fame by violence, and perishing in the effort. She showed them to us oppressed by poverty and by daily contact with a vicious brother, and yet, through it all, remaining dutiful, loving, and virtuous, she describes the deaths—the piteous deaths—of two of the sisters in the very moment, or on the very threshold, of success, and, finally, her narrative brought us to the death of Charlotte herself — Charlotte snatched from happiness and from motherhood, after one brief year of married life, and so skilful is the telling, so touching the story, that the heart goes out to it, and forthwith the Brontë books must be books of genius, because the Brontës are so interesting and their story is so tragic.

From the Introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward

"'There are books so fine that literature in them is but the expression of those who write them. In other words, there are books where the writer seems to be everything, the material employed, the environment, almost nothing. The main secret of the charm that clings to Charlotte Brontë's books is, and will always be, the contact which they give us with her own fresh, indomitable, surprising personality—surprising, above all. . . . How often . . . does one instinctively expect the conventional solution, the conventional softening, the conventional prettiness or quaintness that so many other story-tellers, of undoubted talent, could not have resisted! And it never comes. Hammer-like, the blows of a passionate realism descend."

"Caroline, Shirley, Mrs. Pryor—delicacy, wildness, family affection—these indeed are the three aspects of Charlotte's personality, Charlotte's genius. So that they are children of her own heart's blood, spirits born of her own essence and warm with her own life."

"If *Shirley*, wherever the women of the story are chiefly concerned, is richer even than *Jane Eyre* in poetry and unexpectedness, in a sort of fresh and sparkling charm like that of a moor in sunshine, it is because Charlotte Brontë herself has grown and mellowed in the interval, because she has thought more, felt more, trembled still more deeply under the pain and beauty of the world. It is the most assertive, the most challenging of books."

"Never was Charlotte Brontë better served by this great gift of poetic vision than in *Villette*—never indeed as well. The very fulness of visualising force runs through it like a fiery stream bathing and kindling all it touches down to the smallest detail."

"No novel, moreover, that escapes obscurity and ugliness was ever freer from stereotyped forms and phrases. They come out new minted, shining, each a venture, and as a rule, a happy one; yet with no effect of labor or research; rather a careless freedom and wealth."

"For the mingling of daring poetry with the easiest and most masterly command of local truth, for sharpness and felicity of phrase, for exuberance of creative force, for invention and freshness of detail, there are few things in English fiction to match *Wuthering Heights*."

---

7 VOLUMES

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With Biography

Charlotte Brontë

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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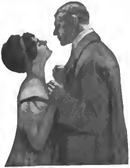

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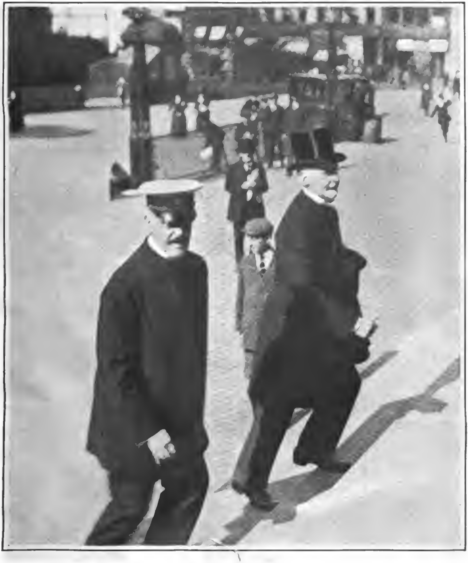

MAYOR GAYNOR COMES BACK

After an absence of two months Mayor Gaynor returned to his desk in the City Hall last week apparently recovered from the wound inflicted by the bullet of his would-be assassin. He was warmly greeted by the crowd of onlookers that quickly assembled, and was welcomed later in the City Hall by an impromptu delegation of representative citizens

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Comment

The Elephant Now Goes 'Round and 'Round

It is most desirable, in these piping times, to know where we are at. Consequently we rejoice in the fact that this year, in the State of New York, Roosevelt and Hearst must stand up and be counted. Both tried to dodge the enumeration by combining forces, but a cog slipped while William Randolph was on the briny deep. The Independence League suddenly became independent and, taking their leader at his word, placed a separate ticket in the field. A deal of squirming ensued, but even the adroit Mr. Shearn could find no avenue of escape. So the proud banner bearing the unsullied names of 'Oppen and 'Earst is unfurled, and presently we shall know how many elect to huddle beneath its flapping folds.

That is good. We have heard that particular army for some time. Now we are going to have a chance to see it, duly registered and tallied at the polls. Excellent!

Was Roosevelt disappointed by the unexpected turn in the affairs of his prospective allies? Who can say? Who would venture to sound the depths of righteous self-consciousness? All seems to depend upon the true status, at the present moment, of Hearst himself. Is he a crook? That is the question. If he is, we spurn him. Be it clearly understood, we do not object to a demagogue because he is a demagogue or to a gent because he is a gent or to a hobble skirt because it is a hobble skirt, but if he or it is not on the level, we dine alone. If Hearst can show that he can deliver the goods, we shall treat him as a Coxe; if not, as a Lorimer. Our position, though subject, as usual, to gross and wilful misrepresentation, is perfectly plain. We are irrevocably opposed to dishonesty in every form. We make no distinction between the poor and the rich. All crooks look alike to us when they appear as grim spectres of corruption. Let those who take the other side, those who uphold crookedness and corruption—in business or in politics, we care not which—step forth into the open and we will meet them cheek by jowl and cinch 'em.

What will happen we cannot predict with feeling of certainty. According to Mr. Elihu Root, speaking "by authority of the President of the United States," Hearst used to be a sort of instigator of assassination and things like that. But times and needs have changed since he was welcomed as a midnight visitor at the White House. He may not be even a cinchable crook now. But he must square his words with his deeds. That should be clearly understood. It doesn't matter so much what his words are so long as they are helpful to Stimson, but they must square with performance and get results. Otherwise, all bets are off and we indignantly proceed to chew the rag alone. Meanwhile, let patience possess our souls! "Hearst has struck the key-note!" gleefully shouts the blithesome Griscom. What keynote, nobody knows. But he has struck it, anyhow. The only question is whether he will continue to hit it hard. It is utterly useless to hit things easy. They must be hit hard. Clearly, it is up to Hearst to determine whether he shall find a place in the Only Manly Resort.

Meanwhile, the campaign progresses. Mr. Ezra P. Prentice, a former assistant in the office of Mr. John E. Parsons and a chum of Trump Herbert, has been duly installed as chairman of the State Committee, and the family affair seems complete. His published reflection to the effect that some difficulty may be experienced in gathering adequate funds is annoying, of course, but perhaps the new head of the thieving sugar concern will prove more amenable than has been anticipated. Unhappily, Mr. Prentice, or whoever Roosevelt sends, will not be able to find Mr. Harriman or Mr. Rogers unless he transports himself to another sphere, but Mr. John D. Archbold, of generous disposition, and we assume still a staunch Rooseveltian, is a fit subject for another hold-up. Mr. George R. Sheldon, too, is a liberal giver to causes which are interwoven with his heart-strings, and, if necessary, we have no doubt the members of the Union League Club would vote unanimously to mortgage their building.

So the prospects are not really so poor. The only thing that distresses us seriously is the report that Colonel Roosevelt's projected whirlwind tour on the rear platform of a private car may have to be abandoned because of lack of funds. That is bad. Moreover, we cannot understand it. True, the New York Central has always been less free and easy than the Pennsylvania in furnishing rum, cigars, etc., for the propagation of personal uplifts, but what is the matter with the *Outlook*? Have not the financial returns warranted its being sponged upon so far? It certainly looks prosperous and happy, to say nothing of the fact that Mr. Earnest Abbott and young Mr. Howland are becoming quite famous as the grateful recipients of reflected glory. Surely Partner James Stillman has not been so mean as to put his foot down. His stock in the *Outlook* corporation must be worth four or five times what it was before red blood (chiefly in the form of warmed-over speeches) was injected into it. Why doesn't he come up? If he is going to continue to win renown by being a partner of a confessedly Honest Man and to rake in huge dividends, he ought to contribute something to the common good. Everybody else does. Dr. Lyman Abbott furnishes the fossilized moralities, Mr. Mabie the grateful tired feeling, Mr. Howland, senior, the business acumen, Mr. Howland, junior, the requisite adoration, Mr. Earnest, the earnestness, and the Contributing Editor the rest, advertising included. Surely Brother Stillman might contribute a private car merely as evidence of good faith. He might even be permitted to ride on it as far as Poughkeepsie if he should submit affidavits proving that he is a good and not a bad corporation. We submit the suggestion in any case, in the hope that it will be found helpful and satisfying to all concerned.

Comfort

Why, look who's here! Brother Bryan has come back. Also he says:

> Mr. Harvey may have the consolation of knowing that public men cannot always remember everything they have said.

We have not felt the need of consolation since Brother Bryan bolted the Democratic ticket. But we really are pleased to have him make manifest the source of his own inexplicable equanimity.

Two Roads to Tariff Reform

What are our real chances of getting the tariff revised downward on a just principle? That, after all, is what the fuss is about—at any rate, that is what it ought to be about. Let us not forget, in the presence of so many insurgent victories and in the confident hope of such big Democratic gains, that we had wonderful victories for tariff reform twenty years ago, but that the amount of actual tariff reform we got was disappointing if not negligible. The situation is markedly different now, the principal differences being due to the pronounced and potent tariff-reform movement inside the Republican party—but those of us who were among the people who got so excited and felt so triumphant in the early nineties, and then had to put up with the Wilson-Gorman bill—well, we can be pardoned for wanting to know just how much reform we are really going to get, and just how we are going to get it. Let us see.

There are two general proposals looking to reform, both with much good support behind them. If either goes through as planned, we ought to get something substantial. There is the Republican proposal to secure reform through a tariff commission, and there is the Democratic proposal to pitch in and lower duties at once, without waiting for any commission to act. Will the Democrats get control and do the job? Or will the Progressive Republicans carry out their plan in good faith, and effectively? Or will Democrats and Progressive Republicans have to work together? Or will the whole thing come to nothing because neither crowd will be strong enough to accomplish anything in its own way and because they will not find a way to co-operate?

The Commission Plan

The President said in his only campaign speech that our present Tariff Commission is ready to make a preliminary report, but that he had directed postponement until after the elections. Until that report is made, nothing will be known authoritatively about the commission's work and the difficulties it is encountering. One hears that the manufacturers are refusing to give the information desired about the cost of production; and the secretary of the National Tariff Commission in a speech the other day took the position that we still need a commission "with powers," and thereby implied that the one we have got has not power enough. The work is difficult. It would be difficult enough even if there were the amplest powers law could give. To get all the information really needed for dealing with some four thousand items intelligently and justly, and to get that information into shape for practical use, is a big job. To expect to see it all done in a few months would be unreasonable. If the commission can report to the short session schedules on, say, the wool and woollens and cotton schedules it will have earned its pay. But that a commission of experts is the best means yet suggested to get the information needed for making a scientifically protective tariff—a tariff limited to the amount of protection that can be demanded on the basis of differences in actual cost of production—is the one conclusion to which the present agitation seems to have brought the country. If we are to stick to protection we must have a commission, and the best chance we have of lower duties unless or until the Democrats get both Houses and the Presidency is through such action as may be taken in response to the present commission's reports on particular schedules. If the next House is Democratic, there would seem to be a possibility, even a probability, that in the Senate also there will be enough lower-tariff votes, if they can be united, to take action. Writing to the Springfield *Republican* and the *Evening Post*, Mr. George S. Brown, of Baltimore, calculates that with a Democrat in place of Hale, from Maine, with the assurances given that there will be Democrats to succeed Republicans from Missouri, Indiana, Nebraska, and Nevada, with Insurgents succeeding Stand-patters from Washington and Michigan, only four or five more victories that may be not unreasonably expected—as in New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Delaware—will be required to give a lower-tariff majority in the Senate. There is also the possibility that some near-Insurgent hold-over Senators will become fully Insurgent; and after next March there will be no Aldrich to manage the Stand-patter fight.

Yes, there is a chance that something will be accomplished before 1913.

What Will the Democrats Do?

That chance may be lost, wholly or in part, by an unwise decision of Democrats not to take what they can get at once for the cause, but to wait until they can have things all their own way. Of course, what they can get at once will be in any case only less protection, not an abjuring and overthrow of the protective system. So far as we know, all the Republican Progressives call themselves protectionists. They claim, in fact, to be the true exponents of protection, since they wish to see it limited to its avowed objects and governed by its avowed rules. But lower duties are lower duties. It does not matter what name we call the rose by. We ought to find it sweet, however we get it and by whatsoever name it goes.

This is not saying that Democrats ought to turn over the fight to Republicans or give up trying for an all hail hereafter when they can themselves decide what the future tariff policy of the country shall be. They ought not, however, to sacrifice to that hope and aspiration any opportunity to afford immediate relief to consumers and to such manufacturers as the carded-wool men, who also suffer injustice as things are. Thoughtful and conscientious Democrats will also bear in mind that there are differences of opinion among themselves as to the ideal way to handle the tariff: that they need to get together and settle their differences and work out a practical plan before charging themselves with the entire responsibility. This they can hardly do until they have another national convention. But they can begin to do it now.

They can accomplish much by way of clarifying their own ideas during the sessions of Congress before the summer of 1912. Their leaders will do well to lead them along that line instead of attempting to play politics by rejecting what may come in the form of gifts from the Greeks. Let those leaders understand that it will not be enough to carry their States this autumn and win the House and make the strong tide of reaction stronger still. The highest and most essential function of leadership is not so much to win victories as to deserve them and to follow them up with real services to the country.

Did We Do It?

Said the late Henry W. Grady: "France, Brazil—these are our victories. The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth." Perhaps he put it too strongly, but he was right. It is the success in America that does more than anything else to recommend the Democratic principle. That success is no doubt much plainer in things material than it is, even yet, in the matter of the purity and effectiveness of our national and State governments. But we have held together; we have grown more rather than less Democratic; and meanwhile we have made a tremendous lot of money and built big railroads and cities and secured for the great majority of our people more comfort and a higher standard of living than other peoples—matching class with class—seem to enjoy. We have our troubles, and at times many of us feel that our case is far from proved. But to most observers from without we seem an excellent advertisement of our political ideas. Portugal had a bad government and a heavy debt and her people were thoroughly mad. They might in any case have risen against their reigning house. But the American idea was one of the forces which uprooted that throne also.

The Portuguese Programme

The upset seems to have started with the minimum of bloodshed and disturbance. The navy being strongly republican and the army largely so, the armed opposition was comparatively feeble. An incompetent young King and a Queen-Mother who governed him could do nothing for themselves, and are not likely to get any outside help in regaining their power over a disgusted people. President Theophilo Braga, the head of the provisional government, has been a professor of history and philosophy, and appears to be a fit representative of the forces that have brought about the revolution. His purpose and that of his colleagues seem to be nothing more than to provide a modern, economical, and progressive government, under which Portugal can develop her resources, which are very considerable, educate her people, and get what is lawfully coming to her in the competitions of the nations. It is planned that the provisional government shall last at least three months, until elections can be held. The chief points of the government's programme are declared to be:

> First, the development of public instruction and national defences on land and sea; second, administrative decentralization; third, colonial autonomy; fourth, to guarantee fundamental liberties by judicial power; fifth, expulsion of monks and nuns; sixth, obligatory civil registration; seventh, lay instruction; eighth, separation of church and state; and, ninth, the strengthening of the credit and finance of the country.

All these intentions look worthy to the American observer except the fifth. To the harrying of monks and nuns he will demur, and wish for fuller information as to the need of expelling them. An anti-clerical government he can understand, but a persecuting government he will distrust. Religious liberty, however, in such a country as Portugal does not come ready made. The Church fights to hold its own, and the revolutionists fight the Church as the enemy of secular education and representative government.

Exit Governor Hughes

Governor Hughes resigned his office last week, retiring with the greatest reputation that has been won in the Governorship of any State since Grover Cleveland moved from Albany to Washington. With some of his policies many thoughtful men have disagreed, but only a little coterie of Republican State bosses will deny the efficiency of his two administrations, or the great service he has done the people of New York in demonstrating what it means to have a first-class man in the Governor's office.

Mr. Hughes has raised the standard of public service in this State. Whoever follows him as Governor after New-year's will find his work harder because of the standard set by Hughes, but easier because of Hughes's demonstration that the people of the State are ready to support an upright and able Governor against all the selfish interests that he may antagonize.

Without regard to party, the people of New York are proud of Governor Hughes and grateful to him for his labors in their service. Their high regard and respect will follow him to Washington and to a service there which they are confident will be as useful to the whole country as the labors he relinquishes have been to the people of his State.

Godspeed the Patriot

It isn't the megaphone, but the telephone, that is being worked to the advantage of Senator Albert Jeremiah Beveridge in Indiana. As we read in the public prints:

> About four miles out of Vevay, as the Senator's party passed a vine-covered cottage near the roadside, a woman in the doorway called to some one in the house, "Mary, Beveridge has just gone by." From that time on at every farmhouse the people were out and the Senator received a wave of the hand or the swing of a hat or a word of cheer. Mary in the vine-covered cottage had evidently notified the neighbors, and each country home was a despatcher's office to telephone the word.

So all along the line. Whenever a forerunner appears down the dusty road, a Mary or a Martha rushes to the telephone to notify the folks ahead, then hastily changes her apron and takes her place on the piazza to view the procession. Presently the Senator himself looms against the horizon, gracefully elongated in a home-made motor-car and seems likely to be toted past. But no! A peremptory "Stop!" fetches the shaffer (as they call him in the Hoosier State) to his senses, the brakes grind, the car grunts and halts at the hitching-post, and the Senator, lightly descending, steps up the path, happily smiling, hat in hand. Sometimes he feeds his face dexterously with a knife. Having done so at one stopping-place without so much as wrinkling his Prince Albert coat, he paused, as it were, in deep meditation, then suddenly, while silence reigned, stepped firmly, but gently so that he might not wake up the baby, to the kitchen door and, turning the knob—

> Senator Beveridge pushed past the big range, steered clear of the pots, pans, and kettles, and extended his hand to the astonished lady. She hurriedly wiped her hand on her simple apron and timidly took the extended hand of the Senator. "Madam," he said, "I wish to thank you for as good a meal as I ever sat down to. I'd like to have the recipe for that salad."

So runs the veracious chronicle, though frankly we suspect that he said "receipt" instead of "recipe." Anyhow, we have no doubt that he got it from the flustered lady and proceeded bowingly on his way. It was a pretty episode and well recounted by the young man who accompanies the Senator. The natural inference, too, is that the Senator is getting along very well, although an Indiana cousin of ours told us only last week that you never can tell much about the prospects of a man who lives in the hearts of the people until the voting begins. For ourselves, in any case, we subscribe heartily to the noble sentiment inscribed upon the banner of civic rightness and undaunted courage.

Good luck to Albert J!

Sauce for the Gander?

> We favor the enactment of a law making it a felony to participate in any combination or conspiracy to blacklist employees.—*The Hearst League Platform.*

How about employers? Is conspiracy to blacklist, or boycott, employers also to be a felony with the Hearst League's approval?

Father Vaughan

Father Bernard Vaughan, London preacher, has been and gone. He came by way of the St. Lawrence and went by way of New York. He preached in Montreal and elsewhere in Canada, and in New York. The burden of his discourses was that we are living in a very alarming period of time and going headlong to the bow-wows; that Protestantism is tottering on its last legs, and that parents do very ill to regulate the number of their children. Protestantism led, he declared, to paganism, and the future of the United States rested, in his opinion, entirely with its Roman Catholic citizens.

We suspect that it was not entirely without relief that our Roman Catholic brethren saw their noted London preacher get aboard his ship and sail away. He has energy and a considerable gift of exhortation, and drew crowds and was fully reported in the papers. We wish, for his sake, that he might have stayed on with us, and preached much more, and seen his discourses in print. It is very instructive to a voluble speaker who inclines to sensationalism, to see his discourses in print, and know that they are being widely read by critical readers and weighed line by line.

As to the relative duration of the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches, which is one subject to which he gave attention, it is worth noting that in the Episcopal Convention at Cincinnati a strong element favors dropping the word "Protestant" from the name of that Church. The Protestant Church ought sometime to cease to be Protestant because its protest has been accomplished. But when that comes to pass the Roman Catholic Church will have ceased to be Roman. In the light of proceedings now in progress in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe, Protestants may be excused for thinking that that consummation does not seem to be impossibly remote. A contemporary observes:

> Paris hears from Rome that two of the twelve cardinals to be named November 21st will be French. The other ten will be Italians, which seems to be about the ratio prescribed by St. Peter.

There can be few countries left in which it is not matter for speculation how long a great Church, strong in a score of countries, and which claims nearly twenty million communicants in the United States alone, will continue to be ruled by a close corporation of Italians.

Mr. Hearst as a Humorist

Mr. Hearst's ingenuity has been a good deal tried this time to find suitable reasons for declining to support the Republican ticket. His papers having come out strong for Stimson, the Independence League nominated somebody else. That muddled things a good deal, but Mr. Hearst, when he got ashore, accepted the League's action, and wants to know in large type how any one can support the action of a convention of which the permanent chairman was Elihu Root? Mr. Roosevelt he discloses to have been a mere makeshift and mask at Saratoga. "What kind of a radical reform Republican convention is it," he asks, "in which Mr. Roosevelt occupies the little position of temporary chairman, and Mr. Root the big position of permanent chairman?" He answers that such a convention won't wash.

We admire and approve his conclusion; still more the humor of his argument. But for what is he saving the Colonel, that he is so tender of him?

Mayor Gaynor

There is no man in public life that so baffles the analysis of his contemporaries as Mayor Gaynor. He seems an entirely different pattern of man from any in the public view. "I do not pretend to understand him," is the common remark of persons interested in him as Mayor of New York and as a conspicuous Democrat.

One thing that has come to be appreciated since the Rochester convention, and was plainly stated in the Mayor's letter to Mr. Creelman, written on September 25th and given to the papers last Saturday, is that the Mayor is by no means recovered yet from the damage done him by the assassin's bullet. No one will get encouragement in picking any unnecessary fights with the Mayor while his energies are still impaired by consequence of his wound.

Comparative Evils

> Next to the drink curse, the carrying of pistols in our country is the greatest evil.—*Washington Post.*

Neither of them is the greatest evil.—Harper's Weekly.

Philadelphia, *September 27, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Granting the Washington *Post* missed the mark when it came to the carrying of pistols, but if they did not hit the bull's-eye "plum in the centre" when they called the drink curse the greatest evil of the country, the writer is mistaken, and he is greatly mistaken if his view is not shared by nine-tenths of the people of this country. If the editor of Harper's Weekly can trace more deviltry from any other curse, let us know what it is. I am, sir,

Everson W. Jennings.

The "drink" curse is a secondary evil, not entitled to a place in the first rank along with, say, the love of money.

A Statesman Studious

A venturesome reporter who went to interview Senator John Kean found the statesman reading Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People.* We had hoped much from the campaign of education now under way in New Jersey, but our fondest expectations never rose to such a height as this. God give him understanding!

The Literary Man

THERE is much discussion nowadays upon the right of the literary man to exist. The weight of opinion seems to be upon the side of the literary man being obliged to make his right just like other men. We never hear outcries as to the rights of a clothier or a haberdasher. We never go about bemoaning the difficulties of making a living out of selling socks; or crying, here is a man of taste, pre-eminently fitted for the selling of socks: he would like to have better, more wearable socks, of faster colors, in the world, and if the world would but give him leisure, opportunity, and a good start, he would reform the whole trade in socks. But literature being a rarer and more precious gift than garments, we are continually subjected to a revival of these questions: has the literary man a right to live and how well is he to live, and who is to decide how literary he is, and how valuable his product?

Editors and publishers do their best to decide these questions, but they are human and fallible. Moreover, they, too, are running a business for their living and not wholly for magnanimity or philanthropy. If they have a general leaning toward books that will sell and opinions that will not offend they cannot be severely blamed. They are adapting themselves to the world as they find it. Moreover, they are human and are fallible. They do not always know where real literature begins and sham conventions end. The critics and the public, especially in our own land, where education is cheap and easy, do little to help them judge. But it is not at all a modern, and certainly not an American, condition. SHELLEY'S and BROWNING'S publishers would doubtless have been proud and glad to have published the works of these great writers and to have paid the authors and advertised the wares, had they had the faintest notion of the value of the work. The truth is the publishers did not recognize it as great any more than the people. SHELLEY himself never knew he was a great poet. He knew that he cared to write, and he wrote, but to the last he rated himself below that mere rhetorician, BYRON, whose works sold. BROWNING lived so long that toward the last he saw himself recognized, studied, and even paid. KEATS died in the midst of the struggle. JOHN DAVIDSON gave up the game. He was handicapped by disease, and the struggle was too great for him. JAMES THOMSON, another great poet, of the generation of SWINBURNE and MEREDITH, died a miserable death; and his works live to-day by reason of the generous efforts of that literary publisher, BERTRAM DOBELL. FRANCIS THOMPSON, unquestionably the greatest of the later Victorians, had contracted an incurable disease from starvation and exposure, and was subsisting on such pennies as he could earn by holding cab horses in front of theatres, when he was rescued by Mr. WILFRED MEYNELL. But then this poet had the worst form of what is known as "artistic temperament." When he sent out his wonderful poems to editors he frequently forgot to say who wrote them or where they were sent from. Of the many editors who received them, at different times, Mr. MEYNELL was the only one who at once discovered their rare and wonderful quality and was willing, by means of the postmark on the envelope, to trace and find the poor poet, and then lift him up to save him. But for one poet who weathers the blast, there must be a number, each time, who go under. The truth is, great poetry or great literature, of any sort, is wanted in this rough and ready world only in very limited quantities; and it takes time and good luck both for great work to be recognized. Usually a man capable of great product must die, or at any rate live to a great old age, before he gains recognition. Moreover, he must be prepared to live very modestly. STEVENSON, himself one of the most popular and beloved of writers, warned those following in his footsteps that they must be content to be very diligent and live on something less than a small clerk's salary, and though he lived himself to see his talents bring him in a very good living, that was largely because he learned to look at the market, and produce what the market demanded. SHAKESPEARE did the like, and though he made a good living, it will not be denied that what he wrote was literature. But SHAKESPEARE was a fairly good man of business, and he also knew how to carry his wares to market, and his profits were not so much wages of literature as the gains of the show-business in which he was not only a provider of plays, but a manager and a partner. As for KIPLING, talent was so lavished on him that it could not escape the notice even of buyers, but he, too, is a practical man.

A literary man who has others than himself to care for must usually turn to hack-work and accept ordinary human conditions. In that case he must turn out a large quantity of medium but possible product, promptly and regularly. He cannot afford the literary temperament. He must not find fault with the world or the work that he finds to do in it. Whatever disappointments or worries or anxieties he carries upon his burdened heart, he has not the literary man's right to set them to words, to clamor at the world's indifference, or to beg for mercy. The hack-writer can have no dealings with the artistic temperament. He must be reasonable and he must be prompt, but if he be fit for his calling he will find in it great consolations. It will keep him always a student, always a learner. In every piece of work to which he puts his hand there will be a chance for the exercise of his art. To every piece of work he can bring talent and excellence of execution. For everything he sees or learns he will find a use. Great literature he may never make, but it is quite within his reach to do his share to make truth evident and help on the progress of civilization.

Letters About Roosevelt

APPROVED IN ALABAMA

MONTGOMERY, ALA., October 7, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Possibly some one might make a better editorial page than that of the WEEKLY, but no one ever has. To me it gets better all the time. The current issue pleases me wonderfully. I might tell you why if I thought hard, but that's no use. It is splendid and gets better all the time. Dr. Osler must have turned you back at forty, for your work is not that of the chloroform class by any means.

We are hoping things from "The Colonel." Keep him green in the life he has laid out. The South, growing like no other section ever did, thinks well of Theodore Roosevelt, in whom we have implicit confidence, and there are many who expect him to help us. In a straightaway race for President, party nominations eliminated, he'd make the Solid South look like a Chinese wall after the entry of the combined nations.

Ask Mr. Robert C. Ogden, of your city, about some Southern movements. He is leading a great work, and he is a fine man for it, too.

As a newspaper man and a lover of my section I am anxious that we be better understood—known as such men as Mr. Ogden are coming to know us.

But I started out to commend your editorial page, and I want you to know that it has a wide and wholesome influence. I am, sir,

HENRY W. LAIRD.

ROOSEVELT'S NEW AMERICANISM

EL PASO, TEXAS, September 26, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your editorials on Colonel Roosevelt amused and entertained me at first. Indeed, from the standpoint of entertainment they were quite as good as your comic pictures. However, I have been surfeited with these Roosevelt editorials and they begin to pall. I beg to remind you that, "Everything palls if long indulged in, and pleasure most of all."

In this section of the country, we are in full sympathy with the fight Colonel Roosevelt is now waging against political bosses; and to us his "New Americanism" means the elimination of political bosses, the establishment of political responsibility to the people directly and not to political machines, the divorcement of politics from business, and the administration of the public domain for the benefit of all the people and not for the benefit of a favored few.

So long as he wields the "big stick" in behalf of these principles we are willing to indulge his love for the picturesque, and say:

"Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold enough.'"

We are also beginning to believe that your editorials are inspired more out of a personal pique against Colonel Roosevelt than from any aversion to his methods, or from a fear of any baleful effect upon the country's welfare consequent upon his activities. We dislike to reach this conclusion, as we favor the freest legitimate criticism of those whose position is such as to command public attention, but it seems to us that in your desire to make Colonel Roosevelt appear ridiculous you overshoot the mark, and instead of convincing us of the impropriety of his conduct and methods you are sinking to the level of a "party organ." It is this that we protest against, as we think the WEEKLY has a larger mission and a higher sphere of activity.

I am, sir,

W. E. MILLER.

AN INSURGENT REPUBLICAN SENTIMENT

SYCAMORE, ILL., September 10, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The only point I have to complain of in the WEEKLY is its attitude toward Roosevelt. I am what is now called an Insurgent Republican, though I believe that before the next Presidential campaign the so-called regulars will have to come into camp and be good the same way that they have done apparently in New York State. Of course you are a good, consistent Democratic paper, but I cannot help but admire the WEEKLY just the same. I hope that in the course of human events you will see that the "Colonel" is a bigger and better man than you will admit just now; at least that is what we anti-Lorimer Republicans think around here. I am, sir,

L. P. WILD.

A CHICAGO ATTITUDE

CHICAGO, ILL., September 28, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your antagonistic attitude toward our former President Roosevelt in your recent editorials does not savor of anything admirable or honest. It is partisan to the extreme and places your WEEKLY on a basis that is neither independent nor fair.

The position Mr. Roosevelt has taken in the struggle for civic righteousness and political honesty in the different States separately and the nation at large has been and is of such a nature that it is of vital interest to all citizens concerned in the promulgation of honest government.

Hence your indiscriminate criticism of the reforms suggested by Mr. Roosevelt and your sneering attitude toward his fight against corruption indirectly aims to injure all agencies struggling for clean government. There is a reflexive condition which renders a man fighting for right. The man who speaks half the truth becomes stultified. Get out of the rut, HARPER'S, and don't play sweet music for Lorimer, Haskell—and corruption at large!

Your attitude on the Hamilton Club question is not one that will bring you laurels for fighting political corruption. It is an indirect aid to the men who have corrupted our government and acts like salve to their wounds.

HARPER'S WEEKLY insinuates that the Hamilton Club should be pitied for not having the backbone to hand Mr. Roosevelt the honors when he refused to sit with Mr. Lorimer.

What would your candidate, Mr. Wilson, do under similar conditions? I am, sir,

HAROLD JOHNSON.

WILSON, ROOSEVELT, AND NEW NATIONALISM

MACON, GA., September 24, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Accept thanks for your editorial endorsement of Woodrow Wilson; also for the notices from other papers. It is, indeed, like old times when people talk of such a man for office. He is modern, yet he is old. Knows the new needs of the time, yet has the old-time conception of the government.

Were I a rich man, I would endow a chair in our colleges to teach the young men the nature and character of our system of government—that system without a model.

I cherished the hope that "Colonel" Roosevelt would lead the insurgents back to the old foundation principles such as "the fathers" builded. But his "New Nationalism" is an actual revolution—destroys our checks and balances and establishes an unbridled democracy, with all power centred in the executive branch of the government. He says "the Executive should be the *steward* of the nation."

The speech of Senator Ben Hill delivered in the Senate of the United States May 10, 1870, on the character of our system of government, wherein it is a federation, wherein national, wherein executive, should be studied by the people of the West.

We need a retrogressive and not a progressive democracy. We need to get back to fundamental principles. Under Bryan's leadership, we have already progressed too far from it.

If Roosevelt is ready to lead a new party under the flag "New Nationalism," it is a thousand pities he leaped beyond all bounds for concentration of power into the hands of the Executive.

There is unrest, but what opportunity was his, not to be the "American royalist," the foremost imperialist, but to restore the system the fathers founded—defend it, protect it, perpetuate it. His "New Nationalism" destroys it. It is the grandest system human wisdom ever devised. Woodrow Wilson is devoted to our system. He is not an imperialist.

I am, sir,

JAMES CALLAWAY.

"THE ISSUE AUTOCRACY"

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 12, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your editorial on the above is most apt, well timed, and well put. You have grasped the situation exactly and in forcible but convincing language have shown us what we have to meet. Unless this force is crushed, you make it clear what we must expect.

Success to you in your able championship of the Supreme Court, the bulwark of our nation, under the Constitution! I am, sir,

G. D. J.

Political Poker

WHEN I've played cards in many lands
An' bet before th' draw,
An' studied how to fill my hands,
An' edged, an' bluffed, an' saw,—
But this I've learnt, as shore as fate,
An' learnt it fast enough:
"Don't stand pat on a three-card straight;
Some one 'll call your bluff."

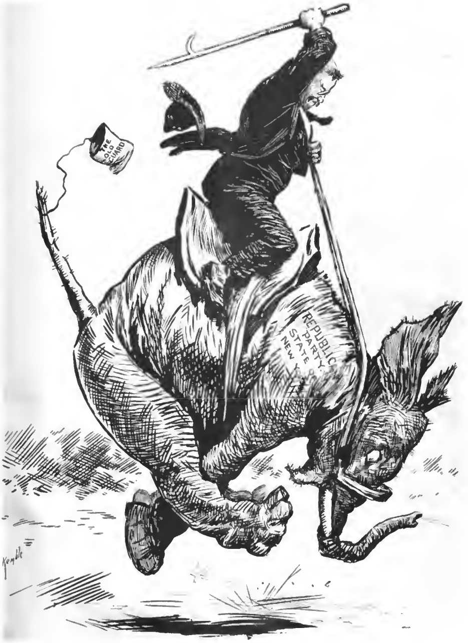
It ain't a game made up o' tricks,
A man can choose his pards,
An' sometimes in some deals can fix
A cold hand in th' cards—
But this you'll see now, soon or late;
It's just as true as tough.
"Don't stand pat on a three-card straight;
Some one 'll call your bluff."

Unless you've got 'em up your sleeve,
Or tucked inside your vest,
You'd better not try to deceive—
Set back an' take a rest.
There's other deals; you'd better wait,
For losin's mighty rough—
"Don't stand pat on a three-card straight;
Some one 'll call your bluff."

They play jack pots in Illinoy,
But that ain't what I mean
I mean th' game where folks enjoy
To rake th' checks off clean.
But when you think your poker's great,
Jest write this on your cuff:
"Don't stand pat on a three-card straight:
Some one 'll call your bluff."

Th' loser can't lose all th' while
Nor can th' winner win.
An' when you bluff an' lose your pile
It's mighty hard to grin.
Jest give these words a little weight
An' don't get in a huff:
"Don't stand pat on a three-card straight:
Some one 'll call your bluff."

JEFFERSON TOOMBS.


THE OLD GUARD
REPUBLIC PARTY STATE NEW YO
Kemble

"THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A LEADER AND A BOSS IS, THE LEADER LEADS WHILE THE BOSS DRIVES"

—Theodore Roosevelt at Saratoga

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

The Uncrowning of Manuel

By Henry Paradyne

Manuel II., ex-King of Portugal, whose reign of two years terminated last week, when he was deposed and a republic established

THE collapse of the Portuguese monarchy last week occasioned small surprise to those who had followed political affairs in that tiny kingdom. The throne went down under the dead weight of corruption and extravagance, which had alienated all elements, so that King Manuel reigned unfriended and unsupported, and the Republicans had the choosing of their own time and opportunity. Reports say they had "squared" the British government—the task that must have been the most important, for reasons that will be given, the overthrow of the Crown had been anticipated for several weeks, and British war-ships were in waiting at Gibraltar to hurry to Lisbon for the protection of English citizens. However, the conduct of the populace appears to have been exemplary.

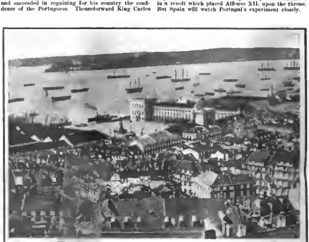
When a throne falls, nowadays, it has generally reached so hopeless a position that it is not worth saving. Just as the decadent Obrenovitch dynasty was swept into history by the murder of King Alexander, inheritor of his father's accumulated sins, so the House of Braganza, shaken to its foundations by the follies of King Carlos, could endure only two years under Manuel. When the "fattest monarch in Europe" and the Crown Prince met their fate by the bullets of assassins in Lisbon's streets, two years ago, it was prophesied that Manuel's reign would be of the briefest. Perhaps if he had possessed the force to overthrow the corrupt elements that surrounded him and to curb the extravagances of the court, he might have propped up his throne. But he followed the practices of his father, squandered the scanty resources of Portugal, and displayed neither initiative nor courage. He is reputed to have spent an enormous sum upon a Parisian dancer for whom he reserved a suite of rooms in the royal palace, an act which alienated those who entertained the most sympathy toward him. The royal family had battened for years upon the national revenues. They borrowed enormous sums from the treasury which they could not repay. These went largely to pay Carlos's expenses when he went holiday making at King Edward's court. Manuel learned nothing by his father's fate. Some tragic irony seems to attend upon the fall of kings: in this case it was supplied by the visit of the President-elect of Brazil, who came to Lisbon as Manuel's guest and remained to witness his fall. For Brazil has just attained her majority as a Republic, having turned out her own branch of the Braganza family in 1889. Her prosperity under the new régime was, doubtless, an additional incentive to the Republicans in their desire for honest government.

It has been said that England is the determining factor in the situation that has arisen. England's interest in Portugal may be said to date from the Peninsular War, when Wellington made the little kingdom the starting-point for his victorious march through the Iberian peninsula which distracted Napoleon from his Continental conquests and was the forerunner of his overthrow. In 1833 England intervened to support Dom Pedro and his daughter Maria da Gloria against her uncle Miguel, who claimed the throne under the old Salic law that prohibited a woman from acceding to the throne—the very law which had inspired the Plantagenet kings to conquer France. Miguel was overthrown, and thenceforward England exercised a predominating influence in Portuguese affairs. The loss of Brazil, which had declared its independence, cheated Portugal of much of her influence and increased the hegemony of Great Britain. Thenceforward Portugal looked to England as the guardian of her independence.

This state of affairs lasted until the year 1890, when a dispute arose concerning the boundaries of the English and Portuguese possessions in South Africa, terminated by an ultimatum delivered by Lord Salisbury, then premier. Portugal yielded, but remained embittered against her former friend, a feeling which was only dissipated by the statesmanship of King Edward, who visited Lisbon and succeeded in regaining for his country the confidence of the Portuguese. Thenceforward King Carlos was a constant visitor in England. An understanding is believed to exist between England and Portugal whereby the use of the ports of the latter country is guaranteed to the English fleet in the event of war. England's acquiescence in the change of government was, therefore, all-important.

Prognostications have been made that Spain will follow the course of Portugal, and some enthusiasts have even predicted the establishment of an Iberian Republic, embracing both countries. But the downfall of Alfonso's throne is extremely improbable. Conditions in the two countries are radically different. Where in Portugal all the intelligent elements of the land were united against the throne, in Spain there exist at least five distinct parties, all disunited and incapable of confederation. First are the loyalists, who appear still to command the support of the army. Then come the Republicans, few and uninfluential. In the north provinces the Carlists wait for the intervention of Don Jaime, the Pretender; but the Carlist cause was shattered in two wars during the past century and is waning even in its own stronghold of the Pyrenees. The clericals, fiercely resenting the government's new measures against the Church, lack the command from Rome to throw in their lot with the Pretender. Finally there are the Catalonians, the "Frenchmen" of Spain, whose disaffection, culminating as it did in the recent revolt at Barcelona, takes rather the form of a separatist movement than of one to reform the government of Spain. Furthermore, Republicanism is discredited in Spain, for she has already tried it—in 1873, when an experiment that lasted barely two years terminated in a revolt which placed Alfonso XII. upon the throne. But Spain will watch Portugal's experiment closely.

The queen mother Amelie and her son Manuel driving through the streets of Lisbon



A view of Lisbon harbor, from which the Portuguese war-ships bombarded the royal palace, thus initiating the revolution

On the "Mexico Special"

BEING CERTAIN UNEMBELLISHED INCIDENTS OF A JOURNALISTIC JOURNEY THROUGH NEW SPAIN

By George Buchanan Fife

NEARLY a score of journalists (hued cries of "Newspaper men!" "Reporters!" "Special writers!" and "Editors!" from the personnel) have recently returned to their respective places of employment from an extensive adventuring in the Republic of Mexico. They went to this hospitable south country as the guests of Señor Landa y Escandon, governor of the Federal District—which is the City of Mexico and its environs—to enjoy his country's elaborate celebration of the centenary of her independence, and to travel almost four thousand miles through her fertile and ambitious states.

The party was made up of Tilden Adamson (the "double" of the late Pat McCarren) of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Brooklyn, New York; Ira E. Bennett (the Spanish Inquisitor y Interpreter) of the Washington *Post*, Washington, D. C.; Thomas H. Blodgett (who wore gloves) of *Outing*, New York; Samuel Bowles (the Dean) of the Springfield *Republican*, Springfield, Massachusetts; William H. Brigham (the Bather) of the Boston *Transcript*, Boston, Massachusetts; William S. Clark (William the Silent) of New York; Karl Crow (the Collector) of the *Star-Telegram*, Fort Worth, Texas; Chester T. Crowell (the Ranger) of the San Antonio *Express*, of "San Antone," Texas; Michael Dee (the Grabber) of the Detroit *Free Press*, Detroit, Michigan; E. A. Dithmar (who wore pale gray gloves) of the *Times*, New York; Horatio Beauregard Douty (the Governor—"Don't you suppose I know more about Canada than you do?") of the Simcoe *Reformer*, Simcoe, Ontario; W. A. Dupuy ("I've got to get off my syndicate letter") of the Washington News Bureau, Washington, D. C.; J. C. Edgerley (who started the Robert E. Lee discussion) of the Boston *Journal*, Boston, Massachusetts; Rafael O. Galvan (the Real Thing) of *Las Novedades*, New York; J. A. Gauthier (the Habitant) of *La Patrie*, Montreal, Canada; Wallace Gilpatrick (black slouch hat and moustaches—picture!) of the *Outlook*, New York; J. Willis Gleed (the Observer) of the Kansas City *Journal*, Kansas City, Missouri; F. R. Guernsey, editor of the Mexican *Herald*, Mexico City, who chaperoned the party on its journey from Mexico to St. Louis; Albert Hale (the man with the camera) of the *Bulletin* of the Bureau of American Republics, Washington, D. C.; Robert D. Heinl (the man with the typewriter) of *Leslie's Weekly*, New York; Hamilton Holt (who can sign his name in nearly forty different ways) of the *Independent*, New York; Paul Hudson (the long-suffering, the patient one, who organized the party, took it to Mexico, and bore with it during many days), president of the Mexican *Herald*; Cooper Jackson (the smiling one and the guest of the party on its return trip), business manager of the Mexican *Herald*; Robert E. MacAlarney ("I'm strong for this Aztec stuff. Let's go see the Sacrificial Stone again") of the *Evening Post*, New York; Frank P. McLennan (the newspaper reader,—any old newspaper) of the Topeka *State Journal*, Topeka, Kansas; Dr. J. A. McDonald (who spoke Gaelic better than Spanish—and proved it to the natives) of the *Globe*, Toronto, Canada; Burge McFall ("Say, Mac, come over here, for Heaven's sake, and help me buy this; they can't understand my Spanish") of *El Diario*, Mexico City; Victor Murdock (expert in Tehuantepec "gold" beads and now more insurgent than ever) of the Wichita *Eagle*, Wichita, Kansas; Arthur W. Page ("I don't see how I can get all this stuff in these two bags!") of the *World's Work*, New York; Victor Rosewater ("Where are you people going to dine to-night?") of the Omaha *Bee*, Omaha, Nebraska; Col. William ("Bill") G. Sterrett ("I'm an old man, so don't hurry me!") of the Dallas *News*, Dallas, Texas; B. W. Vincent (who must know the guide-book by heart) of the Wall Street News Bureau, New York; Smeaton White, E.S.S.S. (the Ellis Star of San Salvador) of the Montreal *Gazette*, Montreal, Canada; Herman Whittaker (the Planter) of San Francisco; George Sylvester Viereck (the Boy Poet, who sprained an unmetrical foot) of *Current Literature*, New York; and the writer of these lines.

For almost three weeks this party roamed about Mexico from the Texas border to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, asked questions, looked, asked more questions, doubtless amused many Mexicans, and, incidentally, became well and favorably acquainted with itself. Put forty men from all the world of writing with forty different gods in a special train, make them live together, dine together for the greater part of a month, set them to shaving one at a time in a swaying wash-room (and only one with a "safety"), let them sleep so close to one another that they actually know the identity of the snorers, and at the end of a few days they will either set forth to slay or be friends for life. As the "Mexican Special" was running into St. Louis, its journey's end, there was an informal meeting of the party in the club car and each man was called upon for a word or two. Then it was evident not only how many friends Mexico had made, but how regretful every one was that forty men were soon to strike hands in farewell. They had been together for a long time, had wandered about in groups through many cities and towns; they had met and dispersed and met again with wondrous tales to tell; they had heard one day the drowsy noises of an old-world community half asleep in the sunshine, and on another the whir and stroke of great modern machinery working out the destiny of an awakening people. They had seen the country's superb fertility, the royal wealth which lay upon her breast just beneath her green bodice; her towering mountains, her deep valleys with the sun-shot blue haze upon them, the two wide water gates of her busy isthmus—and after seeing all these they had trooped back to the train—and themselves. And so verily they came to know one another.

There can be no doubt that many adventures befell the members of the party during their wanderings through the country and its language. Many of them were talked over in the club car, where the f-was without narrator was invariably believed, despite the protestations of his subject. This is an effort to set down a few of the incidents and adventures of a memorable tour, because, while any one may go to Mexico, it is not given to all of us to have adventures.

Victor Murdock, for instance, had an adventure in Tehuantepec, the city of beautiful women, black-eyed, honest-eyed, bronze goddesses. And they are such simple women, too. For a whole day Murdock wandered about Tehuantepec, admiring and doubtless being admired, for he was wearing curly light hair in a city of straight black tresses. He had seen the strings of tinkling gold beads about the throats of the Tehuanas, and he was minded to possess himself of one and bear it back to Wichita on his saddle-bow. But there was no one with him just then who could speak Spanish, and to point at a lady's necklace and say, "Quantovalley?" was not the thing for a Kansas gentleman. So he looked and longed and jingled about in his pocket the eight pounds of Mexican silver dollars some one had dumped on him in exchange for two rusty, mussed up tiringo bills. But Murdock had his day. He discovered a simple, cow-eyed little Tehuana girl sitting on the freight platform beside the train who was toying with a bead necklace, twisting it about her fingers and looking at nothing in particular, unless it was her own bare brown foot. In an instant all the courage of the insurgent fired him—and he fairly lipped up to the maiden, startling her from her happy day dream with his "Quantovalley?" as he pointed an eager finger at the glistening beads. The maiden looked at the beads and so did Murdock, and he saw that she had two strands of them. Ah! then she would not mind parting with one of them! "Quantovalley?" he asked again, and rather selfishly he pointed to the larger strand.

By this time a crowd had collected—journalists, natives, and dogs—but not one of them said a word to Murdock. Perhaps they feared to break the spell. The gentleman from Kansas took the beads in his hand and admired them for several seconds, and when the maiden saw his eyes glowing she replied to his "Quantovalley?" Then Murdock appealed to his friends, and some one told him that the burden of the lady's song was ten dollars. Again did the Wichita eagle fix his unblinking eye upon the beads, and one hand furtively sought the silver hole in his pocket.

"Tell her I'll give her nine," he said, hopefully, still clinging to the golden trinket.

What the maiden replied was short and ugly, and she reached for her bauble. Translation was supererogatory.

For several minutes there was absolutely nothing doing, Murdock conclusively assuring the assemblage that the thing wasn't worth ten, but that he still had the nine where he could get it in case of a quick decision. But the young lady on the baggage platform was exasperatingly obdurate, and glint by glint Murdock saw the beads disappearing into her jewel-bag.

"Wait a minute," he cried, reaching out for an interpreter and catching Bennett by the coat. "Tell her I'll give her ten if she will put two beads from the other string on this one."

Bennett conveyed Mr. Murdock's compliments and his request, both of which the bronze innocent pondered. It seemed a shame to rob the poor girl of her adornments for a few paltry coins—and to beat her down at that. In the mean time Murdock gazed dreamily at the distant mountains and played a haunting melody on the eight pounds of silver dollars. It was a winsome strain, and the all unconscious maiden listened and was lost. She said something quite long, which made translation most difficult, and slowly, almost reverently began loosening the strands. Murdock came to life abruptly as he saw the gentle fingers detach two beads from one string and run them upon the other. As the last one slipped in place she laughed softly and said, "Oh, you miserable man!" (Bennett translation) and regretfully extended the circlet.

Out came the Murdock dollars, and clink, clink, clink, he counted ten of them into the little palm—ten of them, silver, but dull as ashes beside the sunny trinket they secured. Gradually the crowd melted away, the maiden with lagging feet. Murdock sprang away in triumph to exhibit his treasure, and to recount again and again the romance of those two extra beads.

And now the scene changes to Laredo in Texas. It is in the shade before the Custom-house. Murdock has declared all his dutiable goods, and lastly he draws forth the golden necklace. "This," he says to the grizzled inspector, "I bought from a pretty girl at Tehuantepec. I paid—"

Then the inspector: "Yes, I know. There's no duty on that. It's brass."

But Murdock knew, too, because he had had it tested at a goldsmith's in Mexico. Anyhow, she was a nice girl.

Mr. Bowles is well known for his interest in educational matters, and at this same Tehuantepec he found an opportunity to indulge it. He and Bob MacAlarney were wandering about and came upon a school, a building constructed on three parts of a square to enclose the inevitable *patio*. There was a man in this enclosure and him the travellers approached. Mr. Bowles, who is tall and distinguished, approached the occupant, bowing in the courteous Spanish style. Bob, who is not strong on Spanish, brought up the rear, although full of confidence in Mr. Bowles, who was advancing quite fearlessly. When Mr. Bowles was well within ear-shot of the non-expectant individual he addressed him—in flowing German. Bob, who learned German in Allentown, Pennsylvania, is positive it was German, and his off-hand translation of the speech was, "Is it not that we may your school enter for seeing?" This is not an aspersion upon Mr. Bowles's German, but a tribute to Mr. MacAlarney's alertness or inventiveness. Whatever it was, it opened the school to the Board of Visitors, because Bob never could have entered otherwise. The Mexican did look puzzled but polite for a moment or two and then showed them in. Bob thinks he helped, because he stood behind Mr. Bowles and made pleasant faces, the while imitating one man opening a door and another bowing a visitor in. On the way to the door the Mexican suddenly beamed—and replied in excellent English, thus permitting Bob to come from behind Mr. Bowles.

Within the school, which was closed for the day, they met the master, the Mexican acting as interpreter. Bob clung to him, but Mr. Bowles essayed the schoolmaster, and they had a long chat; Bob, not hearing a word, was unable to learn the tongue of their converse.

The schoolroom was like any small one in this country, with rows of small desks, the master's dominating one and the ever present maps and blackboard on the wall. On their way homeward Mr. Bowles and his companion encountered a party of schoolboys with their strapped books and slates playing some game at a crossing. They watched the game a moment and then Mr. Bowles addressed them (again MacAlarney is uncertain about the language), and they clearly understood, for they straightened up and doffed their hats to the Dean. Near one of the boys his books were lying and Mr. Bowles picked up one of them, discovering it to be a primer in Spanish. (Bob is sure it was not in German.) The first story was embellished with an old wood-cut of a man and a woman dressed in leaves sitting under a rather skimpy tree. The Dean glanced through it and then asked its small owner if he would not read. The boy was evidently much flattered as he backed against the yellow wall of the building beside them, adjusted himself and the book, and, with his companions in a circle about him and Mr. Bowles and Bob towering in the midst, proceeded to read the unhappy story of Adam and Eve. At its conclusion the diminutive reader received his fee and away stalked the School Board, quite ready to report upon the politeness and studiousness of the children of Tehuantepec.

Everybody in Texas knows Colonel "Bill" Sterrett, who has been on the Dallas *News* for twenty-five years. For nine years, from 1889 to 1898, he was its special correspondent in Washington, so every one there knows him. He is rugged and strong, with a firm, bronzed, deeply lined face, and a kindly gentleness of manner which had every one calling him "Colonel Bill" half a day after he came aboard the train. He used to hold regular receptions in the club car. To one man he would say, "Let me tell you something," and the reception would begin, because every one wanted to hear what it was. And it was always something good, some reminiscence, some experience, some story. Now and then some one in the party would attempt a tilt with the old gentleman, but no one ever broke his lance. One afternoon in the train he and Murdock were looking at a high range of mountains in the distance.

"Say, Murdock, those are great mountains, aren't they?" the colonel asked.

Murdock replied that they were, but evidently without sufficient enthusiasm to satisfy Colonel Bill, who exclaimed:

"Of course they're great mountains! But what do you know about mountains, anyway, Murdock? Three feet is a hell of an elevation in Kansas!"

There was only one thing which worried Colonel Bill during his entire journey—his trunk. Owing to the party's prolonged tenancy of the train, the trunks were so arranged in the baggage-car that they might be easily accessible for linen and the like. When the colonel made his periodical visits to his trunk, it was a time of dismay and distress, because he had to raise the lid and look upon the disorder within. And invariably was the open trunk thus apostrophized:

"Lordy, lordy, if my dear wife should see this mess she'd give me the devil. I don't dare take it home looking like this. She'd say: 'Bill'—she never calls me William; nobody does—she'd say, 'Bill Sterrett, you aren't fit to travel about alone.' Deed she would; she'd say just that. But what am I going to do with all these things?" Here Colonel Bill would drag out from the jumble an assortment of presents and souvenirs. "There doesn't seem to be anything but shirts in this trunk, and I've had 'em all on, too. Now, you know I can't put this thing in among all these clothes. By jiminy! I hope the customs inspectors find something in this trunk, because I can't. I'm not going to fool over it any longer." And after giving the clothes, presents, etc.,

(Continued on page 24)

Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. (shown on the right of the photograph), the donor of the cup, and A. F. Pardington, manager of the Parkway and of the Motor Club Holding Co.

The winner, Harry F. Grant, driving an Alco car, finishing at the grand stand. His time was 65.16 miles an hour, the fastest ever made in an American long-distance road race

Grant rounding the turn at Westbury at to[illegible]d. Several narrow escapes from serious accidents occurred here, owing to the wheel[illegible]ars becoming caught in ruts of the road

THE WINNING OF THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE

THE W. K. VANDERBILT, JR. MOTOR CUP RACE, RECENTLY RUN ON LONG ISLAND [illegible]ION OF AN AMERICAN, HARRY F. GRANT, IN AN ALCO CAR, THE WINNER ACHIEVING A RECORD FOR LONG DISTANCE ROAD RACING IN AMERICA. OR[illegible] [illegible]E SAME RACE IN THE SAME CAR LAST YEAR. THE RACE WAS MARRED BY SEVERAL ACCIDENTS INVOL[illegible] A NUMBER OF DEATHS

REVELATIONS

It was their last hour together upon the beach. Autumn had come at last, and on the morrow the great caravansary that had been their trysting-place through all these happy days of expiring summer was to close, and separation was inevitable. It was a fitting night for a lovers' farewell. The considerate moon, which had thought to bathe all the sands with splendor, had gone behind a cloud, and their tryst thereby was free from prying eyes; and yet there was something in the air that hung heavily upon Fedora's spirit.

Lord Billington was terribly preoccupied. He evidently had that upon his mind which would not be shaken off. All day his preoccupation had worried Fedora exceedingly, seeming to cast a cloud at the last moment upon the ecstasy of their comradeship. That night ten days before, when, within five hours of their meeting, he had ardently avowed his love for her, she had been completely carried away by the tumultuous tide of his utterance, and, blinded by the burning white light of this suddenly aroused passion, she had been swept into an acceptance of his love without even so much as questioning her own heart. But in the ensuing hours of the night, when she had stood sleepless at the open window of her room, gazing out over the rippling glory of the sea, bathed in the mellow light of the moon, second thought had come to her, and she could not answer "yes" to her own questionings as to whether or not she really loved this man as a woman should love her affianced husband. And so it had been all through the ensuing days. She had enjoyed his company more than she had ever enjoyed that of any other man. He was a bright, happy-hearted, clean-cut, handsome fellow, and to be with him seemed to mean a life of laughter and song; but, after all, she asked herself, should life be only this? And, after all, too, the most pressingly insistent of the questions that rose upon her heart, after all, was it not his title that had lured her? The thought of being Lady Billington, and some day perhaps the Countess of Lampwick—for only two lives lay between Cyril and the earldom, those of his half-brothers, seventy-five years of age, bachelors, twins, and dyspeptic—was an appealing one, and might this not have been the compelling reason for her acceptance of him? All these things had vexed her heart and conscience, but now a great light had burst upon her. Now she knew that it was Cyril himself she loved and not the empty glitter of his title or his prospective earldom. The hour of parting reveals to lovers many sad truths, and oftener still the sweeter ones of life, and the preoccupation of her lover chilled her to the marrow. She could not bear to think of losing him, and the lower upon his brow filled her with foreboding.

"Cyril, dearest," she murmured, as they sat down upon the lower step of one of the bathing-houses together, "tell me what it is that is worrying you, my lover. Is it that we are so soon to part? If it is that, were it not better to pass the few remaining moments in making each other as happy as we can?"

The man gazed out over the sea, his face showing evidences of a great inward struggle. Finally he spoke.

"Fedora," he said, hoarsely, "I have made a great discovery to-day which makes it impossible that our engagement should continue—"

The girl felt herself growing rigid.

"You have learned the truth, and you no longer love me, Cyril?" she said, her voice quivering with pain.

"On the contrary," he replied, wearily, "I love you more than ever. That is my discovery. It is Fedora Wigglesworth that I love, and not the heiress of Henry de Peyster Wigglesworth, the Canned-Corn King. When I first met you and realized that the simplicity of life in a hotel like The Barnacles was tasteful to a girl brought up as you must have been, amid the most luxurious surroundings, it interested me very much indeed, and when I saw, in addition to this, that you were attractive, and of a happy, sunshiny disposition, I felt myself singularly drawn toward you, but, after all, when I asked you to be my wife, I must confess that it was the heiress and not the girl I sought. Do not think me a brute for saying so, Fedora, but until to-day I have been a fortune-hunter. But to-night my love for you is too great for me to take advantage of your girlish confidence any longer."

"But you say you love me for myself alone now, Cyril," she murmured.

"Yes, but what I have told you is not all," he replied, his voice sunk to a whisper. Again a great inward struggle seemed to convulse him, but he emerged from it like the strong man he really was.

"I am not Lord Billington," he said at last, his head bowed upon his breast.

"Not Lord Billington?" she asked, dazed by the revelation, but still with a great hope springing up in her heart.

"No, Fedora," he said, turning his eyes away from her burning gaze. "My name is Josiah Stiggins, and I am a floor walker at Lacey & Jones's popular department store."

In a moment her arms were entwined about his neck, and a passionate avowal was being poured into his ears.

"My beloved!" she cried, in the overflowing fulness of her heart. "My prince! My heart's king! It is better so. Your noble words but prove you a true and loyal knight."

"And you will make this mésalliance in despite of what the world may say, you, Fedora Wigglesworth, heiress to the Canneries—" he cried, almost incredulously.

"Ah, Cyril—" she began.

"Call me 'Josiah, dearest,'" he murmured.

"Ah, Josie, my treasure, it will be no mésalliance, for I, too, have a confession to make," said Fedora. "I am not Fedora Wigglesworth, daughter of the Canned-Corn King. I am Maria Majilton, the manicure girl at the Gotham Hotel."

"And your reputed wealth?" he cried.

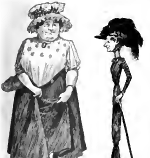
"Depends entirely upon my tips," she answered. "I have to pay ten dollars a week for my job."

And later, when the moon peeped out from behind the cloud, it saw nothing upon the bath-house steps, for the lovers had gone.

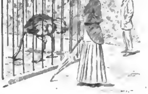
What became of them the author cannot say, for he has not heard of either of them since, but if he ever does encounter them the reader may rest assured that they will be.

(Continued in our next)

WHEN GRANDFATHER WAS YOUNG



THE STOUT ONE. "OH, MY DEAR MISS SVELTE LISSOM, WHAT DO YOU DO TO PRESERVE YOUR FIGURE?"



"I WONDER WHY THE SILLY THING IS HIDING HER HEAD?"

THE FLATTERER

They were discussing ages with a commendable degree of frankness.

"Well, now that you have brought the subject up, Miss Dobbson," said little Fribley, "how old are you?"

"Oh, I am as old as I look," smiled Miss Dobbson.

"Really?" said Fribley. "I am astonished. You really don't look it, you know."

The Ruby-eyed Dragon

A DETECTIVE STORY WITH AN UNEXPECTED ENDING

By Freeman Putney, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

PART I

LATE Saturday afternoon, Craisy, head and manager of the Craisy Realty Company, gave this order to George Stillman:

"See John Hegenwander White Monday morning, nine o'clock, at his house on Fifty-seventh Street."

"Who is he?" inquired the young man, innocently.

Craisy stared; then he laughed.

"Might know you weren't brought up in the city. John Hegenwander White seldom gets into the newspapers, but he is one of the richest men in New York to-day. I don't know how many generations of Hegenwanders stretch back of him to the old Dutch days, and not one of them ever let go of a dollar unless it was pried out of his hand with a jimmy. Most times, the other fellow merely lost his jimmy. This man's mother married a New England Yankee, and John Hegenwander White is the resulting hybrid."

"What does he want?" asked Stillman.

"Says he is thinking of selling some West Side lots, but that's his bluff. The old man has a habit of periodically appraising everything he owns early every spring. I guess he is now on the job, and wants to know how much extra rent to soak his tenants on account of the new railroad station. He's too mean to pay for an appraisal, and he'll work you for every bit of free information he can get. Go see him. Don't tell him any more than you can help, but don't offend him!"

To be milked of valuable information by a parsimonious old plutocrat was not a prospect to invite a vigorous young man indoors on a clear, warm, April morning, and it was with something like a sigh that Stillman turned up the steps to his appointment at nine o'clock on Monday.

The Hegenwander White house was planted on the usual double lot, with nothing about its now out-of-fashion brown-stone front to distinguish it from several of its neighbors. A stranger, asked to pick out the residence of the wealthiest man in the block, would have selected one of the several modern granite tomb-like structures visible from the Hegenwander White bay windows.

As George Stillman pressed the bell-button, he became aware that a young woman had quietly passed up the steps behind him and was standing at his side. Gauged by his own six feet, he guessed that she was five feet seven inches tall.

He held the outer door open, and, with an inclination of her head, she passed before him into the vestibule. Stillman noticed that her dark suit was by a skilful tailor and that it was fitted over a superb and skilfully corseted figure. But of her face he could see nothing, for it was completely hidden by the folds of a thick brown veil.

The wide, lace-curtained glass door swung open to the trill of a distant electric bell, and the young woman passed into the hall. Without a word to the servant, she stepped to the front of a mirror and began to fumble with her veil.

"I want to see Mr. Hegenwander White—by appointment," Stillman added, as the man looked doubtful.

He handed the servant his business card, laid his hat on the table, and then peeled slowly at his right glove. Mr. George Stillman wanted to know how that young woman looked without her veil. She was still fumbling at it before the mirror, or, rather, working at a peculiar pin, in the shape of a dragon with bright ruby eyes, which fastened it behind.

His right glove came off in time, and Stillman, trying not to stare, had only learned that the young woman's hands were small and that the ruby-eyed dragon was an unusual and striking ornament.

The left glove also came off slowly. The young lady appeared to be having difficulty with the pin. The ruby-eyed dragon was caught in her hair, which was of a dark reddish brown; rich both in color and in abundance. Obviously, a young man, a stranger, could not offer to assist, within what was apparently her own house, a young lady to whose difficulty the butler paid no attention, and who doubtless had a maid or two within call up-stairs.

Stillman carefully laid his gloves beside his hat and nodded to the servant to precede him up the thickly carpeted but somewhat dimly lighted stairs. The man, noticing the visitor's hesitation, ran up a few steps to a switch; and just as Stillman turned for a final, stolen glance at the girl in the brown veil, the full, merciless flood of electric light discovered her so close behind him that his involuntary stop almost caused them to collide.

The girl's chin went up a trifle; then she bowed again to Stillman's muttered apology. The next moment the butler showed them into a rear parlor and disappeared.

As the girl stepped before him, Stillman again had an admirable view of a straight back and a finely formed waist.

"She's 'tumbled'!" he muttered to himself. "She caught me trying to see her with her veil off and she's going to walk around here in my sight, keeping the blamed thing right where it is, just out of pure devilishness."

Which was apparently exactly what the young lady intended to do. As Stillman sat down in the back parlor, she wandered slowly through the wide door into the big drawing-room at the front. Carelessly she strolled across the polished floor, stepped on a magnificent white bearskin with the nonchalance of one who has long ago forgotten any inclination to walk around it, and finally stood at a window, one hand holding the curtain aside, the other swinging her glove, and her back turned squarely upon Mr. George Stillman.

The silent man-servant was at the door again.

"Mr. White will see you up-stairs in the library, sir," he announced, and Stillman left the parlor with a final unrequited glance at the figure framed in the window.

The Hegenwander White library occupied the width of the house, overlooking the street. Its battalions of books, mostly in bindings which shouted their expensiveness across the room, were topped by oil-paintings, most family portraits of women. Engravings and photographs, the latter including a large signed one of the President, were everywhere.

As Stillman entered the room his eyes rested also on a large glass case filled with curious ware sketched in blue on white.

"Chinese porcelains, sir. Every one a museum piece, and every piece at least two hundred years old. I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Stillman. Sit down."

As Stillman took the proffered chair, before a large table on which several city maps were laid, he examined his host with considerable curiosity and not a little surprise.

John Hegenwander White did not look in the least like an "old man." Of medium height, spare and small-boned, he moved with an alertness and decision which would not have disgraced a man half his age. His cold blue eyes had preserved their keenness without glasses, his hair, albeit a little thin, was of that reddish, sandy shade which does not betray whatever gray may be scattered through it. A short beard, also sandy, concealed a chin of uncompromising aggressiveness, and the turned-down mouth betokened not only decision, but the impatience which comes of years of commanding others. The slant of the eyes and the well-shaped forehead denoted a brain endowed with unusual, forceful activity, combined with a large degree of cautious secretiveness, not to say actual cunning.

Hegenwander White was the sort of a man who looks as old at fifty as he does at seventy. He was sixty-two.

They drew together over the maps, and for half an hour talked rentals, corner lots, traffic densities, and ninety-nine-year leases. The interview was nearly over when the wraith-like butler stood at the door.

"Telephone message for you, sir," he said, and vanished.

Mr. Hegenwander White stepped into the next room, where he was invisible and from which came only scattered snatches of his telephone conversation. As Stillman sat, waiting, looking about him at the great room with its accumulation of collectors' treasures, the half-closed door from the hall swung open and the young woman whom he had seen below entered quietly, erect and cool as before, and still wearing the brown veil.

The end of the apartment was formed into an alcove, containing a large desk, and evidently used by the owner as a study, a screen partially concealing it from the main room. The girl walked directly to this alcove, bent over the desk for a few seconds as if in search of something, then turned and left the library as she had come. Not by the slightest sign did she show any consciousness of the presence of any young man, least of all of a broad-shouldered, good-looking, alert young business man from a Broadway real estate office.

A feeling of injustice, mingled with a certain resentment, swept over Stillman, and he even voiced it silently:

"You're a queen, and I know it; and you've been brought up to look at a man as merely a part of the landscape, unless he has at least a fifth as many millions as your father. You're better than I, but it's ten to one the fellow you'll marry isn't. And—and—I wish to thunder you'd been decent enough to take off that veil!"

He rose, shook hands with the returned Mr. John Hegenwander White, who expressed polite regret that he was unable just yet to definitely decide what to do about his real estate, and then made his way down the silent, thick-carpeted stairs.

In the lower hall the young woman in the brown veil was again adjusting the dragon pin with its ruby eyes.

It was evident that she was just going out again, and Stillman reproached himself for his conceit in thinking that her failure to remove her veil had anything to do with her noticing him.

They approached the door together; the young man politely held it open, for which he received another slight bow of thanks. Close as he was, he could not penetrate the meshes of the brown veil.

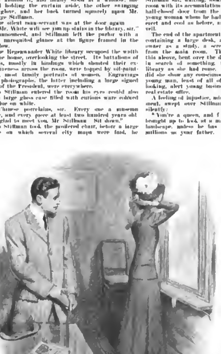
She passed down the steps first; hesitated almost imperceptibly at the foot, then turned to the west and down Fifth Avenue. Stillman walked behind her, but slowly so that at Fifty-second Street she was several rods ahead.

"I don't want to seem to be following her," he murmured, "but it's not my fault if I'm going the same way." Then aloud, "No, sir, you're not headed right."

But the passer-by who had appealed for guidance proved to be slightly deaf, and Stillman spent half a minute in setting him right. When he resumed his walk the girl in the brown veil had disappeared.

The young man passed in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He had never been within the great church, there were fifteen minutes yet to spare before his next appointment, so he stepped inside and slipped into a side seat at the rear. There, in the dim silence, he sat admiring the Gothic magnificence of the interior, his eyes slowly following the reaches of the great roof arches, the long galleried stretches of their eaves, and, below, the long [illegible] and the glories of the shrines along the walls.

As he was sitting there, a woman in a pew on the middle aisle, a dozen rows farther front than his own, stood up and made her way out. She was the girl in the brown veil. As she did not bow to the altar,



He wanted to know how that young woman looked without her veil

A New Educational Ideal at Columbia

By Charles Johnston

THE most noteworthy thing in the world to-day is the general revival of interest in religion, not only throughout Christendom, but in the Orient also. The fact next in interest, and in promise and potency for the future, is the renewal of the ideals of education in America. I have tried to describe the very thoughtful and far-reaching work which is being done at Harvard in this regard. It is of high interest to find that certain marked advances in the same field are being made at Columbia; certain new forces have manifested themselves, which are likely to bear a rich harvest in the future.

At Harvard, a main element in the new movement is the reaction from the free elective system, largely the creation of President Eliot. Under this system the Harvard student, with the exception of one course in English, was free to take or leave any subject of study he saw fit. Columbia was much more conservative, and, as events have shown, much more far-seeing at the same time. Columbia contended that the extreme form of the free elective system was an abandonment of the educator's duty and responsibility; and that, however difficult it might be, it was the duty of the educator to guide and regulate the courses of study which the students were to follow. In this way only, it was held, could a college degree have a definite meaning. Columbia, therefore, never adopted the system of free election. It kept a rigid backbone of required work, of work of the old-time disciplinary kind: Latin, mathematics, philosophy, English history, and added to these a modern language and the discipline and illumination of scientific laboratory work; so that the Columbia College degree stood for a certain recognizable body of disciplinary studies, giving a fairly broad mental development, and arousing many different sides of the student's mind. This required work constituted something more than half of the student's course for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The remaining studies were chosen by the student himself, subject to the approval of the college authorities.

During this period of general expansion of educational methods throughout the country, Columbia was passing through a period of wonderful development and growth. The rigid outline of the old college had been broken, in its down-town days, by the addition of the Law School and the School of Mines. The latter soon produced an abundant progeny. Scientific schools increased and multiplied, and within a few years Columbia was transformed from a small college to a great university, one of the largest in the country in point of numbers of students and teaching staff. Teachers College was added as a new instrument of education through the energy and initiative of Nicholas Murray Butler, and Barnard College supplemented the education of men by the education of women. During this period of transition, the lines between the older college with its ideal of a liberal education, and the newer professional schools, with their purpose of technical training, lost something of their definiteness. Certain advantages and certain disadvantages resulted. Among the marked advantages was the Columbia system of combined collegiate and professional degrees, in virtue of which both the collegiate and the professional degree may be obtained within six years, the last year of the college course being blended with the first year of the professional school. This gain of a complete year was of the highest value to future professional men. Among temporary disadvantages of the period of transition, on the other hand, was to be reckoned the blurring of the lines between the liberal education of the college and the technical education of the schools, with a like weakening of boundaries among both the students and the teaching staff. This temporary transition period gave birth to a very noteworthy readjustment, which has just been completed, with great promise of success.

To begin with, the college faculty was clearly outlined and separated from the general teaching body of the university and the professional schools, a compact body of professors and adjunct professors, thirty-three in number, being formed, to constitute the Faculty of Columbia College, in the strict sense of the term. To this newly defined faculty of the college President Butler then addressed a series of recommendations, one of which presently took shape in the formation of a committee on the co-ordination of college courses, whose general purpose was to examine the whole subject of teaching in the college, to ascertain the relations between the different courses, and to propose such changes as might be necessary. This committee went to work under the able chairmanship of Professor George Rice Carpenter, a distinguished student of literature, who was assisted by Professor Calvin Thomas of the German Department, Professor Egbert of the Latin Department, Professor Kemp who represented geology, Professor Calkins the distinguished biologist, Professor Shotwell of the Department of History, and Professor H. B. Mitchell, of the Department of Mathematics, and at that time secretary of the faculty and chairman of the committee on admissions. This committee was formed in the autumn of 1907. Early in 1908 it completed its work, was released from farther duties, and was shortly after reconstituted as a committee on instruction, which continued to work until the spring of 1909, when to the great loss of the college, Professor Carpenter suddenly died. Professor Henry Bedinger Mitchell, who had been acting chairman of the committee of instruction during Professor Carpenter's brief illness, was shortly thereafter confirmed as chairman of the committee, which continued its constructive work.

The very noteworthy results of the committee's work may, perhaps, be summed up as follows. The most marked advance has been in the direction of greater personal attention to the individual needs of each student. This advance has been all along the line, in every part of the college course. It begins with a new method of admitting students, which was part of Professor H. B. Mitchell's work as chairman of the co-ordinated committee on admissions. Heretofore there had been two methods for admitting students to college: one, by entrance examinations, where everything depends upon the result of written examinations set by the college, and of necessity rather mechanical; the other, the certificate system, where the colleges set no tests of their own, but accept the results of school examinations. This works fairly well in the Western State colleges, which really control the school system of the State; but it results in a deplorable lowering of standards and slackness in the East, where the colleges and the schools are not organically related. Columbia has decided to combine the strong points of both systems. It asks for and receives from the schools a confidential report and the school record of each candidate for admission, and uses this information to interpret the results of the candidate's written college entrance examination. An officer of the college devotes his entire time to keeping in touch with the schools which send students to the college and makes it his business to know the records of candidates for entrance. Candidates are therefore admitted or rejected upon the fullest possible knowledge of their individual needs and capacities, personal interviews with all doubtful candidates being added.

Professor Henry Bedinger Mitchell
CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON INSTRUCTION AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

When he has happily been admitted to the college, the student proceeds to draw up a schedule of studies in consultation with the committee on admissions, which is already well acquainted with his general accomplishment and the work he has done at school. The student is then assigned to a faculty adviser, a member of the faculty, whose business it is to watch his academic life, and to give him such advice and assistance as he needs. From that time forth, his selection of studies and the college courses he pursues must meet the approval both of his faculty adviser and the committee on instruction. The fullest opportunity is offered to him to establish intimate and cordial relations with at least one member of the faculty, and the whole policy of Columbia aims to bring the faculty and the students together in close, friendly, and cordially helpful relations.

As a further step in this policy of cordial understanding, the college forum has been established, along [illegible] down by Professor Mitchell. Three or four times a year the students and faculty of the college meet together in the forum for the open and frank discussion of college problems. It is not a student forum, nor a faculty forum, nor a university forum, but a college forum and in it student opinion and faculty opinion meet for better understanding and mutual helpfulness. Contemplated changes are explained, suggestions for betterment are made, college opinion is formed and focussed, and, when it is formed, the proper authorities give it expression and make it operative. It is a tremendous force for solidarity and good feeling. It also tends to make prominent before his fellows the student of sound judgment and ability. Too often, the only way to gain distinction in the student body is by athletics. In the college forum it is the student also thinks clearly and can express himself convincingly, who stands out before his fellows as their champion and can gain for them what they all desire, in matters in which they are all interested. The establishment of this forum is a noteworthy piece of creative work, and one well understands the enthusiasm with which President Butler has spoken of it.

The same policy of giving greater personal attention to the needs of the individual student underlies the establishment of the new system of honor courses. This new system springs primarily from a recognition of the fact that, of the large number of youths coming up to college, some are really bent on scholarship in a serious and earnest spirit, while the rest are attracted rather by the social life of the college, its athletic interests, its fraternities, its clubs, its gatherings, and so forth, holding as their chief aim the wish to be known as college-bred men, rather than a desire to become distinguished scholars. The committee on instruction, recognizing that these two classes of young men were coming up to college, came to the decision that they must be separated, and dealt with in different ways. Their aims, purposes, ambitions, and outlook were different; therefore their treatment must logically be different also. So, for the general student, the youth of small scholarly ambition, taste, or initiative, the standard Columbia curriculum, with its system of required courses, supplemented by a minority of electives chosen in consultation with the dean or faculty adviser, is extremely well adapted. One change only has been found necessary. In addition to the separate courses previously required, the student is now asked to choose two chief subjects of study, and to pursue each for a period of at least three years. This compels him to know something pretty well, and to gain the discipline which comes from the continuous study of a single subject until some complete view of it has been reached. Students have also the opportunity to take other courses in many different subjects, and thus to gain a broad general outlook. And throughout all these studies, the general student is guided and held under rule and law, thus securing for him that consistent discipline which, without scholarly ambition, he would hardly be likely to provide for himself.

To the genuinely ambitious and able student different treatment is accorded; and here we come to the special virtue of the new honor courses. The ambitious and scholarly student needs opportunity, companionship which shall be stimulating and humanize, the encouragement of his initiative, and the habit and power of independent work. Too often the college course of lectures and text books may weaken initiative and independent thinking. The system of honor courses is designed to remedy this, and to meet the needs of students of promise, who are set free from much of the required disciplinary courses, after their first year of residence at the college. They choose, in consultation with a faculty adviser, three subjects of study; and these three subjects they pursue not only in the sequences of college courses dealing with them, but even more through independent reading and frequent conference with their professors. They are expected to learn much more about these subjects than is ordinarily taught in the class room, and at the end of three years they are examined upon the whole course of their study; so that they are studying to master their subjects, and not merely to pass a yearly and monthly test. Honor students are asked to put forth their abilities to obtain knowledge rather than credits and all the privileges of the university are open to them. They are scholars, and the fellowship of scholars exists between them and the faculty. The culmination of the honor courses is an honor degree, the diploma showing that its holder, by his own efforts and powers, has attained a position of recognized distinction.

In writing of the new honor courses, Professor Mitchell makes it clear that the actual ability of the student, and his consequent fitness to undertake honor work, can rarely be demonstrated adequately before the end of his Freshman year. Even with the new system of admission to Columbia, whereby the formal entrance examinations are supplemented by the student's school record and by personal interview, no safe prediction of what will be his performance in the untried conditions of college residence is possible. Many students of real ability, but badly prepared, make a poor showing at entrance, only to find their feet, and to prove their worth as they advance, while others with the best of school records go to pieces. For this reason, the separation of the honor men from the general students cannot wisely be attempted until after the first year of college study. At the end of that period the student who so desires, and whose record justifies it, may, with the consent of the committee on instruction announce himself as a candidate for a degree with honors.

Since the new honor system has only been inaugurated this autumn, with the beginning of the new college year, it follows that it can for the present be applied only to those students who formed the Freshman class of last year. It is very encouraging to find that, of these more than one-tenth have already expressed the wish to enter on the new courses, and to become candidates for a degree with honors. It may be confidently predicted that the proportion will steadily increase as the virtues of the system become better understood; and we may well believe that Columbia College has inaugurated a policy which is destined to have important and far-reaching developments, and to be widely followed.

Aeroplanes in Naval Warfare

By Commander John F. Hubbard, U.S.N.

IN the year of 1383, we are told, the Count of Burgundy, then engaged in the siege of an Italian city, discouraged and at the point of withdrawing his forces, was visited in his tent by a magician. The magician, who appeared in the guise of a worker in metals, offered to present to the duke his life, his services, and his new flying machine, by means of which a number of the attacking soldiery could be landed on the walls of the enemy's stronghold. It is sad to record that this early martyr to the advancement of aviation in war was put to death on the spot without further discussion of his plan.

There was held at Squantum, Massachusetts, in the early part of last month, an aviation meeting which, it is safe to predict, will mark the commencement of a historical epoch. Of the meeting itself, of the vast crowds that attended, of the ever increasing enthusiasm created among the people of that section of the country, much has been written, and more undoubtedly will be.

Former meetings, though not so widely successful, nor so free from accidents, have also done much to advance aeronautical knowledge. Men have flown in public before, have ascended higher, have flown faster, have thrilled audiences with exhibitions of their confidence and control. The unique feature of the Squantum meeting, however, on which its historical prominence will largely depend, is that it was the first serious effort to measure the value of the heavier-than-air flying-machine as an offensive instrument of warfare. The fact that only a step was taken in this direction is of little importance. The first effort was so made—and the result will be far reaching.

In a varied programme calling for a wide range of skill was inserted a bomb-dropping contest. This contest offered the second largest prize of the meeting, a sum of five thousand dollars, for the most successful attempt to drop a plaster bomb of baseball size, loaded with flour, upon a plan of a battleship drawn on the turf in mid field. The bombs were delivered from the hand of the aviator at a mean height of about 200 feet, and at an average speed of about forty miles an hour.

It may be mentioned as interesting, and as showing the necessity for the eternal vigilance of aviators, that one skilful contestant held out for oranges as projectiles, his reasons being that, in former private trials, the flour from a broken bomb sifted through the opening in the carrying basket and choked his motor.

Considering the conditions and the novelty of the test, most excellent scores were made.

It is a temptation to dwell on other features of this most wonderful meeting, with its many lessons and its manifold suggestions, but the facts developed as to the present value of the aeroplane in warfare, and a statement of its probable limitation along these lines in the immediate future, are quite sufficient for present consideration.

A brief diversion may be pardoned, however, for a compelling psychological inquiry. What peculiar trait of the human mind leads it first to consider a new scientific discovery with references to its uses in war?

Hundreds of thousands of people watched these motor-driven craft dart around at express-train speed —saw them carry passengers, soar aloft, swoop and rise as the aviators would. The exhibition suggested faster mail service, the transfer of men and women in urgent distress, rescue from shipwreck, and a thousand possible and probable developments.

Of the multitude who first came to gaze in curiosity at the aviators, of the multitudes who remained to wonder and study, of all those that returned when opportunity offered, that urged their friends and acquaintances to go and see the amazing sight, not a handful discussed the new art with reference to pleasure, commerce, or useful pursuits. In automobiles, in grand stands, and on the field, the one theme of conversation was the familiar one, the revolutionizing of war.

Having submitted this curious but existing tendency, we will leave it to the student of mental vagaries and consider a subdivision of the same thought.

Admitting that, in anxiety for our safety, we are right in turning our thoughts to war—why single out ships as probable objects of destruction? With the far more manifest effect that swift, sustained human flight must have on the operations of land forces, why suggest the fleet as the object of attack? Why prepare to place battleships in reserve? This feature of the human interest so plainly displayed in conversations, in the daily prints, in the Sunday magazines, gives food for serious thought. Is it suggested by the great cost of battleship construction, that small insurance our country pays for security?

This wide-spread interest seems to justify a presentation of the case for and against the aeroplane as a present or future menace to the fleet.

Several plainly established facts may be reasonably stated at the start:

The aeroplane has come to stay. It has proved itself a speedy means of locomotion in capable hands. Its improvement is at present only delayed by the weakness of the motor, for wing improvement and wing knowledge may be trusted to keep pace with engine development. Its strides during recent years have been greater and quicker than history records in any known field of scientific mechanical endeavor—the development of the practical automobile carriage being slow in comparison. How many people realize that the Wright brothers made their first public flights in 1908, and that in 1906 Santos-Dumont, with the first European aeroplane ascension, filled newspaper columns and started pages of prophecy by a flight of twelve yards.

Grahame-White in his biplane ready to drop a "bomb" upon a "battleship"

The fragility of the aeroplane is admitted. It can be brought down by almost any missile that strikes it.

Its present noisy approach—frequently urged against its possible use in war—is a weakness that even present knowledge can remedy by utilizing a portion of the engine power for "muffling"—a plan not yet attempted in peaceful exhibitions, as all available power has heretofore been used for attaining speed.

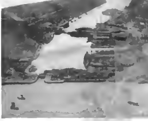
The willingness of the patriot to risk his life in attack is cheerfully assumed.

Blockade, already made unsafe, in its accustomed form, by submarines, will not long be a feature of naval warfare.

The immediate acquisition and development of aeroplanes by the army is a necessity. Under this topic, it may be suggested that in years to come cavalry will have a struggle to justify their existence.

Recognizing these facts, and in the face of the interesting target practice held at Squantum, let us first see why the navy does not fear attacks from the air, and then consider how aeroplanes may be made useful to the fleet.

In summing up the case against the aeroplane, it may be necessary to explode a few delusions as to the vulnerability of modern battleships. From recently published newspaper articles on this subject, it would seem that modern ships are regarded as offering defence only to broadside fire, and it is undoubtedly true that the millions of our interested citizens who visit our ships are more interested in their offensive powers than in their structural strength.


A view of Chatham dockyard, England, taken from an altitude of 1,800 feet

Yet these vessels are not frail shells pursuing a perilous course upon a dangerous element. The modern *Dreadnought*, properly handled, has little to fear from sea or storm, and the process of development, that has made her staunch, has left little to fear from such projectiles as an aeroplane can now carry and discharge.

Explosive bombs dropped on steel plates are not a serious menace, especially as all vital portions of a ship opening above the water are protected below the upper decks by heavy gratings. Hiram Maxim showed, long ago, how ineffectual against steel plates is the action of explosives without penetration, even when high explosives in large quantities be used.

The armored ends of a battleship may be crushed in from above and she will steam and fight with but slightly reduced power.

In action very few people are exposed above the upper decks of ships. It is no secret to say that they are fewer than is ordinarily realized.

The explosion of a large bomb or projectile on a turret or conning-tower could have little result in action and is, at present, a contingency quite as remote as destruction by the heat ray—that ingenious and terrifying, but purely imaginary, invention of Mr. H. G. Wells in his story of interplanetary war; or as the suggested destruction of ships by powder-magazine explosions, to be effected by wireless impulses.

Granting equal interest and ingenuity to the attack and defence, a gun mounted on the ship platform, devised to repel aeroplane attack, should, for years to come, show an advantage over the weapon designed to launch projectiles from the air. Range-finders, range tables, and even new gun types may confidently be counted on when the air attacks become really menacing.

Who knows but that the near future will produce for military and naval defence an enlarged type of shotgun, and that trap-shooting at long ranges will become a recognized feature of naval target practice?

Some of these facts were undoubtedly considered when the Squantum bomb-dropping contest was arranged. To capture the generous prize offered by a society anxious to advance aeronautical science and secure advantages to their country, the scoring was first restricted to bull's-eyes in the simulated battleship's funnels, no hit to score unless within the funnel. When aerial attack is reduced to hitting funnels, it may be said:

That a funnel attacked from a reasonable altitude offers a ridiculous target for a bomb. The accompanying photograph of the Chatham dockyard, taken from Mr. Turner's able work on aerial navigation, shows more clearly than words can tell the improbability of hitting vital portions of a ship at 1,800 feet of altitude; and yet this may be taken as the lowest flight that will afford the aerial gunner and his craft any hope of escaping rifle-fire.

That funnels have been fitted with covers before now and can easily have steel pagodas erected to protect them when occasion demands.

And that the destruction of smoke-pipes, while undoubtedly a serious injury, has long been under consideration as a result of gun fire, and has been provided against.

With the present girder construction of battleship masts a few slight changes would provide support for a tent-like shield between them, and a few yards of torpedo-netting spread over a central span would provide complete protection to the citadel from all non-penetrating projectiles.

The difficulties attached to hitting a war-colored ship steaming rapidly are worth considering. Certainly no projectile delivered by hand or merely released to fall by force of gravity can have reasonable hope of scoring at rational heights.

The practice at Squantum, when plaster bombs were hurled by hand within revolver range, was entertaining and may be historical as the first measured effort in this direction, but shows only the possibility of crude attack against a sleepy or defenceless enemy.

A familiar argument supporting the feasibility of aeroplane attacks even in their present state of development is that situation where a fleet of aeroplanes attack ships at night. The result of training a well-drilled squadron's search-lights on the helpless air-pilots may be left to the imagination. Moreover, battleships, in time of war, do not cruise as illuminated targets, and one who has ever attempted to keep in touch with an unlighted ship when steaming, though distant but a few hundred yards, will testify as to the improbability of striking such a vessel from any safe height.

The same uncertainty will exist in fog, and, in brief, the following general law is ventured for consideration:

"*Every tactical element that secures an aeroplane from destruction during its attack on ships, such as great speed, cover of darkness, or safe altitude, in turn reduces to an equal or greater extent its probability of success.*"

Much remains to be said for the aeroplane as an auxiliary to the fleet. The case in its favor comprises these facts:

The aeroplane, especially the monoplane, can be packed in small space.

The problems of "getaway" and of "landing" are easily solved.

It can be carried in a fast auxiliary ship fitted with rails for its launching, and can land safely alongside, being easy to hoist aboard.

Its pilot can be in constant touch with the commander-in-chief, living on his flagship if advisable.

When needed, it can be up and away in less than half an hour, or in about the time needed to get up steam in a picket launch.

It has to-day a certain radius of action of a hundred miles and a horizon of fifty to one hundred miles almost immediately after its ascent.

The only signals required of it are so simple that they can be made unmistakable and mastered by any officer or signalman in a few minutes.

Its speed is so great that no boat can approach it, watch it, or report its final direction of flight.

If painted a suitable color it can only be seen at a distance of a few thousand yards, even when known to be present.

It operates against a background making any judgment of its distance pure guesswork, and making it a difficult object to hit with any gun yet designed.

Its cost is negligible.

If lost, it sacrifices fewer lives than any warlike element of the fleet.

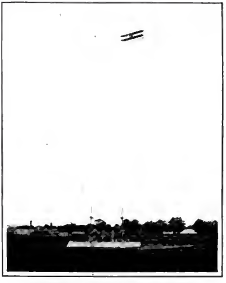
It can operate in twilight or darkness.

Its presence lends moral strength to the fleet possessing it, and annoys and weakens the enemy discovering its presence.

It gives its pilot an opportunity of seeing below the water surface, to an unappreciated degree, so that rocks, shoals, coral reefs, or even submarine torpedo-boats can be detected.

The commander-in-chief in time of war having skilful aviators at hand can secure these advantages:

He can before nightfall send out scouts to assure him of the fleet's safety for the coming night, guarding against torpedo attack, even from submarines, and thus possibly secure for himself a few hours of necessary sleep. Just how golden this single opportunity would be can only be realized by those who have known the strain of ceaseless responsibility.



Johnstone's biplane in the bomb-throwing contest at Squantum

He can look into fortified harbors in his search for the enemy, avoiding such bombardment as was deemed necessary at San Juan de Porto Rico during the Spanish War. What Grahame-White would have meant to Admirals Sampson and Schley in their search for Cervera has already been suggested.

In advancing for attack or in the early stage of actual battle, it is entirely possible that signals directing battleship fire and bringing it speedily upon the enemy would decide the engagement.

The suggestions that ships are already menaced has called forth from several officers whose age, knowledge, and record give them the authority to speak, the assurance that the navy has as yet nothing to fear from air attacks, and, after a consideration of all the elements involved, this surely seems to be the case. It is not yet time to retire our ships from daily service. Our national pride cries as loudly as ever for battleships of quality, nor will our shores be given immunity by the rapid building of aeroplanes. But since preparation for war demands the aid of every branch of science, there remains a plain duty—one in which the navy rarely fails—to watch, study, and be prepared.

SEEING NEW YORK

THE UNPOPULAR OBSERVATION POINT OCCUPIED BY A GROUP OF LABORERS AT WORK ON A SKYSCRAPER NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION IN THE METROPOLIS

A "HOMER" NOT IN THE GAME

THE PURIST

MRS. WIGGLES has the very great misfortune to be married to a purist, and what she has to endure, so her neighbors say, passes all belief. For instance, here is a conversation said to have been overheard by the Dubbses, who live next door, one morning last week.

"Henry," called Mrs. Wiggles from upstairs, addressing Mr. Wiggles, who had got up early to start the furnace, "what's the thermometer this morning?"

"Same as usual, my dear," Mr. Wiggles replied, calling up through the flue. "It is a little instrument made of metal, glass, and mercury designed to show degrees of heat and cold. It is a simple and inexpensive little contrivance, and no home should be without one."

"I mean, what does it say?" returned Mrs. Wiggles, with an expression of countenance which, not having been seen, can only be imagined.

"It does not say anything, my love," replied Mr Wiggles, brushing some soot out of his locks. "Up to this time nobody has thought to invent a talking thermometer, though I suppose that it would be possible by means of a phonographic attachment which operated by a delicately adjusted device of some sort to get the results which you seem to believe are already attained."

"Oh, you know what I mean," retorted Mrs. Wiggles, somewhat stridently. "Where is the thermometer, then, if you are going to be so very, very particular.

"It is just where we left it last night, dear heart," returned Wiggles; "screwed on to the left hand jamb of the front door. I fancy that if it had not been screwed on it would have disappeared long ago. Where did you think it was?"

"Has it risen or fallen?" demanded the lady.

"Not that I know of," said Wiggles. "If it had risen, I think we should have seen the old screw holes in the place where it had been, and as for falling, I know it hasn't done that, because thermometers are rather fragile things, and if it had fallen at any time there would have been signs of fracture at least, even if the whole thing had not been shattered to pieces. Don't worry about it, anyhow. I fastened it on the door jamb myself, and with four screws it can hardly come loose—that is, not all at once."

"Henry Wiggles," snarled the lady's voice, growing more than severe, and having about it certain qualities of icy sharpness, "do you mean to tell me where the mercury stands, or not?"

"Of course I do, love," replied Wiggles, lighting the fire at last. "It stands in the little glass tube that runs from the bulb at the base of the thermometer up to the top. Where did you suppose it stood—on its head?"

Here the conversation stopped.

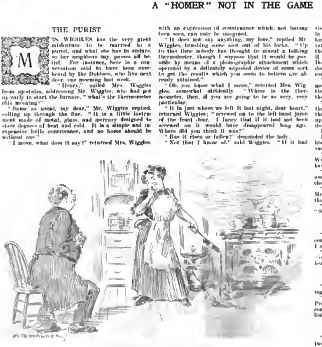
Later in the day Mrs Dubbs, meeting Wiggles with his head bandaged up on his way to catch the trolley smiled sweetly.

"Ah, Mr. Wiggles," said she, archly, "has Mrs Wiggles been taking the broomstick to you, that you have your head bandaged up?"

"No, madame" said Wiggles, coldly. "We do not use brooms in my household. We use vacuum cleaners."

"Well, I guess they *are* more appropriate!" said Mrs. Dubbs, significantly. "It started in very warm this morning, didn't it?"

"You bet it did!" said Wiggles as he moved on. "Some cloudy, too."



LINGERING 'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY

A CASE FOR THE BOARD OF HEALTH

"YES," said Barkins, as he lit an oppressive two cent cigar and began puffing upon it, "I must confess I am fond of the weed."

"Well, all I've got to say," said Binks, jumping to windward of the smoker, "is that if we had a live health officer in this town that weed would be pulled."

HOPELESS

"WELL, Jackson, how is your campaign progressing?" asked Dobbleigh.

"Going badly," said Jackson. "I expected the President to come out and give me a boost with my constituents, but, hang it all! we can't get the golf links in shape until after election day."

EXPLAINED

"FATHER," said Willie, "what's the difference between a sanitarium and a sanatorium?"

"Oh, about five dollars a day," said Mr Billups

Chasing Wild Buffalo in the Land of Möi

By H. R. H. the Duke of Montpensier

THE very first hint of dawn streaking rosily along the sky awoke me with a joyful sense that *the* day—the great day—had come! In a couple of hours, by the grace of St. Hubert, patron of hunters, we should be, I hoped, trying conclusions with the wild buffalo we had come so far to seek.

"Voici le Buffle des Buffles—le Buffle!
Et tous les autres ne sont que des Boeufs!"

Some French versifier has, I believe, said this somewhere. But soft! His name must remain a secret, for otherwise how should I appease his wrath?

Last night we pitched our camp under the great stars pointing the velvet night of Indo-China, "the blue of Yade," near the tiny village of Vu-Dat (Province of Bien-Hoa) in this mysterious land of Möi, entrancing with continual surprises; and from that very moment I felt within me that we held the trumps in hand.

To begin with, I had been so fortunate as to secure for my hunting companions M. Odderat, the famous elephant-hunter, and M. Mottet, Russian Consul-General at Saigon, who also handles a celebrated gun. Their deep knowledge of forest craft and their proven courage were almost certain guarantees of success. So whistling a merry little tune between my teeth, I pondered over the imperilled laurels of that most dangerous of the great game animals—namely, the wild buffalo of southeastern Asia.

Fresh as paint, overflowing with delightful anticipations, and ready to do my best, I finished dressing. Everything seemed so propitious from Odderat's perfect preparations for the day—he has the priceless advantage of speaking each and every dialect of this puzzling region, where reigns a confusion of tongues worse than any Babel ever knew—to the pure breath of earliest morn that my spirits kept rising higher and higher.

Up saddle! How absurd the words sounded when our little Annamite horses—one is tempted to say ponies—stood before us. Plucky they are, and enduring to an incredible degree, but they look as if just led out from the stables of the gnome king, and I for one wondered vaguely what I was going to do with my long legs when it came to bestriding mine. Presumably exactly what I should do with a mere bicycle, for I judged that by stretching out a foot on each side of my valiant steed I should easily be safe aground. A queer position, it may be admitted, and rather contrary to all accepted rules of equitation.

I soon acquired a passable state of Asiatic equilibrium and became accustomed to the short, equal trot that carries one so swiftly through the forest. These miniature beasts, at any rate, knew well how to avoid the many risks of the way—the huge, glistening roots protruding from the heavy soil like the coils of nightmare snakes, the tangle of vines and lianas netted over the abrupt ruts and ridges which, without the amazing sure-footedness of the ridiculous little beasts, would have brought us to earth more than once.

Behind us followed quite an imposing little caravan. First the corps *des guides*, whom some people might imagine should precede us, but who, notwithstanding, were at their appointed place; secondly, a group of excessively dignified *chefs de canton*; thirdly, twenty-one coolies; and finally, praise be to Heaven, two carts containing our valises, provisions, and—last but by no means least—large quantities of ice, more precious and necessary here than bread.

On we went, trot, trot, in the moist bluish gloom of the tropic forest, resembling so much the dusk of some frightfully old Gothic cathedral whose stained windows are dimmed with the dust of ages. The smell is much the same, damp, heavy, with the incense of unseen flowers and musky insects. We were almost becoming drowsy when all of a sudden, away ahead, bright lights began to honeycomb the front of the massed verdure—flakes no bigger than a five franc piece showering down in rays, and darts of blinding gold that quivered like newly flung arrows in the low undergrowth.

Oh! We were wide awake now, for there beyond we knew was the immense savanna of Lanba, and as we entered it our eyes watered at the feast of splendor that the new risen sun had prepared for us. It would be idle to attempt a description of this limitless plain, tufted at wide intervals with what appeared to be merely luxuriant bouquets of verdure, but were in reality individual jungles of dense growth where dwelt the buffalo people.

It would seem that those stories about the extraordinary denizens of Lanba were true. For in a very short time we sighted a lone bull, an enormous fellow, silhouetted against the quivering heat-waves like a rock upon the vagueness of the summer ocean—a gigantic statuesque figure, the view of which made our hearts leap in our breasts. The wind was, luckily, in our favor, and we instantly dismounted, or rather allowed our mounts to slip from under us, I hugging joyfully my No. 10 Paradox rifle, with cordite bullets and counting already this remarkable specimen of game as mine. Carefully, far too slowly for my impatience, we crawled toward our prey. It was not the moment to attract its attention by so much as one miscalculated gesture. So far the brute had evidently not noticed our approach, and little by little we diminished the distance to about two hundred metres without causing even the twitching of an uneasy ear. Indeed he seemed sunken in the profound reverie of a lonely promenader and stood mechanically sniffing with wide nostrils the freshness of the morning air.

And then suddenly, just as I knew that the temptation to tease him from so unbuffalonian a pastime was becoming too strong to withstand, he disappeared—disappeared as completely as if swallowed up by the trap of an oubliette. We looked at one another nonplussed. Where could he have gone? What phantasmagoria was this? Thoughts of mirage, of sorcery, and even of trickery were boiling in my excited mind! He was our very own a second ago—and now? A whispered word in my ear and I realized that the buffalo had not seen us, but had casually dropped into a pool or deep depression of some sort, concealed from us by a fold of the plain immediately below the slightly rising ground where we first sighted him.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Montpensier

In another instant we were on our feet, tiptoeing through the tall grass like tight-rope dancers, and presently found ourselves within about twenty yards of the pool, which was, luckily, so thickly belted with rank growths and reeds that we could approach our prize unseen. My heart was beating fast now, as novelists are apt to say, "in the throat." I was again congratulating myself on instant success—I always did like everything quick, detesting delay—when bur-rr-rr—a flutter of anguished wings, and there right above our heads, screaming like mad, a plover, that greatest enemy of hunters, was rolling warning after warning to the huge brute below. The infernal little bird could, of course, not be silenced. His was a post of honor, that of a vigilant and wide-awake sentinel, who meant to give the alarm and who, worse luck, did so with a vengeance! The early bather below stirred uneasily in his hygienic mud bath. We could see him pause a second, and then he rose, a sorry spectacle indeed, coated with slime and ooze. I, too, had sprung up to my full height, and just as I drew a bead on him, my hands steady now as the steel they touched, he cleared his broad flanks from the black wallow, showing an ample target, though no vital point for a shot. I no longer tried to combat my eagerness, but gave him both barrels in quick succession.

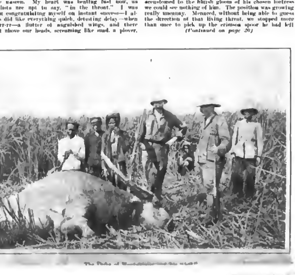
Touched—touched, by Jove! He had stumbled to his knees—he was mine! But no; up he got and at a furious gallop headed off on a long slant, in spite of the hail of bullets sent after him by Odderat and Mottet. This was a grand *bête de chasse*, and the very thought of losing him made me feel cold all over. So off we raced at top speed after him, making nothing of the obstacles in our way, bent only on getting him at any cost—at any price! Nothing, however, can give the least conception of the pace a wild buffalo can accomplish when determined to gather distance. His speed is meteoric. More than that; it is disconcerting, bewildering. With each plunging stride this one left us farther and farther behind, breathless and exasperated; and it was then, doubtless quite aware of our plight, that he began to tantalize us yet more by short halts, face to the enemy, just out of gunshot, truculently defying us! Truly, one could almost imagine that he was sneering.

Evidently he knew his trade, did this precious inhabitant of plain and jungle, and his goal, too—one of the scattered islands of dense and juicy verdure, where the tangled tropical growth offered him an almost impregnable refuge. For after one long glance of supreme derision over the contemptuous swing of his enormous shoulder he gave us the slip, apparently for good and all.

Heedless of anything but the fever of our pursuit, we ploughed our impossible way on and farther on. Perspiration was pouring from us. But what did such trifles matter at so unique a phase of our hunters' lives? We knew well enough that a wounded buffalo is held to be the most dangerous of all wild game, since the obstinacy and pluck of his defence is all the fiercer when exasperated by pain. It is—I found that out a little later—a sort of blood intoxication, terrible to witness, and worse to encounter when the looming bulk of him in a headlong charge threatens the pigmy who has dared to attack. What compared to this is the bull of the arena even when excited to madness by the assembled *picadores* at the end of a *corrida*? Mere child's play; and I am sure that the most cruel of men would scarce condemn his worst enemy to the death that is dealt thus.

We dived into the semi-obscurity of the forest oasis, and instantly we felt somehow the omnipresence of the buffalo, although even after our eyes became once more accustomed to the bluish gloom of his chosen fortress we could see nothing of him. The position was growing really uncanny. Menaced, without being able to guess the direction of that living threat, we stopped more than once to pick up the crimson spoor he had left

(Continued on page 20)

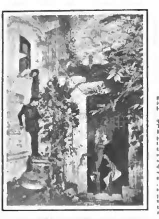


The Duke of Montpensier [illegible]

Maeterlinck Out-of-doors

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE RECENT REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE OF "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE," UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS, AT THE DRAMATIST'S NORMAN HOME

By Alvan F. Sanborn



Golaud surprises the lovers at Melisande's tower window

Paris

PELLEAS AND MELISANDE, the most celebrated of the plays of Maurice Maeterlinck, was recently presented, under conditions that were virtually ideal, under the direction of Mme. Maeterlinck, known better as Georgette Leblanc, in the mediæval Abbey of Saint Wandrille, Normandy, the author's home.

That the performance was, as I have said, as nearly ideal as human taste and ingenuity could contrive, was due to the peculiar abilities of Mme. Maeterlinck. Georgette Leblanc is a highly positive character. She has as pronounced a propensity for society as her husband has for solitude. She is as restless and bustling as he is placid and impassive. She furnishes as signal an example of the active as he of the contemplative life. She is perpetually casting about for new worlds to conquer, and is perpetually conquering the new worlds she has discovered. She is not only a singer and actress, but a writer, lecturer, and (in a very subtle and charming manner quite her own) an agitator for the advancement of her sex. When she became Mme. Maeterlinck, she did not cease to be Georgette Leblanc; she did not sink her personality in that of her great and famous husband.

The memorable performance of *Macbeth* at Saint Wandrille in the summer of 1909 was a Georgette Leblanc enterprise pure and simple, from its conception to the last detail of its organization. Maeterlinck adapted the play to the special conditions of Saint Wandrille by a translation, pronounced by competent judges superior to all the existing French versions. Similarly, this year, he adapted the text of his own play, *Pelléas and Mélisande*, to the Saint Wandrille setting, adding a line here, cutting out a line or a scene there, watching over it with genuine, if unloquacious solicitude, while it slowly took on, under the consecrated activity of his wife, an intensity of life.

"I am working twelve hours a day," she wrote to me last summer, "upon a realization that impassions me. I have dreamed of making *Pelléas and Mélisande* live, like *Macbeth*, at the Abbey. Because the characters are few in number, I fancied that it would be no great undertaking, but I find, on the contrary, that it is much more difficult to reconstruct than *Macbeth*, because it is more delicate and more spiritual."

"The truth I have striven after," she said, subsequently, "is a different truth from that of *Macbeth*. There, all the life finds vent and expresses itself . . . In *Pelléas*, the life is internal and intimate, with a precise and compact intimacy. . . . In *Macbeth*, the tragic effects were in the crash of a closing portal, in the tumult, the hubbub, the distant shouts of a throng or of a cavalcade. In *Pelléas*, the effect will be in the striking of a clock, the click of a pendulum, the slow dying out of the day, the silences of the beings assembled. Certain of these silences must be occupied, must be 'furnished,' must be filled with sentiment. . . . It is necessary to suggest the unuttered and the unutterable, to make the forest, which is an essential personage, live. . . . In short I want to try to communicate to the persons who saw *Macbeth*, and who will return to Saint Wandrille, my impressions. *Macbeth* racks the nerves and rouses in us all the violence of our souls. *Pelléas*, on the other hand, evokes all their dreamfulness, all their mystery, all their unconsciousness and subconsciousness, and it is to moving the very sub-souls of our hosts that I am devoting all my energies."

Pelleas and Melisande at the "Fountain of the Blind"

Finally, a few days before the performance, she wrote, "At yesterday's rehearsal I saw, for the first time, the complete outline of my dream, and, as last year with *Macbeth*, the reality was superior to the dream. . . . *Macbeth* thrilled me; this shatters me, traverses me, haunts me to such a degree that I cannot sleep."

"Until something better is possible," said Maeterlinck, some years back, anent his conception of the drama, "this is what I would do: I would present persons in ordinary and humanly possible circumstances, but present them in such a fashion that, by an imperceptible shifting of the angle of vision, their relations with the unknown should be apparent"; and he speaks elsewhere of the "third personage, who always slips somehow into the dialogue, the Unknown, who alone lives an inexhaustibly profound life and whom the other personages merely serve to retain a given time in a given spot." In *Pelléas and Mélisande*, this "third personage," this "Unknown," is curiously blended with the "humanly possible" personage of Mélisande—Mélisande, a mysterious, impenetrable, shadowy, disconcerting little creature, a "fragile, trembling, passively pensive little creature" who has come to Allemonde nobody can tell whence, why, or how, who has the strange air of one "awaiting in the sunshine a great misfortune," whose nature, like the "fountain of the blind" that shimmers merrily in the sun, has never been sounded, and who lives, at one and the same time, a "humanly possible" and an "inexhaustibly profound" life. Georgette Leblanc's Mélisande reveals this dual nature—barring a few venial lapses—from first to last, even in the love scenes, more particularly, indeed, in these, where the slightest predominance of the fleshly over the ideal would spoil everything. Her small stature, which would be a handicap in certain roles, was a distinct advantage in this one; her features, though a trifle too strong and clean cut for the shadowiness the part connotes, were so dominated by the troubled wonder of the eyes that they were veiled with impalpability, so to speak; and her body, rendered splendidly lithe and undulating by the springiness and unevenness of the soil, so much more responsive than the hard and angular surfaces of the best appointed stage, was as divinely rhythmic as the most beautiful Maeterlinckian phrase. René Maupré of the Odéon, who impersonated Pelléas, fortunately comprehended sufficiently this interpretation of Mélisande not to mar it by the slightest *maladresse*, as a less sensitive *partenaire* would have done. More than this, M. Maupré's Pelléas was a most captivating cross between Hamlet and Romeo—at once splendidly brave and overweighted with presentiment of impending doom; and Maeterlinck, if rumor is to be trusted, was delighted therewith.

It would be flattery to affirm that the Georgette Leblanc representation of *Pelléas and Mélisande* left nothing to be desired. The pedestrianism imposed upon the spectators by the frequent changes of scene rendered the services of trained guides indispensable, and one does not take kindly to being "personally conducted" anywhere, least of all in the realm of dreams. The person who "walked through" *Pelléas and Mélisande* this year, as the person who "walked through" *Macbeth* last year, had much ado, at times, not to fancy himself a Cook tourist. But this and several other obstacles to unconditional and uninterrupted surrender to emotions were ransomed many times over by the poetic reality of a number of scenes, the delicate or majestic beauty of which the most adroit stagecraft would be powerless to duplicate—scenes under whose spell the least impressionable spectator "was laid asleep in body and became a living soul."

Golaud demands of Melisande the truth concerning her relations with Pelleas

Stillman instantly realized that she was as much a stranger there as himself, and that she had probably entered to avoid his seeming pursuit of her. A little disturbed, he averted his face, and the girl passed calmly out without a glance in his direction.

"Now," thought the young man, "I'll get back to business. It's the spring fever, all right, setting a fellow's wits to wandering after a girl whose face he hasn't even seen."

He reached the sidewalk and felt in his pocket.

"Hello! If I haven't left my note-book at Hegenwander White's."

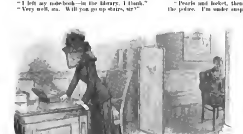
He went with haste, this time, to Fifty-seventh Street. The door, however, did not open at once in response to his ring. Stillman pressed the button again.

Finally, swinging open, it discovered the butler with a face that was almost chalky. When he saw Stillman his lower jaw actually dropped.

"You, sir! Come in, sir!"

"I left my note-book—in the library, I think."

"Very well, sir. Will you go up stairs, sir?"



Bent over the desk as if in search of something

A little surprised, Stillman again climbed the two flights of stairs. The butler walked behind him, then took his stand by the library door.

"Sorry to disturb you again, Mr. White," began Stillman, "but I've left my note-book. You see, I need it—"

He stopped. John Hegenwander White was seated before the desk in the alcove. The screen had been tossed aside and lay on the floor. On the desk was a tin safe-deposit box; beside it a slip of paper and several articles of jewelry.

"Mr. Stillman, you have returned just in time. I was about to telephone my detective people."

"Detectives?"

"Detectives. But if you have any explanation, I am ready to listen to it."

"Explanation? What's the trouble, Mr. White?"

Hegenwander White turned his cold eyes on the young man.

"The trouble is, Mr. Stillman, that I have been listing to-day, as is my annual custom on the tenth of April, certain articles of family jewelry. I was engaged on the task when you came in. Just after you went, I returned to my work, and found that a small gold locket and chain were missing, as well as a rope of matched pearls which cost my grandfather forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars in cold cash!"

"Pearls!" repeated Stillman. "Forty-seven thousand—"

"And five hundred dollars! They were taken while you were here, in the library."

"Good Lord! Mr. White! I didn't move out of my chair. Why—I know," he exclaimed, with an out-of-breath relief; "your daughter must have moved them when she went to the desk!"

The butler stared. Even Hegenwander White's impassive face betrayed a slight trace of astonishment.

"My daughter, sir! My daughter is away. She has been in Europe for over four months."

"I supposed she was your daughter, Mr. White. I am speaking of the young lady who was down-stairs. She wore a brown veil and entered the house just as I did."

Hegenwander White turned in inquiry to the butler.

"I beg pardon, sir, but I thought that the lady was with the young man, sir. She came in with him, and said nothing, sir."

Stillman exclaimed in astonishment:

"Why, I supposed she belonged in the house! She came up the steps just as I did, and entered as if she were perfectly at home. I never dreamed but what she was one of the family. She went into the drawing-room while I waited in the back parlor, and I left her looking out of the window."

Mr. Hegenwander White's cold eyes were full of suspicion. [illegible] verily [illegible] sir!" he ex- [illegible]

back in my hands within, say, twenty-four hours, I'll drop the matter. Not even your employers shall know of it. Good morning, young man."

"I'm not going!" roared Stillman.

"Not going?" Mr. White's tone was of cold surprise.

"No, sir! I'm not going! You're going to apologize!"

The butler stepped nearer in alarm. John Hegenwander White's face was as placid as ever.

"Mr. Stillman, assault in my own house could be proved. I trust you will reconsider any intention you may have in that line. Besides, I am too old a man—"

"You're right!" agreed the younger. "You're too old a man—and you're also taking advantage of it! I'll do everything I can to help you get back your diamonds—"

"Pearls, Mr. Stillman. Also a gold locket and chain."

"Pearls and locket, then. But I wish you'd consult the police. I'm under suspicion. It's only fair to me that you should do everything to clear this thing up!"

Mr. White rose.

"Good morning, Mr. Stillman!"

"And if you don't go to the police, I shall!"

Mr. Hegenwander White sat down.

"Mr. Stillman, you are a more determined young man than I realized."

"Possibly."

"I am not sure, too, that you had anything to do with this theft."

"I am going to try and make you sure."

"Perhaps! I hope so. But you must not go to the city police!"

"That is straight where I am going, sir."

Mr. Hegenwander White shook his head. His eyes were as cold as ever, and his face as expressionless.

"You are not going. It is my property that has been stolen, and I am in a position to call in agencies in which I have more confidence than the city police. Nor do I care to be advertised in the newspapers. We will say, Mr. Stillman, that you have had nothing to do with this matter. If that is satisfactory, good morning."

"Good morning!" returned the younger man. He descended the two flights of stairs anathematizing the thickness of the carpets. There are few acts in this world which yield so unsatisfactory results as stamping upon heavy velvet.

"And here I am," he declared, as he marched down the steps, "marked as a thief by an old curmudgeon of a millionaire who will now go to work and hire some private detective agency to shadow me for the rest of my natural life. And the only way I can get out of it is to find a girl of indefinite height, whose face I haven't seen, but whose figure I'd know in a thousand. But how in all thunderation am I going to locate her in the city of New York?"

He walked on slowly, thinking.

"Have I got to forget everything else in this town, and watch every woman to see if she wears a brown veil? Oh, dizzy! dizzy! dizzy! G. Stillman, which is me, suppose you were Sherlock Holmes, how would you go to work? Work it out with dope and deduction? And I'm no good at either!"

He shook his head in half comic despair.

"Now suppose I am Detective Mike O'Morrissey, of the 'Steenth Precinct! I begin at the beginning. I trace the lady as far as she goes! Here I am at the church!"

He stopped before the great building and murmured, seriously:

"Suppose I do go in again, and look in the seat where she sat! I might find a handkerchief or even a card!"

He tiptoed again into the dim vastness and sought the pew where he had seen the girl sitting before. As he entered it his eye caught a glint of white on the cushion.

"Her handkerchief!" exclaimed Stillman, and, sitting down, his eyes correctly to the front, he reached beside him for his prize. The next instant he barely repressed an exclamation of astonishment.

He held in his hand the Hegenwander pearls!

[illegible] minutes later, Stillman entered, for the third [illegible] library of John Hegenwander White. The [illegible] eyes were sparkling; his jaw was aggres- [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. White," he snarled, and [illegible] them on the table before the [illegible] a purity arrested his [illegible] gently.

Hegenwander White picked up the shining things and ran them slowly through his fingers.

"Now, say it!" continued Stillman; "tell me this proves I'm a thief! Tell me I got scared and brought them back!"

The older man considered.

"Did you bring back the locket and chain?" he finally asked.

"I did not."

"Do you know where they are?"

"I do not."

"They are of very little intrinsic value, Mr. Stillman."

"So you said before."

"Is there any possibility of your returning the locket also?"

"Not that I know of."

"I realize that I probably spoke too hastily when you were here before, Mr. Stillman. I think you may appreciate that I was under some strain. I am very much obliged to you for bringing back the pearls. I would be much interested if you care to tell me how you recovered them."

Stillman was instantly mollified. In a few words he told of his visit to the cathedral and of his finding the pearls in the pew where the young woman had sat.

"I sat there looking at them stupidly for a few moments," he continued, "then I got up to leave. I was just stepping into the aisle when there was my friend, the same lady, entering the church! I suppose she missed the string, thought she might have left them in the seat, and then returned to search. She discovered me as quickly as I did her, for she turned in a flash and was out of the door."

"Didn't you chase?" interrupted the auditor.

"I couldn't very well run out of church, although I might have if I had realized what she was going to do. I hurried out as quickly as seemed fitting, but when I reached the sidewalk she was already in a taxicab. I shouted, but the chauffeur paid no attention, and—well, they were a block down the avenue before I got to the curbstone. I didn't even get the number."

Hegenwander White slowly shook his head.

"It is a strange matter. Here is a young woman who has entered my house and committed a bold robbery right under all our noses. We have only a general description of her appearance, and none whatever of her face. The only clew we have is the dragon-shaped pin she wore."

"The dragon-shaped pin!" repeated Stillman. "Did you notice it, too?"

"You forget I did not see her. James, however, noticed it. Of the shape of a dragon, in silver with ruby eyes, you said, James?"

"Red stones, sir. They looked to me very like rubies, sir. A very unusual pin; very, sir."

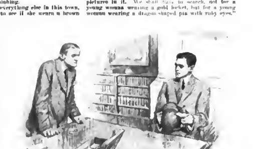
"The gold locket," continued Mr. White, "I value highly for its past associations. To anybody else in the world it probably isn't worth a ten-dollar bill." He considered again for a moment, and then added, slowly, "I will pay five hundred dollars for its return."

"I'm afraid your chances are slim," returned the young man. "Unless you advertise the reward openly."

"That I shall not do. But I shall put the matter in detectives' hands. I want my locket. I also want that young woman!" His jaws closed grimly, and a feeling of sympathy for the girl flashed over Stillman.

"Can you describe the locket?" he asked.

"Not so it w[illegible] anybody in finding it. It is simply a round, [illegible] locket, with two women's pictures in it. We shall have to search, not for a young woman wearing a gold locket, but for a young woman wearing a dragon-shaped pin with ruby eyes."



"I want my locket. I also want that young woman"

He rose again.

"I have taken enough of your time to-day, Mr. Stillman. I ask you not to talk of the occurrences of this morning. Publicity, as I told you before, is very distasteful to me, and I shall employ men who will clear up this tangle if any on earth can. Good by!"

"Lord!" exclaimed Stillman as he reached the street once more. "What a cold blooded fish he is! I suppose a man-eating shark would have eyes like that! But I pity that girl if he ever gets hold of her!"

To be Concluded.

CHASING WILD BUFFALO IN THE LAND OF MÖI

(Continued from page 11)

behind him. Once or twice we actually heard the crashing of his long horns against some low-hanging branches, but we traversed the entire wood without once sighting him. Was this flight again? Yes; the open, so called, for before us a tract of six-foot grass stretched untrodden; and now utterly dismayed, we stood neck-deep in this waving sea, gazing helplessly around us. We were played out. We became aware of it the minute we ceased moving—played out and almost discouraged.

"What's the use," somebody remarked, "of keeping up the chase any longer?" We had already left the caravan too far behind us for safety, our feet were like cotton for weariness, and our legs wobbled beneath us. What was really left us but to accept our defeat with as good a grace as we could summon to our aid? We were inconsolable at our irreparable loss. Odderat weakly attempted a little joke. Never, he declared, in the boisterous fashion of forced merriment, had he seen so fine a *piece*—even at the Odéon. We were too far gone to appreciate his efforts and collectively frowned upon him, for all of us were sour just then. Even the unexpected sight of our coolies and provision carts advancing in the middle distance failed to restore our spirits. Eat, drink, make merry? It was absurd, impossible! And as we sulkily dragged ourselves toward the advancing procession we swore to postpone any such desecration of our serious grief.

But what was this I suddenly spied coming at full speed across the velvety depths of the tropic sky? A long, trailing flight of vultures, making straight for the wood where the buffalo had ensconced himself. "Vultures!" I cried out, and my little party came to an abrupt, almost an awed standstill, for their presence here and in such numbers clearly demonstrated the near presence of some ready prey—dead or dying! Their science is unfailing, and, unlike humanity, they are not liable to error.

Every man seemed now planted in the soil. Every eye was raised to watch where the scavengers proposed to alight, and in a few more minutes doubt was impossible. It was the wood or near it—the mysterious oasis—and thither we turned again. I picked my way across a half-dried pool, finding as I went one buffalo track, so large that it could belong to but one beast in the world—"ours!" Odderat, close behind me, also saw and nodded his head in a satisfied way that made all my hopes leap up again. A *chef de canton* had pushed himself ahead of me and now stopped dead, making the brusque signal that in every language means, "Don't stir!" His right hand was pointing thirty metres or so in advance, and there, O joy unspeakable! was our quarry standing motionless, his wide eyes glaring fixedly at us.

"Don't stir!" Ah, what a moment to give so childish a command! Lose him again? No, a thousand times, no! I would not be denied the chance of triumph, and caring nothing what came of it I ran toward our splendid antagonist, who still glared defiance at us.

Twenty metres—ten metres—my hand was no longer quite so steady. It seemed to me as though my personal honor were engaged in this last bout. A duel—that is what it was! Nothing could be more like it except the thing itself. Sighting with extra care and fighting down a strange desire to laugh at his monstrous appearance the while, I sent two shots of my Paradox straight into his enormous chest.

Down he went, but only during the fraction of a crouch of time; and on his feet again he charged me like a thunderbolt. Heaven alone knows how I managed to plant another bullet at the spring of his massive shoulder and then dodged for dear life. My companions had by now entered the lists and were beginning to shoot. But nothing appeared to take effect upon that incredible mass of vitality, and, though he stumbled heavily whenever a shot went home, he renewed the charge each time with the same fury, until with a despairing groan he suddenly rolled over like a foundering ship, presenting to us the broad of his huge back.

My heart was won by such pluck; and as to my profound admiration, it had long ago been his. I determined to do the royal beast the one service it was in my power to render by giving him the *coup de grâce*. So in spite of the guides' frightened gestures—for they knew what a seemingly dead buffalo is capable of—stubbornly heading my little party to about half the distance separating us from him, I covered him. But my fingers had not pressed the trigger when he heaved himself up once more and with lowered front came at me with a rush. When his horns were at two metres distance, I let him have my last two bullets at the root of the neck and whole-heartedly took to my heels without waiting to see whether they would stop him or not.

As a matter of fact, they did not, and while legging it furiously I felt him uncomfortably close, the breath of his nostrils scorching the back of my neck.

It seemed to me to be time to dodge again. I just managed it, getting the mere wind of the stroke, which, however, threw me flat upon my face.

Thinking, even as I fell, that as he was about done for he would immediately fall on top of me, I hugged my gun tight and tried to utilize my impetus in a roll for safety. I was years executing this manœuvre, expecting all the while to be flattened out like a beetle, but staggered at last to my feet in time to hear a single clear-cut shot and gaze dazedly down at an amazing bulk of buffalo meat.

Odderat's marvellous sang-froid had torn asunder the last threads that held spirit and flesh together, thereby saving my life at its last beat.

An immediate and detailed examination of the most magnificent bull any hunter ever brought down convinced us that he weighed more than two thousand kilogrammes, and that the span of his horns from tip to tip was 3.20 metres, which far surpasses any known trophy of the sort. Our coolies were waiting to skin the carcass, and while they were busy at it, displaying their usual adroitness and speed, permitted us to see that our buffalo had received eleven bullets in vital parts. My two last ones had pierced the base of the neck and traversed the lungs. Why after this he had not dropped as though struck by a thunderbolt remained a mystery.

The Annamite suite had, of course, kept at a safe distance during the latter part of this lively business. They have no liking for close proximity to the points of horns one and a half metres long. But now they respectfully drew near to offer their felicitations.

"Lunch is ready!" The every-day words brought me to my full senses—even that of appetite—with a jerk. I was hungry and so, no doubt, were the rest. So I enjoined them, and, like Faust's choir of graybeards, we took our places "on the river edge," basking in the shade of the tall old trees.

We hated to have to remount our brave little horses; but my watch showed me that we must start, and reluctantly I gave the signal. Three o'clock found us trotting over the savanna which had temporarily lost all interest for us. Here and there a fine stag or a big herd of small deer galloped past within gunshot, heading toward the jungle. But we were tired of sport just then, and also their agile grace of gait and form begged mercy for them until, warned by our men that provisions were scarce, we were obliged to remember that one cannot always shoot for pleasure. Later on we sighted a herd of wild buffaloes, none of them comparable to our solitaire, but tempting enough to bring my No. 10 Paradox into action again. Two of them fell. The rest melted themselves with disconcerting rapidity into the landscape.

A dull, rumbling sound I had been unconsciously noticing for some time seemed to be drawing nearer, and I glanced toward the sombre mass of the oasis just as the scarlet and gold of the low sun set fire to the land as far as we could see, blinding us all more or less with its sheaves of slanting rays. It was apparently causing a queer phantasmagoria of light and shadow, for the clump of heavy trees appeared to stretch and stretch to the left, rendering its shape grotesque and unreal. I rubbed my eyelids, looked again, and stopped in stupefied wonder.

Shadows? Trees? Not at all, but instead a solid host of wild buffalo ranged like an army across that long, throbbing curtain of glory that barred and overtopped the horizon. Four hundred in number they must have been at least; and we remained motionless for a time in wondering contemplation of such tranquil magnificence. Any but born hunters would have been content to witness such a spectacle, but we were inflamed thereby with a desire for fresh slaughter and fresh dangers. Unhesitatingly we slid from our saddles and crept on our stomachs toward them, under cover of the wood edge. Odderat, who must have acquired pretty nearly as many wiles as Ulysses, suddenly began to imitate with rare perfection the call of the little *bouffon*, and at the sound the army started at a slow, dignified pace to meet it.

We kept on crawling, profiting by each and every fold of ground: a manœuvre which, combined with the enemy's approach, soon brought us within forty metres of their front rank. At a sign Odderat, Mottet, and I selected three leading animals commanding the march, and, jumping up together, we fired before they could get over their surprise. Our luck was still with us, for the three superior officers of the buffalo forces fell simultaneously with a crash which sounded to my excited fancy as if it could be heard ten miles.

Happily, the others did not dream of attacking us. The suddenness of our appearance dazed them, and, executing with the unanimity of Panurgian sheep an oblique right about face, they galloped off with a deafening thunder of hoofs.

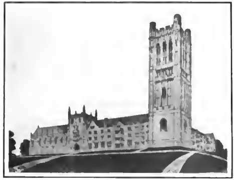
Little will I say of the *retraite* which followed and lasted through three interminable hours of trouble and tribulation. At last we saw the first canhas of Vo-Dat, and farther on our encampment, where good fare and cheer were in readiness. But, alas! once dismounted, we found that we were too done up to eat, and haltingly did we seek our narrow camp beds. How good it was to stretch at full length after all this! I fell at peace with all the world, human and animal, and almost at once I drifted into a curious dream that showed me an interminable line of winged buffaloes ready to bear us all upward to the Paradise of hunters, where St.-Hubert, with his wonderful white cross-bearing stag, was waiting to feast us.

MAKING READY TO RAISE T

THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN HAVANA HARBOR, SHOWS CAPTAIN H. B. FERGUSON (SEAT
MENT, PREPARING TO MAKE BORINGS AROUND THE WRECK OF THE "MAINE," IN PREPAR
SHIP HAS BEEN BATTERED AND BLEACHED BY TWELVE SEASONS OF SUNS AND STORMS.
PROVE SERVICEABLE ENOUGH TO BE IN

Princeton's Memorial to Grover Cleveland

A LOFTY tower is to be erected at Princeton, New Jersey, as a national memorial in memory of Grover Cleveland, at an expense of $100,000, of which three-quarters has been already subscribed. An appeal is being circulated for the remaining $25,000, so that the actual work of construction may be speedily commenced.



The Memorial Tower to the late Grover Cleveland, together with the buildings of the Graduate School, as they will appear when completed

This tower will be erected upon the tract known as the old golf-links—a site commanding a wide sweep of country, from which it will be distinctly visible to the millions of people passing yearly near the railroads and the public highways.

The tower will be about one hundred and fifty feet high by forty feet square, of a silvery-gray stone and of great architectural strength and beauty, with interior accommodations for memorial purposes, including personal and national relics associated with Mr. Cleveland. It will form the central shaft in connection with which will be erected other buildings in the future, to form what is known as the Graduate School, with which Mr. Cleveland was so closely identified during the last years of his life, and for which the Wyman and other bequests, aggregating several million dollars, have recently been made.

The contributions to this memorial have come from all parts of the country.

Subscriptions should be sent to Henry D. Winton, of Hackensack, New Jersey.

The Gentler View

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF PUNCTUALITY

By Florida Pier

PUNCTUALITY is one of those strange outgrowths of civilization which remain wholly acquired and forever unnatural. It is a thing so foreign to us, yet so smilingly born, that when a pause points out its unreasonableness it is instantly grouped with stays, shoes, and other unbelievable attributes evolved with such nefarious slowness that we have submitted to them unawares. The fact of time's having been divided into such minute particles as seconds, and of our much, though unhappy, obedience to time-tables, clocks, and schedules, says a great deal for the possibilities in us. If we, complicated vagaries that we are, have continued to bring about an at least occasional agreement with time-tables, and this without serious injury to ourselves, there is nothing of which we shall not become capable eventually. Socialists, optimists, and makers of Utopias are seen to have built their fair hopes on firm foundations.

It is not only the difficulty we experience in being punctual—that is but to be expected. Our successful attempts should call forth surprise. It is the writhing protest plainly visible in every person hurrying for a train which pronounces the thing unnatural. Seething discomfort, painfully disordered emotions, are under every travelling-cloak. When for any reason, such as losing the train, dissimulation is thrown off, the turgid state disclosed shows at what a cost we are punctual. The mere losing of a train would never justify the eruption that invariably follows such an event; it is all that has gone before which has stirred and curdled the very juice of our soul. Catching the train is what gets one into such a state that losing it is the last and unbearable straw. If one strolled by accident into a station and saw all the trains just pulling out, one's disappointment would be of the lightest. The incident would be a mere dropping in to inquire into the situation, and on things not looking favorable the time could be pleasantly passed until a day arrived better suited for travelling.

But to set an hour on which one positively must arrive at a place—it involves such lengthy suffering. To arrive at a certain time is to leave at a stipulated hour. That means calculating the start from the house, the precise minute at which dressing must be begun and finished, the allotment of carefully planned time to various small details, such as trunks and last directions, and all this in direct contradiction to the ways and instincts of one's nature. To act in accordance with minutely apportioned time is to cut off all impulse, all originality of idea, all play of fancy. Moods must be suppressed, for what if one underwent a complete change of thought and, as a consequence, fell out of conceit with trains for the time being? Once started toward the station, one cannot stop to speak to a friend, spend a quiet afternoon in the art-gallery, or welcome any other alternative, no matter how agreeable. The bigger side of oneself must be suppressed, shut off, and only the affectation of giving allegiance to a certain arbitrary engine allowed to breathe and thrive. The champing and shying and battling of one's ill-treated parts is titanic. "Are we to buckle under to a given minute?" they cry, and half ashamed, aware of the unreasonableness of your demand, answer, apologetically, "I am more than sorry; but they gave me a ticket in return for my promise, and so, you see, I'm quite hopelessly bound."

Precision as to time indicates a simple mechanism, a few rudimentary wheels that, set going, are but capable of the most single-minded revolutions. Yet a human being whose emotions and moods are like curling vapors is daily expected to keep on amicable terms with time. It is a splendid example of discipline, and those dear, irritating, sometimes maddening people who have no conception of time and no respect for it or interest in it, who endeavor to lead their lives as though it did not exist, are, in this one spot in the brain, exotic. To be invariably punctual, and to be it with ease even for minor matters such as breakfast, is to be so civilized, so expert in the use of this grafted faculty, that decided explosions in other lines are imperative just to disprove a charge of effeteness.

Those excited exclamations of people meeting are a touch of naturalness which will not be downed. The cries of, "Ah! here you are!" and, "Well, I've come!" show that in our inner honest hearts we still regard punctuality as something of a miracle.

The penetrating powers of rain are surprising. It gets through undiscoverable cracks and beneath the stoutest of raincoats; and not content with these really substantial successes, it makes its way to the marrow of one's intentions and dilutes plans and washes out the color of one's enthusiasm. Rain doesn't change one's mind; it wipes out any ideas the mind once conceived and instinct sends one, a flopping figure, toward home. Interest in scenery is obliterated with a completeness only attributable to wetness. Rendered forgetful of what it was that brought one out, what needs and inclinations started one off, one is washed blank by the rain which reaches even that inner fount known as shame. No matter how boastfully one started out on an expedition, one returns home when it rains; for along with the other things rain got to, it mercifully found and dispersed completely that cocky dry feeling of, "Be a sport. Don't give in when you've once started out."

Eider-down Farms

No other down is so highly esteemed or brings so high a price in the world's markets as that of the eider duck. In Iceland and the Westmann Islands, where these birds nest, they are rigidly protected by law and by public sentiment.

These ducks make their nests of down from their own breasts. They pluck the down out with their bills and form it into a circular mound that has the property of retaining heat to an extraordinary degree. If this down be removed, the duck supplies a second, and even a third lot from the same source.

The eider farms in Iceland are frequently situated on little islands off the coast covered with low hummocks. To protect the brooding ducks from the elements the Icelanders construct small shelters of rough stones. On these farms, it is said, the ducks become so tame that any one with whom they are familiar may handle them without frightening them.

Separate buildings on the Icelandic eider-farms are devoted to the cleaning of the product. Down clings tenaciously to anything on which it is thrown, a circumstance that is utilized in cleaning it. There may be seen a number of frames of an oblong shape, and along these numbers of strings are loosely stretched. The down is cast on these near one end, and a piece of wood is drawn rapidly backward and forward over the other end. The down clings to the strings, but all impurities, such as grass and seaweed, fall to the ground.

It takes a quantity of down to make even a small weight, and several nests must be used to obtain even a moderate amount of down. The price at the farm is about two dollars and a half a pound.

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"A friend persuaded me to quit the old coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice. I began using them three months ago.

"The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight, and feel better in every way.

"Grape-Nuts make a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, and I find that Postum is easily digested and never produces dyspepsia symptoms." "There's a reason."

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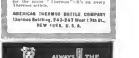

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THE INFLUENCE FROM ABROAD

By Franklin Escher

ON account of the great amount of foreign capital invested here and Europe's continuous buying and selling of American securities, the influence of the foreign markets on our own is a factor of absolutely first-class importance. There come times, of course, when the influence from abroad is less directly expressed than at others, but it is always there—a persistent force, and strong enough on several occasions in recent years to have turned the market in the very face of apparently governing local conditions.

The present is one of those times when the foreign influence is more directly expressed. Early in the year we sold the European bankers about $150,000,000 of newly created American bonds: or, to put it another way, the foreign bankers loaned us that much new capital. By these operations another hitch was put in the knot holding together our own and the foreign markets. And later in the year, when further big foreign purchases of American stocks and bonds were made, the connection was drawn even closer. It has come about, in consequence, that Europe's attitude on our securities has become a consideration of the greatest importance to us, and the state of the foreign markets a primary influence on our own.

That being the case, certain changes which have been coming over the complexion of the foreign markets during the past four weeks are worthy of very serious attention. In London, for instance, and quite unexpectedly, the official rate at which the Bank of England will lend money (the bank rate) has been jumped to four per cent. In Germany the same thing has taken place, the advance in that case carrying the Reichsbank's minimum loaning rate to five per cent. In Paris no official change has been announced, but a sharp rise has taken place in the rate at which money is being loaned. From all three of the markets mentioned, furthermore, the report comes that loaning rates are expected to become even stiffer than they are now.

As this situation has been developing, and one danger-signal after another has been hoisted in the foreign markets, there has been a good deal of anxious inquiry here as to whether a financial storm may not be blowing up abroad and as to how we are likely to be affected. Were conditions on the foreign markets to become such as to induce extensive selling of the American securities placed abroad during the current year, the effect on this market might be a serious matter.

In the way in which the financial situation abroad has been changing during the past few weeks there exists good reason for keeping a close watch on conditions, but nothing that has happened as yet warrants the idea that there is trouble ahead and that it cannot be obviated. Rising money rates in all the foreign markets do not, it must be admitted, constitute a reassuring development, but October is normally a time when money is much in demand abroad as well as here and when rates may be expected to rise. The action on the part of the great foreign government banks in raising their loaning rates came earlier than was expected, but by no means proves the imminence of trouble. On the contrary, the fact that these precautionary measures have thus early been taken makes it seem altogether more likely that the threatened trouble will be averted.

Under the central bank system prevailing abroad, it must be borne in mind, the raising and lowering of the official loaning rate is one of the most effective methods by which the equilibrium of the markets is maintained. Overspeculation, inadequate reserves, the taking of too much gold by foreign markets—these and many other causes of trouble can often be checked by means of a rise in the bank rate. Take the situation in London just prior to the recent action by the directors of the Bank. From all sides came a demand for gold. Russia wanted it for her war chest, and, by reason of her big wheat exports this year, was in a position to take it. Egypt, on account of the favorable outturn of this season's cotton crop, was in a similar position. Willing to pay a premium, Germany was constantly in the market for whatever new gold was to be had. From all directions came the demand for the precious metal, making it impossible for the Bank of England to get gold with which to keep up its own reserve.

It seems strange to us in this country, where there is no head to the banking system and every bank pulls for itself, that the raising of the bank rate by the Bank of England or the Reichsbank can have the world-wide effect it does. World-wide, however, is exactly the adjective to apply to the influence exerted by such action. The Bank of England, for instance, as was the case a few weeks ago, finds that so heavy are the demands upon its gold supply that money-market trouble is threatened. The directors meet and decide to put up the bank rate. That, in effect, means that the home money-market is to be made more attractive to capital. At once British money which has been employed abroad begins to flow back to London, the operation of returning this money so affecting the exchange rates on London as to make it impossible for the foreign markets to keep on taking gold.

Just that is what has been happening in the present case. A month ago the Bank of England found itself in the position described, with every indication that unless something were done to stop the inroads on its gold-supply a serious disturbance would inevitably occur. Something was done. Remembering the lesson of last year, when procrastination in raising the bank rate made all kinds of trouble later in the season, the directors of the Bank met and at once put up the rate. It was a decided step to take and more or less of a jar to the market, but the directors evidently were figuring that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Among those best fitted to judge, the idea seems to prevail that by the prompt action taken the threatened trouble has been averted. At the first gold auction held after the advance in the bank rate was made the Bank of England secured all the gold offered—something which the "Old Lady" has not been able to do for a long time past. That does not mean, of course, that Egypt and Argentina and the others will not be able to get any more gold in London this season, but it does mean that the depredations of the outsiders have been got well under control.

Strong support of this opinion that the recent developments in the foreign money market ought not to be viewed with alarm, but rather with sober realization that through their having taken place far more serious trouble has been averted, is to be found in the strong position of the Bank of England. At the time of writing, for instance, the ratio of reserve to liability recorded by the Bank is fifty and three-eighths per cent., which is about four per cent. above the average for the corresponding week during the past decade, and has, indeed, been only twice exceeded in recent years. Total reserve is the largest held at this season for six years, while only once since 1904 has the present amount of bullion held been exceeded. Loans, furthermore, are smaller than they were in 1907, 1906 or 1905. All this speaks of a position of very great strength. When the bank rate was jacked up, evidently the object was not to enable the bank to fortify an impaired reserve position so much as to keep the fortification intact.

But even though the threatened trouble in the foreign markets has been averted by prompt action, there still remains the question as to whether the preventative measures taken may not start a selling movement of the American securities recently placed abroad. It meant a great deal to us when these securities were taken off our hands earlier in the year, and in spite of all the improvement which has taken place we are not yet in a position to take them back. To the recovery in the bond market which has just got under way, it means everything that these securities should stay where they are and not be forced back on this market.

Question as to the amount of American bonds likely to be sold in this market by the foreigners depends largely on the extent to which the process of distribution has gone. If the foreign bankers who took the bonds from us have been successful in widely distributing them among their clients any selling which takes place is sure to be scattered and not of much account. If, on the other hand, the bankers abroad who took these big blocks of bonds off our hands have been unable to dispose of them and are themselves lugging them along, it would be anything but surprising if they were to attempt to lighten their load by selling heavily in this market.

Bankers have a way of keeping to themselves the facts connected with their business, and it is not the easiest thing in the world to say whether the bonds sold in Europe this spring have or have not been thoroughly distributed, but judging from the reports of American bankers returning from abroad, it would seem as though the foreign bankers had been pretty successful in what they had set out to do. As was pointed out by one man who had a good deal to do with the negotiations which resulted in the placing abroad of at least one big block of bonds, conditions on the other side are such that these foreign investment houses run little or no risk when they take on an issue of securities. In France, especially, where the attitude of the investment houses toward their clients is one of absolute paternalism, is this the case. On the lists of every one of these houses are the names of thousands of small investors who, so far as their investments are concerned, rely absolutely on the advice of their banker. The latter, indeed, doesn't have to buy an issue of bonds as we do here and take his chances on being able to retail it at a profit. Before the bonds come into his hands at all he is able to figure pretty well just where he is going to distribute them.

And that the American bonds sold in Europe this spring were intended for wide distribution among the small investors is evidenced by the small denominations into which the bonds were broken up before they were shipped over. In the case of St. Paul's $50,000,000 issue, for instance, no less than 400,000 separate bonds were sent to the other side. Bonds averaging $125 in value, evidently, could only be intended for sale to the investor of exceedingly moderate means. And among that class, which in Europe is so very much larger than it is here, most of these bonds are believed to have found permanent lodgement. The storm of 1907 swept over the American securities thus lodged abroad without turning up more than a loose stone here and there. Barring, perhaps, a war or great national disaster, nothing except the advice to sell, coming from the banker himself who sold the investor the bonds, would induce him to part with them. If it is a fact that these bonds have been so distributed, we have little cause to fear that they will be thrown on the market, now or at any other time.

With regard to the placing of any more of our securities on the other side the case is a little different—it is one thing to hold [illegible] to an investment already made, but something quite different to keep adding to it. With the situation abroad shaping itself as it is, and such strong precautionary measures being taken, it is a good deal of a question whether there is any considerable amount of foreign capital available for investment in American securities. A few weeks ago, it is true, a block of $7,500,000 of Union Pacific refunding fours were sold in London, and more lately there has been a report of the placing abroad of a block of the Chesapeake convertibles, but in neither case have the details been given out, nor does it appear that any effort is being made to distribute these bonds on the other side.

With political conditions as unsettled as they are, and more particularly, with the government's attitude toward the corporations as undefined as at present, any extensive foreign participation in new issues of American securities is out of the question. By the reports they have received on the political situation here, the foreign bankers, according to the most trustworthy advices, have been put in a frame of mind where it is useless to approach them on the subject of new capital flotations. After the elections, they say, and after it has been seen what kind of treatment the railroads are to receive from the Commerce Commission, it will be time enough to talk about locking up more money in American bonds.

In the foreign financial situation, then, and in its bearing on conditions here, there exists little ground for uneasiness or for the belief that from that quarter may be expected a check to the incipient recovery in the market here. Developments such as have taken place on the foreign markets during the past few weeks do not, it must be admitted, make for rising security prices, but by no means does it follow that prices must be adversely affected. A month ago it looked as though the foreign markets might by this time be exerting a depressing influence on the market here, but on account of the way in which the situation abroad has been handled there seems now to be not the least ground for believing that it will develop into an unsettling influence.

When the Armstrong law was passed, in 1906, with its provision that the insurance companies must get rid of their holdings of stocks within five years, it was figured that ample time had been allowed for the disposal of these securities. As it has turned out, nearly four of the five years allowed have passed and yet the insurance companies find themselves with the majority of the stocks as of 1906 still on their hands. Every effort to dispose of holdings has been made, and, as President Peabody of the Mutual recently remarked, no fair bid has been refused; but the times have been unpropitious for the liquidation of securities of this sort, and the end of the fourth of the five years allowed finds the companies with some $100,000,000 of stocks still unsold. Valuable, moreover, as are most of the shares in question, few of them have a ready market. Except at enormous sacrifice in price, it is hard to see how the liquidation can be completed before the end of next year which is the limit of the allotted time.

Speaking of this matter recently, the head of one of the big companies in New York declared that it would be necessary for the insurance companies to go before the Legislature this winter and ask for an extension of time. The framers of the Armstrong law, he pointed out, when they fixed upon five years as a period sufficiently long for the liquidation of the insurance companies' holdings of stocks, were unable to foresee the coming panic and the investment conditions which were to follow it. Five years during normal times would, perhaps, have been a sufficient period in which to dispose of the stocks in question. But not five years beginning with a panic and marked during most of their length by investment conditions making it impossible to dispose of any security in any amount.

In view of the conditions which have prevailed, and the predicament in which the insurance companies have been placed thereby, it seems altogether likely that they will be granted an extension of time in which to sell their stocks. The purpose of the Armstrong law, after all, was not to hurt the companies, but to strengthen them. It seems as though the insurance men ought not to have much trouble showing how it will hurt them if they are compelled to sacrifice their stockholdings. They have acted in good faith, but they have been in the grip of conditions which they could not control. The Legislature, very probably, will take this view of the case and allow the insurance companies the time they need in order to dispose at a fair price of the stocks they hold. Definite settlement of the matter will take a great weight off the market.

As to the bearing on the bond-market of immediate conditions—the political unsettlement and the retrograde movement in trade—it is apparent to how much less an extent such considerations influence high-grade bonds than even the best of stocks. It is very much of a question, indeed, whether the whole political factor must not be counted as an influence directly *favorable* to high-grade bonds. For, as the political cloud has lowered blacker and blacker over the country, there has been a natural tendency on the part of investors averse to taking chances, toward putting their money into the safest possible form of security—high-grade bonds. By the political developments of the past few months stocks have been greatly shaken, and what may still happen it is impossible to tell; but high-grade bonds certainly are beyond the reach of this influence. Allowing that the worst forebodings of the pessimists should come true—that the Interstate Commerce Commission, for instance, should order railway freight rates reduced—it is inconceivable that these great properties should not be able to earn their bond interest. Whatever may happen in stocks, nothing short of the subversion of the whole existing system could make [illegible] bonds unsafe.

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The Japanese Long-tailed Rooster

FROM the common barnyard fowl the Japanese have evolved a rooster with tail feathers three yards long. The tails of these rare products of science and patience have been created during a century of effort. In prize birds they often measure as much as five and even six yards in length.

The birds are kept in long, narrow cages darkened to prevent the bird from making attempts to look downward. When the tail-feathers have grown to reach the bottom a bamboo perch is set back in the cage and bent so as to form an arc. Thus set, the perch permits the feathers to hang free. The hapless curiosity sets all day on a bar a few centimetres broad with head up and body straight. He is not permitted to leave the cage more than once in two days. After close confinement of between twenty-four and forty-eight hours, his keeper takes him out and permits him to walk for one-half hour. While the bird walks a man holds up the long tail feathers to prevent them from being worn and soiled. Once or twice during the month the bird is washed carefully with warm water and exposed to the air and sun to dry. When a bird is to travel, it is put into a long, narrow box similar to the boxes used by the Japanese for carrying their rolls of paintings. The tail is rolled up as closely as possible and shut into a compartment just fitted to its dimensions.

Despite their close confinement, these birds are robust. They resist the heat and the cold remarkably well. Some of them live to the age of nine years. They are very tame and affectionate, not to say timid. The hens of this improved race are very pretty fowl, though not to be compared with their mates. They lay about thirty eggs a year.

The Salaries of Clergymen

FOR men of more than average education and intelligence, ministers of the Gospel receive smaller salaries than any other class in the United States, the average annual salary for all denominations being but $663.

The denomination showing the highest average pay for its ministers is the Unitarian with $1,653 per year. Next in order of average salaries paid comes the Protestant Episcopal, next the Universalist, next the Jewish, next the Presbyterian, next the Reformed Church, next the Congregationalist, and next the Catholic Church.

There are 186 religious denominations in the United States, of which fifteen have no regular ministry and sixty-five pay no regular or fixed salary to their ministers.

With the single exception of the Catholic Church, city ministers receive much higher salaries than those whose work lies in rural communities. In the Catholic Church the salaries are fixed by the diocese, and those ministers who are assigned to country churches receive, on an average, as good salaries as those in city churches.

Radium and Earth Heat

IT seems to be pretty well agreed among the scientists that radium is distributed very widely over the earth, being present in minute quantities everywhere. Since it keeps itself continually at a temperature several degrees above that of its surroundings, the question has been suggested whether the presence of radium could account for the gradual increase of temperature as we penetrate deeper into the earth. It is believed in some quarters that the amount of radium present, if uniformly distributed, would explain this increase and would account for all the heat lost from the earth. In that case the date calculated by Lord Kelvin, when this globe will be so far cooled as to be uninhabitable, might possibly be postponed [illegible] a few million years.

Ignis Fatuus

SCIENTISTS [illegible] never explained to their satisfaction [illegible] light known popularly as the [illegible] also known as *ignis fatuus*. [illegible] has been attributed to the [illegible] of carbons and sulphurs ignited in sulphuretted hydrogen. This theory has been shown to be a fallacy by persons who have passed their hands through the so-called fire and felt no heat. The strange fire flies fastest over cemeteries and over lowland and swamps when no wind is blowing. Superstitious people attribute the flickering fires to the souls of the dead. The most plausible theory is that the phenomenon is due to radioactive emanations rising from beneath the ground.

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An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

POVERTY destroys a man's courage and weakens his natural inclination to look you in the eye and tell the truth. ✂ Money is the counter in this game of life. And while we do not love Money for its own sake, we realize that it is only money that can ward off want, woe, wretchedness—perhaps starvation—when earning power is gone. And earning power, for all of us, will surely go some time—this we know. ✂ Money stands between you and the fear of want. When you insure your life you insure your peace of mind. Also, you insure the peace of mind of those who depend upon you. It is not want that eats out our hearts, and renders our work nil: it is the fear of want—worry, apprehension, uncertainty, doubt. ✂ Life-insurance means assurance. I believe that nothing will increase a man's earning power so much as the feeling that he is an insurable proposition, and has made all snug against stormy weather, and even mortal shipwreck itself. Yet money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden, and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also—the well-meaning men of the Colonel Sellers class who know just how to double it in a month. ✂ Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy which, instead of being paid in a lump sum, gives a fixed monthly payment as long as the beneficiary shall live, payable for twenty years in any event. It works either way. It will provide an income for your own future if you live. It will provide an income for your wife (or your son, daughter, mother, father, sister or other dependent) if you die. And if you both live, it will protect you both.

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The **Principles** *of* **Banking**
By CHARLES A. CONANT

ON THE "MEXICO SPECIAL"

(Continued from page 9)

a final stirring up Colonel Bill would bang down the trunk lid and pass out, not defeated, but declining decisive engagement.

At Vera Cruz the Americans were taken in a tug about the harbor and into the Gulf by the terminal superintendent. On the shady side of the deck-house sat Adamson and Page and Murdock in serious discourse. The theme was that no general could be a great general without risking the charge of brutality to his own men—for instance, in sending them into action when it meant their slaughter. And it was a very hot day, too. Edgerley was hovering about listening, and when discussion had waned in the heat he idled up to the trio and threw Gen. Robert E. Lee's name into the controversy. Now both Page and Adamson are Southerners and instantly they crossed blades with Murdock. Edgerley puffed his cigar twice and, in the modern classic, "beat it." Then began again the battle of Gettysburg. After about half an hour's fighting there was a scuffling on the left flank and reinforcements arrived in the person of Colonel Bill. He had not an idea what he was getting into. He sank into a camp-stool with a great sigh, the firing at Gettysburg ceasing for a moment, and said, supplicatingly:

"Please let me come in here where it's peaceful. Up on that upper deck there I've been in the very centre of an argument, almost a riot! Dwyer, of the Philadelphia *Record*, made the statement that no magazine in the world has ever done what the newspapers have not done. He has Holt and Viereck against him and they're ready to bite. I just had to come away. Now what are you people talking about?"

And it was Murdock who broke the truth to him.

Everything under the sun was discussed during the trip—religion, science, politics, economics—and the club car, filled with men and smoke, served many an impassioned orator as a platform. Mr Dee and "Governor" Donly had, very properly, war to the knife over the cuts of meat purchasable in Canada and Michigan, Mr. Dee taking the Detroit side and Mr. Donly standing firm as a rock for Windsor. After half an hour's argument the discussion collapsed, as it was discovered that no one present had ever enjoyed the distinction of purchasing a steak in Windsor. There were days when politics surged as a sea through the train, and one heard of little else save majorities, pluralities, logical candidates, cheap politicians, fine statesmen, 1912, Governor of ——, and such. Then some one [illegible] glance out of a window and cry, "Look! [illegible] Popocatepetl!" and there would be peace once more. No one ever suggested a look at Iztaccihuatl, because no one could pronounce it. Eventually it was reduced to "Succotash-Seattle" by general assent, and it is close enough for use at any time. There was never the least discussion over the pronunciation of such names as that and Huitzilopochtli, Cuauhtemoc, Xochimilco, and Tzintzuntzan.

At Tehuantepec, the place of many adventures, Bennett and Page engineered the amicable kidnapping of one of the natives, a small boy, Maximo Chinas, who was about eleven years old. He had acted as guide to Bennett the first day, and when it was time for the train to leave for Salina Cruz, twenty-one miles away on the Pacific side of the Isthmus, it was decided to take Maximo. He was consulted, of course, and readily agreed to go upon the promise of his safe return that evening. Now whether Maximo had a hole in his pocket or distrusted Bennett, Page, & Company is not clear, but the fact remains that before he boarded the train he divested himself of every valuable he possessed, to the last *centavo*, reserving only his blue shirt and white cotton trousers for immediate use, and, pushing his way through the crowd on the plaza, pressed his treasures into the hand of an elder matron. He was taking no chances.

Maximo was a delight. He had never before been on a train, never seen the ocean nor the ships upon it, nor is it at all likely that he had ever had so much to eat in one day as he had under the Bennett Page chaperonage. He was escorted at once to the dining car and literally stuffed. Page cut up his food and Bennett explained the mysteries of the napkin to him. That napkin business was a sore trial to Maximo. Its stiff whiteness awed him, but he soon discovered that he could keep it clean by wiping his hands on the front of his shirt. After he had disproved all previous physiological data concerning the capacity of the juvenile interior, an orange was presented to him. Certainly there was no room for it save in his hand, and as it was rather too large for him to hold Bennett suggested that he tuck it in the bosom of his shirt, where it might rest at least against his stomach. Then it was that Maximo grinned. With a bright glance from Bennett to Page, he lifted the front of his little shirt half-way to his chin, baring his rotund, brown body. They are not wearing their shirts tucked into their trousers in Tehuantepec this season. As a compromise Maximo carried off the orange in the crook of his elbow. While the youngster certainly had the time of his life at Salina Cruz, Bennett did too, because he practised his Spanish on Maximo for several mortal hours. Late in the afternoon he was returned to his home place, an envious crowd greeting him at the station. As the train drew out and Maximo could still be seen scurrying off some one remarked: "Well, we've given him the wanderlust. He'll be in New York next week."

When Dr. McDonald arrived in St. Louis, bound for Toronto, he looked for all the world like a Mexican cargador moving a family. He had everything on save the kitchen stove, and even that might have been in one of the bulkier packages. He was cruelly limited in having only two arms. There were serapes in bundles, pottery in baskets, beads in festoons, valises, canes, umbrellas, overcoats—everything necessary even for a dash to the pole. However, he was not dashing when last seen going over the horizon; he was treading very slowly and carefully, as if he had something asleep in one of his bundles. The doctor had trouble very similar to Colonel Bill's over his purchases. He had been known to sit with hands clasped, staring in despair at his souvenirs spread out upon the seat in front of him, racking his brain over the problem whether he could put all these things in this basket or whether it would be better to put half in that one and half in the other. And this always left out a lot of things with no other basket in sight. Once he gave up in dismay, bundled them together, and stuffed them in a corner of the seat, and with an I'll-attend-to-you-later look strode off to the club car. How he "attended" to them was visible to the naked eye in St. Louis. The doctor was a sturdy, bearded Scot who has made a great record for himself in Canada. As editor of the Toronto *Globe* he has hit a head whenever he thought it should be hit, and he has hit hard. The normal Conservative majority in Toronto is about 25,000, and once the Conservative "boss" of the city was nominated for the Mayoralty. Dr. McDonald was convinced that he was not a proper person to be Mayor of Toronto, so he wrote an entire page, giving his reasons in quite unequivocal terms, and the "boss" went down to defeat.

Another important political personage against whom he trained his double-shotted guns was an ex-Finance Minister of the Dominion, a man to be reckoned with. McDonald attacked his handling of the funds of the Independent Order of Foresters. Public opinion compelled this ex-Minister to bring an action for libel—and the doughty doctor won the suit. So this big man from Toronto was not entirely out of his element when, at San Juan Teotihuacan, he caught the axe from the hand of a much-surprised wood-chopper, drove it through the log with a few powerful strokes delivered in true lumberman's form, and then brandishing the tool above his head like a battle-axe shouted at the silent natives something very convincing and terrifying in Gaelic. He certainly looked formidable.

In the course of his varied studies, Mr. Dee must have taken a course in land-crabbing. At Coatzacoalcos, where the "special" camped for the night, he gave an unemulated example of his skill. The railway yard is fairly overrun with land crabs (Family *Gecarcinidae*), many as large as their more familiar water relatives (*Lupa diacantha* or *Neptunus hastatus*), and it is a very unpleasant, creepy sound they make slithering over the ties and ballast. Some one brought one of the creatures into the club car, where it scratched about unpleasantly for a bad quarter of an hour. Then Mr Dee heard of it and sallied forth, eager for the chase. With him went several beaters, and behind them came friends, admirers, advisers, villagers, etc. As soon as the beaters made a crab break cover and take to the open plain a cry would go up, and Mr. Dee would come down, warily stalking the game, while the beaters kept him posted in subdued voices as to its location. Generally it was under a rail, its feet bunched, one eye on the beaters, the other on the relentless, snarling Nimrod. So, Mr. Dee leading, the hunting party would approach the quarry. Mr. Dee had given instructions that he alone should be permitted to make the capture, so the rest of the party remained at a respectful distance, all alert for the shout which should signal the achievement. It was too dark to make a camera available, and a flashlight would probably have sent all the game scurrying to the tall timbers beneath the rails and ruined a night of really superb sport.

The first of the *Gecarcinidae* to fall by Mr. Dee's hands was a splendid specimen measuring fully six inches from tip to tip. He was an old fellow bearing numerous indications of having been pursued before, but not so successfully. In fact, he had lost one claw. But let not this detract from the exploit, for Mr. Dee catches the *Gecarcinidae* with his bare hands, his BARE HANDS! The faithful beaters had quite fearlessly cornered it near a railway frog (steel, not the *Rana catesbiana*), and there Mr. Dee, with only the glow of the beaters' cigars to guide him, did pounce down and catch a claw in each hand, lifting the creature instantly to plain view. The cheer that went up must have shaken the eternal hills; it certainly frightened all the younger and more timid crabs half out of their senses. Afterward Mr. Dee graciously consented to show how the capture was made, but no one else attempted it. And so the sport went on until the bag numbered at least ten magnificent specimens. They were not kept, however, even for scientific purposes, but were set down as near their destinations as could be determined in the uncertain light.

After the tenth capture the party was well content to turn toward camp, the lights of which could be readily seen across the railway plain, and there all turned in promptly and slept soundly until morning. The next day an effort was made to take a sunlight picture of Mr. Dee posed with his foot on one of the crabs, but at the critical moment the crab broke and the opportunity was lost.

These are a few of the episodes of the journalistic journey through New Spain. They are products of their environment. *Viva Mexico!*

THE DWINDLING RANKS OF THE "G. A. R."

THE FORTY-FOURTH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC WAS HELD RECENTLY IN ATLANTIC CITY. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS GOVERNOR FORT OF NEW JERSEY (ON THE RIGHT), CHIEF VAN SANT (IN THE MIDDLE) AND VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN. THE VETERANS ARE DWINDLING SO RAPIDLY IN NUMBERS THAT IT IS POSSIBLE THERE MAY NEVER BE ANOTHER [illegible] OF THEM; BUT A PROPOSAL FOR JOINT REUNIONS OF SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH WAS MOOTED AND RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM AT THIS MEETING

The Puckerless Persimmon

THE scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture have many queer problems to solve, but two of the oldest now before them relate to the persimmon. The first is how to abstract what is known as the "pucker" from the persimmon, and the other is how to grow that fruit without the "pucker." This is not, however, a new undertaking, as the department has been giving a most careful study to these problems for several years. There are some big varieties of persimmons that look almost like tomatoes, and they make a delicious spoon fruit when they are ripe; but they become too soft to ship after they have ripened on the tree, and if picked green and shipped like most other fruits their astringency precludes them from being used as a food.

The scientists at work on these two problems have discovered that the Japanese have for centuries been treating the persimmon with the fumes of sake. Sake is to the Japanese what whiskey is to Americans, although the two are very dissimilar. It was also discovered that the Japanese in the early days did not understand why the fumes of sake had the effect of removing the "pucker" from the persimmon; but the scientists at the Department of Agriculture say that it is because it changes the tannin in the fruit into soluble crystals; and they have been testing all manner of alcoholic fumes, with the result that the problem of taking the "pucker" out of the persimmon has almost been solved.

Then there is the persimmon that has no "pucker." This fruit was originally found by one of the department's explorers on an expedition into the interior of China. It grows south of the frost belt and, unlike the other persimmon, does not have to hang on the tree until it has become brown and cracked by frosts in order to be fit for eating. Specimens of this fruit are coming along well at some of the department's experimental stations in the South, and it is predicted that they will appear in the Northern market before many years have passed.

Burbank's Rival

As you know, in California there's a certain clever wizard
Who has mastered agriculture all the way from A to izzard.

By a complicated process through his cunning skill and power
He's produced by wondrous grafting many a novel fruit and flower.

But a new sage has arisen whose great art sets at defiance
Mr. Burbank's childish efforts and his element'ry science.

You may think my startling statement but a bold exaggeration,
But I swear it's strictly truthful, tho' it may smack of sensation.

Thro' his doings *The Wild Olive* yields a fruit of heavenly savor
That makes Luther's crude productions but of mediocre flavor.

Choc'late buds and luscious cherries are the harvest it has offered,
Violets candied, Jordan almonds have its yielding branches proffered.

Think—the scarcely known *Wild Olive* to produce in generous measure
Fruit like this, whose every nibble proves a gustatory pleasure.

Tales and verses, says tradition, should embody lofty morals.
Therefore, mine is: O you Luther, struggle to retain your laurels!

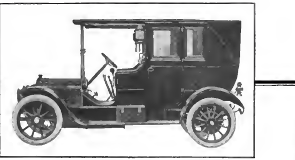
JENNIE REIZENSTEIN.

A Crow's Stratagem

A crow had been captured by the children in a Southern family and brought home and tamed. They were very fond of the crow and treated it with kindness. As in most houses where there are children, there was also a pet cat. The cat and crow were not friendly.

One day an unusually nice morsel was given to the cat. This the crow not only looked at with envious eyes, but made several attempts to secure. The cat beat off each attempt, however, and the crow had to resort to stratagem.

Disappearing through the open door, he returned in a few moments with a long string that had been ravelled from a rag carpet. Placing this on the floor some little distance in front of the cat, he proceeded to wriggle it as he had seen the children do while playing with the cat. The cat instantly jumped to catch the string. This was of course, exactly what the crow wanted and he pounced upon the coveted morsel and flew away with it.



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Heroes of the Sea

When a marine disaster occurs it is usually the captain who emerges as the popular hero. But those who follow the sea for a living know how much more credit often is due to the men belowdecks, in the engine-room and the stoke-hold. On a sinking ship it takes far more courage to do one's duty in those dark depths below the water-line, where little or nothing can be learned of what is transpiring up on deck, than it does on the bridge. When a vessel is doomed it is a fine quality of fearlessness that keeps the men at their posts until the last hope is gone and the order comes to abandon the ship. But they do not see anything heroic about it. It is only "all in the day's work"—a part of the obligation of their jobs.

The British steamer *Sandal*, homeward bound from Almeria to Aberdeen in March, 1908, with a cargo of esparto grass, was passing Portland Bill, in the English Channel, when a fire, which apparently had been smouldering in her cargo, broke forth and raged furiously under the hatches. At first a desperate attempt was made to subdue the flames, but the officers were not long in deciding that the only way to save the lives of those on board the vessel was to head her for the shore.

This operation is one of extreme delicacy at all times but, in this case, owing to the treacherous nature of the rock-bound English coast, it called for even more than usual care. The flames spread with alarming rapidity, and, to add to the other dangers, set the coal bunkers afire. The deck-houses and boats were in ashes and the iron deck was red hot in places when the *Sandal* reached the point where the pilot came aboard. The engines were momentarily halted as he scrambled over the charred rail. As he took his turn at the blistering wheel he glanced overhead to where the crumbling flags smouldered on the signal halyards, aft to where the officers' quarters were engulfed in flames, forward at the gutted forecastle, and signalled sharply for full speed—to drive her for all she was worth.

As the vessel ploughed forward the captain briefly gave the pilot an account of the start of the fire and the subsequent destruction of the upper works. Suddenly a half-naked figure staggered from the engine-room entrance and reeled toward the bridge. "They got the better of me," he gasped, waving a hand to where the flames were flickering from the engine-room skylight. "They drove me out, Captain, and now I can't go back." Then the brave engineer crumpled in a senseless heap at the pilot's feet.

The deserted condition of the engine-room, with its pounding machinery running free, now enormously increased the danger. To save the lives of those on board, either the engines had to be stopped or the ship swung around so that she headed away from land. In the latter case the crew would be engulfed by the fire which was now being held in check by the headway of the vessel into the wind. Restoratives were applied to the stricken engineer. As soon as he regained consciousness he volunteered to try to make his way to the levers and stop the machinery.

The captain was loath to let the engineer return to the roaring furnace from which he had so recently escaped, but there was no other way. The captain bade him farewell and turned to where the pilot stood at the wheel. As minute after minute passed, the two men on the bridge pictured in their minds the inanimate form of the engineer lying somewhere at the foot of the ladders, and hurriedly debated the advisability of wasting no longer and taking the chance of swinging the ship's head around. Suddenly, however, they heard the rapid beat of the engines die away. A moment later the burning hulk came to rest. It was not a second too soon, for there were only a few feet of water under her keel.

The *Sandal's* engineer recovered from the effects of his injuries and still follows the sea. There are many similar cases of heroism on record. One was when the steamer *Sardinia* was destroyed by fire in the Mediterranean eighteen months ago. The engineers stood by the vessel's engines and lost their lives while the passengers were being rescued. Another was that of the oil-tank steamer *Silverdale*, whose chief engineer lost his life while leading the fire-fighting crew against hopeless odds.

It is not alone the engineer, however, who considers heroic action under trying circumstances in the bowels of the steamer as "all in the day's work." On several occasions the greaser, stoker, and coal-trimmer have shown that they, too, could be depended on to do their duty in the face of death if necessary. The loss of the steamer *Cramlington*, in 1908, through collision, is a case in point. Three of the doomed vessel's firemen volunteered to stay at the furnaces and keep steam up. It was not until the inrush of water drowned the fires that they obeyed the engineer's order to get on deck. The engineer followed when he had decided that further efforts on his part would be of no avail. Shortly afterward the *Cramlington* went down.

Sometimes there is an amusing side to this devotion to duty belowdecks. Not so many years ago a British tramp ship, outward bound, was crawling out of the English Channel through one of the densest fogs that the inhabitants of the coast had known in many years. Following the usual custom, the watches on the bridge and down in the engine-room had been doubled, extra men were on look-out, and the steamer's horn was wailing forth a warning to approaching craft. When night closed down, rendering navigation even more difficult, the vessel crawled through the murk, her screw barely revolving, and her siren piercing the fog at twenty-second intervals.

Suddenly the great bulk of a liner loomed up over the bow of the little tramp, and a second later her steel prow crushed into the side of the smaller craft. Down in the engine-room of the tramp the second and fourth engineers were sharing the "stand-by" watch. The senior was at the levers while his assistant went the rounds of the boilers and machinery. At the collision the former was killed outright, but the fourth engineer immediately took up his position over the body of his superior officer.

As the ship was doomed, the chief and the third engineer immediately took steps to see that the machinery in their charge was left in proper condition for the final plunge of the vessel. After the fires had been drawn to prevent the ship from being blown to pieces when the water reached the furnaces, the fire-room crew were safely mustered on the deck. When all was done that could be in the short space of time at their disposal, the chief and third engineer scrambled up the ladders to the engine-room exit.

During this time the fourth engineer, a young lad straight from a Clyde shipyard who was making his maiden trip, was still standing by his post among the disabled machinery. In his mind was running the well-meaning advice of the dead engineer who lay at his feet, advice given but a few moments before he had crossed the "last bar." His duty was plain—he had to stick by his machinery until word came from the bridge that they were "finished with engines."

As the sea poured in through the great gash in the ship's side and flooded the floor plates to a depth of several feet, the young engineer swung himself up on the middle gratings, and there he stayed until the rising flood drove him to seek footing on the cylinder covers. The ship had now listed heavily and the slightest lurch might have thrown him from his temporary shelter, but the "tops" were, of necessity, the last stand.

About this time the chief engineer, hurrying the men along from their quarters to the upper deck, happened to take a last glance through the door of the engine-room and there saw the young fourth.

"Mr McTodd!"

"Yes, sir," answered the wet, blackened figure crouching on the swaying cylinder cover, momentarily removing one hand from its grip on a ring-bolt to touch his peaked cap in a salute.

"What in blazes are you doing there?"

"Standing by, sir," explained the young engineer, in an aggrieved tone, as though he regarded the question as a needless one.

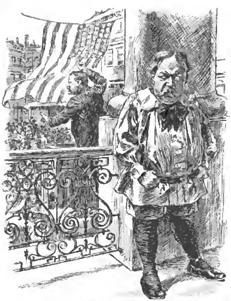
At the gesture of command from his superior he floundered up to the door and clutched the helping hand of his chief.

Smarting under the rebuke of his chief, which, in his opinion, might have been given in language a trifle less forcible, the youth hurried off in the darkness to where the bow of the liner loomed up out of the fog. Gaining the forecastle head of his ship the young engineer swung himself over upon the anchor flukes of the liner. Later the crew of the liner heard feeble shouts for help coming over the bow of their vessel, and, searching for their source, discovered the youth hanging there, very cold, wet, and miserable.

When day broke over the homeward-bound liner she was nearing port. The tramp ship had disappeared many hours before beneath the surface of the sea. Seated in the liner's mess-room the ex-fourth engineer of the tramp, dressed in a uniform several sizes too large for him, was receiving the condolences of the engineers of the mail-ship. They couldn't understand his look of anxiety as, in their opinion, he had a lot to be thankful for. It all came out at last, however, when the rescued engineer, looking around the faces at the table, asked,

"Do you chaps think there'd be any chance o' me getting a berth wi' this line?"

One of the first things that he did after reaching port was to put in his application for a berth with the company. He is now a senior engineer on one of the finest ships in the transatlantic service.



THE PRODIGAL FATHER'S RETURN

BILL TAFT: "Say, if that's Poppa's notion of 'Literary Calm,' I wish he'd never come home."

Mr. Roosevelt, replying on September 13 to a request to comment on the Democratic victory in Maine, is reported to have declined, his reason being, "I have just returned from a hygienic hunt to steep myself in literary calm."

From "Punch."

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Gargoyles

It is thought that the earliest of the more elaborate attempts to transform roof spouts into details of ornament is seen in the case of the cathedral at Rouen, where the figure of a great dragon was adopted for one of them.

This grotesque and fearsome species of creature is said to have terrorized both banks of the Seine and to have ravaged terribly the city of Rouen until it was slain by St. Rominus, bishop of the cathedral there. In compliment to the valorous bishop, therefore, the carcass of the dreadful beast was embodied in stone and set up as a warning to all depredators and evil spirits. The name given to this creature is said to have been "gargouille," and hence the name given to its effigy.

One ugly creature having served as a model for a stone effigy on so famous a church as that at Rouen in the seventh century, it is easily conceivable that it may have set the fashion for other churches. The superfluous hideousness of so many of these objects certainly supports the notion that in part their sculptors were actuated by the idea of frightening the uncanny element from the sacred edifices of the worshippers.

The beginning of all forms for the gargoyle is the dragon, and toward the end of the thirteenth century, when the propriety of adopting this creature had become an old tradition of church architecture, the form of the monster was transformed into a thing of some approach to grace and elegance. In the meantime, however, almost every bird or quadruped of evil repute and of a figure that could by any malevolent ingenuity be distorted into something frightful had been summoned to the spiritual defence of the church, and, when animal shapes had been made to undergo every contortion that could be conceived, they were combined with human figures and faces.

And so it happens that on many of the finest churches in Christendom may be seen not only almost every kind of bird and beast, real and legendary, but everything uncanny and diabolical in human form.

The Javanese Tiger-fight

Tiger fighting is a sport peculiar to Java. The tiger is set down in a trap in the centre of an enclosure, and is surrounded by a triple or quadruple line of spearmen, about a hundred yards distant from him.

When all is ready, a Javanese advances at a very slow pace, to the sound of soft music, and sets fire to the trap, at the same time opening the door at the back part of the cage, which, by the way, is too narrow for the tiger to turn in.

As the fire begins to singe his whiskers, the tiger gradually backs out. The man, as soon as he has opened the door, begins walking toward the crowd at a slow pace, and the slower he is the more applause does he gain.

The tiger, meanwhile, having backed out of his burning prison, is rather astonished at finding himself surrounded by hundreds of people, each pointing a spear at him.

If he is a bold tiger, he ventures round the circle, almost touching the spears. Then, finding no opening, he returns to the centre, fixes his eye on one spot, and with a loud roar dashes straight at it.

He is received on the spears, and, though he crushes many, in half a minute he falls dead.

In some instances, however, the roar and charge are too much for the Javanese, and they give way. The sport then becomes exciting for the spectators as well as the hunters.

The Electrics of Taste

Some time ago it was suggested that wherever a distinctive flavor is formed in the cooking or eating of certain things together the reason why they seem to improve each other is that a certain amount of electrical action is set up between them. Edwin Smith tried numerous experiments along this line, using the two eatables as elements in a galvanic battery instead of the proverbial copper and zinc, to ascertain if a current would be produced. Things generally eaten together, such as raisins and almonds, pepper and salt, tea and sugar, and many others were tried, and in every instance Smith found electrical action taking place, and procured a current. He stated as a result of his work that "bitters and sweets, pungents and salts, bitters and acids" appear generally to furnish the elements for true voltaic couples.

Among the things experimented on are the following, the first-mentioned element of the couple taking the place, in each instance, of the attacked element, or zinc: raw potato and lemon juice, tea and sugar, nutmeg and sugar, horseradish and table salt, onion and beet, vanilla and sugar, starch and iodine.

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Cutting Down the Greenback

The proposition of the United States Treasury to change and reduce the size of the United States currency about one third is being received with protests from many of the largest financial institutions of the country, while on the other hand there are but few who favor the proposed change.

The Treasury officials believe that such a reduction in the notes would bring about a large economy, while those in favor of the proposition maintain that the notes of smaller size could be handled with more ease than the present ones. On the contrary, the bankers, or most of them, insist that to reduce the size of the present notes would entail endless confusion in banks and counting-houses, because of the many years it would take to retire the millions of bills now in circulation; that, while in the end it might mean a slight economy to the government, the added labor in the banks and business houses would cause a large increase in expense, owing principally to the fact that all money tills would have to be remodelled.

One of the chief arguments used against the change in size of the notes is that the smaller ones would enable counterfeiters to produce bills that could be much more easily foisted upon the public than those now in use. A smaller note, it is claimed, would entail a reduction in the size of the vignettes, counters, and numerals, which are the principal guides in the detection of counterfeits, and all other engraved designs would also have to be reduced.

Where Once I Was Happy —Revisited

There is no strength in my heart.
  And cold are the deeps of my soul;
Ev'ning is fair, but I
  Knew day and its glories whole.

All things here are the same,
  The house and the hills and the lake;
But then in my pulse was joy,
  And now in my heart is ache.

I watch the gentle mirth
  That others have here to night,
And my limbs go suddenly numb,
  Touched by a vague affright.

Here was a land of song,
  And of pressure of hands and lips;
Now Memory doth chant a dirge,
  And her sorrowful hair hangs to her hips,
  And a bitter draught she sips.

The glimmering light still stays
  In the waters, in the sky;
But she who was more than sunlight—
  It is dark, she is not by.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Three Londons

Roman London lies buried about eighteen feet below the level of Cheapside. In nearly all parts of the city there have been discovered tessellated pavements, Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins, and statues of the Roman gods.

When, a little over a century ago, deep sections were made for the sewers in Lombard Street the lowest stratum was found to consist of tessellated pavements. Many colored dice were lying scattered about, and above this stratum was a thick layer of wood ashes, suggesting the débris of charred wooden buildings.

While building the Exchange the workmen came upon a gravel-pit full of oyster shells, bones of cattle, old sandals, and shattered pottery. Two pavements were dug up under the French church in Threadneedle Street, and other pavements have been cut through in several parts of the city. The soil seems to have risen over Roman London at the rate of nearly a foot in a century. Still further must the searcher dig to find the third London, the earlier London to the Britons.

The Tune of the Engine

Engineers, both locomotive and stationary, judge of the condition of their engines largely by their "tunes" when running. Every engine has a tone of its own, and an experienced engineer, with bandaged eyes, could unhesitatingly pick out an engine to which he was accustomed. As a locomotive roars along the rails, the engineer is always listening, though subconsciously, to its familiar tune, and if there comes the slightest discord, or if the tone changes, he knows instantly that something is wrong and makes an investigation at the earliest opportunity. He may have no ear for music, but the change in the tune of his great machine will be at once noted.

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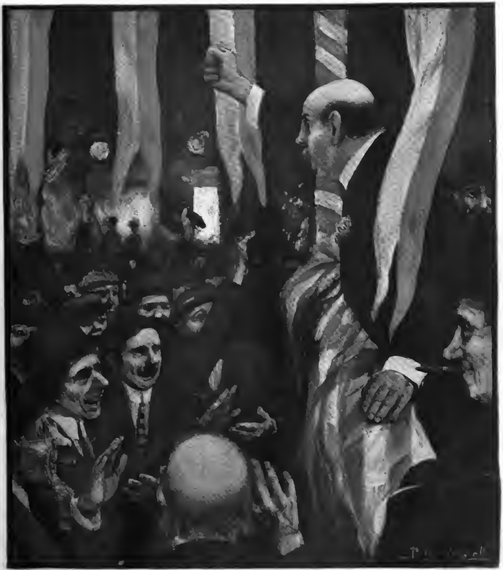

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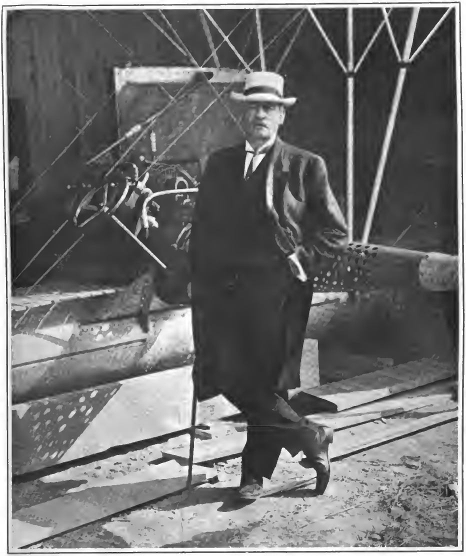

WELLMAN AND HIS AIR-SHIP

Walter Wellman, who started from Atlantic City, New Jersey, on October 15th, with four companions, to fly from the New World to the Old in his air-ship "America." The craft is 228 feet in length, and contains 345,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas. At the time of writing, wireless communications report the balloon well east of Nantucket

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

The Circus Home Again

Surprises multiply. Having virtually repudiated the President whom he had supposed to be his own and the platform which everybody had reason to believe was his own, Roosevelt now repudiates himself. He declares, indignantly, that he is not the issue in this State. And the sapient leaders of the Roosevelt party—Griscom, Ezra P., and Our Harry—loudly concur. We wonder why. What are they all afraid of? Whom can they expect the people to rally around if not the Only Honest Man? What motto can be hoped to attract if not, "Down with the (Invisible) Crook"? Hosea Biglow really formulated the Roosevelt creed:

> "I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
> Agin' wrong in the abstract, for thet kind o' wrong
> Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits pitied,
> Because it's a crime no one never committed;
> But he mus'n't be hard on partickler sins,
> 'Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins."
>
> "In short, I firmly du believe
> In Humbug generally,
> Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
> To hev a solid vally;
> This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
> In pasturs sweet heth led me,
> An' this 'll keep the people green
> To feed ez they hev fed me."

Surely the amiable Stimson, of all men, does not really mean to turn his back upon his faithful shepherd. What, then, can we infer if not that the holder of the crook himself is beginning to doubt even his own transcendent ability to keep the people green? Anyhow, they are shying like colts at the issue made by themselves, and are beseeching Republicans in particular to forget it. But there is a good deal of obduracy in Republican circles this year. Charles H. Young, President of the Republican Club of this city until last year, voiced the sentiments of thousands when he said in public what they are saying no less emphatically in private, to wit:

> We need to defeat Stimson to put out of power immediately the most arrogant boss in the history of the party. Two years ago we were decrying the Democracy because they made up a State committee that was opposed by the delegates from the districts in which the committeemen lived. We called that an outrageous usurpation of power. It was, but not more so than the larceny in the Republican State Convention performed in the name of reform. At Saratoga the king, against the will of the delegates, named a committee to frame the platform.
>
> If Stimson is elected I feel that Roosevelt would be President again and that we should have nothing but wind storms for four years—if we ever got him out. I am not alone among loyal Republicans in the belief that it would be difficult to get him out. Some people may ridicule that view. There were honest citizens of the French Republic who ridiculed those who warned against Louis Napoleon.

To Republicans who hold these views the puerile suggestion that the defeat of the Roosevelt ticket would serve only to strengthen the Great Disturber by enabling him to shout through the country that he had been beaten by the malign forces of Wall Street makes no appeal. They realize too well how a Roosevelt triumph would be heralded and what it would involve in consequences disastrous to both republican institutions and the common weal. No, no; such pleas are too specious. Time has been when they might have been heeded, but not this year. Humbug and hypocrisy have no "solid vally" in this campaign, and dodging is utterly impossible. Roosevelt and New Nationalism must face the music.

Happily, the Democratic candidate for Governor is a man who bluntly refuses to evade anything. In times past most excellent persons have lamented what they regarded as a tendency upon our part to criticise Roosevelt too severely. The simple truth is that we only found him out somewhat earlier than others did. Surely we never uttered words more direct and caustic than these from Mr. Dix's speech of acceptance:

> Any American who, occupying a position of authority, or having the public ear, assails and attacks our courts—now, as they have always been, the seats of justice and of equity—is to be regarded as a public enemy, and should be so branded by every reasonable man.
>
> Overshadowing all these questions, and of most vital importance to the people, is the menace offered to the various institutions of the country by the New Nationalism fathered and advocated by a new apostle of discord and dissension. We have already had to our cost ample proof of his ability to disturb business, destroy values and create a condition of panic country-wide in its evil effects. But if, with all that, he is to be permitted to succeed in his campaign to weaken or destroy the powers of the Supreme Court of the United States, to take over to the central government the powers reserved to the States, to substitute the will of the President for the will of the people as expressed through all the regularly chosen officers of the Federal government, and to set arbitrary bounds to what any man by ability and enterprise may legitimately secure, then all the sacrifices made by the founders of the Republic, all the blood shed for its preservation, will have been in vain, and we shall see in a time of profound peace a dangerous disturber bringing about the destruction of a free people against whom all the forces of the world in arms might have been hurled in vain.

This is every whit as clear and unmistakable as the sharp command of another John A. Dix to "shoot on the spot" any public enemy of that day who should pull down the American flag. Roosevelt not only invited, but welcomed, the attack when, in Syracuse, he truculently dared his opponents to come into the open, and sneeringly added that if they should so much as appear they would "walk as if on eggs." He sang another tune when he read Dix's speech. On the whole, after due reflection, etc., etc., he had concluded to "ignore" all such attacks and confine his (New York) utterances to elucidation of the platform (Eastern version) and praises of Our Harry. Before he reached the State, however, he realized that this gentle method would hardly serve. So he resorted to his familiar cuttle-fish tactics, and with the usual bang made a violent assault upon the New York newspapers; such "organs of Wall Street" as, for example, the *World* and *Evening Post*. He also lambasted Murphy and Tammany Hall—for having participated in nominating a first-class man for Governor—and jawed about that "wrong in the abstract" which is "ollers unpop'lar," until his throat got sore and he had to hurry on to the *Outlook* office for some of Dr. Abbott's family liniment. What he will do next the Lord only knows. At this writing he is "conferring on the campaign" with the Mr. Griscom who discovered Hearst's key-note and listening while—

> Ezra P
> Prentice he
> Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener D——.

Our hopes will be blasted if the report that Roosevelt is going to curtail his oratorical deliverances shall prove to be true. What with his dodging and squirming and wriggling over the irritating tariff he has got himself so thoroughly sewed up that he cannot open his mouth without putting both feet in it. Every yap from now on will make votes for Dix, and if enough yaps can be had before election-day, Ezra P. Prentice he may find himself singing a solo.

The Campaign in New Jersey

It is a novel and remarkable canvass that Woodrow Wilson is making in New Jersey. Abandoning all partisan claptrap at the outset, he went straight to the heart of his subject and not once, in a small multitude of speeches, has let the main thread slip through his fingers. The foundation of his argument is the simple fact that the Republican leaders owe so much to the special interests which have helped to keep them in power that they cannot honorably break the alliance. He makes no claim that Democratic leaders would have acted otherwise under like circumstances. He perceives little difference between the avowed principles of the two parties and none at all between the great masses of voters who comprise them. He rests his case solely upon the condition which has tied the party in power hand and foot and has left the other free at least to act in the interest of all the people. Whether it [illegible] or [illegible] so act, if given the opportunity, Mr. Wilson does not assume to say. But he does think the time has come when a test should be made, in view of the hopeless entanglement of the directors of the Republican party.

This is new doctrine, but none can gainsay its logic or soundness. That it is welcome is indicated by the size of the audiences which have gathered to listen and by the wide-spread attention accorded throughout the country. Probably never before have the utterances of a candidate for Governor constituted the theme of so many editorials. And there seems to be no cessation of interest either within or without the State.

It is not to be wondered at that the entrenched opposition continues in a state of stupor. How to cope with keen intelligence, perfect candor, and obvious sincerity seems to be beyond their ken. At present they are grasping vaguely at straws. The Republican candidate, Mr. Vivian M. Lewis, an amiable and estimable young man, first essayed to uphold his stand-pat platform, but has now virtually repudiated it and disavows allegiance to the old régime, to which hitherto he has been unwaveringly faithful and to which he owes his nomination. Not so the Old Guard itself. True to its idols, confident in the power of its bureaucracy, and disdainful of aroused public sentiment, it marches sullenly along the same old road. "We stand pat on the candidate and the platform," was the key-note sounded by former-Governor Griggs as a preliminary to sneering allusions to "the schoolmaster in politics." "He is running for Governor," added Senator Kean, contemptuously, "with the idea of reforming the whole State, although he never considered it worth while to give the people the benefit of his advice until he became a candidate for Governor"—possibly because his time was somewhat occupied as president of Princeton University. "They say he is a scholarly man," chipped in David Baird, a candidate for United States Senator, "but he doesn't know anything about running the State. When he got through there wouldn't be any State; there would be a revolution. Maybe he sees that there is a million and a quarter in the treasury and he wants to manage that. Now don't you people worry about South Jersey on election-day, for we propose to lick this man." And so it goes.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wilson continues placidly on his way, analyzing and elucidating issue after issue with simple directness and telling force. That the Old Guard, backed by its beneficiaries with unlimited funds, will make a desperate effort at the finish to defeat him by fair means or foul may be taken for granted. But the people will render the verdict on November 8th as between this most exceptional man responding to a call of civic duty and the group of men whose impelling motive is mere lust of the power which they have wielded so long to personal advantage and to the shame of the State. The result may be awaited with equanimity and the surest of confidence.

The Colonel's Inner Mind

> I will make the corporations come to time, and I will make the mob come to time, whenever I have the power. . . . I shall insist on honesty if it breaks up the best business of the land, and I shall insist upon order under all circumstances.

These urgent words are some that the Colonel let drop at Cleveland as he was on his way West. Nobody can deny the virtue of the intentions they express, and yet they have probably done him more political damage than any words he ever spoke. They showed the present bent of his mind, a bent acquired during seven years of great power and another of prodigious flatteries. They indicated that he had come to regard himself as a natural depository of governmental power. He has excuse enough for so regarding himself, yet people gasped when they saw that he did, and very likely he gasped when he saw that they saw.

How far the Colonel knows himself is a very interesting problem in psychology. His words at Cleveland were like an exposure of his subconscious mind, and give him, as they gave others, a chance to inspect it.

Insistence on order and honesty does good, and not harm, to business, but it comes most effectively through the constituted authorities.

Osawatomie and Saratoga

First it was Cummins and now it is La Follette. The Cummins remonstrances may have been written in Ohio, and the Des Moines paper that printed it may not have been Cummins's property, though Cummins himself when interviewed very pointedly declined to deny either that the paper was his organ or that that particular editorial represented his feelings about the Saratoga platform. For an arch progressive, he stood amazingly pat on the implication that it did represent his feelings. But there is no doubt that *La Follette's* is La Follette's. He is the editor and Miss Belle Case La Follette is the Home and Education editor, and the Robert M. La Follette Company is the publisher; and *La Follette's* very first page employs the deadly parallel columns to show the great gulf there is between the Eastern version as set forth at Saratoga and the Simon-pure Western article as set forth by La Follette himself in Wisconsin. Progressive Wisconsin declares:

> The Payne Aldrich tariff is not a compliance with the pledge of the Republican party made in its national platform. The true basis of a protective tariff is the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad . . . This principle was not recognized. The present tariff board has no power of investigation and is not required to report to Congress.

Progressive New York declares:

> The Payne tariff law reduced the average rate of all duties eleven per cent. By increasing the duties on some luxuries and articles not of ordinary use, making, however, no increase in any common food product, it turned a national deficit into a surplus. . . . In providing, upon the suggestion of President Taft, for a tariff board, it affords the means of still more accurately determining the difference in cost of production at home and abroad.

Progressive Wisconsin, moreover, endorses only the progressives in Congress, not Congress or the administration; progressive New York praises highly both Congress and the President. The parallel continues deadly through other planks.

No wonder the brethren of the *Outlook* staff are eagerly insisting on conceding that the Contributing Editor for once fell very far short of being the whole thing—that somebody else and, in fact, a whole lot of people did what was done at Saratoga. They ought, however, to have given the cue in time to special-correspondent Howland, who was on the scene. Meanwhile, it would be mighty interesting if the Colonel should immediately revisit the plain of Osawatomie and see how an East-and-West version would go.

A Certain Frenzy of Response

Discussing the uneasiness that the ex-President has caused so many of his fellow Republicans, the Springfield *Republican* says they are alarmed at his late conduct "and a certain frenzy of response which comes from the crowd behind him."

To be sure. The ex-President and the crowd behind work upon one another, until it is hard to say whether the crowd behind responds to the ex-President, or he to the crowd behind. They both need a sedative.

Vote for Dix!

Tammany

The leading campaign argument against Dix is that Tammany will support him.

When would the Republican campaigners recommend New York Democrats to vote the Democratic ticket?

Never!

Success this year will do the New York Democracy good, especially by encouraging the best Democrats to seek office, and furnishing likely men with experience of public life. Democrats in this State and in all the other States which have long had Republican administrations need the responsibilities of office to develop and advertise their leaders. Without Tammany help the Democrats cannot carry the State. Without a turn at administration the party cannot develop its best men. To wait for the absolute purification of Tammany before voting Democratic is too much like waiting for translation to a better world before making an effort to make good. Tammany is one of the conditions of Democratic existence in New York. Its party ascendancy is least when the party is strongest. The most effectual purification it ever got came from its own party under Tilden. When it votes for an upright Democrat for a State office, it votes willy-nilly for its own purification.

Up to the Commission

Woodrow Wilson has had a good deal to say about commissions in his speeches, and one of his main criticisms of the commission plan of doing things is that we are prone to turn a job over to a commission and then forget it, and so fail to keep track of how the commission does it. Last summer, when President Taft held up the advances in freight rates which the railroads were about to make and stipulated that they should be submitted, under the new law, to the Interstate Commerce Commission, we all got interested. It was a big question, important to everybody. Now, however, that the commission is making its investigation, not many of us probably are taking all the notice we should. For it is not merely that the case of the railroads and that of the shippers are being tried out before the commission. The commission itself and the new law also are being in a way tried out before public opinion; at any rate, that is what ought to be happening. Under the new law, the commission becomes distinctly one of the most powerful institutions in our system—almost comparable, in fact, to the Supreme Court, and quite comparable to the executive departments. President Taft fully appreciates the responsibility involved in appointing the members of it. Here are the greatest of our immense railway systems now daily appearing before it by their presidents and their counsel, recognizing completely its authority to regulate their charges; and here are the shippers and the general public looking to it to safeguard their interests against the railways. The big issue thus submitted is not simple. There are two sides to it, and it has many aspects. Counsel for the shippers have been attacking in detail the railroads' claim that increased expenses necessitate higher charges; certain very great shippers, on the other hand, like Marshall Field & Company of Chicago and the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis, hold that a reasonable advance in rates ought to be allowed. One big railroad man after another undertakes to show that his system is getting no unreasonable returns for the services it renders the public. Meanwhile, there remains unsettled the fundamental question of the proper basis for rate-fixing—whether it is the costs of operation, or the value of the services rendered, or the amount of the railroad investment, to be determined by a physical valuation.

An Unbossed Convention

There has been no complaint that the recent Democratic convention in Massachusetts was boss-ridden. That charge was made as to both of the conventions in this State, but, after all, they both nominated candidates, and the candidates are rated as fit men. The Massachusetts convention was uncontrolled, but it failed to make a nomination. Coming within three votes of naming a candidate, it suddenly dissolved into a free fight.

A convention should not only be free, but competent to take action. When it is not competent something is effected if its incompetence is exposed. That at least was done in the Massachusetts convention and there may be good results from the exposure.

Brandeis of Massachusetts

Apropos of the recent efforts of the Massachusetts Democrats to find a candidate for Governor, how comes it that parties looking for candidates for office in the Bay State never light upon Louis D. Brandeis?

We believe he inclines to herd with the Republicans, but he abounds in progressive views and might make a very valuable Democrat. There is no office in the gift of the people in Massachusetts that would not become more interesting if Mr. Brandeis held it. If the Republicans don't care to put him forward the Massachusetts Democrats should draft him. A man of his equipment and powers ought to be in public life.

Taft and Reciprocity with Canada

The Canadian Secretary of State being reported as announcing that reciprocity negotiations between Canada and this country will shortly be resumed, we at once nominate President Taft to represent the United States. Probably no one thinks of the President as a diplomatist. He has precious little of the quality traditionally attributed to the masters in that profession. Talleyrand would hardly have recognized him as a brother. But the fact remains that some of the best services he has ever rendered his country have been accomplished in the way of negotiation. He has a distinct gift for getting two sets of interests to the point where a practical arrangement or agreement becomes possible.

Moreover, in this matter of our trade relations with Canada, he has already shown the right disposition; and by that we mean, of course, the disposition to bring about more trade and freer trade between the two countries. Absolute free trade or complete reciprocity we can hardly as yet expect him to favor. The argument for that is, it is true, about as strong in the case of the United States and Canada as in any case conceivable. Mr. Henry M. Whitney, of Boston, presents it again in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, and we cannot see that its force is destroyed by the circumstance that Mr. Whitney has invested in Canadian coal properties. If Mr. Whitney were interested in the Pennsylvania coal-mines, would that be a reason for objecting to free trade between Massachusetts and Pennsylvania? But the Republican party has so long stood out for the notion that what is good for Massachusetts and Pennsylvania is not good for Massachusetts and New Brunswick, that a Republican President can hardly be expected, even in these days of fetish-smashing, to disregard it entirely. Even if both he and the Senate were to disregard it, there would doubtless be obstacles in the way of realizing at once Goldwin Smith's life-hope of perfectly free trade across our northern boundary. The trade relations of Canada and Great Britain would probably present a difficulty. Nevertheless, there is much that might be obtained short of absolute free trade; the change in our own temper gives hope that what might be obtained may be obtained; and of all Americans now high in the public service we account President Taft the best man to obtain what is, in fact, obtainable.

Insurging is Hard Work

Senator Dolliver is dead—a great loss to public life in this country. Senator La Follette is just out of the hospital, after a serious operation. Insurgency is a hard job and exhausting to the energies of persons whose energies are exhaustible.

A Kind Word for Beveridge

We felt sure long ago that Senator Beveridge's fight for re-election in Indiana was going to be a picturesque feature of the campaign. Beveridge himself was enough to make it that, even if he had never journeyed to Oyster Bay and secured the help of his master in spectacular politics. For Beveridge knows a thing or two in that line himself. When he was first chosen to the Senate he decided to make a dramatic entrance *via* the Philippines, then the object of much passionate interest, and to engage at once in a set-to with Senator Hoar, the chief Senatorial anti-Imperialist. The plan worked, but it worked a little too well. He came in the best-advertised new man that had entered the Chamber for years, but the older gentlemen of the club resented the noise; and the oldest of them, Pettus of Alabama, responded to Beveridge's impassioned and well-practised first speech with an address on orators and oratory that made Beveridge a joke. For a long time, in fact, the Senate continued to treat him as a joke when it wasn't treating him still more harshly. He is unpopular there yet, and countless stories of his forthputtings and ruses for self-advancement and playing to the grand-stand are circulated. But Beveridge is not a quitter. He is a good speaker; and when the tariff fight came on he found a true opening and came really to the front in the debates. He got on the right side of a great issue and fought for it with courage. Hence his present predicament, with leading men in his own party perfectly willing to see him beaten and the Democratic revival in full swing against him. We do not hesitate to speak of him with good-will, and even to wish that he may not be beaten badly enough to send him back to the farm, but that he may remain irrepressible if not unrepressed. There are worse things in the world than bumptiousness and Beveridge is entitled to a chance to outlive it. He not only talked against the Payne law, but he voted against it, and he worked early and late for a tariff board. Some of the old fellows who snubbed him and who have recently retired or been retired would be glad if they had done the like.

Mr. Root to the Bench?

There is talk of Senator Root for chief justice. Whether President Taft is a party to it has not transpired. Probably not; at any rate, there will be no transfer of a Republican Senator from New York to the Supreme Court until after election. Of course Mr. Root is a great lawyer, and of course his transplantation to the Supreme bench would be attended by a shriek that he had been a corporation lawyer. Folks who raise this familiar shout seem to be unappreciative of the powers of reaction. Corporation lawyers are liable to have very good reactions. The theory that every lawyer who works for a corporation is bound neck and heels to the corporation view of things forever after is one of the most delusive suppositions extant. The great lawyers are faithful to such clients as they accept. Mr. Root has had the American people for his client nearly all the time for the last twelve years. It will hardly be denied that he has been faithful to his employment. So he would be if he went on the bench.

A Word of Encouragement

There are times when certain aspects of life seem to force themselves with reiterated emphasis upon the attention so that only the voluntary arousing of an inner force can make one realize that life is not all of a piece. However broad the expanse of the aspect under attention, one may assure oneself that there is something other beyond. Whatever else is insecure, change is to be counted upon. There are interstices in life when success and comfort seem fairly well spread over the earth, but to most of us come wide stretches when failure and fierce struggle seem to be the whole order of the world. There is not only personal failure to cope with, one's own thwartings and buffetings, baffled schemes, and unlooked-for setbacks, but from all sides come appeals and complaints from those out of hope, out of work, out of health. The world's poor, routed leavings, the untraced stragglers on the march, are demanding help, and there is so little one can give. Those who have material aid to offer, money or work or influence, are few; and the average man must be content to reply to these calls with such cheap and tawdry-looking returns as advice, little preachments, old, old words of encouragement and acquiescence, arranged in some newfangled garb.

A woman writes: "I am thirty years old; divorced, without family, penniless, untrained for any particular work, but I must manage to support myself or starve." Another has set her heart and hope upon a "three-part, sentimental idyl," which she has been a year in writing. The publishers, so she says, refuse to examine it on its merits because she has neither pull nor influence. Another has spent her capital studying at the Sorbonne and Collège de France, and cannot quite see why, upon her return from Paris, she cannot establish herself at once as a translator with a publishing-house. Even the carpenter who comes in to put a new spring in the swinging-door has his tale of woe about an invention no one will help him to patent, a sick wife, naughty children, and unfriendly neighbors. If one chances to be the natural receptacle of such confidences and appeals, one comes to feel that the world is three-fourths failure. There seems, too, very little to pass from hand to hand but generalizations upon life or an entreaty to wait patiently upon the old Roman deity mentioned in APULEIUS as Prospero Eventu, the god of lucky happenings. Moreover, the fact of being unlucky need not rob us of self-confidence. Even so wonderful a talent as KEATS's was not favored or fortunate. In the closing months of his short life, he wrote: "Oh, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers!—then I might hope, but despair is forced upon me as a habit!" Poor KEATS! blind to the ultimate issue, he died hopeless, as one may guess from the epitaph he desired. And yet the truculent god was, after all, only withholding his gift for a time, perhaps to press out a richer payment. All KEATS really cared for, all he asked of life, was to be among the English poets after death—barely a century has passed and KEATS shines in the brightest galaxy of the world's great poets. It was an outcome for which all his suffering and his early death would have seemed small payment, had he foreknown. Perhaps, too, Prospero Eventu was not all cruel. Without the anguish, could KEATS have contributed the *Ode to a Nightingale* to English poetry; without such surplus suffering could he have ranked with SHELLEY?

We are all short-sighted and often half blind. We have no notion, when we are deprived and struggling, what it is that is to be made of the stuff of our agony. The only thing we can assure ourselves is, that in this oddly structured world of human beings, higher things have been wrought of anguish than of prosperity. The ultimate issue is unknowable. Nor is the last turning till the very end. Until we reach it, we cannot know what lies in the future for us. There is always a chance of change.

If the woman who wants light and congenial work will take, for the moment, whatever is to hand, even though it be the much-despised housework—if she will hold on doggedly to courage and make slowly for the kind of work she likes, she may yet win out some fine day. If the lady who writes sentimental idyls in three parts will study what is published nowadays and what the market needs, and will listen to any editor or publisher who finds time to explain modern methods to her, she may yet learn to gauge and use her capacities. If the translator will teach French while she is making her name and place as a translator, if the carpenter will apply such wisdom and patience and strength as he can muster day by day and learn to play the game of life according to existing rules, they may all weather the blast; for no storm lasts forever. A little practical wisdom applied to the daily course is a wonderful help. Few of us are strong enough to alter the course of the world, and protests for which we are not willing to be crucified amount to little. For the most of us the main task is to adjust ourselves as ably as we can to existing conditions.

When the black hour is upon us, when we are pushed to the very verge of the pit, when APULEIUS's god has turned his back flatly upon us, then it is time to reflect that, since the world has ceased to give, we may begin. So long as there is breath in us, there is something we can give. It may be no more than a smile or a jest, a kind word to a child or a courageous word to the wavering; but always, to the last gleam of the sun upon our waking eye, there is something we can give and some one who will accept the gift. So, when the worst is at the worst, there is a kind of solace in scattering our little last gifts among the living. Any word that has been repeated too often is likely to lose its sense and significance to our dulled ears; but, as a matter of plain daily fact, it is more blessed to give than to receive. The teacher who imparts, gains more than the child who learns; the lover has more than the beloved, however lavishly he bestow; the man who shares his last crust is richer than the millionaire who hoards; and the comforter is more strengthened than the comforted.

"Life," said a courageous soul, nearing the end of a beautiful career—"life resolves itself finally into just what you can make of yourself. It has really very little to do with conditions or events." This saying carried the more weight with those who heard it because it came from one who, despite continual outer thwartings, spread sunshine and courage incalculable wherever she came. Not what she could get out of life, but what she could put into it, concerned her—and the measure of what she found to add to mere living brimmed over.

There is yet another rule of great value to apply to life when it seems most difficult. It is to give good measure of all desirable things, and demand but little. Modest demands—social, financial, domestic—help to solve the problem of content. Do you chance to remember the final paragraph in TOLSTOI's *Anna Karénina?* Levin, who records it, had found it difficult to supply himself with a reason for being; and, after thought, study, and experience, he gives us this solution: "My inner life has won its liberty; it will no longer be at the mercy of events, and every minute of my existence will have a meaning sure and profound, which it will be in my power to impress upon every single one of my actions—that of *being good*." If these words set down here sound trite and childish, read in connection with the whole great novel—one of the greatest of the last century—they have profound value.

One last word to the great army of the thwarted—he is never a failure who, to the very last gasp, can constrain himself

> "To fear no sensible failure,
> Nor covet the game at all;
> But fighting, fighting, fighting,
> Die, driven against the wall."

Correspondence

THE NON-PARTISAN TARIFF COMMISSION

NEW YORK, *October 8, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—From one particularly interested in the creation of a permanent non-partisan tariff commission, and whose efforts, governed by the directors of the Tariff Commission Association, can be said to have produced during the last eighteen months great interest and certainly important results, criticism of article published in your periodical, which must be considered and taken seriously, may be welcome.

Any such criticism which I may make, I hope it will be clearly understood, will be for the good of the cause which we represent, which cause we wish to have honestly put before the people, regardless of politics or the asserted policy of any one individual. It seems to me, therefore, that in reference to the latter some exception may well be taken to your editorial comment, in your issue of September 17, 1910, referring to Mr. Roosevelt's attitude in regard to a tariff commission; and while I do not think it is necessary in any way to take up the cudgels in defence of Mr. Roosevelt, I do think it is only fair to your readers and the public at large to recall to them the fact that on September 23, 1902, at Logansport, Indiana, Mr. Roosevelt expressed himself very decidedly in regard to tariff matters, and certainly in his remarks advocated a tariff commission, perhaps not quite on the lines which this association is endeavoring to produce, but unquestionably in a direction which shows thought and helpfulness and is stimulative of the general proposition.

What we want in this all-important economic question is the support of the business interests of the country and of every individual who thinks deeply and speaks courageously on the subject. This thinking and speaking we also need through the press; and as HARPER'S WEEKLY has, in its sentiments and comments, appealed so satisfactorily to the business interests of the country in the past, I feel sure that the editors will not fail to give credit where the credit is due; and I hope that you will publish this letter as indicative of your interest, not only in the creation of a permanent tariff commission, but in your desire to be fair and just to those who are working whether in the past or the present, or who may work in the future toward the ultimate accomplishment of a tariff commission.

I am, sir,
HENRY T. WILLS,
Secretary National Tariff Commission Association.

In the speech to which Mr. Wills refers, President Roosevelt did suggest the idea of a non-partisan inquiry by experts as a preparation for revisions of the tariff. He added, however, that "the machinery exists for turning out the policy above outlined"—a contention which, it will be remembered, was also made by Democratic Senators who opposed the special appropriation for the Tariff Board appointed by President Taft, particularly Senator Clay of Georgia. Our impression from reading the entire speech is that if President Roosevelt had decided to make the proposed change in our tariff ways one of the policies of his administration he might have gone on and developed the plan of a tariff commission as we now understand it. The speech was, however, made early in his first term, and, as is well known, he never did by message or otherwise make either a revision of the tariff or the establishment of any particular method of revision an administration policy.—EDITOR.

NAMES MISSPELLED

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *September 29, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—If Mr. Louis F. Post knew the late Recorder of this city as well as his communication in your issue of this date would lead his readers to believe, it's strange he didn't know how to spell the Recorder's name, which was Smyth, and not Smythe, as the WEEKLY prints it.

And Ossawatomie! What a barbarism from the seat of culture and the fount of civilization in dear old dingy Franklin Square!

Osawatomie takes its name from two rivers, one of which is the Osage—guess the other!

Ta! Ta! That 'll be enough for one day from an old admirer.

I am, sir,
J. FRANCIS.

WATCHES THE COMET

MELROSE, MASS., *October 10, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Your editorial in the last WEEKLY will doubtless bring you anathemas. Let me balance them, so far as I may, with blessing. It is a timely and searching word; just, too, as even those who smart from it will see by and by. I wish it might be printed as a leaflet and sent broadcast through the land. My pursuits remove me far from politics, yet I watch with anxious interest the comet now flaming in our sky.

I am, sir,
A. W. JACKSON.

CUSS-WORD ARGUMENT

XENIA, O., *October 8, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—My sainted grandfather once remarked to me, "The last argument of a Democrat, sonny, is in cuss words." As I read your interesting publication from week to week I am frankly amused over your violent diatribes against Theodore Roosevelt. But, sir, you are at least open in your hatred and do not mask your identity behind initials like J. B. M., for instance, in the issue of October 8th. Simply giving Theodore Roosevelt an eternal "cussing out" rather tires, I am sure, a number of your subscribers who would like to hear you speak of something else. If that eminent man is the national danger you fear he is he will come to grief in his own good time without any unreasoning epithets from HARPER'S WEEKLY. In common with the great majority of Americans, I am devoted heart and soul to Theodore Roosevelt and his principles. I read all the leading Democratic articles I can, but I find you sadly deficient in argument and reason the instant you begin on the hackneyed topic of Roosevelt. A little less "cuss word argument," please, Colonel.

I am, sir,
WALTER S. MACAARON.

A CALL FOR BROTHER BRYAN

KANSAS CITY, MO., *October 5, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I have just seen the sketch, or cartoon, on page 350, October issue of *Current Literature*, and it is apt, since Mr. T. R. has adopted a number of ideas communicated to him by his friend William J. Bryan. Cannot your great magazine somehow speak a word for Mr. Bryan—help to have him nominated again? It is the desire of the intellectual women of Missouri.

We have had the solid, the rough, the "fighting progressive," and we now need the solid, the refined, the "intellectual progressive."

We *want* it, we pray for it, we speak the word in its behalf.

This country needs Mr. Bryan more than it needed any former President.

I am, sir,
C. JOSEPHINE B[illegible]

ROOSEVELT NEEDED IN PENNSYLVANIA

BRYN MAWR, PA., *Oct[illegible], 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

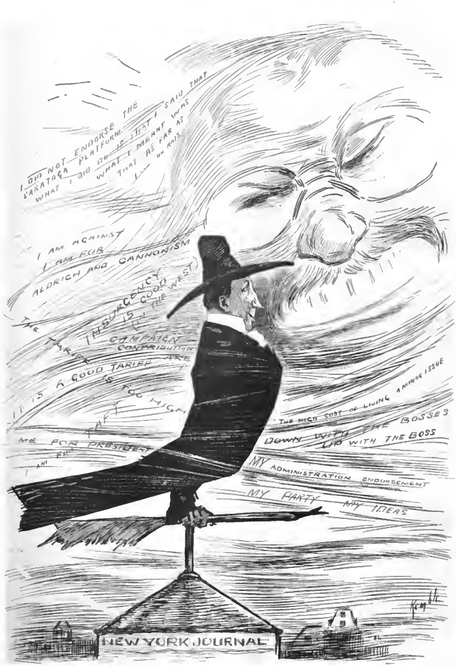
SIR,—I have subscribed for HARPER'S WEEKLY for the year and suppose must stand it for the balance of the year. I can't understand how any man can attain to the position of editor of an old-established paper and not have enough balance of mind to be fair to one who is waging honestly and efficiently a warfare against corruption in public and semi-public life. Here in Pennsylvania we need a man who can lead us against the worst kind of corruption and bossism. You have the man in New York and why not help the good work along. You are trying to help it in New Jersey by bringing out President Wilson, who will stand for good, honest, and efficient government.

I would not believe that any sane man is honestly afraid that the Colonel wants to be dictator or even wants to be President again.

Your last issue read like the attacks on Washington and Hamilton when Jefferson thought they were running the country.

Why not come out squarely and say your paper is a Democratic organ and you are afraid Colonel Roosevelt will reorganize the Republican party along modern progressive lines so as to have some show against your favorite candidate, President Wilson, 1912. Personally, I like your choice in that line, but don't like to see an editor scare at phantoms.

I am, sir,
READER.

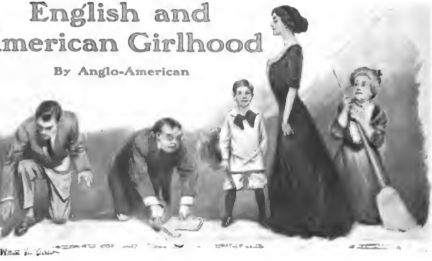

I DID NOT ENDORSE THE
SARATOGA PLATFORM.
WHAT I DID DO IS THAT I SAID THAT
WHAT I MEANT WAS
THAT AS FAR AS
I AM AGAINST
I AM FOR
ALDRICH AND CANNONISM
THE INSURGENCY IS GOOD (IN THE WEST)
THE TARIFF IS TOO HIGH
CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTION ARE
IT IS A GOOD TARIFF
TAFT
ME FOR PRESIDENT
I AM FOR
THE HIGH COST OF LIVING A MINOR ISSUE
DOWN WITH THE BOSSES
UP WITH THE BOSS
MY ADMINISTRATION ENDORSEMENT
MY PARTY
MY IDEAS
NEW YORK JOURNAL
Kemble

THE BIG WIND: "I THOUGHT, BILL, THAT YOU WERE WITH ME?"
WILLIAM ALSO RANDOLPH: "CAN'T DO IT, COLONEL. YOU'RE TOO MANY CROSS-CURRENTS, EVEN FOR ME."

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

English and American Girlhood

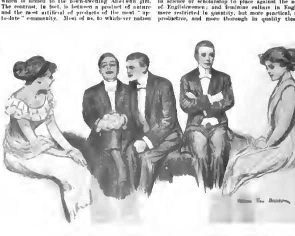
By Anglo-American



A WRITER in the London *Times* has recently been comparing English and American girls. It is a perennial topic and perennially interesting. Even the dullest and least observant of commentators would hardly reduce it to flatness; and the writer in the *Times* is neither dull nor unobservant. He begins—I do not know whether it is a he or she and must therefore be understood to use the masculine pronoun generically—by noting that, while in England it is the boy of the family who is first considered, in America it is the girl. "Every roughness is smoothed from her path; she is, as a rule, spared all responsibility, and, if necessary, innumerable sacrifices are made in order that her girlhood should be as gay and as free from care as possible." But the deference that is shown her, the position of privilege she occupies, really become manifest before she is grown up, before she is out of her teens—in fact, as soon as she is born. Professor Münsterberg, in *The Americans*, begins his chapter on "The Self-Assertion of Women" with this remark: "It is said that the United States is the only country in which parents are disappointed on the appearance of a boy baby, but will greet the arrival of a girl with undisguised pleasure." Certainly in England a daughter receives no such rapturous welcome; there is always an air of trying to make the best of a bad case in the felicitations that are offered. In France, too, the enthusiasm of the parents and their friends is kept within decided limits by the consciousness that over every daughter's cradle hovers the disenchanting ghost of the *dot*. An extra child in any country means extra expense, but in France an extra daughter means the necessity of making another fortune—which is one, and perhaps the most powerful, of the many reasons why the French restrict their families. In Germany, again, where church, kitchen, clothes, and children are looked upon as the natural boundaries of feminine activity, and where the scale inclines as decisively in favor of the man as in America it inclines to the side of the woman, the entrance of another member of the subordinate sex is not altogether a matter for rejoicing.

But in America, there can be no doubt about it, a girl receives an even warmer greeting than a boy. And why, as Professor Münsterberg asks, should she not? "What, after all, will a boy baby come to? He will go to work early in life, while his sisters are left to go on and on with their education. He may work for a position in society, but it will be mainly in order to let his wife play a rôle; he may amass property, but most of all in order to provide bountifully for his daughter. He will have to stand all his life that she may sit; will have to work early and late that she may shine. Is it really worth while to bring up a boy? But the little princess in the cradle has, indeed, a right to look out on the world with laughing eyes. She will enjoy all the privileges which nature specially ordained for woman, and will reach out confidently, moreover, for those things which nature designed peculiarly for men. No road is closed to her; she can follow every inclination of her soul, and go through life pampered and imperious. Will she marry? She may not care to, but nobody will think, if she does not, that it is because she is not able to realize any cherished desire. Will she be happy? Human destiny is, after all, destiny; but so far as nature and society, material blessings, and intellectual considerations can contribute toward a happy life, then surely the young American woman is more favored by fortune than either man or woman in any other part of the world can hope to be." Now if this is at all a true picture of the relative position of the sexes in the United States, it is clear that England and America are considerably more than three thousand miles apart. The writer in the *Times* declares that the life of the American girl "is apparently to be one perpetual round of enjoyment with practically few or no serious demands upon her time." Nobody would dream of writing like that of the life of the English girl. In nothing, indeed, are the respective civilizations of the two countries more dissimilar than in the place that each accords to its women.

In America, according to the contributor to the *Times*, the spheres of girl life are sharply defined. Thus the "college" girl and the "society" girl represent entirely different sides of girl life. It is the latter who is singled out as perhaps the most characteristic product of her country, and the one who is most frequently to be encountered. "Adaptability being one of the key-notes of her character, coupled with an unusually quick and observant mind, she is a delightful companion. In her thirst for "being up to date," she is equally interested in clothes and culture. Clubs such as the Review Club and the Magazine Club digest the world for her, and provide her with neatly worded lozenges containing the essence of any and every subject. Her conversation is, therefore, usually brilliant, especially as she always possesses that sense of duty to herself and her hostess which causes her to exert every faculty in order to show herself off in the best possible light. . . . The English girl, on the whole, compares rather unfavorably with the American as far as culture and its application are concerned. The country life led by the majority of English girls renders them somewhat dull as social factors, even if it gives them that knowledge of nature, as a birthright, which is denied to the town-dwelling American girl. The contrast, in fact, is between a product of nature and the most artificial of products of the most "up-to-date" community. Most of us, to whichever nation we belong, would, I think, be inclined to subscribe to that summing up of the case so far as it goes. But obviously it is not exhaustive, and a very interesting article might be written on the effects produced on the quality of American intelligence by the practical neglect of culture by the American man and its practical monopolization by the American woman. The situation in that regard in the United States of to-day almost precisely reproduces the situation in Europe during the Middle Ages, the men doing the fighting and remaining contentedly illiterate, and the women gathering to themselves whatever learning was to be had. Most people who are not Americans seem to agree that the predominance of women in matters of culture is not altogether a good thing. They say that it has feminized the American intellect. They say that the American woman, while she learns a great deal, produces very little. They declare that nowhere is thought at once so active and so shallow as in America; nowhere are plausible generalizations so greedily swallowed; nowhere do sophistries find so prompt an acceptance; nowhere is the application of knowledge and experience so thwarted by whimsies, taking but untested half-truths and ill-digested experiment; and for these results they are apt to hold the American woman and her intellectual arrogance very largely responsible. For the purposes of a chance conversation, or for a week-end in a country house, there can be little question that the American woman is more alert and vivacious, more interesting and amusing and better informed, or at any rate better able to express herself, than her English sister. But there are very few names of American women in letters or art or science or scholarship to place against the names of Englishwomen; and feminine culture in England, more restricted in quantity, but more practical, more productive, and more thorough in quality than in



One great advantage that the American girl has over her English sister is that she is not taught to look upon her masculine contemporaries as possible husbands

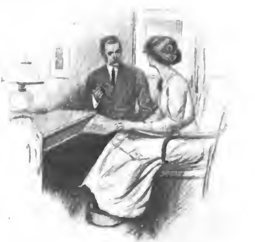
America, does nothing to hinder, but, on the contrary, does much to help, the steady, sober advance of English thought.

"Among the American girls the débutantes of the year," says the *Times* contributor, "keep exclusively to themselves; so do the girls who have been out for a couple of years, while between girls and married women there is very little social intercourse. Obviously the American girl is a great loser by this separation of the ages; for she misses the immense advantage of hearing about life from older, and therefore more mature, minds." English critics have often commented before on this "separation of the ages"; it is a feature of American society to which they find it difficult to reconcile themselves. In England friendship and constant intercourse between women and girls and between men and boys are far more usual than in America. Mr. Price Collier, in his admirably illuminating book *England and the English*, has touched with a just discrimination upon the happy results of this intermingling of the ages in the matter of sport. "In America," he says, "boys play with boys almost exclusively; even a professional coach for the crew, or the ball nine, is a source of much discussion and dissension. English schools have not one, but several, professionals, and, what is most important of all, English boys play their games, a good part of the time, at least, with men. Old Carthusians, old Etonians, old Wykehamists, go back to play their school eleven or their school football team; old university men play the youngsters; country gentlemen have house parties of cricketers and polo players. . . . This fact alone, of the participation of the adult and middle-aged element so general in English sport, accounts for the wide difference in the way in which sport is regarded and the way in which games are played. Where boys and youths are accustomed to play their games, cricket, more particularly, with grown men, it introduces an element of sobriety, courtesy, and reticence in their play and behavior, which is lacking to some extent among boys and youths who play exclusively among themselves. . . . Men play for the game's sake, while boys are apt to play exclusively to win. In England games and sports receive their status and character from men; in America it is the boys who give our games their status and character."

In much the same way the constant intercourse and companionship between girls and women in England have a profound influence on the girls. The American girl has a self-confidence, a "go," an ebullience about her that are much beyond the attainments of her English sister. She is far more expert in things social, far more mistress of herself, far more positive, animated, resourceful, assertive. But, lacking the guidance of older minds, left pretty much to her own devices, and gaining most of her knowledge of the world from books, the American girl is apt to be less experienced in life than the English girl; less mature, though she may seem more so; lighter-headed and more trivial; less deep and thoughtful, with less balance and repose; more obvious, but at the same time more evanescent and superficial in her charm.

The relationship that obtains between the sexes in the two countries is naturally a matter that is touched upon by the contributor to the *Times*. "In England," he says, "before marriage, the man and the girl see comparatively little of each other, but after marriage the common life is a necessity and the woman must be prepared to study his interests and to make them more or less her own. In America, before marriage, the man and the girl are excellent friends and comrades, enjoying much freedom in their intercourse; after marriage the two seem to lead separate lives. The man is wholly wrapped up in his business, and the woman, when her work in the house is over, devotes most of her energies to the pursuit of social pleasures. In fact, they cannot really be said to lead a common life.

To a large extent this is the man's fault; for he, as a rule, considers his wife such a delicate object that she is, so to speak, put under a glass case, and all cares and worries and even rightful responsibilities are carefully kept from her. She takes no active part in the man's every-day life, for she is often completely ignorant of his financial position, and is absolutely dependent upon him for every penny. The idea of marriage settlements or a definite allowance is abhorrent to the American mind; and yet, when all is said and done, the American woman, with all her independence, is the most dependent of women; for is not he who holds the purse-strings, after all, the real master? In no other country does one feel more profoundly that the women are largely what the men have made them. It is more than probable that the large number of divorces in America is due to the unconscious desire on the part of the woman to find a real partner and comrade in life instead of a mere financial agent that the average American man is contented to be."



Feminine culture in England, more thorough in quality than in America, does much to help the steady, sober, advance of English thought

As a dispassionate observer of both countries I am inclined to think there is a certain amount of truth in all this. The relations between husband and wife in England are as a rule more intimate and cover a wider ground than in America; and the Englishwoman, in consequence, influences her husband more directly and constantly than the American woman influences hers. American men rather tend toward considering women as a race apart, as rare beings to be placed on a pedestal and propitiated by incense and offerings. Englishmen, on the other hand, look upon their wives as helpmates, counsellors, fellow fighters in the struggle of existence, confidantes, and chums.

One great advantage that the American girl has over her English sister—an advantage that is partly the product of, and partly helps to form, the delightful ease and spontaneity of American life—is that she is not taught to look upon her masculine contemporaries as possible husbands. The sense that marriage is the natural destiny of women is weaker in America than in any other country in the world, certainly far weaker than in England, where the girls, though they are not trained to look upon marriage as the be-all and end-all of life, as are the girls of France and Germany, are still far from regarding it with the detachment and composure of American girls. This is a difference that for its proper treatment would ask a whole volume in itself. I can only note it in passing as one that reaches far down into any really vital comparison between English and American girlhood. It is far more significant and carries with it far deeper implications than the narrowness of the average American girl's activities and interests by the side of those that are cultivated by the average English girl, a narrowness that is most of all observable in the sphere of public life. "Owing to the state of politics, both national and municipal," says the writer in the *Times*, "it is almost impossible for the women of the United States to take any real interest in such topics as they do in England, and nothing more surprises the average American than the interest and deep knowledge which Englishwomen display in political affairs. The majority of American women are not interested in questions of national importance, their interest rarely extends beyond the town in which they live, sometimes to the State, but rarely to the nation at large. It is a curious and notable fact that in the greatest democracy in the world the trend of feeling is far more individualistic and local than collective and national. There are very few links, usually none, between the American girl and her fellow citizens. She has her own set; but the lower classes, so termed, hardly come within her horizon—at any rate, far less so than is the case with her English sister, in whom the feudal idea is still so strongly implanted that the well-being of those who were, and are still more or less, subordinates, is a matter of genuine concern. . . . The English girl is frequently brought in contact with life as it is lived in different parts of the Empire; for some of her men-folk are sure to be possessed by *Wanderlust*, which has so often developed into the power of colonizing. The interests in her life are world-wide instead of local, and this is reflected in all she does. Her very charities extend from Lebanon to Colombo and her interest in sport from polo in India to cricket in Australia. These are the two key-notes of an English girl's life—politics and sport—and they are both indulged in with that cleanness and vigor which are only possible through health of body and mind, with, perhaps, an accompaniment of rustic dulness."

Learning "Rory O'Moore"

By Will Carleton

Sure I lived a whole yare (said young Patrick Mahoney)
Widin the same hash'ry with Michael Mahoney.
Around the same table we bored and we boarded,
And ate iverything that the panthry afforded;
But that was enough for the price, I'll allow—
Which was nothin' to what cooked provisions is now.
An' wid chaffin' an' laughin' we got along well
And I loved him as much as I'd care for to tell.

But my fri'nd had one habit that made you forget,
Oftentimes, what a charmin' young fellow you'd met.
He would wake half the night, would this sing'lar lad,
And would scrape on a rusty ould fiddle he had,
And if time and it tune at a tuition each went,
He would niver be able to lay up a cent;
And I ask, "What's it for?" and he says, sweet as June,
"I'm jist learnin' to play wan perticular tune:
They say jaynius is work, and of work I'm the doer;
And you one day will hear me play 'Rory O'Moore.'"

And he went and tuk lessons here—there—anywhere—
And his teachers all stuck in the bogs of despair;
But he said, "I'll keep on for the strings to talk right,
Till the cows all come home an' die durin' the night."

And I says to my fri'nd, "I'm afeared ivery day,
That the tune the ould cow died on's all ye'll e'er play";
But he worked and he scraped what the house would endure,
In a way would have murdhered poor Rory O'Moore.

An' he worked off the rosin by pounds; an' I said,
"Was the music used up when they made the man's head?"
And he'd ask me o'er often when through for the night,
"Don't you think now, Mahoney, I'm gettin' it right?"
An' I says ivery time—wid the truth to commune—
"It might slip in as part of a Chinaman's tune,
But I think if poor Rory that racket should hear,
He would turn in his grave an' thin stop up his ear."

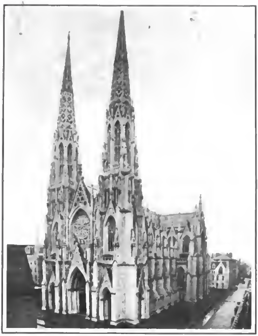
Well, the rest of the boarders felt mostly like me,
And they give the poor lad the name "Fiddle d—d";
And he made some excursions clane out of his head,
An' he took loads of med'cine, an' tuk to his bed;
Till the doctor decreed (the poor fellow was poor)
"He can live for one day, but I can't give him more."

And I said through my tears, "Say, dear boy, does it be
That ye'd like to send word to your folks o'er the sea?"

And he whispered, "Tell Mother, me ould mother dear,
That I'd hoped to come homeward an' see her this year,
And to play her the tune that she danced o'er and o'er,
When a light-hearted maiden—sweet 'Rory O'Moore.'
Faix the fiddle along I was goin' to bring,
And wid 'Rory' surprise her, the very first thing.
So I worked till I calloused my fingers and thumb,
But however I coaxed it, the tune would not come;
And it niver will be my good fortune, I fear,
To be playin' that tune for me mother to hear."

Then he slept for a moment—then raised up and cried,
"Bring the fiddle here quick! for she seems at my side!"
An' he snatched up the bow, and upon my dear word,
He played "Rory O'Moore" sweet as ever you heard!
And he sank—wid a smile of affection and pride,
And then followed the Doc's last prescription, an' died.

An' there drifted one mornin' a letter our way,
How that Mike and his mother both went the same day!
And there's some of us dreamy ones thought it was sure
That while passing, she heard him play "Rory O'Moore."

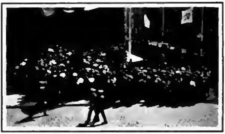


St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, which was recently consecrated with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of the Papal Legate and other dignitaries of the Church

His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, who represented Pope Pius X. at the consecration

Archbishop Farley walking between Father McGann (on his right) and Father Lavelle

Carrying the sacred relics of St. Beata and St. Felicitas, who suffered martyrdom in Rome during the third century



The crowd before the Cathedral. Many began to assemble at mid night, and before dawn police were required to clear the streets

School-children on Riverside Drive welcoming Cardinal Vannutelli. They are waving the yellow and white flag with the crossed keys flown by the Vatican

Cardinal Logue (with the folded hands) and priests of the Cathedral in the procession around the building

THE CONSECRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, WAS CONSECRATED RECENTLY IN THE PRESENCE OF A NOTABLE ASSEMBLAGE OF CATHOLIC DIGNITARIES, INCLUDING CARDINAL VANNUTELLI, THE PAPAL LEGATE, CARDINALS GIBBONS AND LOGUE, THE MOST REV. DIOMEDE FALCONIO, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO THE UNITED STATES, TWELVE ARCHBISHOPS, AND FIFTY-TWO BISHOPS. THE RITES WERE PERFORMED BY ARCHBISHOP FARLEY. THOUGH DEDICATED THIRTY ONE YEARS AGO, THE RULES OF THE CHURCH FORBADE THE CONSECRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL UNTIL THE RECENT CANCELLATION OF THE MORTGAGE

The Blot Upon Nippon

THE STARTLING SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SOCIALISTS' PLOT TO ASSASSINATE HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR MUTSUHITO—OTHER EVILS OF OCCIDENTAL CIVILIZATION

By Adachi Kinnosuké

NO news that has ever come from Japan has been so incredible as the despatches from Tokio a few days ago telling of a plot against the life of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Mutsuhito.

Let me try to illustrate the horror we feel at this news by offering with all due reverence a parallel. Suppose that Christ our Lord did come back to earth again, walked through the streets of New York, and that, in the ripeness of his gracious ministration, even as he stood at the pinnacle of the love and adoration of all humanity, there rose, very suddenly, on the crowded curb of Broadway, let us say, a mad voice echoing the ancient cry, "Crucify him!" The good people of Christian America then would feel a shock such as this wretched news item has given us. We could not believe our eyes; we stared and stared at it again. It was impossible, utterly and ridiculously impossible. And yet . . .

Gradually we came to see that the news was not fathered by Shanghai; moreover it said that the *Hochi Shimbun* (which, by the bye, seems to be making a reputation of late for some sensational "scoops" out of the depths of officialdom) published the details of the plot. The *Hochi* would not dare publish a fiction on so vital a theme; and even if it dared the government censor would hardly be caught asleep on a matter of such moment. It was, therefore, impossible for us to question the genuineness of it all. Out of fifty millions of people, it is not so wonderful that we may find a few who are mad. But what makes us breathless with wonder is that of all the madnesses in the world, the Japanese madness should take such a hideous turn as an attempt on the life of His Majesty the Emperor. For, to our way of thinking, that is nothing less than a war against the gods and against something dearer than they to all the hearts of the people of Nippon—the State.

Consider for a moment the history of the Japanese people. For more than twenty centuries the Emperor has been the very heart and centre of the nation, truly the father of his country. He made all laws. His rule was absolute, unquestioned, his word final. The great Lord Yoritomo in A.D. 1192 usurped the temporal power of the throne and made himself the first Shogun. But even he dared not offer violence nor any sign of disrespect to His Majesty the Emperor, and during all the succeeding centuries until His Majesty, the present Emperor, came to the throne, in 1868, the succeeding Shoguns although wielding supreme temporal power dared not take any important step without the express order of the Emperor. His Majesty dwelt in imperial state, worshipped, secluded, never seen by mere mortals, issuing from behind a screen his orders to the ambassador of the Shogun, who knelt in the august presence and never saw the face of the hidden yet powerful autocrat.

I suppose it is a hopeless task to try to make clear to Western minds how such an anomalous status could persist during nearly seven hundred years, for it has always been the custom of your Caucasian usurpers to kill the kings they deposed and exterminate their families even to the remotest branches. With us, however, His Imperial Majesty has been since six hundred years before the Christian era the object of such peculiar reverence and worship, so truly the fountain of all authority, the personal representative on earth of the divine Creator, that no Shogun, however mighty, has ever dared to deviate from the path of deference and open obedience. I cannot by any stretch of the imagination conceive of the fate of any man, from mightiest *daimio* to lowliest outcast *heimin*, who should have dared even to contemplate any harm to His Majesty.

Is it true that the heady wine of Occidental civilization which we have quaffed so deeply, so recklessly—to the intoxicating applause of our Western friends—has it really carried us to such a pass as this? At the time of the Russo-Nippon war, ah, how often, did we not hear—and hear it too with what a glow of pleasure!—that in adopting the foreign civilization, Japan was wise enough to cull the flower only, leaving behind the thorns and worms of the Occidental life! It sounds to us now like a withering sarcasm. After sugar, bitterness; such perhaps is the way of the world. But that truism does not console us.

Not that assassination was unknown to elder Nippon. Quite otherwise. Our worshipful ancestors had indeed perfected it into a fine art. It was a fashionable and very serious and dignified and much praised occupation of the samurai. Without going too far back into history, one can recall the fate of the famous Great Elder of the Shogun called Ii. It was he who, taking the entire responsibility on his ample shoulders, put the seal of his master, the Shogun, to the American-Japanese treaty—the first treaty we concluded with any foreign power in our history. He did so in spite of the fierce anti-foreign sentiment of the entire country, against the expressed wishes of the Kyoto court, and with what a superb measure of heroism no one can ever know. On the 24th of March, 1860, when a storm of heavy snow and sleet overwhelmed the broad avenue leading to the Edo Castle of the Shogun, seventeen devoted *ronin*, mostly of the Mito clan, persuaded the Great Elder to join his ancestors through the keenness of their blades.

On the night of January 14, 1874, Prince Iwakura, then the Minister of the Right, was returning from an audience with the Emperor. As his carriage was rolling along the bank of the castle moat, he was attacked. The side of his carriage was smashed in with spear points and with swords. Wounded badly, but stoutly fighting his way out of the wrecked carriage, he tumbled down the embankment into the waters of the moat. The night was black and he made good his escape.

In May, 1878, Okubo, one of the four great authors of the New Nippon and perhaps the most brilliant statesman we have produced of recent years, was cut down at the very prime and pinnacle of power by assassins headed by Shimada Ichiro. Both Mori and Hoshi, diplomats who had served as Japanese ministers at Washington, died at assassins' hands. No; assassination is nothing new in our annals. We even gild their crimes with a sentimental gloss; we say that those men did their bloody work out of the mad fury of their patriotic fever, in their blind devotion to state.

But this attempt on the life of the Emperor, he who is the beloved incarnation of all the Japanese idealism of state! This is where the news passes all our understanding. Still perhaps we are wrong in allowing ourselves to be surprised so much by this news. We should have prepared ourselves for the coming of some such development. It is true that we have had more than one intimation of the advent of the Age of Impossibilities. If we have learned much good from the Occident we have also learned much evil.

His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Mutsuhito of Japan

In fact, it was in July last year that we read in all the leading papers of Japan of the sensational bribery case of Hasegawa Toyokichi and twenty-two other members of the Imperial Diet—House of Parliament. These men were by no means common, irresponsible politicians. In Japan, we take politics much more seriously than the people of Europe and America do. Among the gentlemen who were found guilty of corruption and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment were men counted among the leaders of the most powerful political party in the Empire—the Sei-yu Kai (Constitutionalists) of which the late Prince Ito was the founder. One of the guilty men, whose name I shall not mention here, bore a great and historic name (not of rank or of nobility, but for the great and noble services he had rendered to the state). It was incredible that these men should sell their honor for so many thousands of yen and become the slave of the Japanese sugar trust. Why, most of them were men tutored in samurai homes whose constant boast during many ages has been and still is: "It is shameful for the samurai to be rich!" And yet the record of their trial reads much like a second-hand edition of an ordinary American graft prosecution. One would suppose that Japan had not done much else but to import the scandalous elements of the Occidental political system. Not content with the mere copying of Occidental graft methods, some of the noble gentlemen seemed to have succeeded in improving on the original.

And in July of this year of grace, 1910—by way of an annual reminder, perhaps—the Osaka *Asahi*, in its issue of the 19th of that month, gave us the nauseating details about a traitor to the State—one Captain Noguchi Tokutaro of the Japanese army—who was arrested in Chan-chung, Manchuria, where he was trying to negotiate the sale of more than two thousand sheets of secret maps and plans of fortifications in Japan, and the specifications and important documents on the manufacture of smokeless powder. A traitor among the soldiers of Japan!—that sounds somewhat original. He is something new, thank Heaven! But that Japan has actually produced such an anomaly admits of no questioning. His name is Noguchi; we have seen his photograph reproduced in the papers. The world moves, indeed!

Yes; Occidental civilization has done much for us. Pray consider the following facts which show how suddenly and rapidly our young men are deteriorating.

The issues of the Tokio newspapers for August 13th of this year, contain an interesting item of news. It is the official report of the physical examination of the recruits for the Azabu Regiment of the imperial army. The examination had been conducted under the direction of the first-class Surgeon Omori, with even greater care than in the years past, according to the wishes of the princely division commander. The recruits came from a section of the city of Tokio, from a portion of Kanagawa Prefecture and of the five islands of Izu. The total number of young men examined was 14,823; that is to say, about one hundred men more than the number of candidates in 1909. In spite of this increase in number, the number of the men who passed the highest grade examination was smaller than that of last year—smaller by one hundred and fifty-eight. The number of men who were graded as second-class decreased in number by about one hundred. And the third-class men, the lowest grade men who are absolutely unfitted for the most exacting service, increased by five hundred and twenty-eight over the figures of 1909. Of course, this abnormal increase in the ranks of the unfitted is the most eloquent message on the physical condition of the coming generation of the New Nippon.

Japan is actually worried about the health of her children? Was it not but a very few years ago that the world came to see, in the rigorous test of wintry Manchuria, that the hardy physical constitution of her sons was the greatest asset of Japan?

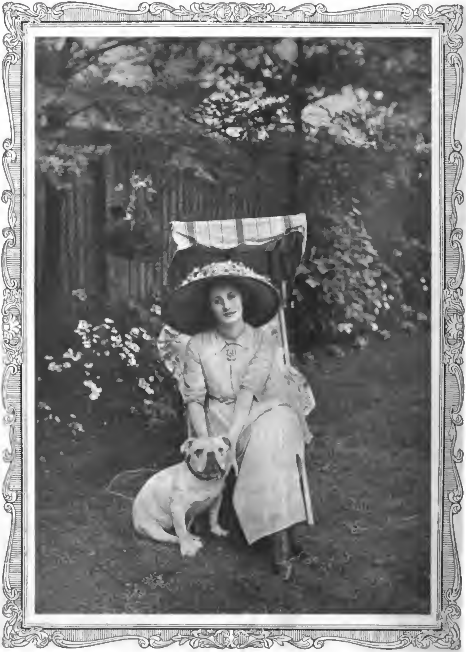
Are not all these things wonderful? Are they not scandalous? Are we not living in the Age of Impossible Things? And are we not wrong in being surprised at anything—even at this alleged plot against the very life of the Emperor?

And yet. . . . Ah, well, all these other things are not so very hard to explain, after a fashion. We say to ourselves that Japan is passing through a transition period; and that is a period likely to be one of madness anywhere at all times. Of old, Japan was standing the test of adversity; and she stood it well, as all the virile races of the world had done before her. She had the supreme blessing of the gods—which we know under the name of poverty—to fight on her side. At the time of the Russian war, when the outside world smothered Japan with praises out of the generosity of its enthusiastic admiration for her achievements, there were people who knew that all the sweet compliments were entirely premature.

A nation should be complimented without stint when, and only when, she shows herself able to survive the test of prosperity and wealth. Rome sank under it; so did classic Hellas, after Babylon and Egypt and Han. To-day the New Nippon is just beginning to face the all-powerful conqueror who comes in silken garments, freighted with gold. The quickness with which the New Nippon is succumbing to the worst poisons of the Occidental civilization is the thing that shocks and astonishes us more than anything else.

Yet this alleged attempt of the so-called socialists on the life of the Emperor can hardly be classed even in the above very sad category. It is a thing apart. It heralds the revolution in Japanese thought such as the history of two thousand and five hundred years of the Land of the Gods has never known.

And what a sovereign, of all the rulers of earth, to single out as a target for such villainous treachery! I know that His Majesty when he was an absolute monarch of the most autocratic type, limited his own powers, of his own initiative and pleasure, and actually forced (and forced is the right word) a constitution and constitutional government upon his people, who did not even ask for anything of the sort, who took it simply because it was the pleasure of the Emperor. I know the Emperor has given to history the first and the only charter of liberty which was not bought at the price of blood. I know that he lives so simply that as far as food is concerned the New England Emerson would find himself (doubtless to the philosophical amazement of the Concord sage) a Lucullean epicure by comparison. I know that His Majesty rises at five to six o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, and works often far beyond midnight in crowded days of public duties. I think few socialist laborers are doing much better. I know he has actually given up horseback riding, which has ever been His Majesty's favorite sport, because the strenuous life of the constitutional monarch of a growing country did not allow him time enough for it. I think that not all the socialists can boast of a higher record in their devotion to the good of humanity and to the assassin's dagger.



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A DANCER AT HOME

Mme. Anna Pavlowa, the Russian dancer whose appearances with her associate, Mr. Mordkin, were the feature of the closing weeks of the Metropolitan opera season in New York last spring, is now appearing here again with Mr. Mordkin

Some Recollections of Winslow Homer

By J. Eastman Chase

THE passing of Winslow Homer in the solitude of his home at Prout's Neck, alone with his servant and within sound of the sea where it thunders on the rugged Maine coast, was entirely in keeping with the character of one of the most original and independent of American painters. No one whose privilege it was to be admitted to the seclusion of his friendship could picture a more fitting place and manner for his going. It must have been as he wished it.

The value of this strongly individual nature, so fully expressed in his painting, has received due appreciation at the hands of the fortunate possessors of his work and of the critics. It is not my purpose to try to determine Homer's place as an artist, but rather to record some of the features of his early career, with impressions of the man himself.

At the time young Homer was first led to some form of art-expression, there was in Boston but one school for drawing—that in the old Lowell Institute, so long presided over by the man best known as "old Hollingsworth." You may see his rugged features and elongated figure admirably depicted in bronze by Saint Gaudens in the Boston Art Museum. It was like young Homer not to go to this academy and draw piles of cubes in perspective, to be carefully and properly shaded; on the contrary, he entered the lithographic house of Bufford & Sons, where he had his fellow pupil, J. Foxcroft Cole, afterward an admirable painter of pastoral landscapes and the friend of Troyon, Daubigny, and others of the 1830 school. It was not a bad apprenticeship that one got at this workshop in the prosperous days of the now too much despised lithograph. At all events, when, on the breaking out of the Civil War, young Homer was sent to the South to represent HARPER'S WEEKLY, he was a draughtsman of singularly graphic power and a keen observer, as the files of this publication show. It was not, however, the incidents of the war alone that interested him; the happy life of the negro under the old régime furnished material for many an admirable drawing and painting.

Some time in the early seventies a collection of black and white drawings, mainly illustrating his war-times experiences, were sold by auction in Boston. The success of this first public venture of Homer's must have been exceedingly gratifying to him.

Some of the pictures produced by Homer at this period may be unfamiliar to the students of his later and better-known work. Among these I recall a rather large canvas representing an attractive young woman, in somewhat fashionable attire, walking through autumn woods. This picture was purchased by the late Charles T. Barney. He also painted in oil several subjects depicting the humorous side of negro life in the South.

Homer's next move was to take up his abode on "Ten Pound" Island, in Gloucester Harbor. He had persuaded Mrs. Merrill, the lighthouse-keeper's wife, to take him in, and here he lived for one summer, rowing across to the town only when in need of materials. The freedom from intrusion which he found in this little spot was precisely to his liking, and here he painted a large number of water-colors of uniform size, but of a wide range of boldly conceived and vigorously executed subjects. No experiment, however fraught with risk of failure, had any terrors for him. He painted absolutely as he saw, entirely unafraid, caring for nothing so much as his freedom to express himself with unfettered independence. Failures were to be found when this notable group of water-colors was shown in a Boston gallery (this may have been in about 1878), but they had much of the significance of Rubinstein's false notes on the piano. On the other hand, the successes—and they were far the larger number—showed, as Emerson said, "the devouring eye and the portraying hand." Most of these admirable little pictures were eagerly bought by Boston admirers, the prices ranging from seventy-five to one hundred dollars each.

Homer took his success with sober elation. He was, by the way, unaffectedly indifferent to the possession of money in large sums. He once said to me that if he could be assured of a yearly income from his painting as large as the average salary of a department-store salesman he would be content. If he had any money in his purse he would never worry about where the next was coming from.

That serene and undisturbed summer on "Ten Pound" Island—it is little larger than a city lot—had given him his clue, and thereafter, for most of his life, it was the sea and the humble folk who live on and get their living out of it that chiefly interested him. A little later, on the coast of England where he spent two or three years, he painted many water-colors of larger size and of more ambitious intention in these figures are the principal features of the composition, such as the well known *A Voice from the Cliff*. By the "Adirondack" series of water-colors which was shown in a New York gallery a little later on Homer became known to a much larger public, and the superior qualities of his genius were generally recognized. The firm grasp of his material, and the force and directness of his execution, displayed in these and other of his works, established him as one of the most original painters of his time. It does not come within the purpose of this article to set forth the facts of his later life, which are well known to the art-public.

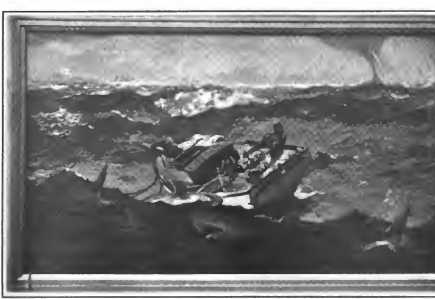
Homer was less influenced by others and by what others had done than any artist—any man, I may as well say—I have ever known. He was a rare visitor to public galleries and exhibitions. When there his attitude was that of a detached and unprejudiced observer. Names meant little or nothing to him. He looked at any picture for precisely what it might have to say to him—the name of the painter, whether great or small, was of equal indifference. He was not accustomed to speak of a "Corot" or a "Turner"; it was the picture, pure and simple, that interested or did not interest him. His comment was as you would suppose, fresh, original, penetrating, and free from art jargon.

So far as I could see, the successes that came to him had no influence upon either the quantity or the quality of his production. The fact that dealers and collectors were eager for his canvases was to him no reason why he should paint more. The only reason was when he saw subjects which he felt impelled to put upon canvas. His view of the attitude of the public toward his work was sometimes rather whimsical. Not long ago, I asked him what work he might be doing. He replied, "What's the use of my painting any more? The public don't want my pictures." I ventured to say that I thought quite the contrary. "Well," was his characteristic reply, "there are two of my pictures on sale at Blank's now; one is a good one, the other isn't worth a damn." The "good one" was the *Gulf Stream*, now at the Metropolitan Museum.

As an illustration of this whimsical view of what he believed to be the vagaries of the public taste, let me give this letter dated Scarboro, Maine, May 14, 1908:

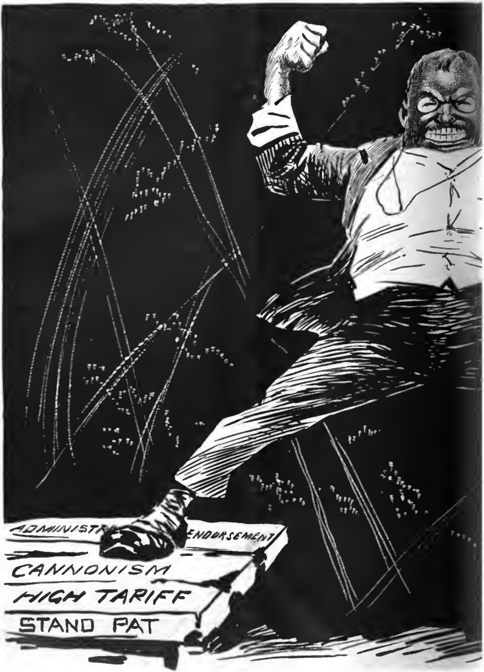
"I have an idea for next winter, if what I am now engaged on is a success, and Mr. K. is agreeable. That is to exhibit an oil-painting in a robbery-box with an etching from it in the end of your gallery, with a pretty girl at the desk to sell." It should be explained that to him the gaudy glamour of a plush-lined shadow box and thick plate glass meant nothing else than "robbery." I think it could be truly said that no man was less moved than he by the prestige of high prices and the entrance to great collections, which are so often the "successful" artist's chief stock in trade. He loathed and revolted at a success bought at such a cost.

Beneath what often might be mistaken for brusqueness of manner dwelt a most kindly nature. He was a charming companion, not effusive, witty and racy in his conversation. The wrinkles around the eyes in this somewhat austere face recorded the rare humor that had helped as a solvent to the difficult things in life which I feel that he must have known. He was a grave humorist—a reticent poet.



Photograph by P. C. Juley

One of Winslow Homer's most celebrated paintings, "The Castaway," now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York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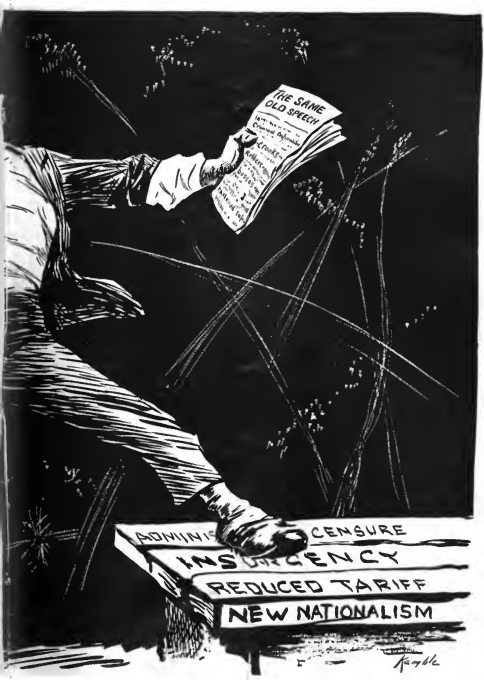
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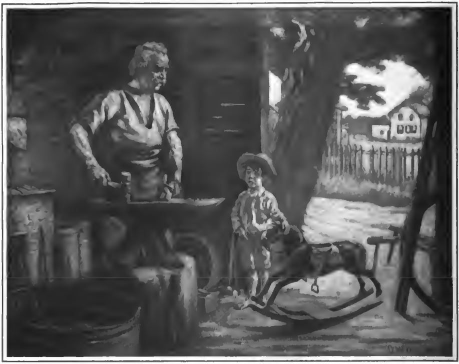


"WON'T YOU PLEASE SHOE MY HORSE?"

AUTUMN FASHIONS FOR ALL

EMBROIDERED ear-tabs with the monogram of the wearer worked in the centre in red, green, and yellow floss will give the wearer an appearance of distinction even in a large gathering of ultra-fashionable people. Ladies wearing the extreme hobble skirt for promenades are advised to augment their costume with a pair of roller skates and a fairly strong, well-trained Newfoundland dog, or mastiff, to facilitate locomotion.

In afternoon dress for men the arbiters of fashion in Paris have decreed that the sock need no longer match the necktie, but they add that it is imperative that the necktie shall match the sock. This will come as a great relief to those who desire always to be *de rigueur* in their dress.

The cozy-corner hat is the latest novelty for men. Externally it appears to be no different from the ordinary silk hat of commerce, but its spacious inner depths are completely furnished with little boxes holding matches, cigarettes, small cigars, and tiny thermos flasks suitable for ice-water or other beverages.

The current hat-pin for women's wear having been elongated six and a half inches, it is considered good form for gentlemen attending crowded teas, or picture exhibitions, to wear blinders, such as are sometimes used on timid horses. These made of patent-leather, or in Russia, with gold monograms appliquéd, are very smart, and as measures of protection are likely to prove popular.

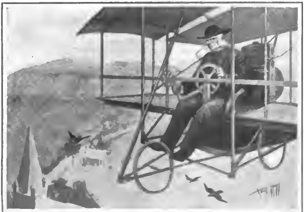
Owing to the size of the hats worn by women this fall, an ordinance will shortly come before the Board of Aldermen requiring all companies of public transportation to attach a check-room trailer to every car in service, where these hats may be checked by the wearer on entering. This will facilitate travelling materially and do much as well to preserve the hats themselves against the severe wear and tear of contact with one another.

Husbands who are unable to provide their wives with maids will be glad to hear that a new patent eyeless hook is on the market for use on women's gowns. It is about the size of an ordinary trout-hook, with a barbed point, that will seize and keep a firm hold on any bit of flimsy material that it comes into contact with. Experiments at the factory with the Husband's Relief Hook show that a man with only two thumbs and a forefinger can hook up a gown with this in ten seconds, where with the old kind it required anywhere from forty to fifty-five minutes, according to the temper of the individual.

Thanks to the efforts of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises, loud neckties will not be tolerated this season, except on persons who have taken care to provide themselves with mufflers. The latter must be worn around the neck, and so arranged as to soften, if not entirely to suppress, all noisy colors calculated to disturb the public peace.

A very effective smoking jacket can be made by placing a lighted cigar in any one of the pockets of a flannel coat; but if you prefer a blazer you will have to substitute a lighted match for the cigar.

In view of the too free use of concealed weapons by unlicensed persons of late, fashion, in its desire to serve the upholders of the law, has placed a ban upon hip pockets in men's trousers, and hereafter these will only be *de rigueur* when worn by persons who can show a license therefore from the Police Department. The leading tailors have been instructed accordingly, and any infringement of the rule by them will be visited with punishment adequate to the offence.



"THE SKY PILOT"

THE TROUBLE

"So she doesn't return your affection, eh? Well, I shouldn't get mad about that. What's the use of bothering about a girl who doesn't love you?" said Watkins.

"I don't mind her not returning my affection," said Dubbleigh, "but, confound it, she won't return my diamond ring, either!"

HIS GUESS

"Now, Johnny," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "can you tell me what it was that caused the prophet Elijah to go up?"

"Yeth, thir," said Johnny. "It wath the Payne tariff bill."

SOME NEWS ITEMS OF 2910

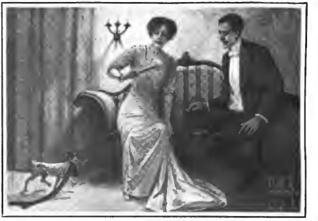
CONTRACTS were signed yesterday by the New York, Saturn, and Milky Way Transportation Company for the construction of two new radium air-ships accommodating eight thousand first-class passengers each, to ply between New York City and all cerulean parts from the Polar Star to the Southern Cross. They are required to have a speed capacity of 8,000,000 knots per hour, and are expected to be ready for traffic on or about January 1, 2912. The vessels are to be built by the Martian Radium Car and Ship Corporation, and will cost $300,000,000 apiece.

A new series of electric elevators has just been installed in the Gridiron Suburban Home Building in the Borough of Philadelphia, of Greater Manhattan. At present they are working a little stiffly, but within two or three weeks are expected to make the round trip from the cellar to the roof in five hours. Their installation has been made necessary by the recent addition of five hundred more stories to this architectural wonder, in order to accommodate the enormous increase in population of this deservedly popular enterprise. Villa plots on the upper floors of the building are selling at two thousand dollars a square foot.

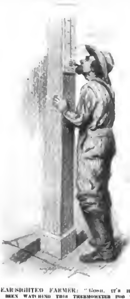
The House of Representatives yesterday passed to its third reading the bill providing for the extension of the current day from forty-eight to ninety-six hours. The Solar Light Trust has fought the measure tooth and nail from the beginning, but it has been a losing battle all along the line. At the same time it is expected that when the bill reaches the Senate something will be done for its relief, possibly by an amendment providing that its contract remuneration for light furnished shall be regulated by meter, and not paid for as at present on the per diem basis.

The ten-year matrimonial agreement of Mr. and Mrs. Bolivar Johnson, of Squeehawkett, having expired yesterday, has been renewed by the contracting parties for another term of three years by mutual consent. On the other hand, the alliance of Mr. and Mrs. Rickerman Rosebloom, of Astoria, having expired under the Statute of Limitations, will not be renewed. Mr. Rosebloom has already advertised for sealed proposals for a new partner, while Mrs. Rosebloom, as foreshadowed in our matrimonial reports of last week, will join forces with Colonel Wilbraham Jinks, of Chicago, and cease to be known as Mrs. Rosebloom on Saturday next.

An interesting paper was read last night before the Dramatico-Historical Society of Boston, by Mrs. Sadie Hickenlooper Jones, advancing the theory that that classic comedy, *The Merry Widow*, hitherto supposed to have been the work of William Shakespeare, was really written by Mr. G. Ibsen-Ade, a playwright of some distinction in Norway, in the later middle ages, just previous to the Ethiopian Ascendency. Mrs. Jones's paper was received with considerable enthusiasm by even the most conservative members of the society, but rather for the daring of its arguments than for any convincing quality in her thesis. The general feeling is against her view, and as for ourselves, frankly, we do not take any stock in the lady's arguments at all. It is as clear to our minds from the internal evidence of the lines that *The Merry Widow* was written by the same hand that wrote *The Texas Steer*, which is undeniably Shakespeare's. We should as soon doubt his authorship of *The Merry Widow* as question the chisel of Phidias in that immortal effigy of trousered Victory now at the Louvre in Paris, and known as the Sunset Cox Venus.



GERS



NEAR-SIGHTED FARMER: "GOSH, IT'S HOT! I'VE BEEN WATCHING THIS THERMOMETER FOR TEN MINUTES AND IT'S BEEN GOING UP RIGHT ALONG!"

The Universal Women's Temperance Union will present a monster petition signed by thirty million people to the next International Parliament at Thibet, requesting that body to pass a resolution to the effect that it is desirable to set apart the Great Dipper as the proper place for the establishment of a Reform School for Dipsomaniacs, holding that the present method of sending them to sea for a period of years is unnecessarily cruel and confusing, inspiring them with a dread and hatred of water that is absolutely subversive of any permanent reform. The ladies also ask for a vindictive warfare against the drinkers of gasoline, contending that the existing statute making the drinking of gasoline its own penalty, while based upon a certain scientific truth, has not acted as a preventative, and cannot do so, since the man who can find pleasure in drinking gasoline is not the sort of person who can be prevented from doing anything that happens to occur to him.

The Allied Libraries of New York, Boston, and Chicago report a generous gift from an unknown benefactor of ten thousand disks for the novelophone, containing the complete works of Victor Hugo, including his famous Nicholas Carter Stories; the best of William Makepeace Dickens, including *Mabel, the Cloak-maker's Model*, *Susan, the Sewing-girl*, and others; and the Rollo books, said to have been written by Gustave Flaubert, a French writer of distinction, in collaboration with that famous American humorist, Samuel Johnson, whose relaxation from literature back in the nineteenth century, or possibly it was the twentieth, took the unusual form of the prize-ring. We understand that upon the first presentation of these records at the Reading Stadium in Boston over thirty thousand listeners attended, and that they were completely enthralled by the lofty sentiments so gracefully expressed by these authors of a well-nigh forgotten past.

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

A WESTERN paper says that it has got so nowadays that when you see a man carrying a suit-case you can't tell whether he is going away, coming back, or just taking a week's wash to the laundry. We might add that the only consolation is that it isn't any of our business, anyhow.

Ugliness, after all, like beauty, is only skin deep, and when it comes to trouble we notice that the homely man works just as hard to save his face as a handsome man does.

If the old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do, had had any initiative she would have gone out to Reno and secured a divorce on such a basis that her husband would have the children half the time. This would have been some relief to the poor old sole.

Whether it be true that cats have nine lives or not we do not know, but private information concerning the moral sense of most of them is convincing proof that there are very few that do not live double ones.

When a man elopes with an old flame it is no exaggeration to say that the ancient torch of Hymen was relit by a runaway match.

We do not know what is the most effective method of keeping young people off the streets at night, but we do know that the best curfew in the land is a first-class dinner-bell.

The editor of London *Punch*, upon being asked how he accounted for the vagaries of the seasons this year, is said to have remained silent. He probably did not dare give voice to that beautiful thought that welled up within him, that the Zodiac had degenerated into a Brandy-and-Sodyac. Ah well, it is fine to have such thoughts even if one fails to express them!

A classic education is a fine thing. We know a young man who hopes to get a thousand dollars from a glue company because he has suggested their naming their product "the Narcissus glue," the idea being that it was this compound that Narcissus used when he got so immortally stuck on himself.

It is a pity that prohibition was unknown at the time of the Deluge. In these days Noah wouldn't have had any trouble at all finding a dry State to send his family to during the stormy period.

We believe it was some philosophic tramp who first observed that his objection to bulldogs was not that they were so fierce, but that they had so uncontrollable a tendency to jump at conclusions.

AUTUMN

All the little leaflets on the treeses wilt,
And the old world's looking like a crazy-quilt.
Jack Frost, full o' cider, 's on a jamboree,
Painting everything around red as it can be.

HOW IT HAPPENED

THEY were sitting on the hotel piazza comparing notes.

"Well, my son-in-law hasn't spoken an unkind word to me for ten years," said one old lady.

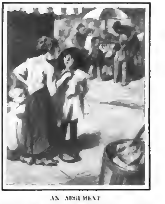
"How perfectly lovely!" said the other. "Is he dumb?"

"No," replied the first, smiling at her friend's pleasantry—"no, we haven't been on speaking terms since 1898."

A DEFINITION

"Pa," said little Willie Wantaknow, "what is a 'don't worry' philosopher?"

"He is a man who makes his living, my son, worrying about other people's worries," said Mr. Wantaknow.



AN ARGUMENT

THE BIG ONE: "LOOK HERE, MAGGIE, YOU BETTER LET ME MANAGE THE SPENDIN' O' THAT PENNY. I'VE HAD A LOT MORE 'SPERIENCE O' THE WORLD THAN YOU HAVE."

The Ruby-eyed Dragon

A DETECTIVE STORY WITH AN UNEXPECTED ENDING

By Freeman Putney, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

PART II

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

George Stillman is sent by his employer to interview John Hegenwander White, a millionaire, upon a business matter. A young woman, wearing a heavy veil and a dragon-shaped pin with ruby eyes, enters at the same time. While Stillman is seated in White's library, being left alone for a moment, he sees the girl enter an alcove and bend over a desk. They go out together and Stillman follows her to St. Patrick's Cathedral. He discovers that he has left his note-book at Mr. White's house, and, returning, learns that a gold locket and chain and a rope of pearls are missing. He is suspected of being the thief, but Mr. White refuses to call in the police and warns him that the property must be restored. Stillman goes back to the cathedral and finds the pearls in the seat which the veiled woman had occupied. He returns and gives them to Mr. White, who demands the locket and chain as well, stating that he prizes them as souvenirs and announces his intention of discovering the girl.

IT was after lunch when Stillman finally reached the office of the real-estate company. Crainy laughed as he came in:

"Old man White must have squeezed you dry, Stillman. Here's a telephone call for you, and when you have finished your mail I have some matters to talk about."

The sides of the telephone closet were of glass, and Stillman's eyes wandered idly to the corner of the office where the woman typewriter sat. Then he opened them in surprise, for in the place of the dumpy figure of the careless and slipshod Miss Gilpin, who had mangled the force's letters for the past three months, sat a new operator. This girl sat up very straight; she had not acquired the least sign of the bent spine which "three-o'clock fatigue" gives to so many office-workers; the back of her neck was clear cream, and she had a great mass of reddish-brown hair.

"For Heaven's sake!" thought Stillman. "Two such girls in one day!—or am I dreaming!"

He opened his desk in a daze, and read his mail, peeping over the letters at the new stenographer. That figure! That mass of hair! Either the resemblance was absolutely marvellous or—she was the girl who had stolen the Hegenwander jewels.

Still bewildered, he stepped over to her desk, that being the office custom for everybody but the manager.

"I'm Mr. Stillman," he said. "Will you please take a couple of letters?"

The girl turned with a little nod and a smile. Her face was fair; the complexion absolutely clear, chin and nose firmly and evenly shaped, the forehead and eyes of quick intelligence. To these the wealth of her hair and lashes, the healthy glow of her cheeks, and a flashing set of teeth added beauty enough for the discomfiture of almost any plain man.

And not by the faintest flush of color, not by the slightest finger-twitch or quiver of eyelids, did she indicate that she had ever seen Stillman before. He dictated his letters, stumblingly, and then fled to Crainy's private office.

"Who's the new stenographer?" he asked, when they were through. Crainy laughed.

"Her name's simple—Mary Hayes. One of our up-town customers recommended her. I hired her Saturday, but I guess you didn't see her. She was in the inner office when I gave you your orders about going to Hegenwander White's."

"She was!" Stillman's exclamation was almost too loud in his surprise.

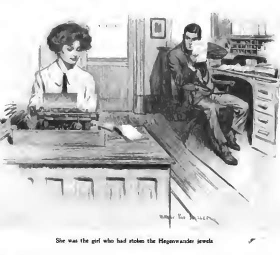
"Sure. But you'd have remembered it you'd seen her, all right. The party who sent her told me the girl used to have money and she's even a college graduate. She's on her own resources now, and lives with some distant relative up in Harlem. She's smart, all right, and the only thing I'm afraid of is that she's such a good-looker you fellows won't be able to attend to business."

"I suppose she was here promptly this morning?" questioned Stillman, carelessly.

"No, she wasn't. Telephoned early she had some necessary business to attend to and couldn't be in until late. Didn't show up until eleven o'clock. Nice way to begin a job, but she did my letters so well I forgave her. Nederfelt had the nerve to ask her to go to lunch, and, gee! what a turn-down he got!"

"The gall!" exclaimed Stillman. "On her first day!" He began to hate Nederfelt, who was one of the renting agents.

"Sure. I'd have called him myself, but I didn't need to. I don't know what she said, except that it wasn't much, but he went out looking like she'd used his conceit for a paper napkin. If I'm any judge, she ain't the go-to-lunch kind, that girl ain't."



She was the girl who had stolen the Hegenwander jewels

Stillman left the office that afternoon with a very high regard for Miss Mary Hayes, the stenographer. He did not try to reconcile that regard with what, ethically, should have been his opinion of the young woman who had undoubtedly walked off with the Hegenwander pearls. And that night he lay long awake, trying to solve a problem that was besetting him, but finally fell asleep without an answer to the question, muttering drowsily,

"How can she be a thief?"

Stillman was supposed to be an outside man, but he found many excuses the next day for being at his desk. Many times he declared to himself, as he watched the new stenographer, that she could not be the thief of the previous morning. But equally often did he go over the chain of circumstances connecting her with the loss of the pearls—her presence where she must have overheard Crainy give him the appointment at Hegenwander White's, her presence at the steps at the exact moment when he was due, her forenoon's absence from the office, and, above all, that erect figure and the mass of reddish-brown hair. Only one link was missing.

That evening, as George Stillman walked leisurely along Forty-third Street to his bachelor apartment in The Woodslite, he noticed a heavy man with distinctive features, also walking leisurely on the opposite side of the street. The next morning, the same man was loitering in a doorway as Stillman left for his work. Later in the day, turning suddenly as he left a Subway train at Fulton Street, the young man came face to face with the same individual.

Stillman went straight to his office and rang up the home of John Hegenwander White. A voice, which was recognizable as that of James, the butler, said that Mr. White would not be at home until the dinner hour. Would the gentleman leave a message?

The gentleman would.

"You tell him," directed Stillman, "that Mr. Stillman called up. Yes, I'm the young man from the real-estate office who was there Monday. You tell Mr. White that I'm being shadowed by his detectives and I won't stand for it. You tell him to call them off. What? You think Mr. White isn't used to taking orders? You deliver my message. Good-by!"

That evening the heavy Irishman was again on the opposite side of the street. But on Wednesday morning he had disappeared. All the way down-town Stillman used his wits to find out whether a substitute was tracking him, but could not discover that such was the case. An uneasy sense of being followed, however, persisted for many days afterward.

His relations with Miss Hayes, in the course of a fortnight, became friendly. One day he chanced to wear a certain waistcoat which had last been used on the occasion of a college reunion, and on which was displayed a fraternity pin. The girl noticed it as he was dictating a letter.

"Are you a Phi, Mr. Stillman?" she exclaimed. "Why, I didn't even know you were a college man."

"Brown, Nineteen-seven," he explained.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I attended the Brown Class Day exercises that year! I must have seen you in your cap and gown."

"Probably," he laughed, "but I wasn't one of the speakers. My talent ran toward baseball. Are you a college girl?"

"My class came a year after yours," she returned.

It was on his tongue to ask what her college was, when she abruptly changed the subject. Nor did she give him a chance to put the question later. Nevertheless, as the spring wore on, they found a common interest in many subjects, and one day Stillman, noticing Nederfelt glowering at him across the office, realized that he was spending more time than business warranted beside the stenographer's desk.

"I'm taking too much of your time," he said, low and laughingly. "By his looks, Mr. Nederfelt wants to dictate to you."

She gave him a frown and a toss of her head that seemed almost like a slight shoulder.

"I wish he didn't look at me so much," she complained, softly. "Office work is hard enough for any girl without any extra annoyances."

"It's a surprise to me that you stick to it," he said. "You could go into something else—say, teaching."

"Oh, I like business. And the confinement isn't so bad. I get fresh air every evening by taking a walk along the Drive—Mrs. Patterson and I."

Stillman decided that if he walked along Riverside Drive in the vicinity of her street that very evening, it might look as if he expected to meet her. So he very patiently waited until the second night, and, after locating her promenading slowly with an older lady, he followed cautiously for half a mile, and was very much surprised to meet her when she turned around.

"Why, yes," said Stillman. "I walk here quite often of a summer evening—that is, I'm going to this summer. There's nothing like the breeze off the river after a hot day down-town."

Mrs. Patterson, a widow with whom Miss Hayes boarded, was frankly glad to meet this clean, big young man, and talked to him all the way back to the apartment.

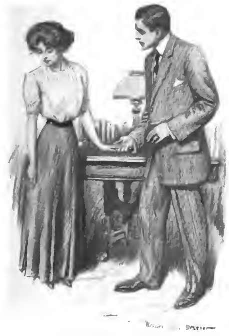
In the stuffy little parlor, Stillman drooped a bit until Mrs. Patterson made Mary Hayes go to the piano. The girl played one or two recently popular bits; then a trifle from one of the older operas—one of those things that girls use to neutralize the rag-time and show what they can do if they want to. Then softly she played *Juanita*, and Stillman went home.

That was the first of many evenings when he met Mary Hayes on the Drive, walked slowly and quietly at her side as they breathed the beauty of the river's polished sweep, black under the stars or gemmed in the moonlight, and then walked home to the flat. At first Mrs. Patterson was always with her; later the girl waited for Stillman frankly at the corner of the street.

When they returned to the little parlor, the three of them, or sometimes only the two of them, would talk awhile and then go *Seeing Nellie Home*, or *Down the Mississippi Floating*, or sing some other favorite songs, ancient or new ones, their voices ringing out together until the people in the next flat thumped on the wall and Mary closed the piano on the startling discovery that it was nearly twelve o'clock.

And meanwhile springtime burst all its buds, and its growing leaves hid the earlier blossoms in the parks, and it was early summer.

Shortly after five of a warm afternoon in late June, Stillman returned from Brooklyn to the office. He had wanted to be in time to ride up-town with Miss



"I love you! I don't care what you have done"

Hayes, and he had a lingering hope that she might delay her departure for a few minutes.

As he stepped out of the elevator into the hall, the door of the realty office opened quickly and Miss Hayes stepped into the corridor. She was breathing quickly, her cheeks were burning red, and her eyes flashing and wet.

"Oh, Mr. Stillman!" she exclaimed. "I—I'm so glad. That beast—that—"

"What is it? Who is it?"

"That—Nederfelt. He wanted me to go to supper with him at— th dear! Why can't a girl be let alone!"

Stillman's jaw shot out, and he took one step toward the office, but the girl's hand was on his arm.

"Now, don't! Why, Mr. Stillman! No, you're not going to break his damn neck! You ought not to talk so! And besides, think of me!"

Stillman stopped.

"You're right. I'll take you home and look him up afterward. I beg your pardon for the language. I'd like to choke him, though!"

He turned to signal the elevator.

"He threatened me!" she exclaimed, her anger rising again.

"Threatened you? With what?"

"I—I don't just understand. He seems to think he has some hold on me."

Stillman turned toward the office again.

"Miss Hayes, I'm going to put a stop to this right now. I don't think there will be any row, but if there is, you clear out. But I think a word will do Mr. Nederfelt good, and he's going to get it."

He strode into the office and closed the door behind him, heedless of the open transom above it. Nederfelt, his hat on, stood by the open window and turned with a sneer on his sallow face.

Stillman wasted no time in preliminaries.

"I've just seen Miss Hayes," he stated, slowly. "You've insulted her—I don't know the particulars and don't want to know, but I tell you this, you quit right here! Right here—stop short!"

Nederfelt laughed.

"And if I don't?"

The other stretched out an arm whose clenched fist nearly touched the other's nose.

"If you don't, I'll give you a thrashing you'll bear the marks of as long as you live. Look here, man!" He picked up an office chair, gripped two of the legs, and tore them apart with a single wrench. "I'm just aching, man—just aching—to get my hands on you! Say something more!" He threw the wrecked chair aside and stood with both fists clenched.

Nederfelt paled.

"Look here, Stillman, just tell me how you've got any right to butt in! You ain't got a right to threaten me just because you're jealous! Why, ain't I seen you hangin' over her desk, an' talkin' to her at noon, and—"

"You have!" roared Stillman. "And that's why I butt in. I'm square toward the girl, Nederfelt, and you're—you're not, and you know it! I'd never threaten you if you were acting honorably toward her, or had any honorable intention. Never in this God's world! But what you're trying to do, you stop right here! Do you?"

"Oh, I'll quit," returned Nederfelt. "I never supposed you was soft as all that. But say, Stillman, you don't know the girl."

"Don't you insult her again!"

"I ain't insultin' her. I'm only tellin' what I know! The girl's a crook, Stillman! Yes, she is. I got a friend in the Purpleton Agency and he put me wise. I don't mind tellin' you he got me to watch her. She's a professional flat-worker, and she's wanted for pullin' off some big job up town. All the evidence they needed was a pin she wore when she did the job. I been watchin' for that pin for two months. And she wore it to-day—a silver dragon with ruby eyes! Now you better keep off yourself, Stillman, before you get pulled into it, too! I'm tellin' you as a friend!"

"You'll tell me nothing as a friend," returned Stillman, quietly. "I understand now that you used this knowledge to try to make her take supper with you. You're too filthy for me to handle or I'd do my duty by throwing you through the window."

But his arms had dropped to his sides and Nederfelt saw that his broadside had told.

"Don't blame me," he whined. "She'll be behind bars by mornin'."

But Stillman had turned without another word and left the office. As he did so, Nederfelt darted to the telephone and called up the Purpleton Detective Agency.

Outside, Mary Hayes was quietly waiting. Stillman glanced at her face, but saw there only the lingering traces of her indignation.

"I hope you'll have no more trouble with him," he said, briefly. "I'm going all the way home with you, if you don't mind."

Both were silent on the journey up-town. As they left the subway station, however, Stillman noticed on the sidewalk the heavy Irishman who had followed him several weeks before. When they entered the apartment house, the Irishman stopped opposite.

"Wait a minute," said Stillman, and returned to the front door. Through the glass, he saw that the Irishman had been joined by a second heavily built man, and the two stood there.

"What is it?" asked Miss Hayes. "Who are those men? Why are you so quiet? Are you worried about something?"

He forced a laugh.

"I am—a little," he confessed. "Won't you ask me in for a few minutes? I have something I want to say to you."

Her eyes widened.

"Why, of course! Come along!"

In Mrs. Patterson's little parlor, Stillman was uneasily silent while the girl took off her hat. He watched her as she stepped to the window, caressing with his eyes the lines of her erect figure, the pure neck, the wealth of her hair.

Suddenly she turned and faced him.

"You're troubled!" she exclaimed. "What is it?"

"I am," he acknowledged.

She looked him calmly in the eyes.

"Is it because those detectives are watching me out there—because I am 'wanted'?"

Stillman jumped.

"You heard what Nederfelt said to me?"

"I heard it all. Do you believe it?"

There was misery in his eyes as he answered:

"I know you are the girl who went into John Hegenwander White's house with me that April morning. And I want you to give me the gold locket, so I can take it back."

"And you believe I am a thief?"

He gazed steadily into her steady eyes. She was close to him now, so close that her breath was on his face and her beauty overwhelmed him. The next instant he had kissed her; and then kissed her a score of times, his arm about her shoulders, drawing her tight to him and pressing her unresponsive lips. Then, frightened, he released her.

The color was in her face again, but she stood her ground.

"Do you believe I am a thief?" she repeated, quietly.

"Mary," he returned. "I don't believe you are a thief. I love you! But if you were a thief, I'd love you."

"But don't you want me to explain?"

"No," he returned, recklessly. "I love you! Don't you—can't you care? That's all that's important to me!"

But she backed away from his outstretched arms.

"Listen to me!" she said. "I took the pearls and the locket. I used to know the Hegenwander White house; I had been there many times. I knew Mr. White's habit of examining his personal property every April. I was in the realty office when Mr. Cranay told you to go up there that Monday morning, and I knew that the only way to get into the house, the front door being connected to an electric bell, was to go in with you. I thought you'd never know me again in a different suit and with that heavy veil on. I forgot all about the dragon pin."

Stillman was silent. Her voice grew almost plaintive:

"I needed money. Mr. White is so rich! He could have gotten along without ever missing the value of the pearls, and they meant a lot to me. That's all."

"No," he replied. "That isn't all. You haven't told me the important part."

"But I'm a thief!" she repeated.

"Tell me!" he repeated, grimly. "I love you! I don't care what you've done; I love you! Do you care—Mary?"

The girl's eyes dropped.

"Yes," she whispered, "I do care."

And this time she kissed him in return.

It was Mrs. Patterson, passing through the room, who drove them sheepishly apart.

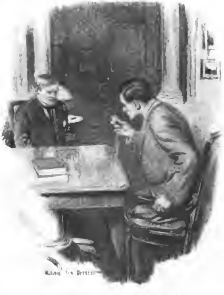
"The locket, Mary!" said Stillman, quietly. "I—you've made me forget the men outside. Give it to me and I'll take it back."

She turned her back upon him and fumbled with her waist. The next moment it was in his hand and his blood tingled as he felt the warmth of it. Impulsively he stooped and kissed it, and the girl blushed scarlet.

"Good-by, dear," he said, lingering on the word.

"You think you had better take it now?"

(Continued on page 21)



He started and brought it more closely to the light

Charles R. Heike's

Reply to the Article

"THE MEN HIGHER UP" in "The OUTLOOK"

of August 6, 1910

In "The Outlook" of August 6th, 1910, in an Article—"The Men Higher Up," which refers to the recent trials of certain employees of the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery, Mr. E. W. Gerbracht its Superintendent, and of myself as the Secretary of the Company. I have no desire, and I am really not competent, to enter into the details of Mr. Gerbracht's case; but I wish to answer the several statements made in regard to myself.

The writer throughout the article endeavors to magnify my position, and particularly to exaggerate its importance in reference to the company's raw sugar transactions and the operations of its refineries. I think it will be best if I give an outline of my duties as Secretary of the American Sugar Refining Company.

1st: I called the meetings of the Directors, and of the Executive Committee, of the American Sugar Refining Company, and of the other companies. I was present at all the meetings and kept the minutes.

2nd: I attended to all the transfers of common and preferred stock of the company, and signed the stock certificates,—formerly as Acting Treasurer, since 1899 as Secretary. This was my most important work, for which I alone was responsible. The transfers were very many, for it appears that during the nineteen years commencing January 10, 1891, there were transferred in average 987,065 shares per year, so that more than the whole capital stock of the company was transferred annually. Connected with it was a large correspondence with the stockholders, whose number now exceeds eighteen thousand. The Transfer Department paid the quarterly dividends, which also necessitated a great deal of correspondence.

3rd: I attended to all the fire insurance of the company.

4th: As Secretary, I was the general letter writer of the company, on many subjects, including the whole correspondence in reference to the company's investments in beet sugar factories.

I was also the Secretary of the Great Western Sugar Company and transferred its stock.

5th: In accordance with the By-Laws, I was in charge of all the books and accounts of the company. I did not examine them personally, however. This was done by the Auditor, Mr. Foster, and several assistants.

I had nothing directly to do with the

Raw Sugar Department: The purchase of sugar; its unloading and weighing at the refineries.

Custom House Department: The making of entries, the paying of duties, and liquidations of entries.

Refinery Department: The management of the refineries, and the technical work which is done there.

At the end of every month I prepared statements for the President and the Directors, which showed the financial results of the operations of the several refineries during the month, and it was on account of these statements that I have had to do with the Raw Sugar Department and the Refinery Department.

These statements gave, on the credit side, the total of refined sugar sold, and the unsold stock on hand at the end of the month, (less the stock on hand at the beginning of the month); and, on the debit side, the quantity and cost of the raw sugar melted, and the expenses of manufacturing and selling. "The difference between the two was the profit or the loss of the month, as the case might be."

To facilitate the comparison of these monthly statements of the several refineries, and thereby to increase their usefulness, I arranged with Mr. Niese of our Refinery Department (in 1900), that all the items which enter into the statements should be prepared on the same plan for each refinery:

(a) The expenses, in their subdivisions.

(b) The raw sugar melted, its weight and price.

All raw sugar purchased by the company was charged to what was called "Import Account." The quantity of raw sugar melted at the refinery was credited to this Import Account, and debited to an account called "Melting Account."

Payment for imported sugar is made on the invoice weight, which is the weight of the sugar at the shipping point. When sugar arrives at New York and is reweighed, it generally shows a loss, which varies in accordance with the quality and grade of the sugar, and the distance from which it came. Of course, this loss in weight on raw sugar is a loss to the company, and it is one of the expenses of the manufacture of refined sugar.

The plan adopted in 1900 provided that the loss in weight was to be divided between the import account and the melting account. The customary or expected loss was to be borne by the import account, any excess was to be debited to the melting account, and thereby to the cost of making refined sugar.

The melting books of the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery and the Jersey City Refinery were kept at the New York office by raw sugar clerk Montgomery, who would enter in them, in black ink, the pounds of sugar actually received and melted at the refinery as reported to him, and their cost at a fixed price per pound. He would enter, in red ink, the pounds representing excessive losses in weight, as calculated for him by import clerk Schmelter, and also their cost at the same price per pound. The total of these two amounts—the one in black ink, and the other in red ink—would be the value of the raw sugar to be debited to the melting account of the refinery, and which would thereby enter into the calculation of the cost of manufacture. This arrangement, to divide the loss in weight between the two accounts, suggested by Mr. Niese and myself, was first submitted to Mr. H. O. Havemeyer for approval. No one could have made such an important change without his sanction.

The article in the Outlook attaches much importance to the technical statements of the refineries. It will be well therefore to give a description of them to the reader.

Each refinery keeps a book, or several books, in which are entered the daily operations of the refinery—the quantity and grade of the raw sugar melted, and the quantity and grade of the refined sugar and syrup produced. At the end of every month the details of such operations are entered in a statement which shows

1st. The raw sugar melted during the month, giving of each kind or grade of raw sugar, separately, the pounds melted, and their complete chemical analyses.

2nd. The refined sugar produced during the month, namely, the pounds of each kind or grade of sugar made, and their chemical analyses.

3rd. The syrup produced, namely, the pounds of syrup made, and their chemical analyses.

4th. The stock of "Sugar and Syrup in Process" at the end of the month, which means the unfinished product in the refinery that has ceased to be raw sugar and has not yet become refined sugar or refined syrup.

5th. The loss in refining, as represented by the percentages of crystallizable sugar, grape sugar, water, and the impurities.

The statement giving this information is called the "Technical Statement." A copy of it is sent by each refinery to Mr. Niese of the Refinery Department at 117 Wall Street, New York. This Refinery Department is the most important department of the company. Its members receive the largest salaries the company pays. Mr. Niese and Dr. Hooker each receive $50,000 annually. Mr. J. O. Donner, who died in 1900 or 1901, and whose name was mentioned at the trial, was a member of this department. He received an annual salary of $100,000.

As Secretary of the company I had nothing to do with the operations of the refineries, and their technical statements, as such, were of no interest to me. But in the monthly financial statements which I prepared, and which have been explained above, I noted the percentages of hard sugar, soft sugar and syrup produced by each refinery. These figures I formerly obtained from the technical statements which I borrowed from Mr. Niese for that purpose. The statements also gave to me (or to my clerks) the number of pounds of Crystal Domino sugar produced, which are used in calculating the advertising expense of that brand. They also proved useful for the checking of the pounds of raw sugar melted as reported by the refinery to the raw sugar clerk, and they gave the total of the refined sugar produced. As the borrowing of the statement from Mr. Niese was inconvenient, (he might want to refer to it just when my clerks were using it), I arranged a number of years ago to have a separate copy of it sent to me. There were consequently three copies made at each refinery. One retained by the Superintendent of the refinery, a second sent to the Refinery Department—to Mr. Niese, and the third sent to the Secretary's office, to me. Except as mentioned, I was not really entitled to the information contained in the statement, (considered to be of a confidential nature, as an index of the efficiency of the refinery and the skill of its Superintendent), and Mr. Niese asked me at the time to have my statements destroyed after I had finished with them.

The company permitted the District Attorney to examine all my books and papers. Mr. Frankfurter and one or two of his assistants spent the larger part of six months at my office; they read all my letter books from 1893 to 1909, containing copies of letters on all subjects imaginable—about 15,000 in all, but which did not include the larger correspondence with the stockholders and that in regard to the transfers of stock. Mr. Foster, who looked over these letters at my request, found, that in the correspondence of seventeen years, there were about forty to fifty letters which had reference to raw sugar—some to differences in weight and some to Custom House weights. Among them was a letter to Mr. Frank G. Turner in Boston, of December 24, 1904. It had been suggested by Mr. Niese of the Refinery Department, that the system adopted at Brooklyn and Jersey City to charge excessive losses in weight to melting account—which means to the cost of manufacturing sugar—should be extended to the Boston Refinery. Instructions in regard to it were given in the letter to Mr. Turner above mentioned, and which has been copied in the article in the Outlook, but with several important omissions. The first of these is the opening sentence:

> "I spoke to Mr. Thomas the other day in reference to a change we wish to make in your melting account, in order to have it conform to the melting account of the other refineries, and which will facilitate the comparison of the workings of our several houses."

The importance of the sentence lies in the fact that the proposed change had been mentioned to Mr. W. B. Thomas, who is now the President of the American Sugar Refining Company and who was at that time its Vice-President and the Manager of the Boston Refinery. It was necessary to obtain his consent to such an important change, and all the details were explained to him. It is evident that the system adopted in New York, and to be introduced in Boston, could have had no reference to fraudulent practices.

The letter continues:

> "The change was made in New York several years ago, when it was found that cargoes of sugar melted at our refineries showed larger losses in weight than it was reasonable to expect. That the difference was not due to actual losses was shown by the technical statements, which frequently gave large gains in the percentage of crystallizable sugar."

Again there is an important omission, for the question will occur to everyone, what did our Refinery Department, which furnished the information to me, consider large gains? The writer of the article would have you suppose that it referred to two or three per cent., which Mr. Waters, the government accountant, showed in certain technical statements reconstructed by him. The answer is: 0.34, 0.37, 0.38, an average of less than one-half per cent.

Mr. Keppler, a sugar refiner of long experience, who was called as a witness by the Government, testified that operations at refineries showed at times a gain as large as 0.60, so that the percentages mentioned as large in the letter were in reality nothing extraordinary.

The writer of the article in the Outlook continues his criticism of the letter under the heading,

"SOME UNGUARDED ADMISSIONS!"

> "Second, to the liberal weights and tares which we receive from the Custom House." Frank admission that the Custom House weights are too low, coupled with the usual hypocritical intimation that the "liberality" of the Government weighers furnished the reason.

What is called "liberal Custom House weights" has been recognized by the Sugar Trade for the last forty years, and it is for that reason that importers do not sell cargoes on Custom House weights, but have the sugar reweighed by a city weigher. The difference is no case however, is very large, just as the gain in crystallizable was not two or three per cent., but less than one-half per cent.

> "Which, of course, we do not undertake to correct." Of course, they didn't want to pay more duty than they had to, especially after taking so much trouble with holes and springs to keep the weights low.

Returns made by the Custom House are supposed to be final, and correction of them cannot be made, whether they are too high or too low. The reference to holes and springs is of course absurd, as the letter was written to Boston, in regard to the weights and tares of sugar received there, and with the consent of Mr. Thomas who would never have approved of fraudulent devices of any kind.

> "I compare the number of pounds reported as melted with the actual number for which we paid." Another frank admission: they sometimes paid for more sugar than they paid duty on.

Of course, not only sometimes, but practically always, we pay for more sugar than we pay duty on, because duty on sugar is levied on the pounds landed at the United States, and not on the pounds lost during transit. Muscovado sugars have lost as much as ten per cent., and in such cases we paid duty on only ninety per cent. of the invoice weights. To explain further: Duty is always paid on the full number of pounds for which we have paid to the seller, in accordance with the original invoice which we file with the Custom House. After the sugar has been weighed, the duty on the shortage—the pounds not received—is returned to the company in a Treasury check. There is nothing secret about it.

> "If there is any difference I charge the melting account as follows." The number of pounds of sugar paid for is absolutely right. When this weight disagrees with the refinery weight, the latter is the one to be corrected.

As already explained, the number of pounds paid for is not obviously right, but obviously wrong, as it includes the loss during the voyage, but as the amount cannot be recovered, it is charged to the melting account, as a part of the cost of making sugar.

> "If the refinery weight would show a loss of two per cent. I add the one per cent. to the meltings." Where the refinery weight, otherwise the Custom House weight (otherwise, the false weight found in the seventeen scale houses), was more than one per cent. less than the invoice weight, the refinery is charged with the difference, for it really got the sugar.

The same explanation—the refinery really did not get the sugar, but as the company paid for it, it was charged to melting account—the cost of making sugar.

> "I make these changes at the New York office." That is where they mutated the real figures showing the true efficiency of the refinery.

The efficiency of the refinery is determined by the Refinery Department, and is based on the refinery weights, viz: the pounds which the refinery had actually received, and not on the weight charged to melting account.

> "It does not seem to me desirable that there should be two sets of weights on the books of the Refinery." These too close to the field of operations on the dock. Besides, the fewer people know that there are two sets of figures, the safer the secret will be.

The books at the refinery had nothing to do with the melting account. They showed the refinery weights, namely, the pounds received by the refinery, and it was the duty of the Superintendent to obtain from them the best possible results. The loss in weight on the voyage to New York would be of little interest to the refinery employees, and it might have confused them.

> "One set, for instance, representing the Custom House weight on which duty is paid, and another set representing melting weights, giving a larger number of pounds." Here is the final confession. The Custom House weights were lower than the real weights, they knew it, and took steps to keep the true and the false weights apart.

It has been explained over and over again that the Custom House weights represent the landed weight; that the refinery weight, which may be the Custom House weights, represents the number of pounds actually received at the refinery. This is called "The Final Confession!" It is nothing more, however, than the repeatedly stated fact, that the refinery weight is the actual weight of the sugar as received at the refinery and for which may be taken the Custom House weight, if the Superintendent chooses. The weight in the melting account, however, contains in addition to the pounds received, the pounds lost in transit, and which had been added to it, because the company had paid for them, and they were included in the cost of the production of refined sugar.

Spitzer testified at the trial that frauds in weighing at the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery were practiced as far back as 1880. I had nothing whatever to do with the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery until after the organization of the American Sugar Refining Company in 1891. I became Secretary in 1899, when I had some control over the books. The whole bookkeeping of the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery concealed the frauds, if there were any, by keeping the results of the meltings in one account. The system proposed by Mr. Niese and myself in 1900 showed the differences in weight and called attention to them. The pounds representing losses were marked in the melting account in red ink, in order to make them conspicuous. If I had believed that the differences were due to frauds, is it conceivable that I should have started and continued a system of bookkeeping which called particular attention to them?

Several of my letters on raw sugar show that I was constantly in search of information in order to explain the excessive losses. A very interesting letter is one to the Manager of the New Orleans Refinery, Mr. Witherspoon, written on September 19th, 1907, just two months before the discovery of the springs at H. & E. It was read at the trial, but of course the writer of the Outlook did not mention it. It is as follows:

> New York, September 19, 1907.
>
> Mr. J. T. Witherspoon,
> The American Sugar Refining Co.,
> New Orleans, La.
>
> Dear Sir:
>
> I notice that among your meltings of August was nearly [illegible] per cent. Java sugar. Refinery weights compared with the invoice weights show a loss of a trifle less than ½ per cent. I shall be obliged to you if you will let me know how the Custom House weights compare with the invoice and refinery weights. It is our experience in New York that Custom House weights of Java sugar show frequently great differences, which is due I believe chiefly to the difficulty in ascertaining correct average tare for the baskets.
>
> Yours very truly,
> C. R. Heike,
> Secretary.

To understand it, it has to be remembered that the meltings of the New Orleans Refinery are chiefly of domestic Louisiana sugars, and it is only when sufficient quantity cannot be obtained that we go outside—generally to next door, so to speak—to Cuba or Porto Rico.

It seems, however, that during the summer of 1907 the company had purchased for New Orleans a large quantity of Java sugar, and that fifty-four per cent. of the meltings of the New Orleans house in August were of that grade. There was an unusual opportunity to obtain information, and I availed myself of it at once. The letter was written for details of the weights, which might help to explain the large differences found in Brooklyn. Is it conceivable that the letter would have been written if I, or anyone in the office, had known that the differences in Brooklyn were due to frauds?

I have been referred to as the "General Manager of the office," and the man "close to President Havemeyer." This is not true, however. I was neither the one nor the other. When the American Sugar Refining Company was organized, Mr. Havemeyer appointed for all the prominent clerkships in the office at New York employes of Havemeyers & Elder, in preference to any from the other Companies which had entered the Trust. I think I was retained principally because I attended to the very important work of the Transfers of Stock and which I had done since the Sugar Refineries Company had been formed in 1887. Mr. Havemeyer never discussed matters with me nor did he take me into his counsel. A very interesting fact was brought out through the testimony of John H. Thompson, an old Havemeyers & Elder raw sugar clerk, who testified that he had been selected by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer to make claims for shortages of raw sugar cargoes, and that he had done so for more than ten years, a fact not known to me, who was theoretically in charge of the books, nor to Auditor Foster, who was in reality so.

So many confusing statements have been made in regard to "liberal Custom House weights" that I think it well to give an outline of the manner in which import duty on raw sugar is collected by the Custom House, also, in regard to the selling by the importers on the City Weigher's weight. It is from a letter which I wrote a year ago in answer to an inquiry from a stockholder:

> "When a vessel arrives from a foreign country with a cargo of sugar consigned to us, we make at once an entry at the Custom House and we surrender the original invoice sent to us by the shipper, the correctness of which the American Consul has certified. We pay duty on the number of pounds stated in the invoice, and the sugar is then unloaded under the supervision of C. H. Officers and is weighed [and tared] by C. H. weighers. The sugar is also sampled by C. H. samplers for polariscopic test by C. H. chemists. The results of the weighing and sampling are afterwards sent by the government employes to the proper department in the Custom House, where the original entry is then liquidated. If it is found that the Custom House weight is larger than the invoice weight, for instance,—if the invoice weight had been 5,000,000 lbs. and the Custom House weight is 5,050,000 lbs., a notice is sent to us to pay duty on the additional 50,000 lbs., but if the Custom House weight is smaller than the invoice weight, say 4,900,000 lbs., then the duty on the 100,000 lbs. is returned to us in a Treasury check. Similar adjustments are made in regard to the polariscopic tests. The Custom House weights are assumed to be correct; moreover, the department has for comparison the original invoices and the landed weights of all cargoes of sugar imported here by all the refiners and all the merchants, and if at any time an unusual discrepancy is noted, the liquidating clerk has the opportunity, and it is his duty, to investigate it at once. For the importer, however, the Custom House weights are final and there is no appeal."
>
> "If a cargo of sugar is weighed twice and by different weighers, the results are never the same; there is particularly a considerable variance in the tares. It is understood that the government weighers weigh correctly, but rather liberally, and on that account their weights are not used by merchants in making sales. A good deal of sugar which arrives at New York is consigned to merchants, who pay their own duty and who afterwards sell the sugar to refiners. They always sell on landed weights. The sugar in such cases is landed either at the dock of a refinery, or at a public wharf or warehouse, and it is weighed there by C. H. weighers; such weight is landed weight and on it the duty is paid. Although the importer receives a statement of that weight from the Custom House without charge, he does not use it for the invoice to the refiner, but he hires another weigher, called the City Weigher, who, at considerable expense, rehandles and reweighs the sugar, and the importer does so, because he knows that the city weigher weighs the sugar more closely, and that the value of the additional number of pounds is greater than the additional expense. On the city weigher's weights the invoice is rendered to the refiner and paid. I will add that there is no case on record that an importer ever went to the Custom House Collector and said, 'I have had my cargo of sugar reweighed by a city weigher who has found it heavier than your weighers, and I will pay the additional duty on the additional number of pounds.'"

At the trial my counsel offered a large number of original Custom House entries, of sugars which the company had purchased on landed weight, but on which the importers themselves had paid the duty, and some of which showed large differences between the Custom House weight and the weight charged to the company. These entries however were not permitted to be put in evidence.

The Outlook article makes much of a letter written by the late H. O. Havemeyer to Mr. Gerbracht on November 15th, 1906, and in which he stated to Mr. Gerbracht, that I had called his attention to liberal Custom House weights. I do not remember at all that I had spoken to Mr. Havemeyer on weights at [illegible] time, and I so testified, and Mr. Havemeyer never told me that he had written such a letter to Mr. Gerbracht. I do not know that it had anything to do with the rebate cases.

The letter was found in Mr. Havemeyer's letter books which Mr. Horace Havemeyer, the son of the late H. O. Havemeyer and who is himself now a director of the company, handed [illegible] some time in March, because he thought that they might be useful in the preparation for the trial. I had never seen these books, and I found that, in addition to the letter mentioned, they contained a great many letters to Mr. Gerbracht, giving orders in regard to the details of the operations of the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery. I showed the books to Mr. Stanchfield, the attorney who conducted my case, and he thought it well to offer the letter in evidence, because, as he said, it would confirm in a [illegible] statement that I had called Mr. Havemeyer's attention to differences in weights. I have done so on various occasions, perhaps not particularly to Custom House weights, (to which I gave no special attention), but rather to the differences between the invoice or settlement weights and the refinery weights. I did so in 1900, when the proposed change in bookkeeping was presented for his approval, and several times since. It is to be noted that after the new system of bookkeeping had been put into operation, I myself did *not* make comparisons of weights regularly; for the monthly statements I generally took the last figures of the accounts in the books without further inquiry.

The Outlook article states that there was offered in evidence "a set of tables first originated by Mr. Havemeyer, then extended and supplemented by Heike, the only conceivable use of which would be in showing the difference between the true weights and the false on all kinds of cargoes."

Mr. Schmelter who prepared these tables testified that they had been made by instructions of Mr. Havemeyer, but that once a year he had shown them to me for a few minutes. They were Statistics for the use of the Raw Sugar Department in buying sugar. They contained the invoice weights and refinery weights, to enable the calculations of the loss in weight. At one time I suggested to Mr. Schmelter to add the Custom House weights, because for comparison it is always desirable to have as many sets of weights as possible.

It must be remembered that the company purchases during the year three billion pounds of raw sugar, and that the loss on weight is an important item which enters into the cost. The buyer compares the quotations at which sugar can be purchased at any part of the globe. He carefully calculates what the cost of the sugar will be when it is received at the refineries, and which includes the original price, freight, insurance, etc., and the expected loss in weight which is based upon former years' experience. To illustrate: Java sugar, showing a loss of three per cent., may still be cheaper to buy than Cuba sugar losing only one-half per cent., or Porto Rico sugar, losing nothing at all. It depends entirely upon the price to be paid for it. The company's raw sugars are bought by the Head of the Raw Sugar Department, after consulting with, or under instructions from, the President. Mr. Schmelter testified at a previous trial that Mr. Havemeyer had not seen these tables, although he had ordered them to be made. If so, he must have received the required information from another source, for he could not have directed purchases without it. I as Secretary was not interested in it.

It has been asserted that the saving of duty on sugars imported at Havemeyers & Elder's should have been noticed by the large profits, which that refinery must have shown when compared with the other houses. It is the remarkable fact, however, that its profits were very much smaller. Tables showing in detail the manufacturing profits of all the refineries during the eight years from 1901 to 1908, inclusive, were submitted at the trial. The last figures were as follows:

MANUFACTURING PROFITS FOR THE 8 YEARS, 1901 TO 1908 INCLUSIVE, PER 100 LBS. OF RAW SUGAR MELTED, OF THE A. S. R. CO.'S FIVE REFINERIES, CALCULATED ON SAME BASIS AS TO WEIGHTS AND TESTS.

Havemeyers & Elder Refinery	8^{842}	cent.
Jersey City Refinery	22^{188}	do.
Boston Refinery	24^{443}	do.
New Orleans Refinery	17^{062}	do.
Spreckels Refinery, Philadelphia	17^{903}	do.

If the loss in weight at Havemeyers & Elder had not been debited to melting account, but had been borne by import account, the results would have shown an additional gain of 4^{084} cents, making a total of 12^{926} cents. But even with this addition, for which of course there is no justification whatever, Havemeyers & Elder's manufacturing profits were very much smaller than those of the other houses.

On the last page in the Outlook the writer speaks of another letter "on an unimportant subject," in the course of which Heike wrote "as there are no duties paid on these sugars, there could under no circumstances be any harm in showing the weights, *as there could be no comparison with the Custom House Weights.*"

The subject, however, is not unimportant at all, and the letter should have been given in full. It is one of a number of letters written in 1897 in reference to Sandwich Island sugars shipped to New York. These sugars were consignments for which the company paid on landed weights and tests. Mr. Searles, who was the company's Secretary at the time, requested me to take charge of the matter. I showed to our raw sugar clerks the method of rendering account sales and I asked them to call my attention to anything extraordinary. The letter is as follows:

> Sept. 24th, 1897
>
> DEAR MR. GERBRACHT:
>
> "The clerk of the Insurance inspectors who went over to your refinery to see the weight books of the [illegible] came back with the report that the weight books had all been destroyed, and when he expressed surprise that they could not be seen by him he was told that it would require a special annex to be built if we were to keep the weight books for inspection. As the [illegible] did not arrive until Sept. 13th, which was ten days ago, it seems, at least, that the annex would be very small to keep weight books for ten days; and as there were no duties paid on these sugars there could under no circumstances be any harm in showing the weights, as there could be no comparison with Custom House weights.
>
> "It is very unfortunate that so little attention is paid to the things required to collect insurance claims, and it is extremely difficult to get a settlement under the circumstances. The insurance inspector is always entitled to see the ship and you should not have allowed the [illegible] to go away until the man had been there to inspect her and see the cause of the damage. It is true that you sent word at once to the office, but it seems that the young man had gone on his vacation and the one in charge of his work had not been properly instructed, but under the circumstances you might have sent even a second or third request for the inspector to come over, or you could have telephoned me to send him. It is particularly necessary with these Sandwich Island cargoes, because there is always a considerable part damaged by what we call 'sweat-damage,' so that the mere presence of damaged bags on the dock does not show that the underwriter is liable for them.
>
> "I may say that I was well aware that an attempt had been made to scuttle the ship at Hilo, but the Captain particularly stated in his letter sent from that port that the sugar was not damaged, as the water did not reach up to the dunnage, and the protest which he filed here in New York to account for the damage stated that it was due to extremely rough weather on the passage to New York, and that the water got in through the [illegible] the masts. It was to verify these [illegible] the insurance man ought to have seen the ship [illegible] to see the weight book because [illegible] of the drafts might have been lighter than [illegible] which would indicate that some of the bags [illegible] or slack and washed out, which is always a good evidence of salt water damage.
>
> Yours truly,
>
> C. R. HEIKE."

It will be seen that the letter is in reference to an insurance claim. Shipments had been insured against loss in weight and damage to the sugar. In the letter I took Mr. Gerbracht to task for not having preserved the weight books for examination by the Insurance Inspector. The claims for loss in weight are based upon the differences between the invoice-weight, as shipped from Honolulu, and the landed weight, as taken at the refinery. *The smaller the landed weight, the larger the loss and the claim.* In order to be able to check the refinery weights, on which the claim is based, the Insurance people always like to get, if possible, another set of weights, taken by another weigher. If the second weights are lighter than the refinery weights, there is a prompt settlement of the claim, but if they are heavier there will probably be a dispute.

On sugar subject to import duty there is always a second weight, namely, the Custom House weight. Now if the Custom House weights were the same as the refinery weights, or even lighter, there would be no trouble with the settlement, but if the Custom House weights were heavier than the refinery weights—if it appeared that duty was paid on a larger number of pounds than the refinery weights showed as having been received—the Insurance Company would very likely dispute the claim.

As Sandwich Island sugars pay no duty, there could be no Custom House weights for comparison, and that is what I stated to Mr. Gerbracht. I have no idea at present, why I should have written this thirteen years ago, but it clearly establishes the fact that I held that *Custom House weights were or might be heavier than refinery weights.* Perhaps at a previous time Mr. Gerbracht had made a claim on a cargo of dutiable sugar, and he had found difficulty in collecting it on account of the heavier Custom House weights.

The remainder of the letter is very interesting, for it shows how careful I was that no unjustified claim should be made.

The damage to raw sugar on a voyage is of two kinds: "Sweat-Damage," caused by deterioration of the quality due to the long voyage in hot climates (the shipments from Honolulu cross the Equator twice); and secondly, "Marine-Damage," caused by salt water. The Insurance Company is only liable for "Marine-Damage"; but after the discharging of a cargo and the placing of the damaged bags on the dock, it is practically impossible to ascertain to which of the two causes the damage is due.

As a rule people are not very particular in the rendering of claims against Insurance Companies, and I may say that one who is as conscientious as the writer of this letter, is not likely to be a party to a scheme to defraud the Government, as has been alleged. The letter was certainly *not* written for effect. Who could have imagined at the time that it would be read at a Trial in Court 13 years later!

Now, a few words about myself. I have been convicted of conspiracy. But with whom did I conspire? Certainly not with Mr. Gerbracht. He did not make any reports of the operations of his refinery to me, but to the Refinery Department in the New York office, of which department he himself was a member, and which he and the Superintendents of the other refineries visited regularly.

My guilt seems to have consisted in changing the mode of bookkeeping of the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery and in introducing a uniform method for all the refineries, which was done to facilitate the comparison of their operations. The losses in the weights of imported cargoes were entered in red ink and debited to melting account, so that their value, being one of the expenses of the refinery, could be added to the cost of making sugar. I arranged this method with Mr. Niese; and obtained the consent of Vice-President Thomas to extend it to the Boston Refinery. Was the conspiracy with these gentlemen? It could have been with no one else, and yet merely to state such a theory is to refute it.

Now, what should I have done? Continued the old style of bookkeeping, which was crude and concealed many essential facts needed for a proper understanding of the results? If the differences between invoice weights and Custom House weights were large, had I any reason to believe that they were wrong? And what reason had I to assume, that the liquidating clerks of the Custom House and of the Naval Office, who had before them the original invoices of the cargoes and the statements of their Custom House weights, and who saw the differences between the two, had been negligent when they ordered a refund of duty? What could I have done anyway? These matters were handled in our company by the Custom House Department and the Raw Sugar Department, over which I had no control. The only thing which I could have done, was what I did, viz: to call the attention of our Refiners and of the President to them; but at no time was there any suspicion in my mind that these differences had anything to do with frauds committed at the refinery. It must also be remembered, that my various duties as the company's Secretary kept me extremely busy, and that I gave but little time to raw sugar matters.

It is a most remarkable fact, that in the whole investigation there has never been shown, or suggested, a proper motive for the alleged frauds at Havemeyers & Elder. It is true, that that refinery did very poor work, if compared with the other houses, particularly Matthiessen & Wiechers at Jersey City, and it is not altogether inconceivable, that some of its employes might have encouraged very liberal Custom House weights and low tests for raw sugar in their technical statements, in order to make a better showing. But it is absolutely impossible to suggest a motive for me, the Secretary; I do not see how I could have received the slightest benefit, either directly or indirectly, in money, position, or otherwise. My salary was not large, if compared with other salaries paid by the company. It amounted to $20,000 in 1907, after thirty-three years' service in the present company and its predecessors. It had been very small at first, but it was increased from time to time, and the increases were always made by the Board of Directors and noted in the minutes. I have held but little stock in the company. I am not rich, but having always lived economically, I am sufficiently well off to be financially independent, and I can think of no reason, (even when leaving aside all ethical considerations), why I should have consented to fraudulent practices, or even remained with a company where frauds were practiced.

Finally, I will confess that, being an officer of the American Sugar Refining Company, I felt deeply humiliated, when at the several trials was revealed an almost incredible mismanagement at the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery, which had made these frauds possible. I myself, however, had nothing to do with it, and I knew absolutely nothing about it.—[Advt.]

CHARLES R. HEIKE.

New York, August 12, 1910.

Finance

WESTERN UNION'S MOVE TOWARD CORPORATION PUBLICITY

By Franklin Escher

THE directors of one of the most important corporations in the country, the Western Union, were in session in their high-ceiled board room at 195 Broadway, New York City. Before the meeting lay a complete revaluation of the company's property and assets, the result of eight months' labor on the part of the most expert independent appraisers in the United States. "Shall we adopt this report and make it public?"—that was the question being considered. It meant a lot in the case of this company and it meant a lot more in its bearing on the great question of corporation publicity. Eventually, the sense of the meeting proved to be about as follows:

The stockholder has a right to know. The shares of this company are scattered from one end of the Union to the other. The public has a right to know. There is no part of the United States in which we are not doing business under public franchise. This is more than a private corporation. It is a great national enterprise. About every one in the country, directly or indirectly, is interested in it. The public is entitled to the facts.

Great changes come slowly. Radical departures from long-established policy are not decided on overnight. When the Western Union directors on the fourth of October swung open their ponderous mahogany doors to let the light of publicity come flooding in, theirs was no hastily considered action. Months and months before, expert appraisers had been set to work, and during all that time, in the minds of those high in the company's councils, the conviction had been strengthening and deepening that the public must be taken into the company's confidence. Star-chamber days in corporation finance were a thing of the past. The time had come for the shareholders, in fact as well as in name, to be a partner in the enterprise.

To get to the beginning of this epoch-marking move on the part of Western Union, it is necessary to go back all the way to last December, when public announcement was made that the Gould holdings of Western Union had been taken over by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Just what proportion of Western Union's capitalization was involved in the transfer was not given out, the general understanding being that the interest acquired would be sufficient to give the telephone company effectual control. And so, indeed, it turned out. Whether the Gould holdings of Western Union amounted to twenty-five per cent. or thirty per cent. made little difference. In a company like Western Union, whose stock was scattered in small lots all over the country, a block of either size would carry with it complete control.

On account of the high esteem in which the management of the telephone company is so generally held, great things were predicted as a result of the absorption of Western Union. By the press of the country the "deal" was most favorably commented on, it being widely pointed out that under the direction of such men as Theodore N. Vail and his associates, the telegraph company was bound soon to work itself into a position where it could offer the public far more efficient service than it had ever before been able to offer.

But a very few months had elapsed when it became apparent to the new management that a modern and up-to-date appraisal of the company's assets would make possible a far greater degree of efficiency of operation. "Here," they said to themselves, "we've bought control of this property and we know it's immensely valuable, but we don't know just *how* valuable. These appraisals of real estate and securities owned were probably made a long time ago. If we have a complete inventory made of everything we've got we can announce the facts to the public, start a new set of books, and begin our responsibility to stockholders right there. If any mistakes were made in the past we won't be responsible for them."

Decision to have the property reappraised was no sooner reached than plans began to be made to have the appraisal carried out in such a way as to command the public's fullest confidence. In the first place, it was realized, the books must be thoroughly gone over by the most expert of expert accountants. Price, Waterhouse, & Co. were quickly selected for that job. In the next place, it was figured, the value of the company's property must be appraised by the most competent of engineers. Westinghouse, Church, Kerr, & Co. were selected to do that. To both these firms *carte blanche* was given to go ahead and find out what they could. An absolutely independent report was wanted, it was impressed upon the appraisers—a report which would state the replacement value of the property owned and the market value of the securities held, regardless of whether these values jibed or did not jibe with the amount as given in the old balance-sheet. Bookkeeping methods, it was pointed out, are very different now from what they were in former times; real estate and security values change. Because the Western Union's assets amounted to so and so much at some time in the past it was by no means said that they were worth just that much now. Find out, said the management to these expert appraisers, just what the value of this company's assets is to-day—just what its lines and other property could be replaced for, and just what could be realized by the sale of the securities it owns.

With these instructions, and provided with every facility that the telegraph company had it in its power to grant, the appraisers went to work. That was about eight months ago. Just recently the job has been finished, the report made, and the new balance-sheet adopted by the directors. As an official document disclosing to the public the true condition of a big public-service corporation's affairs, the report is without a parallel. For years to come it will stand as a monument to the inauguration of a new state of things in corporation finance—a state of things when the stockholder can go to the balance-sheet of his company, read it with confidence that it is free from evasion and tergiversation, understand what it means.

It is impossible to read over this Price, Waterhouse, & Co. report on Western Union without realizing the spirit of fairness and yet of absolute independence in which the investigation and appraisal were conducted. At the report's very outset there are set forth, for instance, the methods used in determining the value of the company's real property. "In order to be assured of the substantial integrity of the capital assets," says the report, "with your approval we retained Messrs. Westinghouse, Church, Kerr, & Co. to make as careful an estimate of the replacement cost, new, of the physical property of your company as could be arrived at without a detailed appraisal which it would have been impossible to secure in the time at our command. As a basis for their valuation they have accepted the pole and wire mileage as reported by the operating and other officials of your company, and, after satisfying themselves of the substantial accuracy of all data furnished in this way, as well as of that relating to the equipment and other property of the company, they have arrived at a total valuation of the physical property of the company. While this valuation must be accepted as approximate only, it is nevertheless in our opinion substantially correct, and in preparing the balance-sheet submitted herewith we have adopted it, and have adjusted the difference between the appraised and book values by a charge of $5,595,069.94 against surplus."

A charge of $5,595,069.94 against surplus—that means, in other words, that the company comes frankly before the public and says, "Here, the value of the property owned isn't as great as is shown by the balance-sheet; it's five and a half million dollars less. That's got to be taken out of surplus." And so out of surplus it comes.

That, however, was only one item. Going through the Western Union's books, these keen-eyed examiners found other things which they thought ought to be changed. In the bookkeeping system of a big company like the one in question, made up from the consolidation of a large number of smaller concerns, there is naturally a good deal of leeway, especially on questions affecting liability to constituent companies. By the old management it had been figured that the liability to one of the subsidiaries (the Gold and Stock Telegraph Co.) amounted to so-and-so much. Under a more modern system of keeping the books, the expert accountants who made the recent examination figured that it amounted to more—$2,219,874.21 more. By that amount, therefore, surplus was further reduced.

Then came the revaluation of securities owned, a most delicate piece of business in view of the large proportion of inactive securities among the company's investments. And here again fell the axe, $1,709,545.97 being clipped off the value of the securities as shown in the old balance-shee[illegible]ok values," says the report, "have been adjusted to market prices, except in the case of securities for which no reliable quotations have been available. We are satisfied, however, as to the latter that the valuations adopted are conservative."

With ten million dollars thus ruthlessly cut out of the existing nineteen million dollar surplus on account of depreciation of property and investments it might be thought that these "downward revisers" [illegible] satisfied and let it go at that. Leaving anything "go at that" was, however, apparently very far from their idea of the way in which the appraisal intrusted to them ought to be handled. Bad [illegible] accounts and accrued liabilities were still [illegible] and here again was found the opportun[illegible] of the pruning knife. To take care of such accounts and liabilities a fund of $1,706,633.94 was set aside, or, to put it another way, lopped off surplus.

Two-thirds of the old surplus had now been wiped out, but the question of depreciation on the submarine cables owned by the company still remained. Careful consideration finally convinced the engineers in charge that depreciation to the extent of $2,000,000 had taken place and that that amount should be set aside to cover it. And finally, in order that anything that had been overlooked might be fully taken care of, a special $500,000 reserve for contingencies was set aside.

Take the various items given above and add them up and it will be found that the total charged to the old $18,867,461.86 surplus comes to $13,731,143.16, leaving a balance of $5,136,318.70 as the new surplus.

That is readjustment and with a vengeance, but in the very ruthlessness with which it has been carried out there exists that guarantee of good faith by which the company wants its dealings with the public to be stamped. Whether or not the new management, at the time that it set the appraisers at work, knew or even suspected that such a slaughter of the surplus would have to take place, is entirely beside the question. The real point at issue was that Theodore N. Vail and the others who came into control of the Western Union late last year realized that what they had undertaken was more or less of a public trust and that it was the public's right that it be informed of the true state of things. With that idea in mind they ordered the appraisal made, and with that idea in mind they made public the report almost while the ink with which it was written was still wet. It required courage, the publication of this statement to stockholders, saying in effect, "The property belonging to your company has been revalued, the surplus isn't nineteen millions, as you had been led to believe, but five millions," but it was the truth, and regarding the affairs of this great company it had been determined that the public should know the truth.

Is this policy of publicity and of open-handed dealing with shareholders and public the forerunner of a similar movement on the part of other big corporations? Certainly it is to be hoped that it is. What untold misery and distress has been caused in the past by the concealment and covering up of the true state of things in great public-service corporations in which the public has trustingly put its money! Could the street railroad scandals of half a dozen of our leading cities, for instance, with all the ruin that followed in their wake, have taken place if the true condition of their financial affairs had been given out to stockholders? In the case of these big companies, dependent upon public patronage and doing business under public franchise, can there be any question of the *right* of the people to know?

That right is being recognized. It was recognized when the United States Steel Corporation was formed and began giving out full information to stockholders; it has been since recognized by half a dozen big corporations who have gradually changed their cryptic reports into a fuller and freer exposition of the true state of their business. It is recognized now in this epochal act on the part of the telephone and telegraph interests. It is the dawn of a new era in corporation finance.

There is nothing inspiring about the Steel Corporation's latest report on unfilled orders, and yet it is a good deal of a question whether the decrease shown is as unfavorable a development as many people have taken it to be. By every one at all in touch with steel trade conditions it was realized that exceptionally few big orders were placed in September, and that the showing for that month was bound to look bad on paper. By the fact that buyers held off in September, however, and by the fact that they have been holding off during the present month, it is by no means proved that the steel industry is about to assume the rôle of a pauper. All it proves is that the political situation has frightened a lot of people into holding back on their operations. "Wait until the result of the election is known," they say, "then it will be time to let contracts and go ahead."

A recent personal investigation of this question, made with a view to determining whether or not business was being thus held up, resulted in the conclusion that contracts are being held back to a quite exceptional extent. Effort to elicit definite explanation of what these people were afraid of was pretty generally unsuccessful. As a rule, it wasn't so much fear that the Republicans would be thrown out of office or that a Democratic House would be elected and would put through radical legislation. What seemed to be the trouble in most cases was just a feeling of uncertainty—a feeling that things are unsettled and that the part of conservatism is to wait until the election clears things up.

Conservatism is good business, as a rule, but by not a few intelligent business men the question is being asked as to whether a good part of what at present goes by the name of conservatism is not mere unreasoning fright. That the man who believes that a Democratic majority in Congress would mean the ruination of business holds off and is unwilling to do anything until after election, is the most natural thing in the world. But how many of those who are doing the holding off believe any such thing? How many of them, indeed, could put into logical form their reasons for acting as they do?

With the railroads, of course, the case is a little different and there is reason for their unwillingness to spend money. For months, now, the investigation of the freight-rate situation has been under way, but anything like a settlement of the question seems to be still afar off. And in the mean time, without any definite idea as to what their earnings are going to amount to in proportion to their expenses, it is only natural that the railroad men should be disposed to spend as little money as they possibly can.

That fact, too, has had a most important influence in bringing about present unsatisfactory conditions in the steel trade. Roughly speaking, one-third of the total volume of steel orders originate with the railroads. When the railroads shut down on their orders, therefore, and refuse to buy, it can readily be seen what the effect on the steel business is liable to be. We are going through that at the present time and every steel company in the country is feeling the pinch. But it isn't a condition of things that can last. The railroads are waiting just now, but they can't wait forever, and when they do start in to buy again, their purchases are bound to be on a large scale. That, perhaps, accounts for the cheerful way in which, in spite of the meagre orders they are getting now, the steel men look at the outlook for business.

THE RUBY-EYED DRAGON

[Continued from page 19]

For answer he nodded toward the street.

"Mr. White must call those fellows off. They're pretty close now. In fact, I wonder a little that they haven't—"

Her eyes opened.

"Do you think they might arrest me?"

"They won't now," he assured her. "But I think I had better get it back to the owner. And, Mary, suppose, well suppose any accident should happen, and we had to—to wait awhile—say, even eight or ten years, could you wait?"

"Wait!" she repeated in alarm. "Why, of course I'd wait. But what do you mean? What accident? Oh! you—"

But he kissed her again, and, gently putting her aside, was gone.

At the Hegenwander White house James said that Mr. White was just sitting down to dinner. But he showed Mr. Stillman into the back parlor and Mr. White shortly appeared.

"There's your locket," said Stillman, shortly. "Now please call off your dogs."

Mr. White sat down, and looked at the locket in his hands.

"You seem to be good at restoring, Mr. Stillman," he said, slowly. "Have you captured the young woman?"

"There was no need to," returned the young man, briefly. "I stole it myself."

John Hegenwander White glanced up quickly, and there was almost a gleam of humor in his face. He seemed about to speak, checked himself, and pressed the spring of the locket.

"Have you looked at these pictures, Mr. Stillman?"

"I have not."

Mr. White gazed at them in his hand.

"One is my wife, the other my daughter. Since my wife's death my daughter has not gotten along very well with me. She had, perhaps, too much of my own disposition, was too well educated, and had too many ideas I could not agree with. Several months ago she left home. Naturally, because of the newspapers, I have let people suppose she was in Europe. In my anger when she left, I destroyed every portrait of her in the house, except this. That is why I was sorry to lose the locket, Mr. Stillman. She is a fine-looking girl."

He passed the locket to the younger man, who glanced at it casually, then with increasing bewilderment. He turned to the other at last, staring into his impassive face.

"Mr. White," he said, slowly, "I may as well tell you now that I have just discovered I am engaged to be married to your daughter."

Not the least emotion betrayed itself in John Hegenwander White's face.

"I suspected as much," he returned, briefly. "I gave her the dragon pin the day before we quarrelled. I'm fond of Chinese things, you know. The Purpletons have kept me fairly well posted ever since. But, young man, I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it, sir?"

"So far as I know, you are the only person in the world who seems to have any influence with my girl. I'm not so young as I was once, and I'm—I'm lonely. And I wish, sir, you'd tell her to come home!"

The Survival of the Paper Birch

The United States Department of Agriculture is authority for the statement that the paper birch, often called also white birch, or canoe birch, is one of the few timber trees in this country which seem to be holding their own against axe and fire.

Paper birch furnishes most of the spools made in the United States. Maine is the chief centre of spool manufacture. Its factories turn out 800 million spools yearly. Few woods as hard as birch can be worked with so little dulling of the tools. It is handsome in color, and, after the wood becomes seasoned, it shrinks and warps very little. That is an important consideration, because the delicate machinery that winds the thread would fail to work if the spool changed its shape to any perceptible degree.

The birch wood for spools must be selected and handled with care. Few industries waste more wood, in proportion to the quantity used, than that of spool-making. Heart wood, knots, and all other defects, frequently amounting to more than one-half of the tree, are rejected. From one-half to three-fourths of the remainder may go to the refuse heap in sawing the bars and turning the spools. Despite this waste, the paper birch does not appear to be threatened with extinction. It is a fire tree—that is, it spreads rapidly over spaces left vacant by forest fires. The most extensive paper-birch forests of Maine and New Hampshire occupy tracts which were laid bare by the great forest fires which swept the region from 1825 to 1837. The tree is short lived. At an age when the white cedar, for example, is just beginning to lay on useful wood, the paper birch has passed its prime and is ready for decay. It is placed at still further disadvantage by being unable to compete with other trees for light and soil. It prospers when growing alone, but it gives up the fight after stronger trees begin to crowd it. Nevertheless, it is believed that more paper birch is growing in the United States to-day than two hundred years ago.

Trade Eponyms

The names of several famous men live in their inventions at the present day, having become a part of the common speech.

Such a word is "macadamize." It came into use through the aid of Jeremy Bentham, who declared that the success of Mr. McAdam's road-making preparation justified the perpetuation of his name in popular speech.

The labors in the field of chemistry that enabled Macintosh to perfect and patent a new process for water-proofing clothing, and that at a time when travelling by stage-coach rendered it particularly welcome, were almost as prolonged as those that qualified his fellow countryman to solve the problem of constructing a durable roadway for wheeled traffic.

Still another notable example of the conversion of a proper name into a word of the vernacular may be seen in the case of Dr. Guillotin. The doctor found himself effectually, if not agreeably, immortalized in the deadly instrument that bears his name.

A "gladstone" means a special kind of leather bag used in England and named after the famous statesman.

The list might be extended by many names that have become descriptive of incidents that have happened to their owners, as in the case, for example, of Captain Boycott, whose ostracism during the Home Rule agitation some thirty years ago gave birth to a verb that has become current among all the English-speaking nations.

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"My heart became weak and uncertain in its action, and that frightened me. Finally my physician told me, about a year ago, that I must stop drinking coffee, or I could never expect to be well again.

"I was in despair, for the very thought of the medicines I had tried so many times nauseated me. I thought of Postum, but could hardly bring myself to give up the coffee.

"Finally I concluded that I owed it to myself to give Postum a trial. So I got a package, and carefully followed the directions, and what a delicious, nourishing, rich drink it was! Do you know, I found it very easy to shift from coffee to Postum and not mind the change at all?

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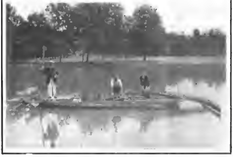
A Lawn-mower for Ponds

A NEW boat for cutting down aquatic weeds has recently been invented by a Frenchman, Amiot. This boat is driven by motor force and is intended for cutting down the weeds which grow in small rivers, canals, and ponds.

This boat is flat bottomed and is made of iron. It is six yards long and four and one-half feet wide. In the centre of the boat is a motor which, by means of a belt, drives a paddle-wheel placed in the front of the boat. The motor also operates two saw-like instruments which are mounted at the back.



The new pond-mower in operation

The boat is supplied with a single cylinder eight horse-power motor. Calculated at thirty revolutions a minute, the practical speed of the boat is about two and one-half miles per hour after deduction has been made for time lost in passing under bridges, etc.

The crew consists of three men. One superintends the motor, another attends to the steering of the boat, and the third is engaged in attending to the raising and lowering of the saws according to the depth of the water.

When the machine is cutting, the distance traversed per hour is about two miles, and the cost of running the machine is about a half-dollar per hour. As work of this kind formerly cost from twelve to fifteen francs per mile, it will be seen that this new method of cutting down weeds is exceedingly economical.

How Silkworms Work

As with the culture of tea, the production of silk is an extremely simple occupation, especially in China, which is, after all, the chiefest of silk-producing countries. Briefly stated, the following are the steps through which the staple passes on its way to the loom.

About the middle of the month of April the eggs of the silkworm are hatched. When hatched, the resultant little worms are placed on bamboo frames, there to remain for a certain period, during which their diet consists of mulberry leaves cut into very small pieces. When the worms have attained greater size it becomes necessary, of course, to provide other frames for them, and their diet, too, is altered, in that they are now fed with leaves not so finely cut as before. This process is continued until at last they are given whole leaves to feed upon.

A curious circumstance in connection with the feeding of the worms lies in their varying periods of diet. For instance, just after they have been hatched, the little creatures will eat for a space of five days, this being followed by a sleep of two days, when they eat nothing.

Later another change in their feeding habits comes. When they awake their appetites are not so keen, inasmuch as they will, generally speaking, eat for four days only and then sleep for one.

Upon the attainment of their full size and strength the worms proceed with the spinning of their cocoons, a task that consumes from four to seven days. The spinning having been accomplished, the worm turns its attention to the business of stripping the cocoon; and, about a week later, each little cultivator is ready with his silken harvest. The harvests of all, duly gathered, go to make up the bales of the native Chinese traders.

The first and foremost circumstance that goes to decide the quality and texture of the silk is the breed of the worm responsible for it. Next comes the quality of the leaves fed to the worker, and then comes the mode of feeding. Silkworms must be fed at regular hours, the temperature of the quarters wherein they have their being must be maintained at a certain degree. Above all, they must be protected against noxious smells, whereby they are strangely affected. They are peculiarly sensitive to the presence of strangers, and the utmost care must be exercised by the natives in their handling of the little fellows.

Experts aver that the greatest defect in the production of Chinese silk lies in the primitive mode of reeling which the Celestials persist in employing.

The biggest of all silk-markets is Shanghai, whence, about June 1 in each year, the first season's silk is brought. Those who fetch the silk to market are not, however, the native growers—generally small farmers maintaining a few mulberry-bushes in odd corners of their tilled lands in addition to their other industries—but middlemen, who do business with the Shanghai merchants.

A Second Methuselah

IN the ancient "public burying-ground" in Germantown, Pennsylvania, there is a tombstone over one grave half hidden in tangled grass, bearing an inscription that never fails to startle the curious visitor who falls to reading the epitaphs thereabout.

This inscription is as follows:

In Memory Of
Adam Shisler
Who Departed, This Life
December the
23, 1777. Aged 969
years.

The truth of the matter as to the remarkable age of Adam Shisler is that he was gathered to his fathers at the age of sixty-nine years. The stone-cutter evidently mistook his directions or else he was absent minded and had cut "969" years upon the stone. It would seem that when he discovered his mistake he was unwilling to lose his hours of toil, and so covered up the first nine with cement and added another after the six. In the course of time the cement fell away and "969" was left to startle observers.

The Beet-Sugar Centennial

SUGAR, like many articles of diet that are nowadays considered indispensable, was not in common use until a date comparatively recent. It is just one hundred years since a means was found for extracting sugar from beets, which popularized an article commonly considered an expensive luxury. Before the discovery of the sweet constituents of the beet root the majority of people lived and died without tasting sugar.

The Greeks and Romans knew nothing of it: they sweetened their aliments with honey. The people of the Middle Ages were equally ignorant of sugar. So far as can be learned, nothing was known of it up to the time of the Crusades.

The Orient gave to Europe the art of preserving in sugar, but sugar was used in medicine long before it was used in foods. Until the reign of Louis XIV it was sold by the apothecaries, and the grocers bought for the right to add it to their stores. Those who had sugar in their houses and ate it for pleasure were the rich. In 1372 the Queen of France had four small sugar-loaves for her year's provision; each loaf weighed about five pounds and cost the equivalent of $5.70 a pound. In the sixteenth century Venice was the great sugar market. When Henry III. entered the city the Venetians gave an extraordinary reception—a *réception à sucre*. Inside the palace everything was made of sugar, even the plates and other dishes used for the banquet.

The art of treating sugar to make edible delicacies was not entrusted to the care of the cook. The man who made the king's bonbons was a high official of the court. His duty was to invent fanciful confectionery for the royal table. The emoluments of the king's bonbonnier cut a figure in the budget considered by Parliament on the eve of the Revolution. The king's bonbonnier, who was a thoroughly experienced master of the delicate craft, was unremitting in his work of inventing delicacies for the royal table. He invented "honey sticks" and "honey powder." He invented one excellent delicacy—a rock made of prunes, standing on a chocolate pedestal.

Napoleon did not like candy, but he openly deplored the high price of sugar and the necessity of getting sugar-cane from England's colonies. When his blockade isolated England, sugar was so dear in France that, when used at all at table, it was suspended from a string hung overhead and circulated by the guests, each one holding the edge of it an instant in his or her mouth to give a sugared taste to his food. At that time the chief drink of the French was coffee. The coffee was never sugared. The mouth was sugared by some instants' contact with the sugar, and then the coffee was taken.

Long before the year 1810 it was known that certain plants contained sugar. It had its enemies as well as its enthusiasts. There were those who said that it inclined people to fever. In the eighteenth century a doctor declared that the British scourges, scurvy and consumption, were due to the general use of sugar. The partisans of sugar declared that sugar was strengthening, that it increased flesh, made the people who ate it cheerful, and lengthened life. The Duc de Beaufort, a very old but very lively man, who ate a pound a day, was cited as an example of what sugar could do for its adherents.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was the opinion in France that people must eat sugar to be well. Even people of small means bought a pound of gray lump sugar from time to time. The gray sugar was the inferior grade. Just when all the world used sugar the Continental Blockade shut out sugar-cane. The chemists had long been trying to find a plant to take the place of sugar-cane. Napoleon turned to the chemists and urged them to increase their efforts, and Parmentier produced a sugar derived from grapes. Thereafter Napoleon ordered his people to discard cane sugar and to use in its place grape sugar. De Montalivet, Minister of the Interior, incurred the Emperor's displeasure at a banquet given at his palace. The ices on his table were sweetened with cane sugar.

But the economical grape sugar was to give place to a more economical and more advantageous product. In the month of September, 1810, the chemist Duvana sent a note to the Academy of Sciences, in which he revealed his plans for extracting sugar from beets. His plans were approved, and manufactories were started on the outskirts of Paris. In the year 1812 there were fifty sugar manufactories in active operation in France.

The sugar industry is now one of the best and most flourishing of the national industries of France. The culture of the beet is a source of wealth and prosperity. In the north of France thousands of peasants and innumerable foreigners—farmers' helpers, who come from beyond the Belgian frontier—are employed at the time of the harvest.

Peat and Coal

COAL is fossil peat. The peat bogs of to-day might become coal-beds in some future geological age. The Germans contend that there is strict parallelism between the different kinds of peat and of coal. When the remains of plants collect under terrestrial conditions an ordinary peat bog is formed. This corresponds with "bright" coal. If the remains collect underwater an organic slime is formed and this corresponds with "dull," or cannel, coal. When terrestrial and aquatic conditions have alternated during the collection of the remains "strata peat" results, and this corresponds with coal deposits consisting of alternate layers of bright and dull coal. The chemical and physical properties of the various kinds of peat and coal show a similar correspondence.

The Honorable White Elephant

Among the ancient customs that are passing away in the kingdom of Siam, under the influence of European ideas, is the worship of the white elephant.

The white, or albino, elephant is not white, in any strict sense of the word, but merely of lighter color than other elephants. It was, and to some extent still is, worshipped by reason of the fact that it was supposed to contain the soul of some dead king.

White elephants are really the inferiors of their darker fellows in strength and health, and generally in intelligence. Like white mice and white rabbits, they are apt to be weaklings, and easily become the victims of all sorts of diseases.

Many wars have been fought, the Siamese say, over the possession of white elephants. One of these wars is recorded in the annals of the seventeenth century. The King of Siam possessed seven white elephants of the greatest beauty, which were the envy of all farther India.

At that time the city of Pegu, in Burma, which has now relapsed to a less than secondary importance, was the capital of a rich and important kingdom. The King of Pegu, deeming that Siam had more than her share of white elephants, sent an embassy to Bangkok to demand some of them.

The Siamese court promptly refused to grant this demand, whereupon the King of Pegu invaded Siam with a great army. He laid siege to Bangkok, and in time, after many lives had been lost in the battles fought, the city capitulated. The Pegu people, however, treated the Siamese with great consideration.

The royal palace was not entered. The temples were left unviolated, except that a soldier entered one of them and cut off the hand of a golden idol. This hand was afterward restored—miraculously, the people believe.

However, the Pegu people carried off six of the Siamese white elephants and a great store of treasure.

Until within recent times the stables of the King of Siam always contained a number of white elephants, and the father of the present King had seven. These were treated with extraordinary consideration. Attendants were told off to see that their every wish was gratified. There were great fans with which to keep the pachyderms cool and drive off the flies, and when they went out to walk they were protected by huge umbrellas from the rays of the sun. They were served in vessels of precious metals, each elephant having before him two vases, from one of which he ate and from the other drank.

The white elephants were given water that had been kept six months, it being the Siamese notion that that which was the oldest was the most wholesome.

The tusks of the sacred male white elephants were decorated with small bells made of gold. A chain of golden links surrounded the head of each, and a cushion of embroidered velvet was upon each elephant's neck.

REMEMBERING GROVER CLEVELAND

THERE WAS A GREAT RALLYING OF CITIZENS AT CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY, ON MARCH 12TH WHEN WOODROW WILSON AND OTHER EMINENT MEN MADE A PILGRIMAGE TO THE OLD PRESBYTERIAN PARSONAGE IN WHICH GROVER CLEVELAND WAS BORN ON MARCH 18, 1837. NEARLY FOUR THOUSAND JERSEY MEN ENJOYED AN IMPROMPTU ADDRESS BY DR. WILSON IN WHICH HE EXTOLLED CLEVELAND'S GREAT MORAL QUALITIES

The Gentler View

LIVING ALONG

By Florida Pier

After a separation of some weeks, two women met, and the younger exclaimed, excitedly, "Now tell me what you've been doing!" The other answered in a tone equally high and never doubting but that she was giving an adequate reply, "Living along!" It was not that she had been undergoing anything that made living in itself remarkable; it was just that she considered living an exceptionally absorbing occupation and one entirely worth telling about. The younger woman, brought up a little shortly, wondered if it is not living, after all, that takes up most of our time and prevents our "doing" to the praiseworthy extent we all intend.

The past generations who have meant most honestly to accomplish big tasks and take great strides ahead probably postponed their undertaking because they, too, were so busy "living along." We each feel a little ashamed at our enthralment, for there is seldom anything impressive to other people in our daily jog trot; and we are more or less sheepish to have to admit that we are interested in it, and so breathless about it that the projects of our youth are never strong enough to draw us from the succession of homely detail and intimate feeling. We know it's all humdrum [illegible] when we have a spare moment in [illegible] to think about it, that it is all [illegible] the mark that there are great thi[illegible] to [illegible] done and read and changed. There are terrible seconds when we are confronted with our own futility, but at the end of the day we do feel that something has happened to us. No one can deny that we accomplished something, for did we not with real intensity take in our own futility? Looking back on a day, it seems crowded. We hurried enthusiastically from mood to mood and minute to minute, and it is just the high pitch of our enthusiasm that makes us a shade constrained when asked what we have been doing. We cannot be sure we were justified in so enjoying it all. Only secretly, in our intimate thoughts, do we regard a day as full, because first we felt the morning air, then we got warm—that takes some time—after which we glowed with a comfortable bustling zeal because laundry lists were made out and mending—another tiresome job—was finished before nine. That started us off with a full day on our hands, and some time was spent thinking how agreeable and invigorating it was to have a full day before us. Then just as a decision [illegible] certain letters to catch the foreign mail [illegible] been reached, it was discovered that the telephone [illegible] out of order, which required [illegible] communication with Central, in which all that [illegible] most executive in one's nature came out. A member of the family remarked upon its termination that there was no [illegible] talking like the Empress of India. This unkind thrust sent one to Mrs. Browning's remarks on families for comfort, during which it was discovered in a byway of one's brain that Emerson said, "Who could be brilliant before an uncle?" and by this time such a hectic condition of the emotions had been brought about that a quick walk was taken, during which we had one really beautiful thought, and that brought with it twelve o'clock, with only an hour before luncheon, and a morning back of one so crowded as to seem kaleidoscopic. In the afternoon one may feel some more, or dream, or plan, or read, or be fond of some one, or enjoy something, or get a little better adjusted in a human relation. A truth may be realized, an illusion pricked, a convention kicked over, an ideal strengthened. The list of things that may happen is so long as to make a detailing of them unnecessary. They show themselves at first glance as multitudinous. And if they do not show themselves as of much import, are they not the very things you are doing yourself, and are you not begging leave to press the point, doing them to the exclusion of everything else and finding them all so vital that you would not omit a one, now that it has become a part of you?

And, moreover—a confession, once it has taken the bit in its teeth, bolts straight for shamelessness—there are even lesser things that we enjoy, and, though regretful on the surface, we are staunch at the roots. We like finding buttons, and convincing a strong nature that it does not know how to hang curtains, and tidying bureau drawers, and running upstairs to tell a second cousin that we have decided not to believe in socialism, that we know why we shouldn't, but can't put it in words, and we'll have the person who convinced us convince her if she would like it. We like so many things so much, and if they are not worthy of us what, after all, are we but these very things assimilated and sweetened with the blending they have undergone which has doubled and trebled their use. The discontentment at living along is part of the living along, and so are the aspirations and the exaltations and dulness and chagrin at the pettiness of it all. Even the realizing of it made looking out of a window across a rain-soaked lawn suggestive and the writing of it—ah, that ended the afternoon charmingly and brought about the finding of an extra stamp that was a complete surprise! There only remains the reading, but that will be part of the living along of other people, which always seems a poor business at best.

To be caught reading a book of towering mental dimensions is exactly as embarrassing as to be discovered reading a very yellow novel. The latter you explain at once you read for the descriptions, while the former needs so much explaining that you are speechless. It is presumptuous to be reading Burke on the French Revolution and to look as though you understood it. All such pretensions are hurriedly disclaimed, and a denial thrown in that this is at all your usual habit, as well as a plea offered that you be not expected to comment intelligently upon it. People are so horridly apt to say: "Ah, yes! Stunning on limitations in the second chapter, isn't it?" You are well on to the middle of the book, but you saw nothing about limitations. You really wish people wouldn't annoy you. To be seen reading such a book gives a totally wrong impression and may do one untold harm. They think you have a reason for behaving so and draw respectful conclusions, while all the while you have no reason at all. You read it because—well, because that is what it was intended for; and the last book you read was so delightful that penance seemed only proper and—well, as a matter of fact, you didn't read it, you only started it, which was no great harm, and the sort of thing that might happen to any one.

Explosive Chewing-gum

The British soldier loves to chew gum—not, however, the gum known to America, but the army explosive cordite, which contains sixty per cent. of nitro-glycerine, a sweet concoction of agreeable taste.

Chewers of cordite assert that, when taken in little doses, it gently stimulates the nervous system and causes a slight exhilaration. Chewed in larger quantities, it produces an effect like that of hasheesh and causes ecstatic visions.

The habit of chewing cordite has become so common in the British army that the military authorities have taken measures to prevent the misuse of the explosive. Cordite so used does not explode, because nitro-glycerine is exploded only by a formidable shock or by an electric spark; but it is not impossible that, under certain conditions, it might be exploded—by the impact of two exceptionally hard teeth, for instance.

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Fire Tricks

Fire tricks were practised in very ancient times. The first known fire-breather was a Syrian slave named Eunus, a leader in the servile war in Sicily, 130 B.C. He pretended to have immediate communication with the gods. When desirous of inspiring his followers with courage he breathed flames and sparks from his mouth.

In order to accomplish this feat Eunus pierced a nutshell at both ends, and, having filled it with some burning substance, he put it in his mouth and breathed through it. The same trick is performed to-day in a more approved manner. The performer rolls some flax or hemp into a ball about the size of a walnut, which he lets burn until it is nearly consumed. Then he rolls round it more flax while it is still burning. By this means the fire is retained in the ball for a long time. He slips this ball into his mouth unperceived, and breathes through it. His breath revives the fire, and he sustains no injury so long as he inhales only through his nostrils.

Various theories have been advanced to account for other feats of this sort performed by the ancients. An old ordeal was the holding of a red-hot iron by the accused, who was not burned if he were innocent. Probably some protective paste was used on the hands. The peculiar property of mineral salts, such as alum, in protecting articles of dress from fire has long been known. An old Milanese devised a costume consisting of a cloth covering for the body which had been steeped in alum. A metallic dress of wire gauze was added to this, and, thus protected, a man might walk on hot iron.

Fire-walking is an ancient Oriental custom, the origin of which is apparently unknown. It still survives in India, Japan, and some of the South Sea Islands. The performance, sometimes preceded by incantations conducted by priests and followed by a feast, consists in walking barefoot over a bed of stones which have been made red or white hot by fire.

A tribe on one of the Fiji Islands was once persuaded to give an exhibition, and several Europeans went to witness it. One of them, a government meteorologist, carried a thermometer that would register up to four hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

When the guests arrived they found hundreds of natives assembled. The oven was twenty-five or thirty feet long and eight feet broad, and was shaped like a saucer. The deepest part of the depression was fifteen feet in length. The preparations had been undertaken long enough in advance to avert any delay, and the visitors saw the stones still covered with embers.

Walking beside the pit before this was done, the man with the thermometer recorded a temperature of one hundred and fourteen degrees. After the stones were uncovered he hung his instrument out over the centre of the oven, six feet above the stones, whereupon the mercury rose to two hundred and eighty-two degrees. It is said the stones were "white hot," and that low flames from small coals between the stones could be seen leaping up around them.

Two of the men who were to walk across the oven were examined by the Europeans before their daring act. They wore garlands about the neck and waist. Their feet and legs were entirely bare. The soles of their feet were soft and flexible, showing that they had not been rendered permanently callous in any way.

In order to detect the presence of chemicals that might have been applied for the occasion various tests were made.

Finally, at a signal, the seven or eight natives who took part in the exhibition came down in single file to the oven and walked across the stones from one end of the pit to the other. They spent less than half a minute there.

Immediately after they emerged, the Europeans again inspected their feet, but could find no sign of burning or blistering.

Several Englishmen have tried this experiment, one of them a British resident on one of the Society Islands. He stated that he felt something resembling slight electric shocks and that the tingling sensation continued for hours afterward, but that that was all. The tender skin of his feet was not even hardened by fire. Yet the stones were so hot that an hour afterward green branches thrown on them caught fire and blazed up.

Famous Rings

Curious and romantic legends attach to certain of the world's famous rings. One, the coronation ring of England, has an especially interesting history, more or less authentic.

Tradition has it that this ring was given by Edward the Confessor to an aged mendicant, who, accosting the King on the highway, asked alms to enable him to accomplish a journey to Jerusalem.

When the mendicant reached the Holy City, the story of the bestowal of the ring is said to have come to the knowledge of St. John the Divine, who, blessing the circlet, bade the pilgrim to restore it to his sovereign. This command was obeyed by the mendicant, who effected the return of the ring through an English pilgrim who was returning home from a visit to Palestine.

The ring was thereafter carefully guarded and finally placed in Edward's shrine at Westminster. The story of the ring was duly set forth in painted characters on glass and fixed in a window in the south aisle of the abbey.

The German Emperor is said to wear at all times a ring that he regards as his own peculiar talisman, and to which a fantastic origin is credited. It appears that, during the time of John, Elector of Brandenburg, a toad entered his room one night and placed a small gem on the Elector's couch. This, we are assured, though a stone of small intrinsic value, has ever proved a talisman to the imperial house. The stone was set in a ring by the father of Frederick the Great, since whose time it has been worn by the head of the imperial German family.

The King of Spain owns a ring whose history proclaims it to be something of a "hoodoo." According to the traditions of the Spanish court, this ring was presented to Queen Mercedes by Alfonso XII. She died within a month. The King then turned over the ring to his sister Maria, and she, too, died shortly after receiving the ring. The fatal circlet again coming into the possession of the King, he this time gave it to Princess Cristina, his sister-in-law, who survived but three months. It would seem that the King was determined to brave the baleful influence of the ring, for, when its possessor died, he decided to wear it himself. Curiously enough, he, too, passed away not long afterward.

Naturally, the Queen Regent was loath to assume the risk of wearing the deadly circlet. Indeed, she refused to have anything to do with it, and, instead, caused it to be hung in a golden chain about the neck of the statue of the Virgin of Almudena in Madrid. It would seem that the young Alfonso, however, did not share the Queen Regent's dread of this ring, for it is now in his personal possession.

Spaniards entertain an odd superstition with reference to this ring of awesome history. It is believed to be possessed of some mystic power whereby unworthy wearers of it are deprived of their lives. To the worthy wearer, however, it is contended that the ring assures prosperity and long life. The superstitious have pointed out, in support of their contention, that the young King was actually wearing this ring at the time of his narrow escape from death when a bomb was thrown at him on his wedding day.

There is a ring of the imperial Russian house that is supposed to exercise a protective influence over the worthy wearer. There is a story to the effect that the grandfather of the present Tsar, who was never known to stir from the palace without the ring, was assassinated on the day that he left the ring behind, a legend that has greatly strengthened the Russian belief in the magic virtues of the ring.

Snakes that Died Twice

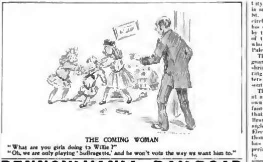
A naturalist once told how, in a thicket on a mountainside, he saw a man kill a rattlesnake. He beat the life out of it with a club, and continued the pounding till it was mangled beyond recognition. When the naturalist remonstrated, the man said, "Boss, you can't kill a rattlesnake too dead."

On one occasion a boat bound for the United States from Rio de Janeiro touched at Pernambuco, where the mate drove a bargain with a snake-dealer for a half-dozen reptiles of various sizes.

The mate had them in a cage on deck, and charged a sailor with the duty of washing it out with sea water every evening. All went well as long as the weather was mild, but on the night before the Gulf Stream was crossed the sailor left a quantity of water in the cage and, about thirty hours from port, a biting gale struck the ship.

All hands were busy with the storm and the snakes were forgotten. When the mate thought of them and went to look after their condition, he found them frozen stiff, and apparently as dead as the proverbial door nail.

The dealer for whom the mate had brought them came on board the following day. He professed great disappointment over the loss of his intended purchase but offered to take the snakes away as a kindness to the mate. He gathered them in his arms like so much fire-wood and carried them home. But a rival dealer afterward told the officer that plenty of warm water had resuscitated the snakes and that they had been sold to various museums not a bit the worse for their "death" by freezing.



THE COMING WOMAN
"What are you girls doing to Willie?"
"Oh, we are only playing 'Suffragette,' and he won't vote the way we want him to."

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

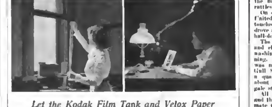
OPENING OF THE GREAT PENNSYLVANIA STATION IN NEW YORK.

On Sunday, November 27, full train service will be inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Railroad to and from its new station at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street, New York City.

The location of the **Pennsylvania Station**, one block from Broadway, two blocks from Fifth Avenue, is in the heart of the hotel, club, and theatre district of Manhattan. Within a short radius are located the majority of the big retail stores and restaurants. The Seventh Avenue surface cars and the Eighth Avenue surface cars pass its doors; the Thirty-fourth Street surface cars (crosstown) pass its Thirty-fourth Street entrance, and stations of the Sixth Avenue Elevated and Hudson and Manhattan Tubes are a short block from its main entrance.

Time tables showing the service to and from the **Pennsylvania Station** are now being arranged, and may be obtained at Ticket Offices before the opening of the Station.

Connections will be made at Manhattan Transfer (near Newark) with local trains to and from the downtown stations by way of Jersey City, so that downtown New York passengers who desire may continue to use the Cortlandt and Desbrosses Street Stations and the Hudson Terminal Station of the Hudson and Manhattan Tubes.



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The Celebrated Brontë Books

JUDGING by the books that have been written and read in recent years, by the common verdict as to the Bronte sisters, their story and their work, which prevails, almost without exception, in the literary criticism of the present day; by the tone of personal tenderness, even of passionate homage, in which many writers speak of Charlotte and of Emily, and by the increasing recognition which their books have obtained abroad, one may say with some confidence that the name and memory of the Brontes were never more alive than now, that "Honor and Fame have got about their graves" for good and all, and that Charlotte and Emily Brontë are no less secure, at any rate, than Jane Austen or George Eliot or Mrs. Browning of literary recollection in the time to come.

But if the Brontës live, their books live also.

Mrs. Gaskell, herself an accomplished novelist, wrote an account of these lonely girls on a Yorkshire moor, struggling with poverty and consumption, developing genius in the very wrestle with death, taking the heaven of fame by violence, and perishing in the effort. She showed them to us oppressed by poverty and by daily contact with a vicious brother, and yet, through it all, remaining dutiful, loving, and virtuous. she describes the deaths—the piteous deaths—of two of the sisters in the very moment, or on the very threshold, of success, and, finally, her narrative brought us to the death of Charlotte herself — Charlotte snatched from happiness and from motherhood, after one brief year of married life, and so skilful is the telling, so touching the story, that the heart goes out to it, and forthwith the Brontë books must be books of genius, because the Brontes are so interesting and their story is so tragic.

From the Introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward

"'There are books so fine that literature in them is but the expression of those who write them.' In other words, there are books where the writer seems to be everything, the material employed, the environment, almost nothing. The main secret of the charm that clings to Charlotte Bronté's books is, and will always be, the contact which they give us with her own fresh, indomitable, surprising personality—surprising, above all. . . How often . . does one instinctively expect the conventional solution, the conventional softening, the conventional prettiness or quaintness that so many other story-tellers, of undoubted talent, could not have resisted! And it never comes. Hammer-like, the blows of a passionate realism descend."

"Caroline, Shirley, Mrs. Pryor—delicacy, wildness, family affection—these indeed are the three aspects of Charlotte's personality, Charlotte's genius. So that they are children of her own heart's blood, spirits born of her own essence and warm with her own life."

"If *Shirley*, wherever the women of the story are chiefly concerned, is richer even than *Jane Eyre* in poetry and unexpectedness, in a sort of fresh and sparkling charm like that of a moor in sunshine, it is because Charlotte Brontë herself has grown and mellowed in the interval, because she has thought more, felt more, trembled still more deeply under the pain and beauty of the world. It is the most assertive, the most challenging of books."

"Never was Charlotte Brontë better served by this great gift of poetic vision than in *Villette*—never indeed as well. The very fulness of visualizing force runs through it, like a fiery stream bathing and kindling all it touches down to the smallest detail."

"No novel, moreover, that escapes obscurity and ugliness was ever freer from stereotyped forms and phrases. They come out new minted, shining, each a venture, and, as a rule, a happy one, yet with no effect of labor or research; rather a careless freedom and wealth."

"For the mingling of daring poetry with the easiest and most masterly command of local truth, for sharpness and felicity of phrase, for exuberance of creative force, for invention and freshness of detail, there are few things in English fiction to match *Wuthering Heights*."

7 VOLUMES

The BRONTË NOVELS and Poems Complete

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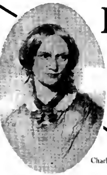

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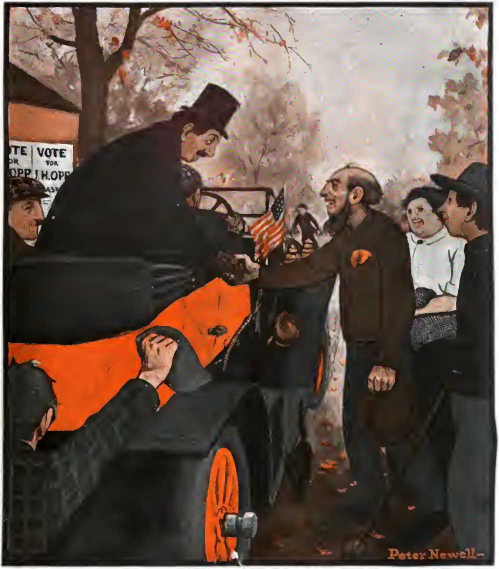
HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

Ninety-six years of vigorous, forcible living and thinking—a record without a parallel among publications on this continent—calls for fitting commemoration. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is ninety-six years young. Anything that lives must grow, and it is by this growth and progress that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, with the December number, hopes to begin its ninety-seventh year a better, a larger, a more necessary review, both to its present friends and to new ones. To this end changes will be made in its size and appearance—and changes here mean improvements—the expenditure of more time, more thought and more money. The size of the page is to be made slightly larger and the proportions brought into the finest harmony of good taste. The number of pages each month will be increased. The cover hereafter will be a rich, warm gray in color, and it will present at a glance the table of contents. Typographically there will be great improvement, the text being set in type of an increased beauty and readableness.

A GREAT NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

This increased size will permit an even wider and more complete realization of what a world review should be than has been possible in the past. In character unchanged, the possibility for usefulness will be greatly enlarged. Articles on current topics by the editor will appear frequently.

One feature thus made possible is the publication of a new novel by Joseph Conrad. It is called "Under Western Eyes." This is in all probability Mr. Conrad's masterpiece—more than fiction, more than character-study—and his standing to-day has made him one of the very few fiction writers who could be included in such a periodical as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

BEGINNING WITH THE DECEMBER NUMBER

The changes here announced will come with the number for December, to be published November 30th, which begins the ninety-seventh year of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

HARPER'S for NOVEMBER

MARGARET DELAND'S

New Novel

"The Iron Woman"

Begins in

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

For November

¶ This new novel by Mrs. Deland is perhaps the most powerful work of fiction produced by any American writer for many years. It is a story of tremendous dramatic strength, yet full of the same lovable qualities which have given the author so strong a hold on the affections of her readers. It is the first novel which Mrs. Deland has written since her great success, "The Awakening of Helena Richie." This is a novel that has grown slowly—Four long, patient years have gone to its making. It is life itself. It will be splendidly illustrated by F. Walter Taylor.

OTHER IMPORTANT FEATURES

7 Complete Short Stories

Particularly notable among these stories is "The Miracle," a remarkable tale by JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON—a story of strange psychological interest. Other authors represented are MARY E. WILKINS, HENRY B. FULLER, MARGARET CAMERON EMMA BELL MILES, HARRISON RHODES.

The First Account of the French Antarctic Expedition

The French scientific expedition to the Antarctic, under the command of Dr J. B. Charcot, has recently returned. This is the first authorized and complete account of their adventures.

A Mediaeval Baron's Household

A remarkably readable article, which gives an absolutely faithful picture of how the great lords of the Middle Ages really lived. Their life was hardly as romantic as the novelists have portrayed it, but many features of its practical side are curiously interesting.

With the North Sea Mission Fleet

H. W. NEVINSON, the well-known English writer, and M J. BURNS, the artist, recently visited the fishing fleet of the North Sea for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Mr. NEVINSON writes most vividly of the work which the Mission Fleet carries on among the fishermen It was with this fleet that Dr. GRENFELL, of Labrador, began his work.

The Fight of the Alabama and Kearsarge as the French Saw It

Mr E. PARMALEE PRENTICE has gathered from the French records and contemporary French newspapers an account of the fight of the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg. His article is important as a chapter of history from a new point of view.

Bridges of Yesterday and To-day

A delightful essay in praise of bridges by ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, with striking pictures in tint by ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

The Perpetual Poor

Another of ROBERT W. BRUERE's striking papers on one of the most interesting phases of the problem confronting the philanthropists of to-day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL LIV New York, October 29, 1910 No 2810

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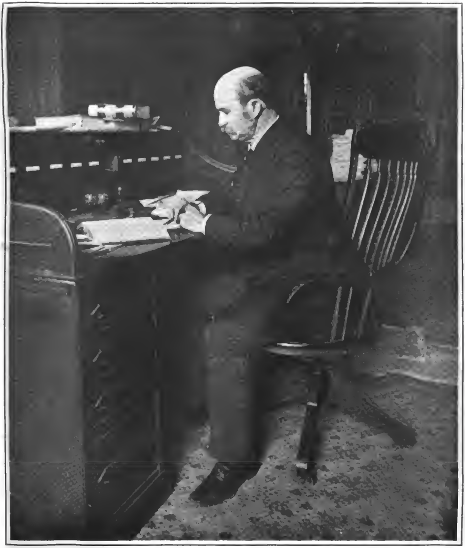

THE LATE DAVID B. HILL

David Bennett Hill, one of the best known Democrats in the country, who had served the State of New York as Governor and as Senator and whose public life had extended over a period of forty years, died at his home, "Wolfert's Roost," near Albany, New York, on October 20th. Mr. Hill was in his sixty-eighth year

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIV — No. [illegible]

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

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Comment

For Republicans to Ponder

Which do the New York Republicans want as their candidate for President in 1912, Taft or Roosevelt? That is the whole question. If Roosevelt carries New York and Taft loses Ohio, there will be no need to ask further. A vote for Stimson is a vote to exalt Roosevelt above Taft. A vote against Stimson is a vote to uphold Taft as against Roosevelt. Which shall it be?

The Duty of Independent Republicans

At election after election for the past fourteen years independent Democrats have been called on to help to save the cause of good government by voting for Republican candidates. It began in 1896, when they were asked to vote for McKinley in order to ward off the menace of free silver. They did it—hundreds of thousands of them. They were practically all tariff-reformers, and one of their rewards was the Dingley tariff law. Again in 1900 the same sacrifice of their inclinations and prejudices was asked of them, and again they made it. The situation in 1904 was different, and another set of causes led to Democratic defeat; but in 1908 Bryan was once more a candidate with a set of dangerous proposals, and once more great numbers of independent Democrats helped to defeat him—and promptly drew the Payne tariff law. It has been the same way in this State of New York. In 1906, for instance, it was clearly and unmistakably the same conscience vote which saved the State from Hearst and elected Hughes, notwithstanding that public sentiment was so strong against the Republican machine as to carry the minor candidates on the Democratic ticket into office.

This year conditions are reversed. Independent Republicans are called on to sacrifice inclinations and prejudices and for the sake of good government vote Democratic. Turn about is fair play, and every prompting of fairness as well as of patriotism is in favor of that course. Not merely has the Republican party, in State and nation alike, misbehaved itself and deserved rebuke, but the same kind of menace to our institutions which Bryan once offered is now offered by Theodore Roosevelt, and in a form far more really dangerous. The sense of that menace and danger is as wide-spread among intelligent Republicans as it is among Democrats. Will independent Republicans of to-day respond to this situation as bravely and patriotically as independents and independent Democrats have responded to similar situations in the recent past?

So far there is absolutely but one argument or objection offered against that course. It is the old cry of "Tammany"! More specifically, it takes the form of the charge that Charles F. Murphy, while consenting to the nomination of an admirable candidate for Governor, has named his own men for certain other State offices whose possession would be useful to him and to Tammany Hall. Lest our statement of the matter be mistrusted, readers are invited to take instead the statement of it in the current *Outlook* which is of course authoritative. After pointing out that the offices of Comptroller, Treasurer, and State Engineer were the ones Murphy particularly cared about, the *Outlook* declares:

> Tammany Hall could therefore afford to yield on the question as to who should be the candidate for Governor, provided it could manage to arrange for the selection of other members of the ticket. That is exactly what Boss Murphy has done.

That is to say, Murphy did *not* dictate Dix's nomination, but accepted it. The real objection, therefore, is not to Dix, but to Sohmer, Kennedy, Bensel. What, then, is the duty of independent Republicans? Could anything be plainer? It is, in the first place, to vote for Dix, to vote Democratic, precisely as it was the duty of independent Democrats to vote against Hearst in 1906. If, further, they believe that Sohmer and Kennedy and Bensel are tools of Tammany, nominated for improper reasons, nothing in the world prevents them from scratching those names.

Here, then, is a way out for the independent Republicans, for the man who sees the duty of rebuking his party and rebuking New Nationalism, but who fears there really may be something in the campaign cry which the hard-pressed Roosevelt coterie has resorted to. Our own judgment is that the public interest would be served best by fixing undivided responsibility for the incoming State administration upon the Democrats, and thus make it easy to hold them to a strict and undivided accountability. Differences in quality between the candidates for the minor positions do not seem to be sufficiently apparent to make advisable the forfeiture of that very great advantage. And yet, to those who feel otherwise, we have pointed the way to register their judgment. The only real question about the outcome is the question whether the independent Republican is as intelligent, as manly, and as patriotic as the independent Democrat has time and again proved himself to be.

Chasing the Snail

Lest we forget, 'Opper and 'Earst are still running.

The Latest Fulmination

At last the lid is raised and the public is invited to gaze upon the first member of the Association of Crooks. He is A. B. Anderson, Circuit Court Judge for Indiana, appointed by President Roosevelt in 1902. According to the published reports, which seem to be amply substantiated, Judge Anderson was pronounced guilty by the Judge of Judges, while "greatly agitated," in the Columbia Club of Indianapolis. His offence lay in a decision he had rendered in the famous Panama libel case to the effect that there was no warrant in law for haling Editor Delavan Smith to Washington for trial under the wrathful eyes of the monarch, whose supersensitiveness had been outraged by aspersions upon His Own brother-in-law. The decision was sound, if Elihu Root and other lawyers of repute are to be believed, but what was the Constitution between friends when the Family was involved? Did not the minion owe his very position to the Gaekwar? And was not the Gaekwar's desire made clear when he had the *Tribune* announce that "the President is deeply interested in this case, and those charged with the prosecution realize that they will earn his gratitude if their efforts are successful"? What, then, did the fossilized creature mean by dragging in legal subtleties and statutes that did not meet the spirit and needs of the time? There could be but one answer. The man was a "crook." Also a "damned jackass." Roosevelt declines to say whether or not he applied these opprobrious epithets. He wants to talk about something else. It is just as well. Anything he might say by way of denial would carry no conviction, in any case, unless fully substantiated. But how can any decent American contemplate even his silence without experiencing deep humiliation, disgust, and shame? How long, O Lord, how long?

On the Humbug Platform

> Before leaving, by permission of the chairman, I will introduce to you a very great orator, a man who has differed from me in the past, and doubtless will in the future, on political questions, but who stands in this contest for honesty and the rule of the people against dishonesty and the negation of popular rule, and I introduce to you a Democrat who stands for honest government in the State of New York, the Honorable Bourke Cockran.

With these thrilling words, the Very Great Leader announced the Very Great Orator. And, says the *Tribune*, "the yell that greeted the familiar figure of the famous spellbinder almost equalled that which the former President's speech had evoked at frequent intervals." Well it might. Seldom has been seen a more inspiriting spectacle than that of the all-embracing Colonel introducing the Honorable Bourke Cockran as one who, "in *this* contest," stands not merely for honesty, but against dishonesty, by George! Then the Honorable Bourke defined his position. He hadn't intended to say a word in this campaign, but upon awakening after a somewhat restless night he found his conscience troubling him. At first he could not account for the strange emotion, but after a time he realized that "the revelations with regard to Albany graft"—under Republican administration—were resting heavily upon his patriotic bosom. So he quickly doffed his pyjamas and "put on armor to rescue justice from the mire into which it has been trampled by traitors." He also intimated, in the absence of the copyright-holder, that he, too, is "an honest man." It is good news. We cannot think of any one of whom we would rather hear it truthfully said. But really is not the Honorable Bourke the versatile one! La! la!

Facing the Music

> "Well, if you do insist upon bringing me in," etc., etc.

Why, Colonel, nobody insisted upon bringing you in. You butted in, and there seems to be a pretty strong disposition on all sides not to let you squirm out. "Is the hero of San Juan a coward?" asked Thomas C. Platt, when a certain tax-dodger was proposed for Governor.

Why Reiterate Nonsense?

We still await with becoming patience the fulfilment of Judge Parker's firm declaration that the Colonel was about to cross his heart and swear, by George, that he would not be a candidate for President in 1912. The renunciation is needed now more than ever, but for some reason does not seem to be forthcoming. Our own view is that the Judge was a bit hasty. Even while he was prophesying in New York, the Colonel was speaking up loud and strong to Mayor Maddox and Colonel Paxton of Atlanta:

> By George, if I thought I could carry a single Southern State, I would willingly run for the Presidency.

So he was quoted, and the next day the Mayor and the other Colonel verified the remark. The real Colonel merely "refused to discuss anything he might have said in private conversation." So far, as a prophet, the Judge is in bad. But why the need of such a declaration, anyway? Did not the Only Honest Man say in his message to the American people:

> The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate or accept another nomination.

He did, he did, and a good many of us believed him. We have learned better since. Repetition now would be wholly vain. Nobody would believe a word of it.

The Tariff Again

With the compliments of Mr. Harry Lauder to Theodore Roosevelt, LL.D., by grace of Oxford and Harvard:

> Stop yer wriggling, Doc!

Why Drag in Stimson?

Judge Parker's efforts to disparage candidate Stimson are only moderately successful. He said last week at Binghamton that Stimson, when he took the office of United States District Attorney was a capable young lawyer, anxious for the job and its ten thousand dollars a year, and that he left the office after several years' service because he saw a chance to get more money than his salary out of the government by being employed as special counsel to continue the work he had begun as public prosecutor. But Stimson answers that he gave up a practice worth $24,000 a year for a salary of $10,000; that he took the government retainer after his resignation against his own desire, and that the $50,000 which he received for a year and a quarter's work was gross compensation, of which his personal share was about $26,000, which was less than he was earning before he became District Attorney.

So the Judge's shot seems not to have been very effective. Why drag Mr. Stimson into this campaign? He seems a deserving man. If he and his abilities were the issue in the impending election the Republicans would stand a good chance to win. But they are not the issue, and the Democratic victory which impends will come in spite of Stimson.

Can He Do It?

Iowa delights in Roosevelt for what he said in Kansas and despises him for his Saratoga platform.

New York distrusts him for what he said in

Kansas, and does not rise to any marked emotion over his Saratoga concessions.

It seems up to the Colonel to turn some new flip-flap which will delight all hands.

More Mendacious Journalism

La Follette's is plainly an organ of the Wall Street Democracy. It is no better than the *Times* or the *Evening Post*. It is in league with the interests and is basely and insidiously opposing the only honest attempt yet made to introduce purity into politics. It is growing frivolous and sarcastic in its outrageous antagonism of all the virtue there is. Listen to this, from its leading editorial:

> The hobble skirt may be beautiful and modish. It may be artistic. It may be all that is pleasing to the eye; but of one thing we are quite sure—it is not built for speed. That's why it is called the hobble skirt. . . . And that is true of all kinds of hobbles; they retard progress. Take the New York platform, for example. It's a hobble platform. Hobbled with the sophistry of the "Old Guard." Hobbled with a fulsome eulogy of the administration, with its Ballingers, its Wickershams, its Knoxes. Hobbled with unstinted praise of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law.

The idea of applying such a figure to a platform which we were assured beforehand was going to be thoroughly and absolutely progressive—concerning which we were assured that there was to be no compromise whatever! One might as well say Harriman and be done with it. Truly, this business of taking charge of all the reform and honesty and truthfulness there is has its hardships.

In Massachusetts

Some months ago we ventured to remark that Massachusetts was one of the States in which there was danger of the Democrats failing, on account of divisions among themselves, to profit by the great and unprecedented row among the Republicans. Their convention went far to justify our fears, and the committee of four to whom it turned over the job of making a ticket went farther still, for it stayed deadlocked a week or more and it looked as if there would be either an accidental nomination or none at all. For years the two big factions of the party in that State, which may be distinguished roughly as the crowd that would support Bryan and the crowd that wouldn't, have been uncommonly hard to bring together. The cleavage was there before Bryan; his coming merely made it clearer. Race and religion have both played some part in making it. Getting together in this year of opportunity would, moreover, have been easier if the State had possessed a Woodrow Wilson, and it had none. It did have a good man in Charles S. Hamlin, however; and it has, all things considered, a good man in Foss, who finally got the nomination. He is at any rate a sincere tariff reformer; his career proves that quite satisfactorily. It would have been better if the convention had nominated him in regular fashion, and doubtless the long fight has left a lot of soreness and irritation; but with Maine's example before her, Old Bay will disappoint the country if she does not give him a thumping big vote. We should not be surprised to see her actually elect him. If she does, his and the party's thanks will be due to Mr. Hamlin, who broke the deadlock by sacrificing his own ambition and withdrawing from the race.

Pennsylvania's Shame

With Huston, the architect of the Pennsylvania Capitol, under a prison sentence, and Snyder, the former State Auditor, and Shumaker, the Superintendent of Public Grounds and Buildings, both already occupying cells in the penitentiary, something has been done by way of punishing the men responsible for a monumental fraud upon the public. Mathues, who was State Treasurer, and Sanderson, the contractor, escaped imprisonment only by death. There has been, too, some restitution of moneys stolen from the State, but not all, and a number of civil suits are still pending. Of course, everything possible should be done to force restitution; but sending the guilty scoundrels to the penitentiary is worth more to the cause of decency than getting back what they stole. With the conviction of a few more such criminals—men infinitely less deserving of pity or leniency than a pickpocket or a yeggman—it may become possible for an American State to build itself a new statehouse without inviting a riot of peculation.

The Reorganized North Carolina Republicans

We are glad to have the *Sun* join us in saying a good word for the men who have reorganized the Republican party in North Carolina and who are endeavoring to make it a real party, bent on carrying elections, instead of a mere gang of seekers after Federal offices. It is no wonder, as the *Sun* remarks, that Bourbon Democratic newspapers are displeased with this enterprise of Congressman Morehead and his associates. They would like much better to see things left in the hands of the old managers who "didn't want the Republican party to grow larger than the list of Federal offices." But the party in North Carolina is already much bigger than that, and if it keeps its new impulse it may very well grow larger still. So needful, in truth, is a decent and reasonably strong opposition in the South that North Carolina is one State in which a broad-minded Democrat might be content to see the Republicans hold their own in this Democratic year. The lesson of the practical value of sincerity and manliness would be valuable to the Republicans of other Southern States, and there would be a beginning of the end of the unhealthy one-party régime.

The Orator of Insurgency

Senator Dolliver again upset the notion that the oratorical gift no longer counts. He was able to do what he did for the Insurgent cause partly for the reason that he knew more than his fellows about the tariff, partly because, having long been thought a conservative, his attack on Aldrich and high protection had the effect of a dramatic surprise, but chiefly because he could speak with force, eloquence, humor, sarcasm. He will be remembered as the orator of the movement, and three of his speeches on the tariff—two delivered during the special session and the third last spring—will be his principal monument. Now that he is dead, the first place among the Western Insurgents seems to lie between Senators Cummins and La Follette. Had he lived, it might have been his; and his career in a chastened Senate, with no Aldrich to monopolize leadership on the Republican side, would certainly have been brilliant. But he did live long enough to render the country a great service and to prove himself a man of courage as well as of high ability.

David Bennett Hill

The trouble with David B. Hill was that he never hitched his political wagon to a star. He hitched it to a donkey, and though he was a marvellously efficient donkey-driver and went a long ways, he never could quite attain to what he wanted, and to what his abilities, industry, and single-minded persistence entitled him to aspire. By his natural energy he overcame poverty and obscurity, learned the profession of law and forced himself ahead in politics. Politics were the passion of his life. He learned to carry the ward, the city, and the county. Not particular about methods, if only they succeeded, he came to be a very skilful master of all political mechanics. He got the Governorship of this State and held it longer than any man since George Clinton. He went to the Senate and distinguished himself there by the force of his mind and his devotion to some sound theories of finance and government. He was long the leader of his party in this State, but a great popular leader he never could become, nor gain the confidence of the best men in his party, nor be his party's Presidential candidate, which was the prize he strove for. The reason was that he had no vision—no ideals that were broad enough to sustain his ambitions. He said, "I am a Democrat," but it only meant that he was a man who loved to have the Democratic party in power and always planned and strove to have it win. But that was not enough—is never enough. A party is not the end, but only the means. To Hill it was both. He was sincerely and always a Democrat—not egregiously selfish, pecuniarily honest, and rather indifferent to money—but he was limited in his aspirations and endeavors to party success and the power that attends it. He seemed to have no great inspiration, no urgent call to right wrongs and carry forward civilization. That was the trouble with him. In many details he was useful—could work to keep down taxes and give decent administration, and because his mind was powerful he could discern some sound policies and support them ably.

He was long regarded as the political antithesis of Grover Cleveland and as standing in a general way for ideals the very opposite of those which Cleveland so sturdily represented. Never did a piece of political trickery stir up more indignation than did the attempt in 1892, by a "snap" convention, to put him instead of Cleveland before the country as the choice of New York Democrats for the Presidency. Yet the latest biographer of Cleveland tells us that before he died he expressed great respect and a really kindly feeling for Hill, and that he never for one moment believed the story of Hill's selling him out in 1888, when he was defeated for the Presidency and Hill was elected Governor. Cleveland was not without reason for that kindliness; for, as Senator, Hill had supported his policies, particularly on the money question, with a loyalty and an ability that were both surprising to the country. Hill's career in the Senate was, in fact, the best part of his public life. He improved with age, and in his later years, spent in the practice of law, he has been prospered and respected.

The Death of a Poet

"I only knew one poet in my life," wrote Browning in *How it Strikes a Contemporary*, and then went on to tell how very unpoetical, according to accepted traditions, that poet was in his look and manner and way of life. A good many of those who knew William Vaughn Moody may hereafter echo Browning's line, for true poets are unhappily rare these days. One does not encounter them often either on Fifth Avenue or in the slums. It is quite supposable, too, that those who knew Moody found it a little hard to believe him a poet, for he was not of the sort that wear their hair on their shoulders and attitudinize. Nevertheless, poet he was, and devoted his life to his art with a rare courage and singleness. Not a great poet, or a complete one: not in the least a popular one—his only wide celebrity came to him from surprising work in another kind: but a poet both in mastery of his craft and in the steady vision of the terror and the beauty and the mystery of life. Some years ago, the late R. W. Gilder published some verses on *A New Poet*, and would have put the initials "W. V. M." under the title; but Moody's own modesty forbade. He did not think he had yet made good his claim to that high title. He was a grave, earnest man, and apparently held to Matthew Arnold's belief that a true poet, however luxuriant the outward manifestation of his art, wins that splendor by "austerity within." Because he took his art so seriously, disdaining compromise, straining steadily after the grand style, striving only for the highest achievement, he may indeed have missed, not popularity only, but fame. Yet they who, being of his generation, knew his life and know his work, will continue to think of him as the one man among them most clearly set apart from his fellows and consecrated to the dreadful struggle for immortality.

Julia Ward Howe

Sound in spirit, sound in mind and body, sound in training, Mrs. Howe lasted marvellously through a lifetime greatly prolonged. Her powers were the more admirable for the balance of her faculties and the dignity and sweetness of her nature. When has our country furnished a finer pattern of what women may well hope to be, and men hope to have them!

Her strength was not to be measured, nor her place assigned, on a basis of intellectual achievement. She was a poet, but not a great one; a scholar and a lifelong student, but of no great distinction for learning; an effective public speaker, but hardly of eminence as an orator. Great poetry, great scholarship, and compelling oratory are the achievements of men. Mrs. Howe was a great woman. She was womanly in all she did and in the way she did it. A first-rate human creature, she gave herself with the generosity of a great heart to woman's work, spending her strength in such labors and sympathies as love teaches to a daughter, a wife, and a mother, and all the time with strength and sympathy and words and work and wide-reaching influence to spare and use outside her home.

It is harder to measure the greatness of women than the greatness of men, because the results of women's work are usually less tangible. They do not heap up fortunes, nor direct armies, nor, as a rule, fill the greatest offices, write the greatest books, or make the greatest discoveries. They do not do as well as men the things that men do best. A certain proportion of their effective strength is diverted to the perpetuation of life, and to making life worth while at all, and this earth a tolerable place of residence. But in this time and country we have come to appreciate that women are the equal half of creation, and that great women are of the same breed and of equal value with great men. Mrs. Howe was the peer and mate of great men; wise, kind, and lovely all her days, ennobling her own sex by her demonstration of its powers, and both the sexes by the inspirations of her companionship. It is one of the assets of the cause of woman-suffrage that for forty years she was its advocate.

The Death of the Supernatural

In a small town, out of the march of events, there lives a little old Irishwoman who is looked upon with not a little awe by her townsfolk. Despite the humblest of worldly positions she has earned the reputation of being influential in heaven. Her prayers are granted; so the saying runs in the circle of her acquaintance. Little, old, bent almost double, with a much-lined, sallow face and hollow eyes, swathed in rusty weeds, she pursues the obscure tenor of her humble way and yet the halo of legend shines about her. To meet her, one would not for an instant imagine this hidden power over more than man, and yet when she smiles there breaks through a little ray of canniness, a mere suggestion of conscious power. People in her own circle flock to her for prayers: she is to ask that some one be restored to health; that another's journey shall be safe and prosperous; that a wild youth be converted and a maiden led to see the error of her ways. Her prayers are never disregarded. Upon one point she is inexorable: she will not pray for wealth. Once in her life she did this as a test to convince an unbeliever. The wealth came and with it a deadly disease, and the poor object of the prayers died in great anguish three months after the wealth was showered on him. So the tales accrue about the strange little old widow who has "influence in heaven."

A London publication entitled *Light*, devoted to the investigation of all sorts of occult phenomena, published recently a number of like miracles, all vouched for in good faith. A mother prays a child well from disastrous fever; another loses an adopted child and puts a little note saying, "Pray for me in heaven," into the hands of the child's corpse, and being impelled to remove it again just before burial, she finds on it instead of her writing gold-illumined letters saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my little ones."

What one chiefly feels in running across these odd bits of left-over mediævalism is that man's whole attitude toward the supernatural is changing. Such things as this are interesting only as witnessing to a certain primitive fancy and undeveloped sense of fact. It sounds tawdry and cheap. If a person's prayers could affect Providence, the modern man, with his developed sense of justice, would think slightingly of Providence rather than highly of the person who prayed. Necromancy may be interesting because it is skilful and cunning, but the laws of nature are too grave and awful for the man to-day to consent to any juggling with them. The fact is, the supernatural is dying or dead.

What, then, did President ELIOT mean when he said that the religion of the future would do without the element of the supernatural? Perhaps chiefly that man is a little more reverent toward fact; a little more serious in his endeavor to make his subjective account of things tally with reality. A trained man to-day will not allow his fancy to play havoc with events. The result of this tendency is not, as it might seem at first to be, a limitation and a narrowing of experience, but rather man's sense of the subtle forces that mould life will become keener and keener, so that by the death of the supernatural the realm of the natural is extended. As intelligence grows the realm of the possible seems almost limitless. It encroaches upon the miraculous.

"Death," says an interesting writer in a current number of the *Journal of Philosophy*, "always means a liberation of the spirit." At death, then, something that has been bound and held in limits—in the case of a personality by the body or in the case of a meaning by the letter or the doctrine—is set free. The shell is burst and the fettered goes free. This symbol, so usual in our common thought of the death of the body, is less often applied to the death of a dogma. Yet, as the writer quoted above points out, the death of a dogma may in equal wise set free the spirit of religion. Who would say that the slow and reluctant death of the doctrine of eternal damnation in the last century did not do much toward freeing and expanding the spirit of Christianity? Even to-day the slackening of the hold of set doctrines upon men's convictions is doing much to expand and spread the spirit of religion. One can almost see the prophecy that ultimately men shall worship in spirit and in truth coming to be fact. No longer a subscription to a set of articles, or a regular attendance at a given edifice, or ceremonies or cults proclaim a man a Christian; but he is literally a Christian according to the approximation of his thought to the thought of Christ. The spirit of his daily life makes or unmakes him a Christian. In measure as the letter of the doctrine fades the spirit comes free. The Christian life is hardly seen to-day by any intelligent person as a subscription to any set forms, but it is the life of self-abnegation, large tolerance, and mercy, of which the example was given so many centuries ago. The death of the body even here is the liberation of the spirit.

The death of the supernatural likewise is not a loss, but a gain; not a contraction, but expansion. If the realm of the tawdry marvellous is in decay the realm of possibility is growing larger. The relation between the real and the useful is becoming more sharply defined. That is a reality which begets results. A real Christianity begets the Christian life, and the Christian spirit the sense of brotherhood and human solidarity.

Tricks and miracles, the breaking of a law of nature, are no longer useful in the present day. A break in a law of nature would but start man on the hunt for a higher and larger law to include the exception. But the last interpretation that can be put upon the waning of the supernatural is that it will destroy the faculty of faith. Life and death both partake still of the quality of adventure. There is the eternal uncertainty for the will of man to work upon. He who has highest courage (and is courage anything other than the modern word for faith?) will make most progress. The form in which a man presents truth to himself may be jejune and puerile; but there is a certainty back of the quality of courage (or shall we say faith?) not to be scoffed at. The substance of a faith may be true, though its perishable forms be now and forever in human life inadequate. There may be dangers for the individual in a period when form or letter is dying and the spirit is expanding just as there are danger and sorrow and uncertainty in the death of the body. Immediate values fade that larger ones may replace them. But as Dr. ALFRED LLOYD says: "The spirit is always adequate. Anarchy has destroyed governments but never government, license, morals but never morality, doubt, doctrines but never truth, heresy and profanity, religions but never religion." The relative gives way only to make place for the general.

Correspondence

PRO

North East, Pa., October 12, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have been reading HARPER'S WEEKLY for the past two years. At first I thought you a pessimist, then concluded you suffered from the old-fashioned bellyache. But after reading your editorial on the Saratoga Convention have decided you either see things nights or else use too much of the stuff that fills your advertising department. Better consult a doctor.

A public man is as well and as favorably known by the enemies he makes as the friendships he forms. Ex-President Roosevelt has been singularly fortunate in that respect. The Tillmans as well as the Wall Street gang.

Hoping you will reform,

I am, sir,
J. L. SPOFFORD.

CON

Rome, Ga., October 10, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—For quite a while I have been an interested reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and I can't refrain from writing to thank you for the able manner in which you are expressing the duplicity and hypocrisy of Mr. Roosevelt.

The facts you present show clearly that he talked one way and acted in another, and that while he was publicly condemning the corporations, he was secretly trading with them for his own advancement.

How any sensible man can now believe in his sincerity or honesty of purpose is unaccountable. It is to be hoped you will continue this good work, and that you will not only receive the gratitude of every honest man, who desires honest government, but that you will eliminate this arrogant, blatant demagogue, who is a menace to the peace and welfare of the entire country. Wishing you success,

I am, sir,
W. M. GAMMON.

FITZGERALD AND THE HOUSE RULES

Brookline, Mass., October 12, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I note in your issue of October 1st a letter from Mr. G. M. DuBose, of Lisbon, Georgia, asking for advice with regard to a Democratic Congressman who voted for the Fitzgerald amendments to the House rules in March, 1909.

The rules and their reform constitute a complex problem which has been apparently beyond the grasp of newspaper men in general. Journalistic comment on the Fitzgerald amendments has been almost universally such as to convey a false impression. The political acumen and intelligence which ordinarily distinguish the editorial pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY and the present political developments which make it so important that the motives and men of the Democratic party should be correctly understood lead me to believe that you will welcome a brief statement of the facts as to the Fitzgerald amendments.

The question which split the Democratic party of the House March 15, 1909, and which caused so much ill feeling and misunderstanding, was a disagreement on the merits of two plans to liberalize the rules, both brought forward by Democrats of recognized authority and standing.

Champ Clark proposed to refer the whole question of reform to a committee of fifteen, composed of nine Republicans and six Democrats. Four of the Republicans were supposed to be Insurgents. The committee was to report December, 1909.

Fitzgerald moved an amendment to the Clark resolution, which substituted an entirely new plan. His proposition embodied three immediate reforms of large liberalizing effect—the creation of a unanimous-consent day on which any bill favorably reported by a committee could be brought before the House, unless a member went on record as objecting to such consideration; the giving of preference to a minority member for the motion to recommit; and the creation of Calendar Wednesday. The first reform prevented the Speaker from killing a bill in secret by ignoring its sponsor when he asked for recognition from the floor; the second enabled the minority to go specifically on record as to their reasons for opposing any bill; the third greatly facilitated business by providing for a call of all the committees of the House in rotation.

In arguing for his proposition Fitzgerald pointed out that it was most important to have immediate reforms before the tariff bill came up, that Clark's proposed committee might or might not accomplish any real reforms, and that at any rate they would not report until after the tariff bill had been passed. When it came to a vote, the Fitzgerald amendments were passed by a coalition of twenty-three Democrats with the regular Republicans, who for once conceded that reform was necessary and chose the best plan.

The allegation that the amendments were "to preserve the so-called Cannon rules" indicates that Mr. DuBose was not familiar with the facts. Like many others he has probably been misled by the journalistic comments. To brand Fitzgerald's adherents as "Cannon Democrats" and "traitors to the party" shows lack of information. Champ Clark himself took advantage of Fitzgerald's rule in securing the floor to move to recommit the tariff bill later in the summer. It is also significant that in March, 1910, not one of the four men whom Clark would have placed on his committee as Insurgents was among the Republicans voting to unseat Speaker Cannon. Indeed, the wisdom of the amendments is now generally conceded by the Democrats, and Fitzgerald was chosen by them in party caucus to be one of the four minority members on the new Rules Committee.

Parenthetically, I may remark that the ill-feeling between the Democratic factions was undoubtedly heightened by the fact that the Fitzgerald men were largely Northerners, while the body of the party, the Clark men, represented the "solid South." This sectional feeling will make itself felt in affairs should the Democrats get control of the House.

I am, sir,
ROBERT E. ANDREWS.

FROM A VERMONT DEMOCRAT

St. Johnsbury, Vt., September 20, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge and men of the stand-patter class since the Vermont and Maine elections are doing their best to bring Democrats into great disrepute. All the disasters which came from the Republican tariffs and Republican silver legislation up to 1902 have been piled upon the unfortunate Democrats. For certain things the Democratic party must now stand: an economical management of government, a moderate tariff with favor to no class, reciprocity with all nations, maintenance of the rights of the States, no more centralization of power, no more of the spy system, election of Senators by a direct vote, a stable and scientific currency system, and a Chief Executive who has a good-sized bump of caution. That is what the Democracy of Vermont stands for to-day. Up here in the hills we believe that a man or party cannot successfully tell people falsehoods all the time and willingly secure their votes.

In olden times a character in Waterford by the name of Johnny Beaton used to frequent a tavern kept by one Hill, who was not accused of always speaking the truth. On one occasion when some pretty high-toned folks were at this tavern, Johnny had taken a drop too much of the innkeeper's rum. So Hill, in the presence of his guests, pompously said to Johnny: "Let me give you a bit of advice, Mr. Beaton. Leave off drinking. Leave it all at once. It will not hurt you a bit." To this Beaton promptly replied: "Let me give you some good advice, Mr. Hill. Leave off lying. Leave off all at once. It won't hurt you a bit." Some voters who have read the many Republican platforms and pledges, and who have heard the laud and praise of the Republican party by its Lodges, Aldriches, Depews, and Reeds and Cannons, feel like poor Johnny.

I am, sir,
E. M.

Nothing New

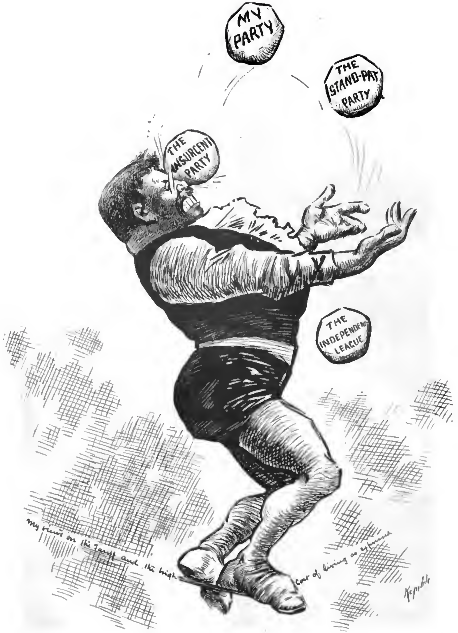
COLUMBUS found Amerikee—
There's nothing new in that!
A lot of men have crossed the sea,
From Christopher to Carnegie,
And all have noted with much glee
The welcome on the mat.
There's nothing new in that!
I tell you true
There's nothing new,
There's nothing new in that!

Old Adam once a pippin ate—
There's nothing new in that!
I've had 'em on a silver plate,
Straight off the tree I've had 'em straight,
And sufferings both dire and great
Like Adam's they begat.
There's nothing new in that!
I tell you true
There's nothing new,
There's nothing new in that!

Bert Peary found the hidden pole—
There's nothing new in that!
Up where the ocean's waters roll
I've found a dozen in a hole,
And would have sworn upon my soul
Each was a pussy cat.
There's nothing new in that!
I tell you true
There's nothing new,
There's nothing new in that!

Now Teddy's gone up in the air—
There's nothing new in that!
He's done it many times before
While in the Presidential chair,
Most every day, and everywhere.
'Tis naught to marvel at.
There's nothing new in that!
I tell you true
There's nothing new,
There's nothing new in that!

HORACE DODD GASTIT.


MY PARTY
THE STAND-PAT PARTY
THE INSURGENT PARTY
THE INDEPENDENT LEAGUE
my views on the Tariff and the high cost of living as expressed

THE POLITICAL JUGGLER ON THE SLACK WIRE

DRAWN BY E W KEMBLE

Rooseveltism and the Republic

By James H. Blount

To deny that ex-President Roosevelt is one of the most considerable figures of the age in which we are living would be mere idle prattle. To deny that he really has the welfare of his country at heart would be equally idle. But to fail to perceive that, if he wins the Gubernatorial election in New York State on November 8th next, he at once becomes a menace to the perpetuity of our governmental institutions in their present form, as established by the fortitude and modesty of Washington, and preserved by the modesty and fortitude of Lincoln, is to neglect a high civic duty that we all, regardless of party, owe to our common country.

Why doesn't he keep his hands off, as did the first ex-President, and all his other successors? Because he is temperamentally unable. He must be the bride at the wedding, the corpse at the funeral. If he elects his candidate Governor of New York, he will control the New York delegation to the next national convention and consequently will control the Presidential nomination in 1912 as completely as he did in 1908 and 1904. So that in 1916 we will have had just sixteen years of uninterrupted Roosevelt dictatorship, with a prospect of more. Verily, all Americans, without regard to party, or section, should squarely face these facts. There is no escape from them. We have now in the White House a great big sane, just, kindly, but courageous man, whose appointments to fill the present vacancies on the Supreme bench of the nation will, it is safe to predict, be ratified by the Senate without a dissenting vote, and by public opinion without a dissenting editorial. This man, be it remembered, is the Chief Magistrate of this nation, and yet, ever since Mr. Roosevelt got back home from Africa, news from the seat of government has paled into candle-light in the glaring effulgence of his meteoric and impulsive friend. For the first time in the history of our country, we are confronted with the unseemly and un-American spectacle of a private citizen dwarfing into insignificance the President of the United States. If the people of New York do but rebuke him by turning down his candidate just this one time, the whole country will breathe a sigh of relief, and he himself will issue from the contest a wiser man, more amenable to reason, but quite as pugnacious, irrepressible, and patriotic as ever; and what he calls the "reactionaries" in Europe, who are watching us and him, will regretfully perceive that we do, after all, understand somewhat of the science of government by the people.

Upon this all-engrossing topic of the hour—for the eyes of the nation are now upon New York far more intently than they were lately even upon Maine, when that rock-ribbed Republican stronghold began what will hereafter be known as the Democratic landslide of 1910—the only tenable theory whereby to explain the acceptance of this article is substantially this:

The editor of this publication is a resident of the State of New York, the scene of the conflict, keenly interested as a citizen in the outcome of the election, and, not being a special admirer of the Colonel, he is probably under suspicion in the present Roosevelt cabinet of having "locked hands" with Wall Street, doubtless to get some money for his services to the vile cause of Democracy from the Harriman estate, or with Tammany Hall, doubtless to get a share in some of the acrimonious contracts described by the enemies of Charles F. Murphy, or with both; while the contributor of this article is merely an outsider and an unbooker, a Democrat from a Southern State who admired Mr. Roosevelt immensely.

Having seen thousands of really brave Spanish soldiers on the water front at Santiago de Cuba in 1898 after the fall of that city, half starved and therefore unable to put up a good fight, because their officers were accustomed to pocket half the money intended for their rations, the writer then and there vividly perceived how entirely identical with treason to one's country official corruption can in some instances become; and so learned to abominate crookedness quite as cordially as we all know the Colonel himself does; and, while admiring the latter's cleanliness and courage, yet sees in the realization of his New Nationalism and other "back from Elba" propaganda, together with some of "my policies" of the pre-faunal naturalist period, a drift toward centralization of power in the Executive of the Federal government which threatens to become a mill race.

Carried to its logical conclusion, Mr. Roosevelt's preaching means the relegation of the several States to the political condition of the provinces of a European monarchy, each of them run as absolutely from Washington as the Philippine provinces are from Manila, or as all France is from Paris, the merging of all power in the Federal government, the elimination of the office of attorney-general, whenever no lawyer can be found in the land who will furnish the sort of constitutional interpretation and other legal advice the Executive wants, the like elimination of any other Cabinet office which may stand firmly by the Constitution and in the way of what he considers "progress"; the transfer by statute of jurisdiction over damage suits against railroads by their employees from the courts to some Executive bureau, which bureau shall be authorized to seize railroads after each accident as a bulldog seizes a fice terrier, and "make the railroads pay without unnecessary and costly delay,"—or words to that effect—such encroachment upon the judiciary to be followed by other and still other like encroachment, ending ultimately in atrophy of the functions of our judiciary and absorption thereof in the ravenous maw of the Executive Department of the government; the browbeating of Congressmen into supporting administration measures by withholding customary patronage or threatening to go into the Congressman's district and beat him if he votes the wrong way—ending in the reduction of the legislative branch of the government to a machine for registering edicts as fast as sent up Pennsylvania Avenue by the cartload from the White House to the Capitol, and on, and on, and on, toward a final benevolent despotism.

The Democratic theory of government is that the less you interfere with the individual citizen the better. Rooseveltism means the more you interfere with him the better it is for him, the idea being that the more you keep him jumping—*i. e.* duly prodded up—the less apt he is to get into mischief. But as a matter of fact the people are tired of Rooseveltism because they want to be let alone and allowed to attend to their own business. They don't want any more laws. They want the existing laws enforced. They don't want any more bureaus or commissions to investigate the interior economy of their several households and advise them, unbidden, on their most intimate domestic affairs. The great need of the hour is a Rest-cure—a Rescure—and that the Democratic party is ready, able, willing, and anxious to furnish. The Republican theory of government is paternalistic enough, but Rooseveltism is paternalism run mad.

The Colonel is too good a party man to go sulking, Achilles-like, to his tents, in the event enough New York Republicans join the Democrats this year to turn down his candidate. He will come up smiling the day after and insist that killing off the "Old Guard" was necessary, just as it sometimes becomes necessary to cut out a cancer, and was "worth the price"; in which he will be entirely right. For the things that happened at Albany under the "Old Guard" were enough to make the angels weep.

Both the Republican and the Democratic candidates for Governor of New York this year appear to be eminently respectable men, gentlemen of high character and more than ordinary ability, neither of them widely known prior to nomination, even in New York, and utterly unknown to the nation at large. Of course, Roosevelt would not want to make his man do anything wrong, and Murphy could not control Dix on a question of principle any more than he can control Mayor Gaynor, and Roosevelt knows this as intuitively as one decent man always knows what another decent man will or will not do.

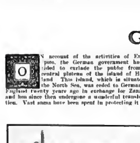
However, both candidates are more or less lost sight of in the "cloud of dust by day and pillar of fire by night" which swirl cyclonically about the country in the pathway of the chosen leader. If his man wins, it means that the Presidential campaign for Roosevelt in 1912 at once begins, and—to use the popular phrase of the passing hour—"believe me," nothing can stop it once it starts. Let the ex-President deny it as he will, deny it so often as half to believe it himself, yet it is not true that he is unwilling to be President again, once more at least, if not as many more times as the people seem disposed to stand for it. Hence the appeal of the Democratic State Committee to all persons, regardless of party, to prevent a catastrophe which might lead to such results as have been indicated as likely, by voting the Democratic ticket this year. Hence also the eagerness with which the rest of the States are looking anxiously to New York, singing with one voice this chorus of the Union:

"Sister, we beg of thee, in order to promote the general welfare, to say to Mr. Roosevelt at the polls on November 8th next, in no uncertain terms that it is not good for our country that our ex-Presidents should make themselves political dictators of the affairs of the nation after having nominally relinquished the reins of government. Since time began the lust of power has ever grown with the gratification of it. Tell the Colonel on Election Day, once and for all, that it is not really necessary to anybody's happiness but his own that he should be continually gallivanting about the country like an itinerant preacher, seeking to save the nation from itself. Tell him also upon that occasion that the country got along very well while he was away in Africa; that Judge Taft is not an invalid; that while most of the American people believe him to have many sterling qualities, they do not agree that he is the inventor of civic virtue, or the possessor of a monopoly on honesty. And we, the people of the rest of the States, do beg of our fellow citizens of the great Empire State to prevail upon the Colonel to get out of the limelight—for a while, if only for a very little while—and let us have peace."

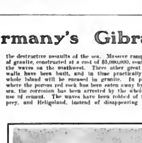
Admit all that many Democrats outside of New York State fear may be true about Tammany, yet, at that, it is infinitely more important to prevent Roosevelt from becoming Political Dictator of the American Republic than it is to dethrone Murphy as political boss of the city of New York.

Germany's Gibraltar

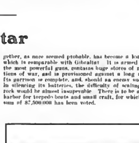
On account of the activities of English spies, the German government has decided to exclude the public from the central plateau of the island of Heligoland. This island, which is situated in the North Sea, was ceded to Germany by England twenty years ago in exchange for Zanzibar, and has since then undergone a wonderful transformation. Vast sums have been spent in protecting it from the destructive assaults of the sea. Massive ramparts of granite, constructed at a cost of $3,000,000, confront the waves on the southwest. Three other great sea-walls have been built, and in time practically the whole island will be encased in granite. In places where the porous red rock has been eaten away by the sea, the corrosion has been arrested by the wholesale use of cement. The waves have been robbed of their prey, and Heligoland, instead of disappearing altogether, as once seemed probable, has become a fortress which is comparable with Gibraltar. It is armed with the most powerful guns, contains huge stores of munitions of war, and is provisioned against a long siege. Its garrison is complete, and, should an enemy succeed in silencing its batteries, the difficulty of scaling the rock would be almost insuperable. There is to be a new harbor for torpedo-boats and small craft, for which the sum of $7,500,000 has been voted.



The western shores of Heligoland, showing the massive structure of the rocks



A view of Heligoland from a neighboring island. The cliffs have been encased in granite



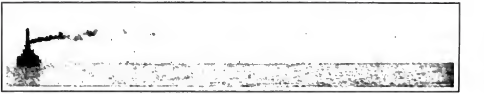
The accessible side of the island, where a new harbor is to be built for torpedo-boats

The Greatest of all Games

"ON THE RANGE" AT NIGHT ABOARD ONE OF THE BATTLESHIPS OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET DURING THE RECENT TARGET PRACTICE

By Robert Dunn

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

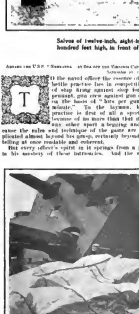


Salvos of twelve-inch, eight-inch, and six-inch shells fired by the Fourth Division, sending up columns of water more than one hundred feet high, in front of targets in tow of the U. S. battleship "Rhode Island." Taken from the deck of the "Nebraska"

Aboard the U.S.S. "Nebraska," at Sea off the Virginia Capes,
September 26, 1910

To the naval officer the essence of this battle practice lies in competition—of ship firing against ship for the pennant, gun crew against gun crew, on the basis of "hits per gun per minute." To the layman, battle practice is first of all a spectacle, because of no more than that it has any other sport a-begging and because the rules and technique of the game are complicated almost beyond his grasp, certainly beyond any telling at once readable and coherent.

But every officer's spirit in it springs from a pride in his mastery of these intricacies. And the clock-work, skilled responsiveness of his men—his gun crew, trained with all the patience and forbearance by which a football coach hammers out a team—men striving also to excel, with their special pride of knowledge, reflects upon and stimulates him with a human spur that is irresistible.



The target brought aboard the "Nebraska" after a run. It was pierced by twelve-inch shells at a distance of five miles. The E turret in the background is the champion turret in the navy, having scored twenty hits out of twenty-one shots

It is the greatest of all games, not only for these reasons or by the large numbers of men involved and because it exactly simulates war, less only its blood and venom, but because the play is a pursuit, not the recreation of a passing phase of life, and the reward is rather empty—not even honor in any one's country.

Leading as a spectacle in the long tournament that makes up battle practice once each year is the night firing, or torpedo-defence practice. Darkness, search-lights, the "tracers"—burning fuses attached to the shells to visualize their course—attain that; and its "fire control," or the system by which shots are gradually converged upon the target by officers "spotting" and correcting the range of those falling wide of the mark, instead of by following the gun-sight ranges, is less complex than in the day firing.

In giving a picture of the night firing, I have tried to compromise with rules and technicalities. Each ship fires separately. Entering the range by passing a fixed station ship, you must pick up with your search-lights two target rigged rafts in unknown positions—but one to port and one to starboard and neither more than three thousand yards (one and one-half miles) distant—exactly as if they were attacking torpedo-boats. Each of the rafts carries two targets, twenty by twenty-one feet each, the forward canvases for the three-inch batteries, the after for the six-inch. You fire salvos of both calibres simultaneously from both sides and on a course and speed set by the divisional flag-ship and delivered to the ship firing as sealed orders, which are opened by an umpire from some other ship as the range is entered. The search lights are not turned on until then, and the orders state the time allowed in which to pick up the targets before "Commence firing." The duration of the run is fixed by your powder allowance, and as the quicker you make the greater number of hits the better your score will be, the skill and judgment of your officers and gun crews decide the intervals between salvos—generally about fifteen seconds.

On this ship we tried first the unique vanity of night firing during the height of a squall. It was typical of the endless delays and rebuffs that make up the intimate story of all this year's practice, in which zest should have flagged and did not and nerves incessantly on edge should have been dulled yet were not.

Our stoic, confident, good-humored suspense, among targets blown adrift, canvas screens torn to shreds, tugs' propellers lost, repair parties washed from the rafts, had come finally to a head when we entered our night range on the 19th in a downpour of rain and long after the hour for taps.

At the deep gong of general quarters you elbow through the humanity of the gun-deck past the six-inch batteries. White-clad loaders and shellmen yawn and stretch their arms, rising from a doze snatched with heads pillowed on their ditty boxes or upon the slim, metallic cylinders of powder—or lying beside the shells which are tipped with red paint. Their officers are shouting final warnings and instructions. The sight-setters, with heads muffled in the leather telephone gear, finger the geometric disks beside their lenses under the masked glow of battle lanterns held above them.

Outside, from the boat deck, you start to climb the swaying ladder of the skeleton foretop, clinging to its periphery as high as the mouths of the three great smoke pipes. Then upward within it for three darker laps between safety nettings. From wet and slippery rungs, the hot murkiness of the boilers, you emerge breathless and a little dizzy into the railed square platform of the main fire-control station, the brain that guides the ship's destiny in battle. Beside you are the horizontal log of the big twelve-foot range-finder, the two range projectors clamped to the rail, and a maze of electric wires, plugs, bells, buzzers. You look down 110 feet upon the fo'castle, dark except for the dull jewel of one deadlight, empty but for the whitish worms of the emergency hoses pouring water overside.

The little platform fills with the fire-control force, ten officers in all—to read the range, to set the range clocks, and the spotters—ten officers, one third the ship's complement, bunched here in one place. You grasp at the hope that it would be indestructible in war, but with some misgiving for any system which requires that. They shout swift, keen orders down the voice-tubes to test out all bells and buzzers; to the central station and bridge circuits; and to their enlisted helpers at hand, "Don't take out your head gear and transmitters in this rain until we're coming on the range," meaning the picayune, Congress-bought telephones that short-circuit in the wet.

And the rain is blinding. We can hardly make out the clustered lights of our station ship (the *Celtic*), now dead ahead. Some one points to the inky clouds arched in the sky to starboard; and maybe it is from the ever-present dread of night firing, that you may not pick up the targets at all, that we suddenly launch into a quick-running comment on our plight. Yet the fatalism we assume is tinged somehow with humor. We raise below for tarpaulins—"tarpolyins" for the red-haired Southerner who spots to starboard. News is repeated that telephone No. 4 of the port sixes is deaf. The caged battle lanterns loom out and are rested on the glass faces of the range clocks (which resemble big aneroids) lying flat on the perforated steel underfoot. The bells (for "Stand by!") and the buzzers (for "Fire!") rehearse their liveness all around in a midget pandemonium.

At any rate, it is the sort of night when torpedo-boat enemies would set up an attack. The ordnance officer appears up the ladder; then the umpire from the *Rhode Island*, who unfolds the sealed orders: We are to enter the range by passing the station-ship abeam; course, magnetic north; speed, fifteen knots. After forty-five seconds turn on all search-lights; in forty-five more commence firing—which gives us fifteen seconds less than a minute in which to pick up the "enemy."

We are "coming on the range." The head-gear is broken out from its box in the forward port corner. By the look of half our crowns we might be football players in the rush-line. A tremulous roaring, the forced draught blowers, ascending from the bowels of the ship, hitches up the tension a notch or so. And then—blind go the battle lanterns. They bloom out, wink, vanish again. . . . Curses! . . . But in that mocking dark, with gusts from the breaking squall whipping the shelter we have made of the range-finder cover, with the rain stinging our faces, one clean, unruffled voice silences every one, ordering, "Plug in the KN circuit and order them to send us up all lanterns." Our sole light is the tiny firefly lamp by which the freckled midshipman at the range-finder brings the lens pencils of his readings into coincidence. One buzzer hums on and on after all the others have tested themselves into silence, and a ghostly electrician jumps to a tube and calls to some one named Costelli: "Costelli! Oh, Costelli! What's your trouble with the after port three's firing circuit?"

"Ask the captain to sheer off the course. Say we're not ready," telephones the ordnance officer in the same undistraught tone. We slack speed, veer to starboard, the while the tremor of the forced draught ceases, and

Fire-control officers "spotting" shots and sighting ranges in the forward fighting-top on the skeleton mast of the "Nebraska" during battle practice

the storm that has been making bursts out around the smoke-pipes under us in an abortive roar.

The battle lamps wink on fitfully, teasingly; and still no oil lanterns come. Well, then, before heading toward the range again we will have a practice drill with the search-lights just to see what can be done in darkness and the teeth of a storm. The orders go down in unison, telephoned to the bridge, to the forward and aft sixes and threes, and with the warning, "So don't load when the search-lights are turned on." And instantly, three to port and three to starboard, our six fluorescent, velvety pillars of light glance out and strike the sea into spheres of moving violet. By the usual optical illusion when you look down upon them they appear to point upward high into the sky. The rain drives through them, each atom of moisture so magnified that a snow-storm seems to be raging around us. But the imaginary range figures, from the finder (in yards), from the projectors (in "knots"), from the clocks, and the spotters' corrections of them, "up" or "down," have hardly twice left the transmitters for the guns before the *Celtic* looms ahead again, and the six giant antennæ shrivel back behind their lenses. A stout bo's'n's mate emerges with armfuls of brass lanterns, which are lit with difficulty, just—in irony—as the rain holds up and the battle lamps' filaments bloom out with a steady radiance.

But the wind has hitched up a point. The ordnance officer, in a new, uneasy silence, gives the ultimate order for all batteries to stand by for the run. It echoes down every circuit. Then, "Calls that close abeam, does he?" comes his angry exclamation. We are abreast the feeble glitter of the station ship, but some six hundred yards to the east of it. "I tell you it's an error in navigation. Watch out for your starboard targets close in to us!" And you marvel that at this last straw he is so restrained. He draws out his watch and compares it with the umpire's. "Time?" he snaps, and in assenting murmurs calls to the search-light platforms to turn on. Out again grope the mobile, genie-like columns, moving forward and aft, back and forth, forth and back, kissing, crisscrossing one another, and with a kind of hesitant, stuttering perplexity against the soupy darkness.

The U. S. battleship "Nebraska" firing a salvo of sixteen guns at a moving target five miles distant while under way

The snowy rain flakes drive through them in blizzard-like whirls. Certainly those beams are shorter and thicker than before, and it is pouring again. All eyes follow their irresolute search, in a stillness whose futility begins slowly to be almost audible. Still—"Load!"—the order is given and churned down the telephones. You feel a vague sense of loss. You feel that the forty-five seconds must be long past, yet knowing that they have hardly begun. That rhythmic clicking of the far-below engines is—hypnotic; it makes of time—a tragedy. A hoarse whisper rises that the port lights are trained too far aft; another that the night is too thick and we were fools not to have protested against firing in this squall. Even the umpire from the rival *Rhode Island* justifies our chagrin by agreeing that we are playing in rotten hard luck.

"Oh, let them count us zero if they want to!" declaims the ordnance officer in a climax. "It's no night to pick up targets. Secure your lights."

For a moment we stand rigid, with a sense of guilt. Then, as the search-lights wither once more, we give way and voice justifications of our failure. The umpire grows embarrassed and squirms uneasily as the loosed flow of talk dwells upon its brighter side. Whether or not we are allowed to try firing again lies in his hands. He leaves the matter in the air by saying, doubtfully, "You've done the right thing, it seems to me." But this tension that is growing anew is cut by the freckled midshipman at the range finder, who laughs to a messmate: "Pass me the makes. I think we've got time for a smoke before the next run."

"Ye-es, and to smoke up the whole pouch," grins back the tall Southerner, tossing it over. "We done everything on this yer battle-practice programme except run on the beach. Why, the silk cap must be all wore off our powder-bags by now." . . .

"Anyhow, get in those head-gear out of the wet," says the ordnance officer, weakly for the first time . . .

Down on the quarterdeck the *Georgia's* (flag-ship) ardois lights begin seemingly to wink that she made out our targets. Of course. Every one knows that it is harder to pick up targets from behind your own search-lights than by watching those trying to do so from a distant ship. And the *Rhode Island*, now sliding in to fire on the range, proves that. The storm clears, and five miles away though she is, we see her flail-like beams sweep the sea, and the whiter specks of the targets flash out in them for minutes, it seems, before they converge, and the ship goes into eruption. Far off there the fiery tracers on her shells liken her to a tiny pyrotechnic piece, and it soothes our humiliation to see the milky little splashes of her shells leap up wide of the "enemy." For the umpire is standing by us! Well, didn't we know he couldn't resist justice to our honest partisanship? We can shoot again, after the *Virginia*. But the flag-ship's grouch persists, and she signals a threat to penalize us for loafing near the range while a rival is going into action.

At coffee and beans down in the mess rooms we sit in dungarees and undershirts, caps askew, feet on the table. We begin the familiar tense talk, anticipating success or failure with equal cheer; with a cross-fire of humor subtly rooted in self-assurance and a conscious mastery of the game's technique; and all with a fresh ardor of nerves proof against any wear. The pianola mingles with a fierce argument on the general uselessness of three-inch guns—on how Captain Sims showed up army marksmanship—and the foolish length of time between night salvos "so a torpedo-boat could sneak in six hundred yards."

It is three bells (half past one) before our turn comes to shoot again. And this time, glory be, the high moon is snooping along behind thin mackerel clouds.

This time we execute. And thus—to leap over the recurring picture in the foretop quite as I have drawn it—up to the point where the storm choked our search-lights at "Commence firing!"

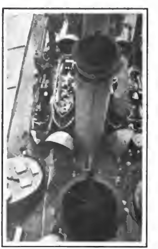
Now the first sweep of those to port pinions the twin screens there—puny squares more incandescent than the velvety pillars laid on them. . . . "Two seven O!" calls the range-finder, swinging his horizontal log, and he at the range clock leans over and sets it with a faint click. "Knots sixty one!"—from the range projector. Ordnance officer says, while the telephones parrot this, "There's time. Give them one more reading," and plunges to starboard, whence the chalky pillars are still prying, diverging, vainly against the blank wall of night. More figures shouted; the port spotters on tiptoe with their binoculars; the stand-by bells shrill out. And then, "Commence firing, port!" sonorously on the instant that Costell's buzzer and the rest along that rail snarl forth.

"Range two six five." . . . "Knots three left." . . .

You feel something like a twinge, but whether in your head or your stomach is uncertain. Your eyes deflect unwillingly downward upon dim squares of light in the open gratings of the eight-inch turrets, the bare arms of signal-boys in the screened glow of the bridge—that deadlight on the fo'castle—the bow dealing forward pale, hesitant washes.

The four-second eternity is blasted out of mind. You feel the rail, the tons of laced steel, wagging under your hands. Your cottoned ears accept dully the thuds of thunderbolts. It is the eyes in you that reach out. A long line, a horde of rockets dropping skeins of gold, are spouting outward from you—rockets that rise in exquisite curves, that curve to dim slightly in the spot-light splendor of long phosphorescent paths, to become infinitesimal burning bees—yes, bees—that weave downward into the sea, into lingering, surfy geysers, as if a horde of whales were frolicking in that outer darkness.

"Over!" . . . "Down 700!" . . . "Knots two right!" shout the transfixed spotters.



Looking down from the foretop of the "Nebraska," 130 feet above the sea, while under way on the range during target practice

The great game is in full blast. Fifteen seconds . . . This time the geysers bloom up between you and the target. And the acrid smoke billowing in the pitiless electric glare might be the cloudy setting in a fantastic's dream of the tiptop Miltonian realm—and no irreverence meant.

"Up two hundred!" . . . "Two right!" . . .

Again; more—and more.

But—what of the starboard targets? A black silence deadens the rail there. Times back, in one of the aching intervals, you remember the ordnance officer's cry—and no restraint now—to train farther forward. "Farther forward, d—— *it!*" . . . Despair galls you, but it is borrowed trouble, for in the instant the same vociferations that set all the port hell popping gets the starboard agog. You glimpse its targets, too, suddenly stuck like silvered cards at the focus of its violet pillars, as outward to the right spout the rockets and the thunder and leave you to float on the same Miltonian stage-set.

Between two of them invariably. The apocalypse grows homely. Still, it is quicker than anything in the world, faster than light or lightning, because they are not really fast at all, but instantaneous. A sameness of figures enters the shouts of yards spotted, a persistence of zero in the "knots," and now and then a spotter, tossing his head galvanically, cries: "Winged her!" . . . "Hit!" . . . Even the umpire's mouth is drawn into a grin. You laugh out in his face. . . . You visualize the bravados down on the gun-deck; the loaders heaving the shells and bags, the whirling arm closing the breech, the sight-setters twisting their bright little disks, the stiff "Attention!"

"The forward threes say they can't see the target. It's turned end on," breaks in a voice, tearing the transmitter from his mouth.

Ordnance officer claps the glass to his eyes. "Cease firing, port!" he shouts. "I expected that." Then to the umpire: "I call your attention to the fact, umpire. Those targets are laid end on."

And the starboard blasts are now ragged, lagging. "It's the smoke hanging over their bores and blowing back," explains a spotter.

Ordnance officer starts curiously, glares at his watch, squeezes it. "Cease firing, starboard! . . . Over time now," he mutters. "Nine and a half minutes." Somewhere a whistle booms, a gong breaks loose, and the thing is over.

We swing out to the targets. We glance at the tattered canvas—its poles ice white in the search-lights, the snowy fabrics shaking in the wind like gauze, the repair crew swarming over it.

"Well, anyhow, we got it off our chests," says the freckled midshipman, and the Southerner grunts, half asleep on the telephone box.

And indeed we had. We had made twenty hits against the *Georgia's* twelve.

The target and target raft of the "Nebraska" after the firing of six salvos at a distance of five miles, showing the destruction wrought. The target is scarcely visible to the gun-pointer at that distance

Mr. and Mrs. Dix in the library of their home at Thomson

The candidate and his wife strolling about their grounds

Mr. Dix, as a farmer, is interested in his apple orchard

H. P. Bissel, of Buffalo, delivering the formal notification speech

Mr. and Mrs. Dix starting for an automobile ride

Mr. Dix reading his speech of acceptance

CANDIDATE JOHN A. DIX AT HOME

VIEWS OF THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK TAKEN AT HIS HOME AT THOMSON ON THE OCCASION OF HIS RECENT NOTIFICATION

Looking Up the Bible's Past

THE WONDERFUL PEDIGREE OF THE BOOK WHICH, TRANSCRIBED LABORIOUSLY AT FIRST BY A FEW GREEK AND HEBREW SCRIBES, IS NOW BEING PUBLISHED AT THE RATE OF TEN MILLION COPIES A YEAR, AND HAS BEEN TRANSLATED, IN WHOLE OR PART, INTO NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED TONGUES AND DIALECTS

By Frank Fleischmann

NEXT year will be the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of the Authorized Version of the Bible. It may fairly be said that this anniversary will be the most important that the English-speaking race will celebrate during this century. For the Authorized Version is not alone a splendid monument of literature and religion; its publication standardized the English language, and its inheritance gave a common tongue to the English-speaking nations.

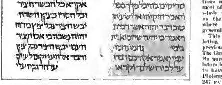
The suggestion for the new version came, not from the official representatives of the Church of England, but from the Puritans. It was the schismatical Dr. Reynolds who petitioned King James I. that the new translation be made, and it was Bishop Bancroft of London who denounced the project, saying that "if every man's humor should be followed there would be no end of translating." The King, whose scholarship was his chief merit, was in the end responsible for the new version.

The Bible has been called the best-selling book that has ever been printed. Actually, no other book that has ever been printed can begin to compare with it in this regard. Since its foundation in 1804 the British and Foreign Bible Society has issued more than 222,000,000 copies. Since its foundation in 1816 the American Bible Society has issued 87,296,182 copies. The National Bible Society of Scotland and the European Bible societies may have issued another 8,000,000 copies. Including those publishing houses that issue the Bible for profit, it may be estimated that, during the last century 400,000,000 copies of the Bible have been issued. During the past year the two leading Bible societies of America and England alone issued nine million copies, and the Scottish society an additional million. How many copies have been printed since the invention of movable type, how many written since the beginning of our era, may never be known.

The whole Bible has been translated into more than one hundred languages and dialects, and the New Testament into nearly two hundred. Books of the Bible have been translated into dialects that have died out since the work was accomplished. Perhaps five hundred tongues and dialects have been utilized in the attempt to preach the gospels to all nations of the earth.

How do we know that the Bible is true?

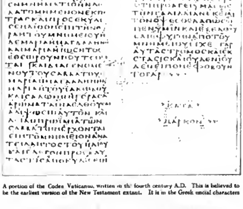
Perhaps the question might be stated differently. The problem of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, having puzzled Church councils and agitated divines since Solomon reigned, may well be left to the discernment of their successors. Let us ask, rather, how we know that the Bible substantially records—historically, at least—the events that it bears witness to. What are the evidences in favor of its genuineness? How do we know that it did not evolve from some monastic centre during the Dark Ages? Where does it come from? What is its pedigree?



A Hebrew MS. of the Prophets, written in the year 916, now at St. Petersburg. The vowel points are written, according to the Babylonian system, above the letters

The Old and New Testaments come to us bearing marks of authenticity immeasurably stronger than the works of Homer, Horace, Æschylus, Thucydides—almost all the classics of the ancient world. Let us first consider the older book. To the preservation of this we are, of course, indebted to the Jews. But they have not merely preserved it; such is their scrupulous regard for it that they have preserved it intact. There are no alternate renderings in the Hebrew Scriptures. Since the third century, at latest, most minute rules have existed for the guidance of the scribes who copied them, and every letter or ornamental mark has been faithfully rendered. The earliest extant MS of the Hebrew Old Testament is a copy of the Pentateuch, now in the British Museum and assigned to the ninth century. The earliest MS. bearing a precise date is a copy of the Prophets, at St. Petersburg, dated A.D. 916. Between the text of these copies and that of the Hebrew Bible as it is known to-day there is no essential difference.

This carries us back, then, to about the year 900, but we can go very much farther back than this. There exists, perhaps, the most voluminous literature of any people in the world among the Jews—the Talmud and commentaries upon it, written by learned rabbis and sedulously preserved. The schools of Jewish commentators upon the sacred text, known as the Massoretes, and their predecessors the Talmudists, or compilers of the traditions entitled the "Talmud," all evidently had the same type of text, which can thus be traced back to about the year A.D. 100. This was the time when the Jewish rabbis met in conference at Jamnia to discuss the limits of the canon of inspired Scriptures; and at the same time the text which is now known as "Massoretic" seems to have been determined on. Evidence exists from the rabbinical writings that the Old Testament, as known to us, existed in precisely the same form at the time of the Jamnia conference.



A portion of the Codex Vaticanus, written in the fourth century A.D. This is believed to be the earliest version of the New Testament extant. It is in the Greek uncial characters

There exist two translations of the Old Testament known to have been made previously to the adoption of the Massoretic text, and these, therefore, carry the history of the Bible back several centuries farther. One of these is the Samaritan version. The Samaritans were a mixed population planted by the Assyrians in Samaria after the conquest and deportation of the Ten Tribes; their version of the Pentateuch was adopted from their Jewish neighbors at the time of the captivity—that is to say, before the Prophets and the miscellaneous books of the Old Testament had begun to be included in the sacred canon. The Samaritan version, therefore, probably represents the Hebrew Pentateuch as it was in the fifth century before Christ. There are a number of variations in the Samaritan version, but most of them are unimportant; on the whole, this version is about the same as the Pentateuch of to-day, and, where divergences exist, they are generally supported by the Septuagint.

This brings us to the second translation known to have been made previously to the Massoretic text. The Greek Septuagint version received its name from the "seventy" translators by whom it is traditionally said to have been made, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus of Egypt (284-247 B.C.). It was made for the benefit of the large colony of Greek-speaking Jews in that country, and we possess manuscripts of it dating from the third century of the present era. It must be admitted, however, that these manuscripts differ considerably among themselves, and this may indicate either incorrectness of rendering or differing texts in the original Hebrew.

The situation is, therefore, that the Pentateuch may be considered to be almost an exact replica of the original; the remaining books of the Bible are, roughly, the same as they were known to the ancient Jews. It would be futile to enter into a more critical examination of the structure of the books of the Old Testament. That they contain the composite writings of various authors, that the men who transcribed them occasionally blundered, is made obvious by a cursory survey. Perhaps the best example is the work of the scribe who tacked the first two verses of the book of Ezra on to the end of Chronicles II., where they may still be seen in duplicate. But such matters are subsidiary. The Old Testament as it exists to-day would be recognized immediately by the Jews of the post exilic period, dating from the return from Babylon during the reign of Cyrus to the destruction of the second Temple in the first century after Christ by the Roman legions under the command of Titus.

When we turn to the New Testament we find that our evidences are at once stronger and weaker. The Old and the New Testament occupy very different positions. The Hebrew Pentateuch was regarded as the verbally inspired communication from God to man, its text was preserved with the most sedulous care. The books of the New Testament, however, were not regarded as being anything more than the narratives of various authors; in consequence a vast variety of manuscripts was written, which, while tracing back the New Testament to a date not very remote from that of the first Christians, afford a great divergence in text. Discoveries of these early documents—"sayings of Christ," and gospels of Peter—continue to be made during every decade. The epistles of St. Paul are paralleled by numbers of similar communications that have been found of recent years in Egypt, and these, incidentally, by their structure bear witness to the genuine character of St. Paul's writings. It was only during the course of the second century that the gospels of the New Testament began to be singled out from among these numerous records, together with the remaining books, and to receive recognition as the authentic records of the life of Christ on earth and of the earliest history of the Church.

The persecutions which the Christians endured, and the destruction of their literature, gravely militated against the preservation of the authentic records. The papyrus upon which they were written is hardly more durable than the material of the modern wood-pulp newspaper. There exist to-day two manuscripts which antedate all others of the Greek Bible—the Codex Vaticanus and the Codex Sinaiticus. The former, which has been preserved in the Vatican Library at Rome since the fifteenth century, dates back to the fourth century; and the latter, which was discovered in the monastery of St. Catherine upon Mount Sinai, and is now in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, is believed to be of equal antiquity. Many other versions exist which date back to the fifth and sixth centuries. Among these may be mentioned the Codex Alexandrinus, one of the treasures of the British Museum, a MS. of the entire Bible, and written in the fifth century. In addition to New Testament MSS. the service-books of the Greek Church, containing lessons for daily reading, are useful witnesses to the New Testament text. More than a thousand such books are known, dating from the fourth to the fourteenth century.

Thus, as stated, the New Testament does not present so strong and clear a pedigree as the Old. There is a gap of several centuries between the earliest manuscript extant and the events which it records. On the other hand we have more than 3,000 manuscripts, to which number must be added those being constantly discovered, which bear a cumulative evidence to the historical truth of the New Testament narratives that is far more convincing than any evidence which can be brought forward in favor of the authenticity of any classical authors of the ancient world.

A New Experiment in Education

HOW PRESIDENT LOWELL IS MODIFYING THE "ELECTIVE SYSTEM" AT HARVARD

By Charles Johnston

BRET HARTE once wrote some vigorous and original verses with the title: "Mr. Interviewer Interviewed." The phrase flashed into my mind the other day when I had the good fortune to talk of university life and ideals with President Lowell of Harvard. I asked President Lowell to put into a sentence his view of the purpose of university life, and I happened to add that the same question had been put to the presidents of some of our other universities. It was at this point that the president of Harvard turned the tables on his interviewer. Instead of answering my question he asked, "What did they say?"

To be sure of perfect accuracy, I have since looked the matter up, with this result: President Nicholas Murray Butler said that a chief purpose of university training was to insure a wide general education to professional men. President Woodrow Wilson held that university life should make men better comrades and better citizens. President Hadley said that the purpose of a university was to establish and maintain standards; and he added that certain of our universities, and notably Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, and certain others, were inspired by the ideal of civic ethics, the wish to make of a student not so much a learned man, or a skilled specialist, as a good citizen; a man who has found out what he can do, and is determined to do it well, with a sense of what he owes to his country and his fellow citizens; one who sees in duty well done the ideal of success. Good citizenship seemed, therefore, to be the underlying idea.

President Lowell considered this for a moment, and agreed that he also would consider good citizenship a main purpose of university life; "good citizenship, and also culture." Here was a notable addition. He went on to say that the problem was to awaken a higher regard for scholarship among university students, and also among the public. It was not at all a question of encouraging scholarship at the expense of athletics.

Scholarship must be encouraged in and for itself, not at the expense of anything. Football and other forms of athletics should keep the high place they now hold in the minds of students and of the public, and the delight in them should remain. At the same time the delight in scholarship and the regard for scholarship must grow. On the question of the rivalry between scholarship and athletics, the president of Harvard has recently expressed himself very luminously, and at the same time with a great deal of humor. He commented on the fact that from colleges in different parts of the country general complaints had been heard that students not engaged in professional work have far too little desire for sound scholarship, and slender respect for those who work hard, while athletic triumphs are regarded as of vast importance. "It is a very significant fact," he added, "that this condition is not due in the main to a sincere belief that prowess in sports is intrinsically of greater value than intellectual achievement. Almost every undergraduate would be proud to be told that he was destined in after life to write a remarkable history, or to make a notable scientific discovery, and would be shocked to hear that he was to be the best professional baseball player in the world." Yet the undergraduate prefers the one and eschews the other, first, because of the great amount of public applause to be won by athletic achievement, and, second, because he holds that such achievement is an evidence of red blood.

The problem, therefore, is to awaken a higher regard for scholarship, and Harvard seems to have two leading ideas as to how this may be accomplished. One of these, and it seems admirable, is to bring freshmen into touch with the very best teachers in the university, from the beginning of their university work. Then, for the senior classmen, there is the invaluable incentive of creative work. The ideal is not that the mind should be filled with all kinds of facts, duly tabulated and labelled, but rather that the faculties of the mind and interior nature, and, most of all, the creative faculties, should be brought into activity; for there is no such joy and incentive as creative work. Senior classmen, therefore, are encouraged to study, to do creative work, to find out for themselves something they did not know before, something they could not discover by merely looking the matter up in books; not necessarily, of course, something that was never known before, but something that *they* did not know before. Great stress is laid on the original thesis based on creative work. The subject of the thesis may be suggested by the student or by the instructor; often the instructor draws up a list of subjects, from which students are at liberty to choose, according to their own temperaments and talents. In a recent competition, out of fifty-seven essays sent in to compete for a medal, forty were judged good enough to gain the medal, had there not been another better. In another competition, essays on municipal government were sent in by students in seventeen different colleges; the first place was won by Harvard. President Lowell added that, in his own special department of political science, he had often received effective help from the research work of his students, and had used their results in his books. Yet another very valuable force which tends to increase the regard for scholarship among students is the preceptor system, on which Princeton has laid so much stress: small groups of students cordially working with a preceptor, thus making their original work more effective and intelligent. All these forces are means for the solution of the general problem: to awaken a higher regard for scholarship, among students, and also among the public.

What subjects are to be studied, in order that a true education may be obtained? On what principle are these subjects to be chosen? An authority has recently described the three phases or stages through which our universities have passed in the last thirty years. There was first the classical period, when each student was supposed to become a specialist in Latin and Greek, with a dash of higher mathematics for mental strengthening, and a little philosophy to give him a proper attitude toward life. The course was based on a consistent theory, that of the literary value of Greek, which deserves every good thing ever said of it, and that of the practical and disciplinary value of Latin and calculus, which was more or less exaggerated. The general idea was that no other combination was quite the equal of this for bringing out the intellectual possibilities of the growing student. All this was prescribed work, the student taking what was before him and asking no questions. As a result of this inelastic system, great numbers of young men passed by on the other side, entering on life without college training and becoming self-made men.

The classical period then gave way to the patchwork stage. A dozen sciences, half a dozen modern languages, clamored for attention; economics soon demanded a place. Modern subjects poured in upon the classics, and their aggregate force broke down the rigid classical system. One subject after another was inserted in the college course, crowding out a corresponding portion of the ancient discipline. Greek, the most valuable part, was first to go, while Latin and mathematics had to be content with a steadily diminishing space. But the patchwork period soon, of necessity, gave way to the elective. There were too many subjects. No student could possibly master them all, therefore a choice became inevitable and imperative. When there was so much to be learned, some one must choose what to take and what to leave. It was recognized that the right choice was that which was associated with the personality of the student, representing his character, temperament, and talent; and therefore to the student the choice of subjects and of teachers was largely left. The result of the firm establishment of the elective system was that the universities and colleges grew by leaps and bounds. Enthusiasm came back to the class-rooms, teachers improved as well as scholars, and the universities rapidly found themselves strong, popular, and populous.

President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard

But the elective system presently developed weak points, two of which are thus described by President Lowell: First, it was felt that the diversity of choice resulting from the elective system had rendered almost impossible the competition which, as a stimulant and as a means of self-measurement, is a vital factor in the development of youth. Second, it was felt that the elective subjects of study chosen by a student were by no means certain to form a consistent whole, or to insure a well-rounded education. Many of the students, no doubt, chose their courses wisely, but there were many who did not devote sufficient time to one subject to make it possible to master anything thoroughly; and there were others who concentrated too much —who, leaving some of the principal fields of knowledge untouched, graduated without a broad intellectual outlook.

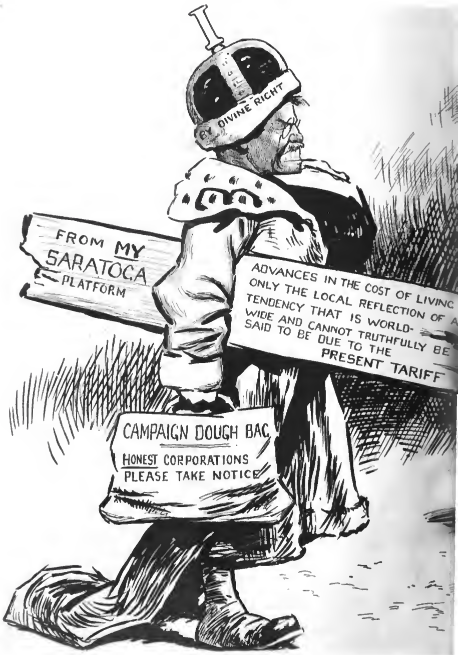
The problem before President Lowell was, therefore, to correct these defects in the elective system; and in doing this, it seems to me, some very remarkable work has been accomplished. In approaching this part of the subject, I asked President Lowell some very general questions. The first of these was whether he had in mind any particular subject, as, for instance, Greek and Latin, as the means of a sound education. He replied that his ideal was "a little of everything, and something well"; a modern variant of the old definition of the education of a gentleman: "Something of everything and everything of something." "A little of everything, and something well"; with the emphasis on the "well," rather than on the "something." President Lowell held that a sound education might be gained through the classical languages, or through modern languages, or through mathematics or science, provided that they were well and carefully studied. There is at Harvard, therefore, no idea of laying down a single hard and fast course for all students to follow. On the contrary, every undergraduate is, within certain limits, allowed to choose his own subjects of study. These are then supervised by the authorities, to make sure that they include "a little of everything, and something well." That this supervision is quite different from dictation, or the laying down of prescribed courses, President Lowell showed by the use of a striking simile. To say, he observed, that one may not follow an illegal trade, is very different from saying what trade he should follow.

So much for the general ideal. Let us now consider the way in which it has been worked out in detail at Harvard; for this is the most remarkable part of the whole matter. To begin, then, with the guiding principle: President Lowell believes that the best policy for the normal undergraduate is to concentrate a considerable part of his work on one subject, and distribute the rest wisely. Every student may reasonably be required to show cause why his choice of electives should not be based on this principle. The two objects in view are, therefore: First, to require every student to make a choice of electives that will secure a systematic education, based on the principle of knowing a little of everything, and something well. Second, to make the student plan his whole college curriculum seriously, and plan it as a whole.

As for the first of these objects, it is a question of concentration on the one hand, and of distribution on the other. Concentration is attained by providing that every student shall take at least six of the sixteen courses which are required for graduation in some one department, or in some field for a degree with distinction covering a group of related subjects taught in more than one department. Distribution is a less simple matter than concentration. The system now in operation at Harvard seeks to secure it by classifying all the subjects taught in college among four general groups, and requiring every student to study something in each group. These groups are based not primarily upon the subject-matter of the course, but upon the method of treatment, because the object of a liberal education is not so much knowledge as an attitude of mind and a familiarity with processes of thought. The first of the four groups contains the arts of expression—languages, literature, the fine arts, and music; the second, the natural or inductive sciences; third, what may be called, for want of a better term, the inductive social sciences, such as history, politics, and economics; the fourth, the abstract or deductive studies—that is, mathematics and philosophy, including law and diverse kinds of social theories.

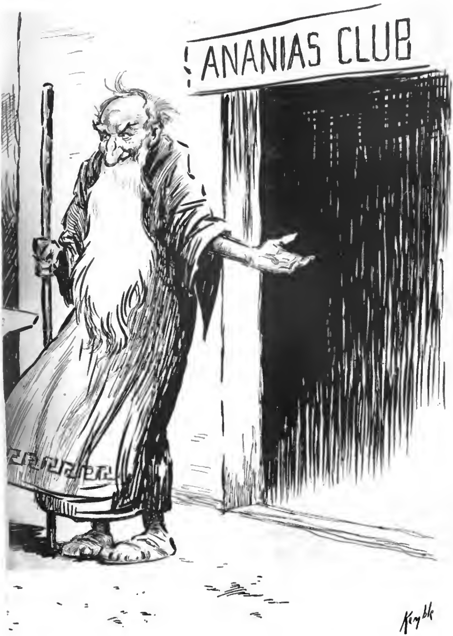
But it is necessary also that each student should plan his course of studies in college as a whole, and much serious thought has been directed toward this end. As a result, it is provided that at the end of his freshman year, when he may be presumed to have acquired some familiarity with college work, he shall present to his adviser a programme of study for the rest of his college course. He is not required to specify the exact courses he will take, for at the time he is a senior they may not be given; but he must state in what direction his work will lie, what subject he purposes to make his chief field, how many courses he purposes to take in it, and in what years, and how he intends to distribute the rest of his work among the three remaining groups of subjects. The student will then discuss his plans with his adviser; exceptional cases will be considered; and the student will go to work along the lines decided on. The essence of this system is, in President Lowell's words, "that it holds up before a student a positive standard of education, and the setting up of that standard alone is of inestimable value. When he is given a standard that is authoritative and appeals to his sense he is likely to adopt it in his own mind; and what is more, he is likely to feel a stronger motive for working not perfunctorily but well."

I have space to speak of only one thing more which President Lowell is seeking to do—his effort to break up the loneliness of the freshman. In former days, when there were only a hundred and fifty freshmen at Harvard, it was possible for them to become personally acquainted with one another. At present, when there are six hundred, this is almost impossible, at least as long as they are scattered through a great many different places of residence and are equally distributed at meals. So far as I understand President Lowell's plan, I believe he hopes to gather the six hundred freshmen together in a single dormitory, where they can learn to know one another, where class spirit can grow, as contrasted with the spirit of smaller groups or cliques, and where, most of all, the loneliness of friendless students may find a cure. This cordial sympathy with the life and spirit of the students is, indeed, the key-note of President Lowell's work at Harvard.


BY DIVINE RIGHT
FROM MY SARATOGA PLATFORM
ADVANCES IN THE COST OF LIVING ONLY THE LOCAL REFLECTION OF A TENDENCY THAT IS WORLD-WIDE AND CANNOT TRUTHFULLY BE SAID TO BE DUE TO THE PRESENT TARIFF
CAMPAIGN DOUGH BAG
HONEST CORPORATIONS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

OLD MAN ANANIAS: "WELCOME, THEODORE;

DRAWN B


ANANIAS CLUB
Kemble

AT PLANK MAKES YOU A LIFE MEMBER”

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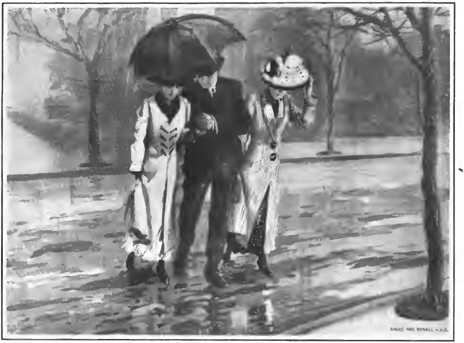


WHICH IS HIS SISTER?

ON THE STUMP

THE orator was thundering along carrying everything before him. Since the days of Daniel Webster the audience had heard nothing to equal it. Perhaps the argument was not as strong as it might be, but there was a pleasing candor about the man that was most appealing, and that was every moment making him more and more sure of their favor. As long as a man is sincere, what else can be asked of him? and could a man, even lacking arguments of a convincing nature, be so sincere without being right? After all, the issues fell back in the last analysis upon conviction rather than upon any tangible evidence either way; and a hostile gathering was so swayed under the apparent genuineness of the man's utterances that it was all but won. Spellbound they listened to his torrential eloquence, and then right in the midst of a period glowing with passion and rhetorical beauty, there came a drawling voice from the rear of the hall.

"That is all right, Mr. Speaker," said the drawling voice, "but what I want is an explanation of cases, not a highfalutin' sky-scrapin' soar through the empyrean."

"Shame! Shame!" came cries from all parts of the hall.

"Put him out!" cried others.

"Sit down!" called out a third group.

A half-dozen sturdy spirits made a rush for the interrupter, but the orator held up his hand, and, with a smile playing about his lips, bade them let the man alone.

"The gentleman is entirely within his rights," he protested. "Let us hear what he has to say. We are not afraid of the truth, and if there are any points upon which I can enlighten him I shall be most happy to do so. What is it you wish to say, my friend?"

An uproarious burst of applause echoed and re-echoed throughout the hall.

"He's no quitter, by hokey!" said some.

"All I want," said the interloper, "is to ask you one straight question."

"Very good, my friend," said the orator. "And what is that question?"

The interloper proceeded to drawl out a very sockdolager. It was such a question as would stump any one of the most resourceful stump-speakers of any age. Who could be expected to answer such a poser offhand? The audience turned breathlessly to the orator to see how he would meet it, but they were reassured to find him still smiling.

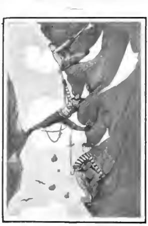
"Well," he said, after a few moments' cogitation, scratching his head thoughtfully, "that is a poser. In fact, I do not know that in twenty years' experience on the public forum I have ever had so difficult a question put to me to be answered offhand. Nevertheless, I will try to meet the gentleman's wish, and in answer to his request I will say this."

Whereupon there followed a brilliant exposition of all the points bearing upon the proposition thus unexpectedly presented. The reply was masterful. It showed a resourcefulness in debate that was unparalleled in the experience of his hearers, and when he had finished the audience rose to its feet, a large portion of it springing up on to the seats of the auditorium and waving their handkerchiefs enthusiastically in the air.

"And now," said the orator, his face all aglow with pleasure over his triumph, "now that I have tried, even if inadequately, to answer my friend's question, perhaps he would like to ask me another?"

The audience turned to the interloper, to see if there was anything left of him, grinning at his discomfiture, and awaiting a possible second question if he perchance should have the temerity to ask it.

"Why, no, Judge," said he, "that last question was the only one you asked me to ask you."



COLLECTING BIRDS' EGGS

NATURE STUDY—THE ELEPHANT

Th' Ephalunt—guess he was s'prised
  W'en he woke up one day
An' found they'd made him 'thout no hands—
  'N'en he says, "Anyway,
Nobody ain't forgot my nose;
  I'll have to make *that* do, I s'pose!"

Th' Ephalunt looked in th' glass
  An' he was dreffle glad
W'en they was cuttin' out his ears
  They used 'most all they had—
Ain't nuthin' stingy 'bout his ears
  'Cause he won't tell all that *he* hears!

Th' Ephalunt packed up his trunk
  'Cause he is goin' 'way,
An' kissed his wife—he doesn't know
  How long it is he'd stay.
I 'spect a bird told him, don't you,
  Where Pa an' me—we're goin' to?

'Cause he just asked th' circus-man
  Soon as th' monkey's thro'
A-showin' off how smart he is,
  Please let *him* do things, too.
Th' Ephalunt wants Pa an' me
  To clap our hands at *him*, you see!

He took his toothpicks an' his trunk
  An' four big feet an' all,
An' rolled hisse'f all 'round the floor
  Wite on a big round ball!
'N'en he sat right down in th' chair
  An' ringed th' little bell for fair,

Until th' waiter-man he must
  Run off somewheres an' get
Him ever'thing there is to eat—
  But he stays hungry yet!
An' w'en th' folks was all gone 'way
  He et a great big load of hay!

That's w'y it is my Grampa built
  A barn on top of his—
'Cause if a Ephalunt comes 'round
  He won't know where it is;
My Grampa's ev'ry single load
  It would go marchin' down th' road!

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

SOME HALLOWE'EN RULES

WHILE Hallowe'en is a time when all lids are presumed to be temporarily off, there are, nevertheless, certain rules of the game which must be observed by persons desiring to keep their social position intact. They are as follows:

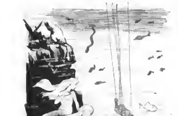
I. In removing gates from their hinges be sure that they are in all cases garden gates, and do not under any circumstances sneak into the county jail and remove the bars from in front of the prisoners' cells. A violation of this rule is apt to result in the accession of a large number of undesirable people on the public highways.

II. It is not considered good form to break into the barn of the Methodist clergyman for the purpose of taking his family carryall and perching the same on the roof of the Baptist church. Let your attentions be exclusively non-sectarian, lest the result of your playful work shall be not joy, but schism, among the good people of your neighborhood.

III. Be sure, when you fill your stockings with flour for the making of your Hallowe'en weapon of offence and defence, that the flour is not only well sifted, but has not yet been cooked. A young man who failed to observe this rule in Tognus, Connecticut, last Hallowe'en, and filled his stocking with tea-biscuits prepared by his bride of three weeks, knocked her rich uncle senseless with his apparently harmless weapon, with the result that the old gentleman has made an entirely new will leaving his money to establish a village cooking-school.

IV. In bobbing for apples be careful to avoid all fouling. If your adversary has cornered an apple in one section of the tub do not strive to snatch it away from him with your teeth, lest in the excitement of the moment you should catch his nose instead, or *vice versa*. If either of you had your nose bitten off, it would cast a gloom over the pleasure of the rest of the party.

V. Be careful, when wielding your stuffed club in the dark, whom you hit, and where you hit him. It is just as well, if you are a clerk on a small salary, not to take advantage of the license of the evening and slam your employer across the mouth with a sock filled with wet flour. It may be that he has no sense of humor, and such an act might interfere with your prospects.



MERMAID: "HORRORS! THERE GOES ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLE NIGHT-SEERS AGAIN!"

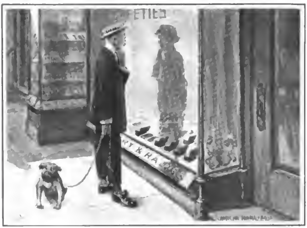
VI. When lighting up your Jack-o'-lantern to shove into the window of some old maid at midnight, whom you have selected as the object of your attentions, be sure to use tallow dips, or ordinary wax candles, taking especial care not to use Roman candles under any circumstances, unless the old maid in question happens to be in financial difficulties and needs the insurance.

VII. On general principles it is not considered good form for a ghost weighing under a hundred and thirty pounds to attempt to haunt a red-haired gentleman of uncertain temper who tips the scales at two hundred and twenty-eight. It is also not regarded as *de rigueur* in our best circles to rise up unexpectedly before the couch of a hot-tempered man with no sense of humor, who is known to sleep with a double-barrelled shotgun under his pillow.

VIII. If you are seeking a novel outlet for your prankesome nature on Hallowe'en, one thing that has never been done before, and that will merit everlasting approval, consists in calling upon your neighbor after he has gone to bed, and after compelling him to rise and dress and come down into the parlor, raising the mortgage from his room. This is even better than raising the roof itself, and will doubtless prove more satisfactory to all concerned, not even excepting your neighbor himself.

IX. If as midnight strikes you seize a mirror and walk down the cellar stairs with the object of seeing the face of the future goddess of your household reflected in its depths, you need not be disturbed if the face seen therein is that of a fierce-visaged old lady, some thirty years older than yourself. The goddess of many another household has been the mother-in-law, and moreover the promises of the mirror are not considered binding under the laws of this Republic.

X. It is a cardinal rule of Hallowe'en that good nature must characterize all its pranks. Nevertheless, if as the clock strikes twelve you observe a gnome sneaking out of your dining-room window with all your table-silver and your wife's jewel-case secreted in a bag flung over his shoulders, it is perfectly proper to continue the joke by grabbing him by the leg and pulling him back into the house, and sitting on his head until the patrol-wagon full of policemen arrives, summoned by some member of your family over the 'phone.



THE AMBITIONS OF YOUTH

A HALLOWE'EN FAILURE

Who's dat peekin' in de do'?
  Set mah heart a-beatin'!
Thought I see' a spook for sho
  On mah way to meetin'.
Heerd a rustlin' all aroun',
  Trees all sort o' jiggled;
An' along de frosty groun'
  Funny shadders wiggled.

Who's dat by de winder-sill?
  Gittin' sort o' skeery;
Feels a feelin' kind o' chill,
  Eyes is sort o' teary.
'Most as nervous as a coon
  When de dawgs is barkin',
Er a widder when some spoon
  Comes along a-sparkin'.

Whass dat creepin' up de road,
  Quiet like a ferret,
Hoppin' sof'ly as a toad?
  Maybe hit's a sperrit!
Lordy! hope dey ain't no ghos'
  Come to tell me howdy.
I ain't got no use for those
  Fantoms damp an' cloudy.

Whass dat standin' by de fence
  Wid its eyes a-yearnin',
Drivin' out mah common-sense
  Wid its glances burnin'?
Don't dass skeercely go to bed
  Wid dem spookses roun' me;
Ain't no res' fo' dis yere head
  When dem folks surroun' me.

Whass dat groanin' soun' I hear
  Off dar by de gyarden?
Lordy! Lordy! Lordy dear,
  Grant dis sinner pardon!
I won't neither—
                I declar'!
  Ef it ain't my Sammy!
Sambo, what yo' doin' dar?
  Yo' hasn't skeer yo' mammy!

CARLYLE SMITH.

FROM THE MORALS OF MARCUS O'PTUTT

He says not most who talks the longest.

Meet trouble half-way, but don't go out of your own way to do it.

Kick no man when he is down, and only those who can't kick back when they are up.

Emulate the crow who never speaks without due caws.

Keep quiet about your troubles—never blow the horn of a dilemma.

He laughs at war who [illegible] a pair of life's undercurrants.

If you must bet, pick losers—there are so many more of them to choose from.

A near-sighted chaperon is a pearl beyond price.

Believe only half that you hear, and be sure that that is the right half.

Love laughs at locksmiths probably because it knows the combination.

The poorest way to rise with the lark is to go off on one the night before.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man a poor dinner companion.

Misery loves company, but she sets a very indifferent table.

Woman may be a bad shot, but when it comes to glances she often scores a bull's-eye by casting them in the other direction.

They say that a bad egg will not poach, but judging from the poachers we have met this does not apply to the human variety.

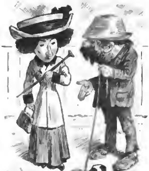
The man who declines to look a gift motor in the carburetter is likely sooner or later to have a choice supply of scrap-iron on his hands.

Considering the general fidelity of the canine race, it wouldn't be a bad thing if some men went to the dogs earlier in life for the sheer educational value of the association.

Just the same, the hare is a better runner than the tortoise, and, on any straight track supervised by real sportsmen with decent ideals of what is fair and what is not, would be the winner in the Marathon of life.

Time changes all things, and in these days, with poultry selling at impossible figures, the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs would probably have come out a little to the good after all.

If it be true that truth lies at the bottom of a well, what wonder that at times it seems to be badly watered!



"I WOULDN'T NEVER PART WID 'M, MA'AM, NOT FUR A T'OUSAND DOLLARS, ONLY DEY DON'T ALLOW NO DAWGS IN ME NEW APARTMENT."

The White Mercy

By Herman Scheffauer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W R BING

"WHAT a melancholy, moping fellow that new interne is," said Dr. Horace Dwinelle.

Chief surgeon was he of the new Laidlaw Hospital, most modern and magnificently endowed. The institution was a monument to the sudden philanthropy of Henry Laidlaw. This mogul of the railways, stricken heavily by some grievous distemper, now lay moribund in his great mansion, surrounded by a conclave of doctors instead of his erstwhile lawyers and agents.

"There's something on Dr. Fremont's mind, I fear," said Miss Chalmers, the head nurse, a spinster of forty-one, maternal in breadth of figure and of a wholesome, benign radiance of face. In her massive bosom the large warm heart beat with the music of sympathy for all sufferers. By the disasters that had befallen that very heart in the younger, more romantic days of hope, her knowledge of human emotions was almost as accurate as the physician's knowledge of human diseases. So it was with a certain assurance that she added: "The poor man shows all the signs of an unhappy love-affair."

The aristocratic and elegant surgeon laughed mockingly, then made answer in his calm and cultured voice:

"How foolish of the man—how foolish of any man—to allow any such sentimental débris of a collapsed love-affair to lie on his mind. That sort of mind has usually very little in it. I've grown somewhat weary of seeing him stalk around here like some Trappist monk or like Death in *Everyman*. A mere glimpse of him sets our patients back a month—and I don't wonder with that green hatchet face of his and those sleepy, dog-like eyes. Watch him closely, Miss Chalmers. We cannot risk errors made by love-sick swains. Modern surgeons must beware of sentiment."

And she who, because of the height and excess of her sentiment, had been thwarted in her own heroic and ideal love, reflected that there was no fear or likelihood of Dr. Horace Dwinelle ever incurring an encroachment of perilous sentiment. The milk of affection, the wine of emotion, the fire of passion, would be cast in vain upon the smooth and polished marble of that egoistic and ambitious nature.

The familiar, plangent, and explosive clangor of the rubber-tired ambulance came suddenly to their ears, and the rat-a-tan of horse's hoofs as the vehicle rolled silently into the courtyard below. Five minutes later the wide doors of the elevator in the side corridor swung open and two small-wheeled carriages of white enamel were pushed forth. One of these was wheeled toward the women's section; the other came rolling noiselessly down the barren hallway toward the doctor and the nurse. A lolling head and a face pale and drawn with the tension and rigor of some great convulsive shock lay revealed, a gleam of agony frozen in the half-open eyes. Dr. Dwinelle glanced curiously at the face of the man as the little carriage passed.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, "it is Courtney Hillis! Miss Chalmers, I'll attend this case myself. Please order the secretary to telephone Mrs. Harvey Hillis that her son is in my hands. Dr. Fremont," he called to the pensive interne skulking listlessly at the end of the corridor, "kindly prepare my instruments."

Robert Fremont turned from the window through which he had been gazing into the sullen and heated afternoon, and went into the sterilizing-room.

Courtney Hillis was the son of one of the richest men in the city, and the nephew of old Henry Laidlaw. Dr. Dwinelle had met him more than once at certain fashionable houses. This very afternoon the reckless and unbridled young millionaire, for whom the laws of State or city were but printed paragraphs that legal eloquence and the coin of his sire could strike into meaningless and futile words, had driven his new motor at cyclonic speed through one of the quiet residential streets not far from the hospital. A little girl who sought to cross the street had paused terrified in the very path of the careering car. She seemed spellbound by its furious onset, its glitter, and the hoarse trumpeting of its horn. She darted forward as the motor swerved to pass her, then turned suddenly and ran back. Hillis, confused by her erratic movements, drove his huge machine straight upon her, giving a last desperate turn to the steering-wheel. He felt the shock of her little body and the hideous rise of the left-hand wheels as they rushed over the prostrate girl. Ere he could slacken speed or bring the careering Juggernaut into its proper track again, the motor had swerved furiously into the curb, slammed against a tree, and flung him headlong. The ambulance was summoned, and the unconscious Hillis and his little victim were both hurried to the Laidlaw Hospital.

Here Hillis lay—inert upon the cold, hard operating table, his blue eyes still partly open, his glossy yellow hair stained with blood. In his look the conscious soul still seemed to look forth, but the eyes beheld nothing; the lips were dumb, and the ears refused to accept the spoken message the surgeon meant to convey to the blank and unreceptive brain. Dr. Dwinelle, now garbed in his white surgeon's robe and cap, placed the sufferer now upon his left side. The interne was sterilizing the instruments in the next room. The surgeon ran the long white fingers of his delicate hands through the dank light hair. The skull was fractured above the temples; the bone pressed upon the nerve-centres that controlled the organs of speech and hearing. Plainly enough this was a case for trepanning. Hurriedly he bade Miss Chalmers summon two more nurses, and as Fremont entered with the tray of shining implements, he addressed him curtly: "A little more alacrity, please, Dr. Fremont! Kindly get me a new vial of chloroform from the laboratory at once."

Horace Dwinelle, graduate and adherent of the English schools of surgery, preferred the use of chloroform to ether. It was his habit to scoff at the common belief that ether was an anesthetic less dangerous to the function of the heart.

A flood of sallow light, tinged with the stormy murkiness of the heated and lowering skies, poured into this square, white-tiled chamber through one immense sheet of plate glass set in the wall toward the street. The interne, as he turned to go, gave a glance at the half-turned face of the man upon the table. Instantly in his dark and brooding eyes there gleamed a ray bright and strange, and his set, lugubrious face drew itself into lines of sudden astonishment. He bent and stared fixedly at the features of Courtney Hillis.

"The chloroform!" said the surgeon, sharply; "I've asked you to go for the chloroform, Dr. Fremont!"

"Chloroform will kill him," said the interne, slowly. "His heart is very weak."

The distinguished surgeon faced swiftly about. Sparks of anger shot from his gray eyes. They grew hard and sharp as his own lancets. His words were level and rigid with a delicate yet deadly contempt.

"Sir, I've asked you to get the chloroform. Will you do so at once—and administer it?"

"His heart is very weak, Dr. Dwinelle," said the interne, his long, lank face made almost grotesque with some half-controlled emotion. "I know this man—Courtney Hillis. We went to the same college together. Once after an accident in the field he almost died from the effects of chloroform. I suggest that ether be used."

It was evident that the sudden blood that came into the pale cheeks of the surgeon betrayed the inner rage which his exquisite manners would not suffer him to betray. Yet almost by instinct his hand wandered to the wrist of Courtney Hillis, the slender fingers to the pulse. The next moment he dropped the hand, as if entirely reassured. His icy and supercilious eyes narrowed and their wrath shot glinting between the lids; the small and sneering mouth shaped and flung these words at the hesitating interne.

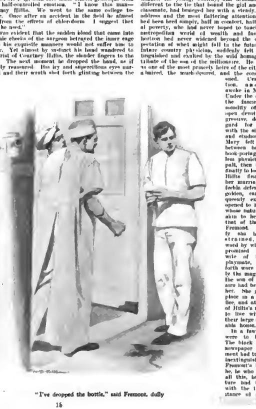
"Sir, I have asked you to get the chloroform. Now I order you to get it—and at once!"

For a moment the interne stared helplessly at the hostile and contemptuous front of the surgeon, then at the head nurse, whose look of surprise had suddenly changed into cold unfriendliness. He passed his hand over his eyes and through his long strands of hair. By the index of his features it was apparent that some tumult raged within him. Then he slouched from the room. His mind was instantly attacked by a horde of stormy memories. He saw again the crumpled figure of Courtney Hillis extended on the turf of a football field in the sunshine, heard him howling dolefully as he lifted a limp and broken arm and shrieked for the doctor to set the bone—and to use chloroform. Well Fremont remembered how the pulse and respiration of Hillis had sunk beneath the anesthetic, how his heart had almost ceased to beat, how they had labored over him and brought back the life slipping into the shadows.

As he hurried blindly along the corridors toward the laboratory belowstairs, another face arose before him. It was a young woman's, serene and fair and wistful, but marked with a trace of ingenuous selfishness or helplessness. It was the face that still stood between him and the fulness of his life. Once it had been a sun to him, but now it had grown a cold dead moon, a frozen sphere that would not leave the orbit of his life, but eclipsed the vast ambitions he had once fed so valiantly with hope. This was the unforgettable face that still fettered him, clouded his mind and unravelled his life—the very beautiful face of Mary Traske. Unerring had been the diagnosis of Head-nurse Chalmers! Mary Traske had been the playmate of his youth in their native town, later his betrothed in the metropolis which had drawn them both from home. And now—now she was the joyous and exquisite fiancée of Courtney Hillis.

For Hillis had no sooner met Mary Traske than he had been enslaved by her fresh and unusual beauty. Ruthless and unscrupulous in love, like his father in finance, the young, wealthy, and debonair Hillis indifferent to the tie that bound the girl and his former classmate, had besieged her with a steady, tumultuous address and the most flattering attentions. She who had been bred simply, half in comfort, half in genteel poverty, who had never hoped to touch the larger metropolitan world of wealth and fashion, whose horizon had never widened beyond the ordinary expectation of what might fall to the future wife of a future country physician, suddenly felt herself distinguished and exalted by the wild homage and royal tribute of the son of the millionaire. He was himself, as one of the most princely heirs of the city, the much admired, the much-desired, and the constantly pursued. Craft, calculation, and ambition awoke in Mary Traske. Under the onslaught of the fascinating personality of Hillis, his open devotion and aggressive, defiant disregard for her troth with the simple, grave, and studious Fremont, Mary felt the bonds between her and the book-poring, practiceless physician begin to pall, then to gall, and finally to loosen. When Hillis finally offered her marriage, her last feeble defences fell. A golden, careless, and queenly existence was opened to her with one whose nature was more akin to her own than that of the struggling Fremont. Quite lightly she broke the strained, unwelcome word by which she had promised to be the wife of her former playmate, and thenceforth wore right proudly the magnificent ring the son of the millionaire had bestowed upon her. She gave up her place in a broker's office, and at the request of Hillis's mother went to live with them in their large and fashionable house.

In a few weeks they were to be married. The black type of the newspaper announcement had turned to red, inextinguishable fire in Fremont's brain. And he, he who had endured all this, he whose nature had been cursed with the tragic inheritance of a brooding,



"I've dropped the bottle," said Fremont, dully retrospective soul, he who had resolved to consecrate himself to the welfare of a blighted, suffering humanity, whose ambition it was to push death and disease still farther from their human prey—he, Robert Fremont, swaying under the stroke, had felt himself smitten with a sickness of the spirit for which he knew there would be no cure. A smouldering, despairing rage, intense and terrible, began to consume his heart. His brain took fire in all its cells; his bosom ached as though crushed in some iron shell. It seemed to him that his life had been blown away in smoke, that all his vast, ambitious plans of medical research were crumbled into dust. At first, in his morbid rage, he had hungered for the life of Hillis. He had even gone about in a sort of numbed and stupid daze, muttering threats to those who knew them both. Yet he realized that Hillis, not bound by honor, had merely exerted the primal right of man—the stronger and the richer had taken the coveted woman from the poorer and the weaker.

Then in an unstable mixture of hate and longing, a swift but brief desire had come to him to sacrifice Mary Traske, to quench her selfish heart, her bright and dangerous beauty, in death. Then he had resolved to slay himself, ere his misery mastered him utterly, before the leaden spectre madness grew to be more than a spectre. He had gazed down from the heights of the East River Bridge to the crawling and oblivious waters beneath, had longed for them to still the raw wound throbbing in his heart, that gnawing in his exhausted brain. But one thought had arrested every dark and desperate impulse—the thought that without him his seven-year-old sister Emily, whom he had brought to the city after their parents' death, would be left alone. She was a frail and helpless creature, who needed him, who loved him, and whom he loved. So in a truce with fate he had lived on in grim and sullen moodiness, lethargic, his ambition, energy, and incentive seemingly gone to ruin. At times he still felt himself hunted and harried by monstrous temptations toward revenge upon the laughing and all-too-happy rival who had slain his happiness.

And there lay Courtney Hillis now, up-stairs on the bare operating-table, with a shattered skull and a heart that might collapse like a paper bag. With silence Fremont might have doomed him, but he had spoken. Now it was by express command of the chief surgeon himself that the chloroform from which Hillis might never awake was to be given him. He, the interne, stood absolved then—he had done all that honor and the code had bound him to do, without thought of his hatred, without yielding to the old eagerness for revenge upon this detestable plutocrat; he had warned Dr. Dwinelle of the danger. He had suggested ether, since this anæsthetic was in many cases far less dangerous than chloroform for those with weak hearts. He himself had studied the organic weakness of the heart with a special, almost an extreme, interest, for it had been one of the hereditary afflictions in his family. Of this his mother had died and the same fatal symptoms had begun to develop in little Emily.

"I wish Dwinelle would take to using ether like other surgeons," said the hospital druggist, as he handed Fremont the bottle. "Our supply of it is hardly touched. This is the last of the chloroform. I suppose I had better order some more at once—and avoid trouble."

The interne took the flask and hurried back to the operating-room. He felt that it was Hillis's death he held in his hand. And in a few weeks this man was to be married to her! If he did not die of his injuries, this drug might end him. Well, what matter?—the surgeon stood as destroyer—it was no fault of his—Fremont's—still, he might have insisted—might still insist—the druggist had said that this was the only flask of chloroform left in his stores. He saw her face very plainly then—knew that even now she must have learned of the accident, that she suffered for the sake of this man she loved—surely she loved him! He let the bottle drop to the tiled floor close to the door of the operating-room. The pungent smell of the volatile anæsthetic instantly filled all the air. At the crash Dr. Dwinelle and Miss Chalmers rushed to the door.

"I've dropped the bottle," said Fremont, dully, pointing to the spreading liquid and the glass shreds. "It was the last of the chloroform, the druggist said."

Dr. Horace Dwinelle approached the interne, his white-clad body trembled, he compressed his lips, the plated instrument he held in his clenched hands shook, his eyes were like gray agates as he sought to plunge them into the soul of the young man.

"You lie, Dr. Fremont," he said, simply, "but I will attend to that hereafter. Take your place at the table. Miss Chalmers, please send for the ether, and tell the druggist to order more chloroform at once. There is that case waiting in the women's section."

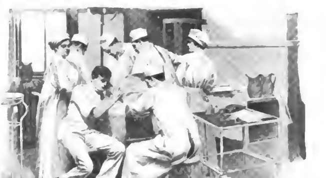
Fremont administered the ether through the gauze cone. Hillis's head had been shaved, and the renowned surgeon proceeded swiftly with his delicate task. It had suddenly grown dark, the skies were dusky brown and a high mutter ran through the air. Hectic lightning flickered across the firmament, throwing a fitful blaze through the white room, glinting along the enamel table and the instruments and turning the pale face of Courtney Hillis into that of one already dead. Fremont stood close by the surgeon, his eyes shifting as with fever, his lean hands trembling. Dr. Dwinelle observed this and remarked to the nurse:

"Cowards are as much out of place here as meddlers and dreamers."

Fremont's fingers rested upon the wrist of Hillis; he held the hand of his enemy, gauging the flutter of that arrogant, perverse, and selfish heart. The ether seemed not to affect it. Perhaps, after all, nothing ailed it. Fool that he was to feel or fear for this wretch beneath the knife! It was his own heart that was ailing. How much it had stood! Why did it not break? And that brain beneath the fractured skull—the fingers of the famous Dwinelle were setting it right again, tampering skilfully with the mortal nerves and tissues, with the seat of pride, power, and intellect. But what rude fingers had disturbed the fine harmony in his own brain, deranged the supreme glory of his mind, and blasted the high aspiration which had once blossomed there? Ah, the fingers that had done this deed were beautiful and soft enough!

The operation was completed, the head bandaged, the unconscious patient wheeled into a private room by an attendant. Some time after this, Dr. Dwinelle, again attired in his frock coat, ushered in a group of hushed and fearful members of the Hillis family—the father, the mother, a sister—and Mary Traske. Fremont had been set to watch the patient; he stood by the window and turned his head slightly as they entered. He saw the look upon the face of Mary Traske as she stared at the linen-swathed head upon the pillow and ran to seize the limp hand. Then he turned his back and gazed into the shadowy, stormy weather without. The rain was falling now, the bleak bolts and rattling thunder battled in the clouds. He could not leave the room without being seen by Mary Traske. So they remained while the weary, long-drawn minutes passed. The surgeon left the room, returning after a brief interval.

"He's coming to," Fremont heard him say. Then came the inarticulate sounds and broken speech from the lips of Hillis as the liberated tongue struggled with the bewildered thoughts. As his people crowded about him Robert Fremont attempted to leave the room. He lowered his head, averted his eyes, and slunk toward the door. A hoarse cry assailed him as he passed by the foot of the bed. The patient was pointing at him with quivering finger, the blue, bloodshot eyes glaring with fright, and terror roving over the plump, moon-face in its white swathings. An hysterical fear rang in the voice.



He seized his sister's hand and held it close to his cheek

"That man!" he gasped, hoarsely. "What is he doing here? He hates me, Doctor! Take him away; he'll poison—he'll kill me!"

Then Mary Traske turned and looked full into the face of her former lover. She too cried out at sight of that pallid mask with all its darkness and its tragedy of brow and eyes. She let the hand of Hillis fall. Dr. Dwinelle spoke, laughing pleasantly:

"Oh, I fancy not, Mr. Hillis. I assure you he is quite harmless. He was even solicitous that, for your sake, I use ether instead of chloroform for the operation. Being of a tender heart, he remarked that you had a weak one."

"It is true!" exclaimed the handsome and gray-haired Mrs. Hillis, as she turned her startled face toward the doctor. "Dr. Krantz, the great heart specialist, said that chloroform would be death for Courtney!"

Harvey Hillis, the silent millionaire, who had scarcely spoken a word since entering, opened his lips to support the statement of his spouse. This was somewhat of a disagreeable surprise to Chief-surgeon Dwinelle, for it was his desire to make a bright and favorable impression upon these two—arbiters, each, of society and finance. Bland and affable was his reply, and directed chiefly at the lady:

"I assure you, my dear Mrs. Hillis, there was not the slightest danger—even had chloroform, which I habitually use in my practice, been administered. Owing to an accident, cleverly engineered by Dr. Fremont here, we were forced to fall back on ether. There is a common superstition indulged in by the layman—and by some specialists—that chloroform is murderous and ether quite harmless. Nevertheless," said he, turning to Fremont, who stood staring dully at the wall, "I owe you an apology."

The interne made no reply, but with the same dazed and suffering look upon his pathetic features left the room. The surgeon graciously took his leave of the patient and his family and hastened after Fremont.

"Dr. Fremont, I am sorry for this misunderstanding," he said, simply, and in a much softer tone. "Will you be so kind as to accompany me to the women's section? We've another case there—Mrs. Hillis asked me to give it my personal attention."

The interne halted, smiled faintly, turned, and walked behind the chief surgeon. As they entered the women's operating-room at the extreme right wing of the building, the druggist came toward them with a bottle sealed in a paper wrapper.

"The chloroform has just arrived," said the druggist.

The surgeon motioned him to give it to the interne. Fremont took the bottle and placed it on a stand within the operating-room, and went to sterilize the instruments. The examining physician and his assistant stood close beside the distinguished surgeon at the head of the operating-table. Two little feet peered forth from under a cloth at the other end.

"It is useless," the examining physician whispered to Dwinelle. "The wheels splintered the bones of both legs beyond hope. It's a clear case for amputation. I've given her an injection of morphine for the examination."

Miss Chalmers now entered and removed the sheet from the little form upon the cold metallic table. Without the storm was now raving and howling through the heavens. The gust-driven rain beat and streamed against the great window of plate-glass, and the racing drops were dazzling as crystals in the broad white lustre of the lightning.

"The chloroform, Dr. Fremont," said the chief surgeon.

The interne, having prepared the instruments, advanced to adjust the cone. Then, for the first time, his eyes fell upon the features of the victim of Hillis's automobile. Three paces off he stood transfixed with sudden horror, a blank and terrible light in his widened eyes, his jaw drooping, a strange gurgling and strangling in his throat. The hand holding the gauze cone remained crooked at an awkward angle—there was something dreadful and animal-like, nay, almost hideous, in the anguish of lineament and attitude.

On the table lay the form of a young girl—almost a child. The head inclined to one side, a braid of straw-colored hair tied with a blue ribbon hung over the edge of the table. The meagre little bosom, the thin arms, the slight, blue-veined legs, white as marble, but bruised, broken, and awry—all these he knew well. It was his little sister Emily!—she, she who was all that was left to him; she for whom he had chosen to linger on and give battle to his fate; it was she who had been rendered up as a bleeding sacrifice to Hillis's lust for speed! Yet she breathed—the frail little heart still fluttered in the flat and narrow chest. But the irremediable havoc wrought by the heavy wheels of Courtney Hillis's car was all to plainly visible. The physicians and the nurses stared at the interne in astonishment. It was Miss Chalmers who spoke first:

"Are you ill, Dr. Fremont?"

He gave no answer and seemed not to hear. He dropped the crumpled net; he approached the table, sank upon his knees, and threw his long arms about the little figure, kissed the colorless face, and broke into deep-drawn and terrible sobs.

"Emily—my sweet little Emily—my little sister," they heard him say in a voice that undid their hearts.

"His sister!" exclaimed the physician, in a low tone. "Can it be possible? But—"

Firmly but tenderly Miss Chalmers put her strong arms about the shoulders of the agonized man and said to him in a soft voice:

"Come, let us do what we can for your sister, Dr. Fremont"—then drew him away and let him sink into a chair by the wall.

"The chloroform!" cried Dr. Dwinelle quickly to the assistant. Then, recollecting the relationship of the interne and the patient, he walked over to Fremont and asked him,

"Doctor, would you prefer me to use ether upon your sister?"

Once Fremont had seen a beautiful girl miserably crippled from birth, and he had almost cursed the parents. He had likewise written philosophical

(Continued on page 25)

Shadows of the Stage

By William Winter

"THE BLUE BIRD"

This is the third of a new series of articles by William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, relative to contemporary drama, which will appear from time to time in future issues of "Harper's Weekly." Mr. Winter's articles formed a widely quoted feature of "Harper's Weekly" during the last theatrical season

"*A man's best things are nearest him,*
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet."—MILNES.

THE presentment which was made at The New Theatre on October 1 of the fairy tale of *The Blue Bird*, by Maurice Maeterlinck, is a theatrical success. The pantomime element of the piece is good, because agreeably expressive: the ballet element of it is pleasing, by reason of refinement, informative significance, and pervasive grace, and the scenic investiture of it is, in some respects, beautiful. Public expectation had been over-stimulated by extravagant promise relative alike to the meaning of the composition and the proposed manner of its stage-setting, and therefore, in the event, was somewhat disappointed. The making of undue pretension works injustice equally to author and audience. It was unfortunate for Mr. Maeterlinck that he should ever have been proclaimed as "The Belgian Shakespeare," since he no more resembles Shakespeare than a cabbage resembles a rose. There is little, if any, more substance of dramatic meaning in *The Blue Bird* than is usually imparted by a good conventional Christmas spectacle, and the scenic garb of it is neither more ornamental nor more felicitous than the stage attire customarily employed in the display of a Christmas pageant. The piece consists of a series of colloquies, combining pantomime, dancing, pictorial tableaux, and allegorical symbolism, with an infusion of domestic drama so slight as to be only momentarily perceptible, and, by way of machinery, it uses the ancient, well-worn, always satisfactory, but not surprisingly ingenious expedient of The Dream. Two children, whose parents are poor, and whose natural desire for enjoyment is not largely gratified, are put to bed, in a humble cottage, and thereafter the persons, proceedings, incidents, and objects of which they are supposed to dream are elaborately exhibited,—mostly in picture. The children are, apparently, designed to symbolize Mankind, and they are represented as engaged in a search for the talisman of happiness, a magical object or force, symbolized by a Blue Bird. Instructed by a Fairy and guided by a benign figure symbolical of protective intelligence and designated as Light, they pass, seeking the Blue Bird, through various fanciful scenes,—the Land of Memory, the Palace of Night, the Graveyard, and the Kingdom of the Future, and, although they approach the desired talisman and even momentarily seem to possess it, they are ultimately baffled in their quest. In the original play they are involved in a desperate combat with the Spirits of Animals and of Trees, in a forest, but in the current representation that scene is, happily, omitted; it is long and very tedious.

Mr. Cecil Yapp as The Cat

The observer who approaches Symbolism, especially as that nebulous expedient is used by Mr. Maeterlinck, must reason warily and be cautious in forming and expressing a conclusion as to the occult meaning which it is capable of secreting. In so far, however, as that mystic author's darker purpose in this particular specimen of it can be discerned, the substance of his thought consists of affirmation that happiness is ever elusive, can sometimes be evanescently experienced, in remembrance of the careless past of childhood, or in the belief in spiritual immortality, or in making the best of circumstances whatever they happen to be, but is never permanent. Mr. Maeterlinck's laborious ingenuity may, indeed, have enshrouded a significance far more momentous than that of trite truisms swathed in the garb of recondite, fantastic imagery. Many meanings can, and sometimes do, exist, veiled in the text of his vague symbolism. Once it does positively declare that Man is the chief figure in the world, and coincidently it seems to affirm that he stands alone, with everything in Nature embattled to oppose his progress. Perhaps it means that the quest of the human mind is a quest for absolute, comprehensive, imperial knowledge, grasping every secret of power in the universe, that the quest has partly succeeded, and that the ultimate entire success of it is ordained. Perhaps the Blue Bird symbolizes a potent form of absolute knowledge, possessed of which man will predominate over everything, and, so predominating, will find lasting happiness. There are forces of Nature which yet remain swathed in ignorance,—symbolized by an embodiment of Night,—and those forces are encircled by thorny obstacles which must be surmounted, and will be, by Man's insistent, indomitable assault; and, when at last he has subdued all opposition, he will have destroyed vice, crime, superstition, war, injustice of every kind, disease, suffering, and death. Then, certainly, he ought to be happy. Meanwhile let him be patient, kind, generous, cheerful, observant of the Golden Rule, and, while energetic in seeking for the Blue Bird, submissive to fate,—being thankful for the good which is close at hand, and practically remembering that "a man's best things are nearest him."

Aside from its symbolism, *The Blue Bird* is a fantasy, separable, and easily and advantageously to be separated from all philosophical, disquisitionary significance. The general public is not likely to be strongly attracted by an inquiry into the mystery of human destiny. Mr. Maeterlinck's allegory provides a capital entertainment, especially for children, containing nothing to offend good taste and much that appeals to good feeling and gives innocent pleasure. It will be accepted as a pretty extravaganza, wherever presented. It appertains more or less clearly to the order of spectacles typified by *Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper, Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp*, and the piece derived from Southey's fanciful poem of *Thalaba* which was presented in New York many years ago. Contrasted with *Thalaba*, indeed, it is tame, because deficient of the element of drama with which that fine fabric of invention,—the original poem,—is pleasingly pervaded. In pictorial quality, on the other hand, it is charming, and it holds and rewards attention. At one point,—the scene in the Kingdom of the Future,—it is imaginative and poetic. That Kingdom contains the children who are yet to be born into this world, around and among whom are seen to glide the figures of guardian angels. Souls predestinate to specific occupations on earth are designated, and conditions inevitable in worldly experience are prefigured,—as when two lovers are separated by the inexorable edict of Fate, enforced by Time, who opens the gates of the Future and allows, or compels, the passage into earthly life of the child-souls whose hour has struck. There the doctrine of Fatalism is indicated, a doctrine which, apparently, is at the basis of Mr. Maeterlinck's philosophical symbolism.

In the acting that interprets *The Blue Bird* an almost uniform level is maintained of respectable mediocrity. The only performance which rises consistently above that level is that of the Dog, by Mr. Jacob Wendell. Acute, sympathetic perception of the absolute fidelity of that animal to his master unite, in Mr. Wendell's performance, with a skilful, truthful, touching expression of love and grief. The canine peculiarities of frolicsome folly, lively inherent antipathy, unwavering courage, and utter, servile submission are admirably represented. The use of voice is excellent, and speeches intrinsically absurd are spoken so ardently that they awaken the response of feeling. It is an impersonation. One of the most pleasing assumptions is that of Water, by Miss Gwendoline Valentine, who dances with remarkable grace and flexibility, and contrives to suggest a fluid personality, harmonious with a fantastic ideal. Another performance commendable for moderately effective expression is that of the Cat, by Mr. Cecil Yapp, whose sinuous movements and specious demeanor are amusingly indicative of the characteristic subtlety and stealth of that egotistical beast. In the pretty, domestic episode of the Land of Memory a few moments of acting are devoted to a representation of Darby and Joan,—grandpa and grandma,—kindly old persons, troubled now and then by twinges of celestial rheumatism, and Mr. Robert McWade and Miss Eleanor Carey combine their practical talents in a cheerful suggestion of hearty, indulgent, parental love. A colloquy in which the speakers are but little more than films affords only a slight opportunity for acting, and it is creditable to the representatives of *The Blue Bird* that they make it seem even a little like a play.

The drift toward whimseys on the stage has, doubtless, been prompted by a strong desire for something novel, but the stream will, as always, inevitably flow back into its old channel. The Theatre has subsisted, and it will continue to subsist, on plays that are lucid in their meaning, dramatic in their construction, fine in their purpose, and provident for the exercise of expressive art,—the art of impersonation. The mind grows weary of pursuing shadows and striving to invest an *ignis fatuus* with meaning. Such things as *The Blue Bird* are welcome, by way of variety, but a good Play is much to be preferred before any of these attenuated inventions of eccentric artifice. The overwhelming, imperative need of the Theatre, at this time, is scrupulous attention to the Art of Acting. There are some excellent actors on the contemporary stage, but the number of them is not very large and the race of American actors, thoroughly trained and comprehensively competent, does certainly seem to be diminishing, an inevitable consequence of a policy which has largely diverted the Theatre from its legitimate purpose,—that of developing the actor, advancing his vocation, and thus serving the Public,—and turned it into a mart for speculative trade, a policy which is completely oblivious of the fundamental requirement of Acting, as the immutable basis of the Theatre; for on that, and on nothing else, can the stage repose. As in a dramatic fabric the attribute which makes it a play, and not a mere narrative, is an attribute neither symbolical, nor philosophical, nor analytical, nor poetical, nor literary, so in a dramatic performer the attribute which makes the actor is neither elocution, nor eccentricity, nor eloquence, nor learning, but a distinct faculty of being—or, at least, of seeming to be—and doing, the faculty of impersonation,—which converts words into wings of action, and constructs, before the eyes of the spectator, an animated picture of human life, with its background of fact and its atmosphere of the ideal. That power of being and doing is the soul of the Stage, and those persons who possess it,—and those only,—arouse the imagination, touch the heart, and dignify and finally justify the profession of the Actor. Opportunity for such persons has been greatly restricted in the period through which the Theatre is passing now, and it is not likely to be provided by an accession of extravagant, nebulous Phantasies.

In "The Land of Memory"

TYLTYL, MYTYL, AND THEIR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS AT SUPPER WITH GAFFER AND GRANNY TYL

"Tree of Heaven" and "Rose of Hell"

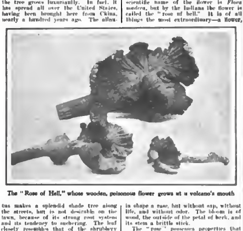
THE "Tree of Heaven," or ailantus, is a magnificent wood, much like the white ash, and capable of taking a high polish. Some day when, like many another immigrant, it has become thoroughly at home among us and multiplied, we shall have plenty of the lumber on our markets.

The ailantus is a native of the Molucca Islands, not far from Borneo, just south of the equator, where it grows into large forest trees; yet it takes kindly to its new home and bears our frozen winters without a complaint. The tree has run wild in the Cumberland Mountains, where evidently the birds have scattered the winged seeds, having used them to line their nests. All about Long Island the tree grows luxuriantly. In fact, it has spread all over the United States, having been brought here from China, nearly a hundred years ago. The ailantus makes a splendid shade tree along the streets, but is not desirable on the lawn, because of its strong root system and its tendency to suckering. The leaf closely resembles that of the shrubbery sumac, and when in bloom the tree is very handsome.

Quite unlike the "tree of heaven" is the "rose of hell." The tree bearing this flower grows in the crevasses on the sides of Mount Agua, a high peak among the rugged mountains of Central America and near the volcano of Fuego. The Guatemalan Indians have known it for a long time and have associated it with the fiery vengeance of the subterranean regions. At first appearance the flower seems to be a tough, gnarled knot of a tree which has been splintered, but closer examination discloses the fact that it has petals of wood and bark, and the rough outlines of a flower. The petals, concave in form, are arranged much like the petals of a half-blown rose. Their inside surfaces are covered with fine lines, which have the delicacy of fine hand-carving. The stem, which is about a foot long, is light and strong. It is covered with heavy bark, which seems to have been cracked by heat. Both flower and stem are dark brown—the color of weather-beaten boughs—and dry as tinder. The flower grows on a tree of great size and strength. The blossom measures about twelve inches across.

At the mouth of the crater of Vulcan Fuego ("Fire Mountain") stand about twenty trees covered with this strangest bloom that is known on earth. The scientific name of the flower is *Flora madera*, but by the Indians the flower is called the "rose of hell." It is of all things the most extraordinary—a flower, in shape a rose, but without sap, without life, and without odor. The bloom is of wood, the outside of the petal of bark, and its stem a brittle stick.

The "rose" possesses properties that are poisonous in the extreme. If steeped in a tea, it produces a quick and painless death. The natives hold the flower in great dread and terror. During one of the eruptions of Fuego two cities were buried under the lava, and there is an old tradition that nothing was able to withstand the fury of Fuego except this strange tree. The natives have not given it its name in any spirit of playfulness, but from a terrified belief that it has been given supernatural powers as well as appearance by His Satanic Majesty, and that it is from his own garden. Therefore they flee from the spot if they see a tourist touch a bloom from its branches.



The "Rose of Hell," whose wooden, poisonous flower grows at a volcano's mouth

The Gentler View

CHANCE ENCOUNTERS

By Florida Pier

CHANCE encounters seem so little a matter of chance that the term can only serve to show them as classified among games of chance and sports in general because of their tremendous uncertain possibilities, not because the vague laws under which they act are not strongly felt. Their air of being almost too accidental arouses suspicion at once, the carelessness of their arrangement making it pretty plain to any one with a grain of observation that the entire matter was planned by a master hand so facile in quaint situations that the haphazard appearance was added as a final patina of finish.

Chance encounters are big with meaning, and the mystery of their being brought about, the inexplicableness of their perfect timing, helps to make them the really stimulating adventures they are. It sometimes seems as though Providence upset laws, derailed trains, burst tires, imbued us with sudden inconsequence, and tricked us into complete aberrations, that two people might land at the same hour at the same crowded inn and be forced to dine at the same small table. A belief in the meaningfulness of chance encounters is but properly respectful to Providence, and the elegant young man who once declared superciliously that he never read passenger lists because, after all, one hardly depended for one's friends on the people one met while travelling, though he intended to reflect damagingly on the social position of any one who was so loose as to disagree with him, only showed that the genuine charm of a chance encounter was not for all, and that he, for one, would never be heir to the great good fortune sometimes brought about by a casual rencontre. If we are not precisely dependent for our friends on the accidents of travelling, we are made triumphantly independent of the occasional dulness of holidays by the chance of making friends. The world is so full of personalities, and they are so carelessly scattered about.

The mousy little woman who offers you a wise suggestion on overhearing your laughing plans may be any one at all. The possibilities of mousy little women with well-bred mouths and human eyes are bewildering. She may be your favorite author, or your future sister-in-law, or a friend of all your friends whom you have always been on the verge of meeting and now discover because of a lost umbrella or a proffered orange, or she may live in an idyl of a villa that you have long gazed up at from the sea below and are finally, by the absurdity of juxtaposition of steamer chairs, invited to visit, and end by spending the happiest months of your life in.

One can never tell, and it is the complete doubt you are in that necessitates a salute, a friendly joust at arms, in order that the person encountered may at least prove himself as having no future connection with you, and let you ride on your way satisfied that you have not passed carelessly by a life-long friend.

Some of the most precious of relationships have started at a table d'hôte where the choice of humans is so varied that to draw up one's chair is to plunge one's hand into a gaping grab-bag with the possibility of anything coming out.

If the second and the third meeting fail to take place, and the pleasant, always surprising, process of seeing an apparently pointless acquaintanceship take on design and unfold slowly its pattern of permanent intention—if this never happens, and the character that stopped but for a minute rides on, finally to disappear, it is still something gained; the event is not lost, it is only complete. It is dreadful not to be given time to decipher a character, to have it disclose itself as an alluring labyrinth and then betake itself off before you have as much as formed a theory as to the clue, but it was still a rare glimpse, an exquisite whiff lasting but a single breath and remaining in your memory half because of your baffled inability to name it. The fact that she only had time to nod to you makes your gazing down the path she took last all the longer. It was such a cryptic little nod. It was either a wave, just a salutation to a fellow rover of the high seas, or it was intended to convey the belief that a dip over the horizon would show your routes as crossing again and again. And when they do, and those who were strangers become familiars, there is cause for such gay congratulation. Because, of course, either or both might have been crass or wasteful or blind, the opportunity might never have been recognized as such. In fact, there might so easily have been a mutual dulness and there wasn't. You both knew you were delightful, and knew the other would be so interested to know it, and so, with a frank disclosure of your good points, which amounts to nothing so much as a hearty faith that they will be matched by the other degree for degree, you snatched a railway journey from the commonplace and with a concerted pull upward made it an occasion.

In comparison with these clearly intended and wisely met encounters, an introduction becomes the emptiest of forms, entirely beside the mark, frequently to be disregarded afterward and seldom productive of anything.

Asbestos

ASBESTOS is queer stuff. It is a sort of mineral-vegetable substance—both fibrous and crystalline, elastic and brittle. It is a stone that will float, and it may be carded, spun, and woven like flax or silk. Asbestos is mined in practically every part of the world, and the asbestos of one country will differ as greatly in appearance from that of another country as will the foliage of the trees and plants native in each. There is, however, one quality that asbestos everywhere possesses—i.e., its indestructibility. No known combination of acids affects the strength or, indeed, even the appearance of its fibre; and the fiercest flames leave it unscathed.

Certain varieties of asbestos are as compact in texture as marble, taking the highest polish, while other varieties show extremely loose, silky fibres. "Mountain wood" is a variety presenting an irregular, filamentous structure like wood; and other forms of asbestos, taking their names from their resemblance to divers materials, are rock cork, mountain leather, fossil paper, and fossil flax.

Asbestos is really a species of amphibole or hornblende, composed of separable filaments with silky lustre. Its color shows quite a range, passing through various shades of white, gray, green, brown, red, and even black.

In some cities firemen are provided with asbestos clothing that practically defies the flames, the men being enabled to pass through a blaze unscathed if no longer time is required than the period during which the fireman can hold his breath. As we all know, asbestos roofing will eliminate all danger of fire from falling sparks. Millions of feet of steam-pipes, boilers, etc., are covered with this material, so that all heat may be retained, while asbestos also forms a frost-proof protection for gas and water pipes. Asbestos is also indispensable to the electrical engineer.

One of the thousands of special uses to which asbestos is applied is that of covering walls. Instead of plaster, a single coat of asbestos is frequently placed upon the raw bricks. The wall may be covered as soon as built, and a room, the walls of which were completed in the morning, shows that night an interior as smoothly finished as glass and as hard as stone. Then, too, this glossy surface, while perfectly firm, will not crack, for it is very elastic.

Two Freakish Inventions

IN no other place in the world can one see such evidence of the immense amount of energy wasted over impossible or impracticable schemes as in the Patent Office at Washington. Two of these inventions have reference to the safety of those that ride behind horses.

The first is an expedient to prevent horses from running away. The contrivance consists of a strong chain passed about the forelegs of the animal, and kept supported against his chest by a line secured to the dashboard. If the animal takes fright and runs away the line is simply loosened, allowing the chain to fall to the horse's knees. This is expected to throw him down and break his legs.

Another still more ingenious expedient aims not only at keeping the horse from running away, but at protecting him from exposure to storms and to the rays of the sun, and at saving the energy wasted in descending hills.

With a bold stroke the inventor left all conventional methods behind. He placed the horse under the wagon instead of before it, arching the vehicle above him. Thus the animal is protected from the weather and he does not obstruct the view.

A strong canvas and leather band encircles the horse's body, the ends of it being passed upward through the bottom of the wagon and attached by chains to a windlass above the flooring. With this device, should the horse attempt to run away, or have to descend a steep hill, the driver calmly turns the crank and lifts the animal off his feet!

The Airless Moon

ONE of the methods of testing the existence of a perceptible atmosphere on the moon is the observation of a star at the instant when it disappears or emerges from behind the moon. If there were a lunar atmosphere it should produce some effect on the appearance of the star. No such effect has ever certainly been observed. Of late years this method has been rendered more delicate, perhaps, by the application of photography. Photographs of stars, made as they are about to disappear behind the lunar disk, show no indications of change in the intensity of the image, such as would be expected to occur if the moon had a perceptible atmosphere.

Keeping Coal Under Water

WHEN coal is left exposed to the air for a long time it deteriorates, and chemical changes take place that diminish its heating power when burned. Experiments made by the British Admiralty have shown that coal stored under water, and particularly under sea water, escapes most of the deterioration that it undergoes in the open atmosphere. At Hong-kong, where it had been found that coal in ordinary storage lost from thirty to thirty-five per cent. of its calorific power, the same kind of coal kept under sea water, at a depth of thirty feet, remained intact for five years. Thirty-six hours' exposure to sun and air sufficed to make it ready for use.

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Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per jar. •*•

ADVERTISEMENTS

WISE WORDS

A Physician on Food.

A physician of Portland, Oregon, has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health, especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty, I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts, and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach, especially at breakfast, to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work.

"In cases of indigestion, I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream, and I think it is not advisable to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years, treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Finance

ON THE EVE OF THE ELECTION

By Franklin Escher

WHEN you hear a man whistling, according to the late William James, it may be that he is whistling because he is cheerful, or it may be that he is cheerful because he is whistling. When, therefore, on the eve of an election which for months has overhung the markets like a cloud, cheerful pipings resound throughout Wall Street and the adjacent thoroughfares, it is only the part of caution to pause and consider whether these sounds really come from a heart bursting with excess of courage or whether they are put forth in the hope of inducing some of that excellent quality.

For months past the political situation has been a trump card in the hand of the bears, and, on more than one occasion, has been quietly played out to break up seemingly effective combinations against them. Toward the end of the summer, when it became apparent that the much-feared squeeze in money would not materialize, it seemed as though the bulls would get the upper hand; but the political situation spectre quickly chilled incipient enthusiasm and kept anything from being "started." Again, when the September crop report showed that promise was to be followed by fulfilment more brilliant than had been hoped for, it seemed as though business were bound to be stimulated into activity, but again the spectre was trotted out by the watchful bears and its awesomeness fully expatiated upon. Record-breaking crops, strength in the money position where utter weakness had been considered inevitable—these things went for nothing. Ahead of the market, it was argued, was the election, and until that was settled nothing could be done. The election has not been settled nor has there been any change in the political situation warranting the more optimistic view Wall Street professes to be taking. Stated in very plain English, what Wall Street was afraid of in the first place was that a Democratic majority would be established in the House of Representatives this fall. Considering how things have gone in Vermont and Maine and a few other places, if there is any less reason to believe it now than there was then, it would not seem easy to state what that reason is.

But whether Wall Street is actually unafraid of the result of the election or is merely whistling to keep up its courage, the drift of things during the past few weeks seems to show pretty conclusively that the average investor is not greatly worried over the outcome. If the Republicans win, he seems to be figuring, things will go along as they have been going, and no radical readjustment of security prices need be expected. If the Democrats win, on the other hand, conditions are not going to be a particle more unsettling than they have been all along, and may very possibly be a whole lot better.

What has been responsible, of course, for most of the uneasiness at the prospect of a change from Republican to Democratic control in Congress, is the idea that with such change was bound to come real downward revision of the tariff. And in the minds of most people, tariff legislation and business depression are inseparably connected. There is, indeed, a good proportion of the business men in this country who, personally, would like to see the tariff lower, but who so fear the disturbance which they have been educated to believe must inevitably accompany the process, that they are willing to let things stand as they are. Carefully nurtured in their minds has been this idea that any interference with the present tariff scheme means serious pecuniary loss to themselves. At first thought, therefore, the possibility of a Democratic victory at the polls has seemed a most disturbing factor in the situation.

As this possibility has become more and more real, however, and closer study has been made of the question of what may be expected to happen in case the Democrats get in and lower the tariff, a more rational view of the question has come to be taken. Times of tariff revision in the past have not, it must be admitted, been times when business has flourished, but the present situation, with its great popular demand for a lower tariff, is incomparable with any situation that has ever existed before. With so large a proportion of the business men in this country of the opinion that the tariff ought to be put down, it is very much of a question whether the putting down of the tariff would result in much disturbance of business. Strange as it may seem, there are intelligent men who are of the opinion that an honest revision of the tariff, far from hurting the country's business, would prove the strongest kind of a stimulating force.

The idea that a change of control in the House of Representatives would mean the enactment of a lot of legislation aimed at the corporations is the second great reason why there has been wide-spread fear of the consequences of a Democratic victory this fall. The railroad bill, the corporation tax, and other like measures, it is pointed out, are products of a Republican administration. If such measures could be put through by a Republican Congress, what sort of measures might a Democratic Congress be expected to pass?

It is perfectly true that, in the mind of the rank and file Republican voter, Democratic administration and radical anti-corporation legislation have long been closely associated. When it is considered, however, that at no time during the present era of corporation finance has the Democratic party had anything whatever to say regarding the laws governing big business, it is not easy to see why this idea has gained the hold it has. Ask the average Republican his reasons for believing that a Democratic House of Representatives would at once begin trying to put through all kinds of anti-corporation laws, and in very few cases will a satisfactory answer be received.

As a matter of fact the past few months have seen a very great change in the sentiment prevailing among Republicans that, if the other party should get in, all kinds of laws hurtful to big business would at once be put on the statute-books. Whatever may be said of the way in which the tariff question has been handled, there is no denying the sincerity of the Taft administration's efforts toward the enactment of the necessary laws to regulate the country's "big business." It would be difficult, indeed, to point to any time in the past in which so much has been accomplished. When the breadth and scope of the Railroad Act passed early last summer are considered, it will be realized that the legislation which it has always been feared the Democrats would put through as soon as they came into power has already been largely accomplished.

As bearing on the question of what corporation legislation may be expected from a Democratic House, this fact that the present administration has already done so much is of the utmost importance. Take, for instance, what goes by the name of the Railroad Law. Into that measure the President did not succeed in getting incorporated *all* those provisions mentioned in his special message, but most of them are there and the Act certainly takes rank as one of the most comprehensive ever put on the statute books. Its application, it will be remembered, extends far beyond the railroad field, the Interstate Commerce Commission being given very full powers and the various classes of corporations within the zone of its authority being clearly defined. A very little study of that Act only is required to show that when the President signed it he was putting into force not a single law, but a piece of composite legislation satisfying many needs.

It would be idle, of course, to contend that because this Railroad Law and other good corporation legislation have been put through by the present administration, a Democratic House will consider that everything necessary has been done and that no further laws are needed. What is true, however, is that the Democratic leaders are bound to recognize the fact that the country realizes that some pretty radical legislation has already been put through this year, and is well satisfied on the whole with what has been done. Should the Democrats gain a majority in Congress, some radical bills are likely to be brought forward, but little likelihood seems to exist that they will command enough support to put them through. This idea that a Democratic majority in Congress would mean the forcing on the country of all sorts of "freak" legislation is capable of effective development on the stump, but is no longer being taken seriously by people who do their own thinking.

In considering this question of the influence of politics on market sentiment, it is impossible to overlook the fact that the railroad freight-rate question, about the most important thing ahead of the market at present, is taking on a distinctly political tinge. That politics should have anything to do with the settling of matters of this kind is lamentable in the extreme, but that, nevertheless, is the case. Every effort was made by the administration to keep politics out of the rate question and to have it decided one way or the other on a strictly judicial basis. In spite of these efforts, however, party lines were sharply drawn at the hearings just ended, and the eve of the election finds political considerations bearing strongly on the whole controversy over rates.

For this the demands made at Washington, by organized labor, that the railroads be allowed to raise their rates, is directly responsible. Before that happened the matter was between the railroads and the government. Now a new element of the most vital importance has been brought in. The government is no longer dealing with the railroads alone. It is dealing with the whole power of organized labor.

Whether or not it is true that the railroads themselves are responsible for the pilgrimage of the labor leaders to Washington and the threat of coercion implied therein, it is very much of a question whether the railroad cause has been helped by what has taken place. To have organized labor send its representatives to Washington with the threat that unless the railroads' demands for higher rates are granted, the political influence of the brotherhoods will be turned against the administration, may at first sight seem a big thing for the cause of the railroads, but has another side which must be taken into consideration. That is, that the shippers, as soon as they become convinced that political pressure is being brought to bear by the railroads, are bound to begin playing the game the same way themselves. That the anti-railroad tendencies of many of the Republican Congressmen make it possible for the shippers to retaliate effectively is realized by every one at all in touch with the situation.

The pity of it is that politics should have been allowed to enter into the matter at all—that the whole thing could not have been settled on its merits and without the bringing to bear of political influence by either side. All chance of that, unfortunately, was ended when the labor emissaries came to Washington with their demand that the railroads be given the rate increases asked for. After that, as has been said, the question at issue ceased to be a mere matter of equity between shipper and carrier. Other considerations of a most important sort had been introduced.

In spite of the political difficulties obstructing the settlement of the fight over freight rates, however, it can be said that the eve of the election finds political considerations exerting less influence on the financial markets than for a good while past. Whichever way the election goes, the investor seems to have figured it out, no disturbance of the financial markets need be feared.

* * *

There is an old saying in Wall Street that after a long period of bad markets, decided betterment in bond conditions must precede any real improvement in stocks. Advent of such conditions as will really help the stock-market, the idea is, will first find reflection in the market for bonds and show there.

Certainly that has been the order of things in the recent market. As far back as August, long before there was the least stir in the market for stocks, bond conditions began to improve. September saw the betterment continue until the bond market became more active than at any time since last spring. Little or no response came from the stock-market, but that, it was realized, was only a matter of time. Finally it came, and with it a handsome profit on the stock investments of those who had noted the previous awakening in the bond-market, and had had the courage to go in and buy good stocks on the strength of it.

There are lots of sayings in the Street, some of which have good sound sense in them and some of which haven't. This one about bond-market improvement preceding a rise in stocks has.

Under the existing system of financing our cotton exports, the seller of the cotton in this country draws his draft upon the buyer abroad or upon some bank abroad designated by the buyer. To this draft, at the time it is drawn, there is attached a "bill of lading" for the cotton shipped. This is a document issued by the transportation company, stating that the merchandise has been received in good condition and that it will be forwarded to its destination. When the buyer of the cotton over on the other side pays or "accepts" the draft drawn upon him, he thereby comes into possession of the bill of lading, and so is enabled to go get his cotton when it arrives.

Not long ago the bills of lading attached to a number of drafts drawn upon banks in Europe designated by foreign buyers of cotton turned out to be fraudulent, and as these banks had already "accepted" the drafts, they sustained heavy losses. Immediately a concerted demand was made by them that, in future, American banks forwarding such drafts guarantee the genuineness of the bills of lading attached. This the American banks positively refused to do. In New York and in London meetings were held, but the bankers in each city stood firm. Finally the English banks gave notice that unless the required guarantee was given they would simply withdraw from the business of "accepting" American cotton bills at all. October 31st was set as the limit to the time in which they would accept drafts drawn under the old system.

Most of October passed without anything being done about it, and it looked almost as though some other way of financing our cotton exports would have to be found. Finally, just when it seemed as though negotiations were about to be broken off, announcement was made that the English bankers had agreed to extend to December 31st the time in which they would "accept" drafts drawn under the old system.

By such extension of time no permanent solution of the difficulty has been reached, but the opportunity has at least been given for the New York and the London bankers to get together and fix the matter up. That the London bankers don't want to take the risk of "accepting" drafts drawn on them unless they have assurance that the attached "bills of lading" are genuine, is natural enough. But, on the other hand, neither do the New York banks see why they should be called upon to step in between buyer and seller and guarantee the genuineness of the documents. It is a question, indeed, whether a national bank *could* legally give such a guarantee.

The middle ground seems to lie in the required guarantee being given not by the banks themselves but by a surety company; and this plan, there is good reason for believing, is acceptable to both sides. Very possibly the settlement of the whole trouble will be a company established expressly for the purpose of guaranteeing the genuineness of export bills of lading. A charge of six cents per bale of cotton would, it is figured, allow such a company to run at a profit.

Announcement that the great Rio Tinto copper mines in Spain are going to co-operate with the mines in this country to reduce production, again draws attention to the steadily bettering conditions in the copper industry. Overproduction was what threw the industry into the state of confusion in which it has been laboring for the past three years. By the present policy of the big producers, the very root of the trouble is being struck at, and the copper securities made well worth watching.

Animal Memory

ANIMALS appear always to remember things that have once become habitual with them. In a majority of cases they remember a single kindness or a single unkindness, and treat the author of it accordingly; but the habitual thing may be said to be always remembered, and the unaccustomed thing only occasionally.

One of the most peculiar instances on record is that with reference to the performances of six coach horses that were driven regularly on the diligence between Berne and Gurnigel, Switzerland. They reached Gurnigel each day after a long and hard journey, and at the inn were detached from the vehicle and allowed to find their own way to the stable.

Before going to the stable they invariably set out on a little tour through the hotel grounds, where the guests were in the habit of giving them lumps of sugar. Marching from one guest to another, the horses gently demanded their sugar. This was an established custom at the place, and although guests who had newly arrived sometimes objected to it, they soon fell into the way of liking it, and frequented the ground for the sake of meeting the horses.

The diligence plied only four months of the year, and the horses were employed elsewhere during the other eight months; but on the resumption of the trips in summer, these horses, which were used year after year in the diligence, eagerly resumed their tour through the hotel grounds, showing, on the very first trip, the greatest haste to go the familiar round of the year before in quest of sugar.

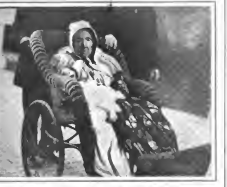
The case is related of a cavalry horse named Ménélas, belonging to the Tenth Regiment of Chasseurs of France, who, after being ridden in the cavalry manœuvres in the ring at the barracks, became so fond of the evolutions that he would manage to escape from his stall at night, betake himself to the ring, and go through the required movements alone.

His nocturnal performance became known, and the officers and men frequently went to watch it. Ménélas would be left unhitched in his stall, and, when all became quiet, would go out, find his way to the ring, and solemnly but briskly go through the whole drill.

An American naturalist tells of a curious demonstration of the excellence of a dog's memory that he witnessed. The naturalist possessed a collie, who, at the age of about one year, had an attack of distemper, and was sent from the city to a farm in a near by State, where he remained several months. While there he spent a good deal of time in digging out woodchucks and barking at their furrows.

Some five years afterward he was taken by his master on a visit to the same farm, and he had no sooner arrived than he started out on a tour of the old familiar woodchuck holes. The farmer, who had been very familiar with his ways, said that he did not omit a single spot where woodchucks' burrows had existed during his previous sojourn, and went straight to them without any search.

The dog also fell instantly into all the old routine of the farm, and kept the dish out of which he ate in the spot where he had formerly kept it. He showed that he had forgotten no detail of his habits on the place five years before



THE PASSING OF A FAMOUS WOMAN

JULIA WARD HOWE, THE VENERABLE AUTHOR AND REFORMER, DIED AT HER HOME, NEAR NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, ON OCTOBER 17TH, IN HER NINETY-FIRST YEAR. MRS. HOWE WAS BEST KNOWN AS THE AUTHOR OF THE "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC." SHE HAD LONG BEEN DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF EQUAL POLITICAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN

Colored Diamonds

EXPERTS generally aver that the most beautiful of all precious stones is the red diamond. It is held to surpass even the ruby in beauty, and is extremely rare. One of the very few specimens of record is that which was purchased by the Emperor Paul of Russia for $100,000. This stone weighs ten carats.

Of blue diamonds the most conspicuous examples are the Hope and Bismarck gems. Indeed, it has been said that they are the only known specimens of the diamond that can properly be called blue. Dark blue diamonds, differing only from sapphires in quality and displaying the beautiful play of colors peculiar to the diamond, are handsome gems.

Other rare diamonds are those of the black and rose-colored varieties, but the green diamond is not so rare. The grass-green kind, however, is scarce, and when it does occur is generally of a brilliancy exceeding that of the finest emerald. The Museum of Natural History at Paris has a collection of green tinted diamonds that is said to be of the finest, but at the museum in Dresden is to be seen the most perfect specimen of this color.

In the museum at Vienna the collector's eyes are made to bulge at the sight of a most wonderful collection of colored diamonds. It is shown in the form of a bouquet, the flowers whereof are composed of diamonds of the same colors as the bloom represented. These stones were collected by one Virgil von Helmrescher, a Tyrolese, who had passed many years in Brazil and South Africa among the diamond-mines.

The "Wish-bone"

SCIENTISTS call the "wish-bone" the furcula, and it is the union of what are, in man, two collar-bones. These receive the brunt of the strokes of the wing that turn the creature in its flight.

Few of us appreciate the strength of stroke of the bird's wing. A swan has been known to break a man's leg by a blow of its wing, and, in like manner, the wing beatings of the larger birds are dangerous if they strike the human head or face. If, therefore, a large bird is in the habit of making sudden turns to right or left in its flight, it must be fitted with a "wish-bone" capable of withstanding the great strain of the wing stroke on the one side, when unaccompanied by action on the other.

For this reason we find in the eagle and birds of its class that turn quickly a furcula that is a perfect Roman arch, widely at variance with the Gothic arch, which is the shape of the "wish-bone" of our common fowls. The eagle's furcula is everywhere equally strong, and lacks those points of weakness that make our sport of breaking the "wish-bone" possible.

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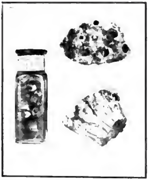
Six Hundred Tons of Barnacles

By Charles B. Brewer



Two barnacles from the "South Dakota," part of a six-hundred-ton burden, and a bottle of barnacles of average size from the scout "Chester." The reproductions are half-size

On August 14, 1909, the armored cruiser *South Dakota* was docked at Hunter's Point in San Francisco harbor and six hundred tons of barnacles were scraped from her bottom preparatory to painting it for her forthcoming cruise to the Orient with the other seven vessels forming the armored cruiser squadron of the Pacific Fleet.

This was the heaviest growth on the bottom of a cruising vessel in the history of the port, and probably the heaviest on record in any port.

The entire bottom, from stem to stern, including the rudder, was completely fouled with a coating about two inches thick. Single specimens measured 3 inches by 2½ inches by 2 inches. There was not a square foot of surface of this immense bottom, 502 feet long by 69 feet 6 inches wide and 24 feet 6 inches deep, to which the growth had not adhered.

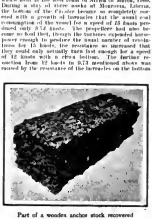
The growth weighed twenty-five pounds per square foot. There was sufficient solid matter to add four and a half inches to the draught of this 14,000 ton vessel. Removing this growth required an entire day's work from one hundred and seventy-five men.

The last docking and cleaning of the *South Dakota* before accumulating her remarkable growth had been done at Puget Sound, Washington. She had been out of dock since April, 1908, seventeen months previously, and had cruised about thirty thousand miles, and with the exception of a stay of sixty-two days at the Navy-Yard, Mare Island, California, and of fourteen days at Callao, Peru, she had not been in any port for a longer period than a few days.

As will be seen from the photographs, the foul growth on a ship's bottom takes many varied shapes and forms. Specimens from the *South Dakota* were sent to the Navy Department as curiosities. The two single specimens in the corners of the photograph from the *South Dakota's* bottom afford an interesting comparison in size with those in the bottle, taken from the bottom of the scout cruiser *Chester*, which are of the size ordinarily found on vessels' bottoms. The claim to distinction of the *South Dakota's* individual barnacles, however, rests principally on their being a part of the enormous aggregate growth of six hundred tons. While they were the largest individually within the knowledge of many experienced constructors, their arrival at the Navy Department recalled to the mind of an old employee a monster which had been sent to the Department in 1890. It is about ten inches in diameter and three inches thick, and came from the bottom of a merchant vessel, the *Timandra*, after a cruise in the Indian Ocean and Chinese waters.

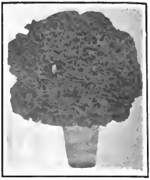
The effect of a foul bottom on the horse-power required for a vessel is very marked. Vessels of the *South Dakota* class burn about 100 tons of coal per day when cruising with a clean bottom at 12 knots, and require about 3,500 horse-power. The extra horse-power required for a vessel as foul as the *South Dakota* can only be conjectured, but quite a time before the vessels were docked, steaming trials showed that the coal consumption at 12 knots had risen from 100 to 133 tons per day and the horse-power from 3,500 to 5,000. The miles per ton at this speed had dropped from 2.8 to 2.1.

Another interesting case of the effect of fouling on horse-power expended is that of the scout cruisers which went to the west coast of Africa in March, 1909. During a stay of three weeks at Monrovia, Liberia, the bottom of the *Chester* became so completely covered with a growth of barnacles that the usual coal consumption of the vessel for a speed of *15 knots* produced only *9.73 knots*. The propellers had also become so foul that, though the turbines expended horse-power enough to produce the usual number of revolutions for 15 knots, the resistance so increased that they could only actually turn fast enough for a speed of 12 knots with a clean bottom. The further reduction from 12 knots to 9.73 mentioned above was caused by the resistance of the barnacles on the bottom proper. The propellers were cleaned as well as possible by divers, and an increase of three-quarters of a knot was obtained.



Part of a wooden anchor stock recovered from a sunken vessel in the Caribbean Sea, showing the ravages of the teredo worm

When vessels are docked, after cleaning, the bottoms are painted first with an anti-corrosive paint to protect the steel from the effect of the salt water, and with a second coat of anti-fouling to prevent adherence of animal and vegetable growth. About 250 gallons of each are required for vessels of the size of the *South Dakota*, and it requires about five hours for 175 men to apply it.

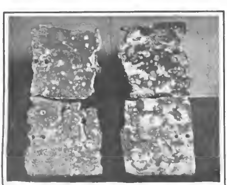


A quarter-size photograph of the largest known barnacle, from the bottom of the steamship "Timandra," picked up while cruising in Chinese and Indian waters in 1890. The tumbler below is half-size

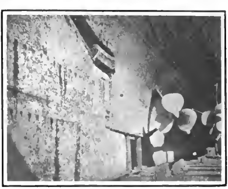
In addition to protection from ordinary corrosion and fouling, it is necessary to add special protection to prevent galvanic action where a brass valve-opening or brass shaft-bearing will form a battery with the salt water and steel hull. This protection is accomplished by the use of zinc plates, which will be attacked in preference to the steel as long as the zinc lasts. It is usual to renew these whenever a vessel is docked. One of the photographs shows zinc plates which have been sharply attacked.

Sheathed and composite ships with copper bottoms escape the troubles of foul bottoms. The sheathed ship, among which the *Denver* class of our navy are numbered, have their bottoms covered with the ordinary steel plates, to which is bolted a sheathing of about four inches of wood. On the wood, thin copper plates are nailed. The composite vessel is constructed similarly, except that the steel plate is left off and the wood alone, with the copper plates, forms the outer shell. The United States gunboats *Marietta*, *Annapolis*, *Wheeling*, and *Vicksburg* are examples of the composite ship. Without the covering of copper plates, worms (teredos) also become a menace. One of the photographs shows a remarkable example of a part of a honeycombed anchor stock recovered from a sunken vessel in the Caribbean Sea.

Sheathed and composite vessels require docking much less frequently than steel vessels, for the reason that when copper sheets are exposed to salt water semi-soluble poisonous salts and an insoluble oxychloride of copper are formed on their surfaces, which, in turn, form a thin, loosely attached scale. This, in turn, falls off, leaving a fresh, smooth surface.



Zinc plates attached to ships' bottoms to prevent galvanic action, showing their condition after several months' exposure



All kinds of barnacles waiting to be scraped from the starboard side of the "Chester" in the New York Navy-Yard

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THE WHITE MERCY

(Continued from page 19)

treatises upon the painless elimination of the unfit, the object, hopelessly incurable. Now uprose before him in a confused blend of madness, grief, and despair, the radiant, flower-like little Emily, shorn of her precious limbs, dragging about a maimed and helpless trunk, doomed to a ghastly mock life, vegetating like a plant, or tottering through cheerless years like an automaton—she that had been the sprightly, beautiful, winsome little Emily. If she survived the shock of this twofold amputation she might live; she might be doomed for many long years to this intolerable and unjustifiable existence; she might live to curse his cruel and mistaken mercy, and seek for herself the oblivion denied her now. And, though he lived for her and fostered her like a flower until her death or his own, how could even his devotion make up to her this tragic and everlasting loss?

She had already suffered enough, for ever since birth she had borne the hereditary family evil, a heart organically weak, as well he knew who had studied this condition in her and had nursed her more than once. The issue was ten times more certain than in the case of Hillis. If chloroform was used her end was as inevitable as though he had plunged a lancet into her heart. In his own heart the great truth rose and triumphed. He knew then that it would be a better thing that he should behold her face beautiful and asleep within its slender coffin, call her blessed, and keep her in his memory sweet and whole in the loveliness of childhood, than that she should be flung forth again into life, into the bleak, gray years of torture and mutilation and misery too grim for her tender being.

The surgeon, touched with pity, looked down upon him, waiting patiently for his answer, ere repeating his request. He saw the tears that ran across the hands in which the miserable man had buried his face. Now Fremont rose, aged and haggard, dragging at his chair with a convulsive grasp. Hoarsely he muttered these two words.

"Use chloroform."

Then, while the assistant of the examining physician prepared the anesthetic, he took his chair and sat down at the head of the table, seized his sister's hand and held it close to his cheek. Stolid and motionless he sat. His body seemed to shrink within itself, his struggling hair was dank with the sweat of his ordeal. Swiftly the surgeon worked at his terrible task. Never once did the interne raise his head. At times a few low-toned words escaped him, as though he were talking to her, as though she heard him. Endearing names he called her. His finger rested upon her pulse, his voice grew wonderfully soft and tender, he crooned like a woman—as he was wont to do when a lullaby sent her to sleep. He grew conscious of a presence beside him, felt a soft hand upon his sleeve, and heard some one weeping softly. The plump white hand of Miss Chalmers in its starched cuff lay upon his arm.

He felt the pulse of his sister flutter feebly and begin to fall away. Dr. Dwinelle and the assistant also noticed something irregular in the respiration of their subject.

"Oxygen!" cried the chief surgeon, with blanched face, looking suddenly at Fremont. "Quick! a tank of oxygen!"

Miss Chalmers hurried out. Robert Fremont did not move, but kept his finger upon the wrist of little Emily. The pulse grew fainter and fainter, and by the time the oxygen was brought, it had ceased altogether. Then, suddenly, for him too the outer world passed.

With some difficulty they withdrew his hand from that of his sister. A moment later he found himself at the open window in the hall. Some one held him by either arm. As he slowly turned his weary and woful head from side to side, he looked into the mild and compassionate face of Nurse Chalmers—into the streaming and remorseful eyes of Mary Traske.

Dancing Birds

MANY of the birds of South America have the regularly formed habit of meeting periodically in the same place for the purpose of dancing. Some sing as they dance, others accompany the refrain by something unquestionably like instrumental music. The rupicola dances alone. Birds of his species range themselves in a circle around level moss, or soft ground and one of them, bright with orange and vivid scarlet plumage, leaves the circle and advances to the centre of the space with the dignity of a courtier dancing a minuet, his wings spread and tail like a fan. He begins slowly, then gradually increasing speed, terminates his performance by leaping and whirling until he falls from exhaustion.

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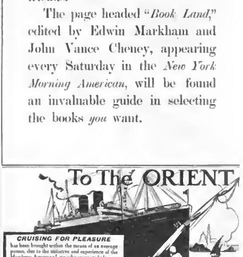
The page headed "*Book Land*," edited by Edwin Markham and John Vance Cheney, appearing every Saturday in the *New York Morning American*, will be found an invaluable guide in selecting the books *you* want.



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Police-Station Nurseries

As a matter of fact—said an old New York police captain—the socialist idea of the State caring for the community's children has been established for years in this centre of capitalism. The police stations in the tenement districts are the nurseries; the policemen serve as nursemaids, that duty being one of their many odd jobs.

A policeman sees a little girl wandering aimlessly along the sidewalk or standing pensively in front of a bakery window. He keeps his eye on her. She meets some other children in the street. They know nothing of localities, and in five minutes are playing as if they had known one another always. The sun sinks; the city begins to grow dim; the lights are turned on.

"Mag-gee-ee-ee!" calls a strident voice from a fifth-floor window.

"Willee-ee-ee!" calls another.

The crowd scatters, leaving on the sidewalk a little girl who begins to realize that she doesn't know how to get back to her home. Her appetite asserts itself. The running away of her new found playmates emphasizes her forlorn state. One fist goes up to her eyes, then another, and she rests her head perhaps against an undertaker's dingy, black-curtained window, sobbing vigorously.

"Where do you live, little girl?" asks the policeman as a matter of form. He knows that she is lost. Then he leads her to the precinct station, where she tells her first name; that is all she can remember. She is written down in the blotter, for instance, as Mary, aged four, lost child, blue eyes, black hair, red-checked dress, button shoe on right foot, slipper on left, and so on.

Mary goes to the matron's room. If she is not called for before nine o'clock, she and all the other lost and still uncalled-for children in the station are taken over to the rooms of the Children's Society. That is serious, because, once there, the society's agents may begin to investigate whether or not the child should be taken from the parents and entrusted to better guardianship.

But nearly all the children are recovered long before the time comes to send them to the society's rooms. The mothers have called for them often before. If Mary doesn't come home in time for supper her mother goes to the nearest police station. She surveys the gathering of lost children, grabs Mary by the arm, if she is there, and rushes away, beating her for running away from home. That scolding is for the ears of the police. She knows that she was washing, or gossiping, or visiting in the afternoon, and so let Mary drift away, depending on the police to be careful nursemaids to her if she needed care.

The police stations in the tenement districts are not unattractive nurseries. The lost child, when she is brought in, usually sits stiffly in one of the matron's chairs, taking in all her surroundings through eyes widened by wonder. Sometimes the children cry because they are scared. It is not long after their arrival, however, before they begin to feel at ease. Then they begin to explore regions beyond the matron's room. They venture farther and farther out, until finally they have penetrated to the back room in which the reserve policemen, waiting for emergency calls, are trying to kill time in the pleasantest ways. All lost children are welcomed there. And there they enjoy the entertainment furnished by a sort of combined vaudeville show, circus, and dime museum, all got up for their benefit. Near-by restaurants, bakeries, and candy-stores are their commissaries, yielding on order what the youngsters like best—except when the matron interferes in the name of physiology and hygiene.

Nor is the entertainment all one-sided. Over at the Tenderloin station the other afternoon old Sibley ranged eight or nine of the temporarily lost on a bench and asked them how they had come to be in their forlorn condition.

Stephen, five years old, said that a carriage had driven up in front of a building in his neighborhood, and that some ladies had got out of it and gone into the tenement. The carriage had excited much admiration among the boys and girls. Stephen had ridden away on it, seated on the springs behind—"where the driver can't soak you with his whip." He had often made up his mind to drop off and get back into his own territory, but he had hesitated time after time for the sake of the ride, so that when he did drop to the pavement he was so far from home that he could not find his way back.

A slow-moving Italian funeral, headed by a brass band, had lured black-eyed Yetta, aged four, up and down, across and back main avenues and cross-streets, until her sense of direction had become so confused that she sat down on the curbstone and cried. A policeman had brought her in.

Alice, with blue eyes, had followed a brown butterfly, blown across from New Jersey by a high wind to a wilderness of hard walls and paved streets. When she had caught the butterfly they were both lost.

Mike, aged seven, had been lost once before, and, seeing the policeman who had previously led him to such entertainment and feasting, he had asked to be taken in again. In answer to the same old questions he gave the same old replies, and so arrived.

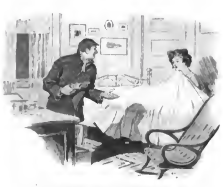
But Jennie—oh, she was a witch! Her hair was brown and curly, her eyes clear and wide open, her skin like cream-colored satin—and she was fearfully dirty.

"My name is Jennie, and I'm five years old," she declared, kicking the bench with her swinging feet. "Teacher sayed 'at flowers like the one in the tin can on momma's window sill growed right up out of the ground somewheres. She sayed momma's wasn't the only flower in Noo Yawk. An' so I ast her where at did the flowers grow right up out of the ground. An' so she sayed maybe in Central Park. An' so I ast our janitress—the one 'at momma sayed takes too much booze—where is Central Park. She lifted up her arm an' swinged it, an' she sayed straight up 'at way. An' I was on my way 'at the janitress sayed when the p'liceman pinched me.

"An' I don't believe 'at flowers grow right up out of the ground, anyway—do you?—'cause momma's grows out of a tomato-can. People would pick 'em, too."

Nobody laughed at Jennie, and she kept kicking her heels against the bench, prattling away about the manifest absurdity of flowers growing out of the ground and in such mad profusion that a person might gather two or three at once for her own special benefit, to be carried in the hand, to be smelled, to be given away at pleasure.

"I know her address," said old Sibley.



"'Scuse me for disturbin' ye, ma'am, but if ye'll kindly help me pick out an engagement ring for me fiancee I'll not bother ye no more."

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The Spider's Trap

On one occasion the Field Museum in Chicago became infested with a large number of obnoxious spiders. They festooned the ceiling and great columns of the building with yards of their shuttle-work. Scrubwomen and janitors tried in vain to rid the building of the pests and their work. Finally a small bird known as the brown creeper discovered the state of things, and decided to take up his abode inside and assist the authorities in ridding the building of the pests.

For several days the bird flitted about very much as he pleased, wagging up and down column after column and probing his bill into every crevice, and he actually carried on a very effective work.

One morning, however, as an official of the museum was passing, an attendant remarked to him that it looked very much as if the bird was done for and a subject for the museum's collection. Glancing in the direction indicated by the attendant, the official saw that the bird lay panting on its side at the bottom of one of the columns.

"See if you can catch me a fly," said the scientist to the attendant, as he took the bird into his hands. The fly being soon forthcoming, it was held on the point of a pin to the bird's beak, and to the surprise of both men the creeper bit at it voraciously. That didn't look as if the little fellow was about to die. The scientist was much perplexed. "I wonder what's the matter with him," he said.

Then, turning the bird over in his hand, he found it had been entrapped in a large spider's web, which had bound the wing and tail together in such a manner as to preclude flying. It looked as if some wise old spider had resented the bird's work of extermination and had purposely ensnared him in a trap.

The queer bandage was removed, and the bird darted out of the building and was soon lost to sight.

Dust and Bacteria

SOME interesting facts concerning the comparative number of particles of dust and bacteria in the air have been gathered in England.

Using Aitken's dust-counter, one investigator found in an open suburb of London 20,000 dust particles in every cubic centimetre of air, while in the heart of the great town the number of particles in the same volume of air was 500,000.

In the open air of London there was, on the average, only one micro-organism to every 38,300,000 particles of dust, and in the air of a room, among 184,000,000 dust particles, only one organism could be detected.

These facts, it is contended, illustrate the poverty of the air in micro-organisms even when it is very dusty. Their continued existence is rendered difficult through the influence of desiccation and sunlight. Drying up is one of nature's favorite methods of getting rid of bacteria.

The Celebrated Brontë Books

JUDGING by the books that have been written and read in recent years, by the common verdict as to the Brontë sisters, their story and their work, which prevails, almost without exception, in the literary criticism of the present day; by the tone of personal tenderness, even of passionate homage, in which many writers speak of Charlotte and of Emily; and by the increasing recognition which their books have obtained abroad, one may say with some confidence that the name and memory of the Brontës were never more alive than now, that "Honor and Fame have got about their graves" for good and all, and that Charlotte and Emily Brontë are no less secure, at any rate, than Jane Austen or George Eliot or Mrs Browning of literary recollection in the time to come.

But if the Brontës live, their books live also.

Mrs. Gaskell, herself an accomplished novelist, wrote an account of these lonely girls on a Yorkshire moor, struggling with poverty and consumption, developing genius in the very wrestle with death, taking the heaven of fame by violence, and perishing in the effort. She showed them to us oppressed by poverty and by daily contact with a vicious brother, and yet, through it all, remaining dutiful, loving, and virtuous, she describes the deaths—the piteous deaths—of two of the sisters in the very moment, or on the very threshold, of success, and, finally, her narrative brought us to the death of Charlotte herself — Charlotte snatched from happiness and from motherhood, after one brief year of married life; and so skilful is the telling, so touching the story, that the heart goes out to it, and forthwith the Brontë books must be books of genius, because the Brontës are so interesting and their story is so tragic.

From the Introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward

"'There are books so fine that literature in them is but the expression of those who write them In other words, there are books where the writer seems to be everything, the material employed, the environment, almost nothing The main secret of the charm that clings to Charlotte Brontë's books is, and will always be, the contact which they give us with her own fresh, indomitable, surprising personality—surprising, above all. . . . How often . . . does one instinctively expect the conventional solution, the conventional softening, the conventional prettiness or quaintness that so many other story-tellers, of undoubted talent, could not have resisted! And it never comes Hammer-like, the blows of a passionate realism descend."

"Caroline, Shirley, Mrs. Pryor—delicacy, wildness, family affection—these indeed are the three aspects of Charlotte's personality, Charlotte's genius. So that they are children of her own heart's blood, spirits born of her own essence and warm with her own life"

"If *Shirley*, wherever the women of the story are chiefly concerned, is richer even than *Jane Eyre* in poetry and unexpectedness, in a sort of fresh and sparkling charm like that of a moor in sunshine, it is because Charlotte Brontë herself has grown and mellowed in the interval; because she has thought more, felt more, trembled still more deeply under the pain and beauty of the world It is the most assertive, the most challenging of books."

"Never was Charlotte Brontë better served by this great gift of poetic vision than in *Villette*—never indeed as well The very fulness of visualising force runs through it, like a fiery stream bathing and kindling all it touches down to the smallest detail."

"No novel, moreover, that escapes obscurity and ugliness was ever freer from stereotyped forms and phrases. They come out new minted shining; each a venture, and, as a rule, a happy one; yet with no effect of labor or research; rather a careless freedom and wealth."

"For the mingling of daring poetry with the easiest and most masterly command of local truth, for sharpness and felicity of phrase, for exuberance of creative force, for invention and freshness of detail, there are few things in English fiction to match *Wuthering Heights*"

7 VOLUMES

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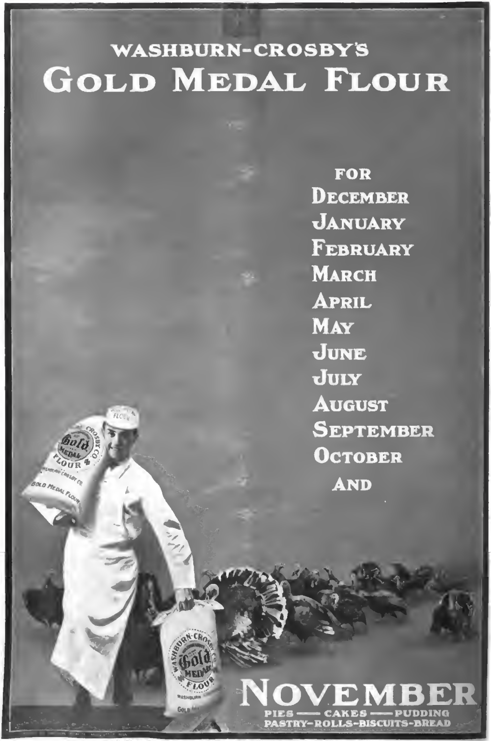

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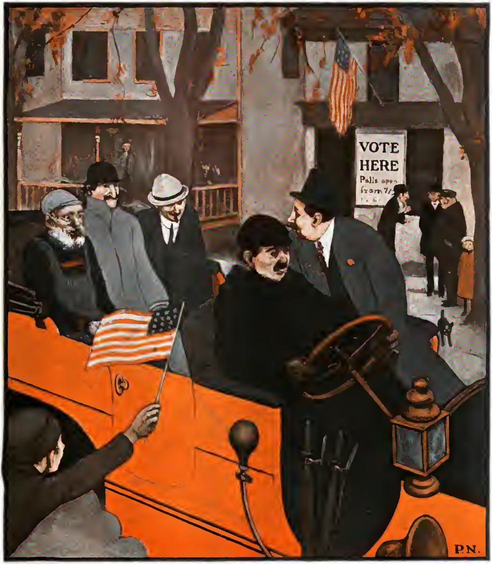
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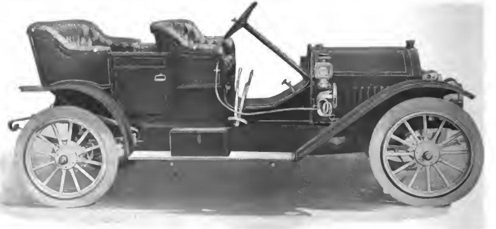

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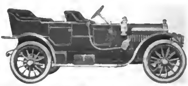

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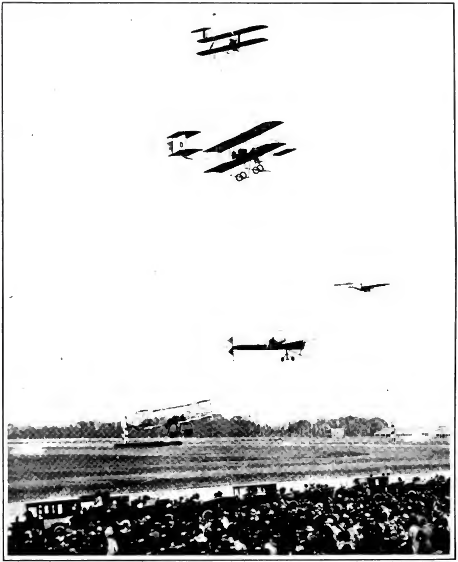

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A FLOCK OF AIRMEN AT BELMONT PARK

A memorable incident during the International Aviation Meet at Belmont Park, Long Island, when five of the aeronauts were competing at once in the view of the spectators. The machines shown in the photograph are, from top to bottom, those of Hoxsey, Harmon, Aubrun, Latham, and Grahame-White

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Comment

Next Tuesday

We are not a real prophet, but as a guesser we beat them all in 1904 and 1908. So we guess again:

That Roosevelt will lose New York by 100,000.

That Woodrow Wilson will carry New Jersey by 40,000.

That Baldwin will carry Connecticut by 5,000.

That Harmon will carry Ohio by 25,000.

That the results in Massachusetts and New Hampshire will be close, with the chances in favor of Foss and Bass.

That Beveridge will be beaten.

That the Democrats will have a majority of 40 in the next House of Representatives.

That Democrats will succeed the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew and the Hon. John Kean in the United States Senate.

Amen! So be it!

The Day After

Oyster Bay, L. I., November 9, 1910.

If Colonel Roosevelt was cast down in the least degree by the reports of Democratic triumphs that reached him last night, there was no sign of the fact in his appearance this morning. He went to bed before midnight, had "a bully sleep," ate a breakfast suitable for a sure-enough hunter, and came out a little after nine o'clock, swinging an axe and looking as pink and fresh as you please. He was in his usual high spirits, and greeted the newspaper men with boisterous geniality. But when they began to show signs of asking questions, the Colonel raised his hand deprecatingly. "Not a word," he said, "not a word; at least, not yet. Perhaps later. I'll see. First, I've got to cut down a crooked tree back of the barn. It's not only a crook, but it is rotten to the core, and is infecting the sound trees around it. So down it comes. You have to kill to preserve life, you know." And away he strode, seemingly as happy as a lark, and presently his resounding thwacks stirred the echoes.

While the Colonel would make no statement for publication, and nothing herein contained must be taken as authorized by him or even coming directly from him, certain things may be said respecting his attitude that may reasonably be accepted as not likely to bring forth denials. He was disappointed at Stimson's defeat, but not surprised. His extraordinary political acumen had foreseen it as far back as the Saratoga convention. Even then, it will be recalled, he declared that "temporary reversal must be sustained" if necessary to purge the party of corrupt bossism. Now that the event has happened, he is wholly satisfied, and firmly believes that the people will agree with him that it was absolutely essential to remove the cancer that was eating into the vitals of the Republican party. He considers that the party is now thoroughly cleansed and purified and in fine shape to be effectively reorganized by Mr. Prentice and Mr. Griscom. Colonel Roosevelt expects to have this work completed in time to carry the State beyond a doubt in 1912, providing the candidate be a clean-cut Progressive.

The Colonel does not regard the result in New York as a rebuke to himself in any sense. The real issue all over the country, in the opinion of his intimate friends, was the endorsement of the Taft administration, and not even the Colonel's valiant efforts could withstand the storm of indignation at the administration for failing to carry out his policies and appoint his personal adherents to high positions. The turning down of Pinchot is believed to have lost hundreds of thousands of votes. It is also pointed out that, although Dix's majority was larger than was generally anticipated, the Democrats also carried Ohio, Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut, where the issues were wholly Taft issues and bore no relation to Roosevelt. In none of these States, it is urged, was there so formidable opposition as that put up by the unholy alliance of Wall Street and Tammany in New York, where Roosevelt had to make the fight single-handed. The Colonel will make no accusation of lukewarmness on the part of the administration as yet, but certain things are being looked into, and the time may come in the near future for sensational disclosures. The obvious treachery of the bosses whom he beat to a frazzle he fully anticipated.

On the whole, the Colonel, so far from being disheartened, is well pleased. The issue now is clean-cut and unmistakable. It is for decent government and war to the knife against the crooks, as outlined in the Osawatomie speech, upon which the Colonel now stands more firmly than ever. He is convinced that the people are behind him in support of the undying principles of New Nationalism, and he is going to fight it out on those lines, no matter how many summers it may take. His blood is up, and he will give or ask no quarter from any source. If Taft has made a mess of it, Taft must take the consequences. So far as he is concerned, he will turn neither to the right nor the left, but forge straight ahead in his great campaign for righteousness, etc. He will have nothing more to do with corporations, good or bad. They have thrown him down, and now they can go hang. He will smite them hip and thigh and "learn 'em" a few things before he gets through.

How long the Colonel will keep the padlock on the lips of those to whom he has indicated his contempt for Taft, whom he regards as an utter ingrate and dolefully incompetent, has not yet been determined. But the time will come, probably soon, when Taft's iniquitous treatment of himself will be disclosed in such a way as to discredit "that pot-bellied gentleman" entirely.

In a word, Colonel Roosevelt regards the result of the elections as a mere episode in his career. "A Waterloo!" they say. "Not much. It is not even a Bull Run. It is no more nor less than a Call to Arms, by George! Down with Crooks! Away with Damned Jackasses! Up with New Nationalism! Bully for Righteousness! To Hell with the Ingrate!"

Such were the sharp and ringing tones that shot through the air as the gleaming axe sank deep and viciously into the unoffending trunk of the rotten, crooked tree. For further particulars see the *Outlook*, 5 cents a copy, payable in advance.

P S.—Root's goose is cooked, too.

We Accord Full Credit to the Colonel

On the eve of election, let us not forget to render full credit to Theodore Roosevelt for the magnificent public service he has rendered during this campaign. Just think what he has done in these few weeks! By making himself the issue in New York he has insured the election of Dix. By attacking Judge Anderson he has robbed Beveridge of his chance. By misrepresenting Judge Baldwin he has created a Democratic probability in Connecticut. By lying about Foss he has overcome the fatuity of the Democrats themselves. By ducking and wiggling over the tariff he has made reasonably certain a Democratic House of Representatives. Truly, a notable array of achievements. The Lord be praised for the Return from Elba in the nick of time.

At One with Root

We have no patience with those who carp at Senator Root's masterly address. He differs from the rest of us with respect to method only. The real aim of all good citizens, as he pointed out with great perspicacity, is to get rid of Roosevelt. Mr. Root's way is to elect Stimson, and thus pull the fangs of his wrath. Our plan is to swat the pretender by electing Dix. It is wholly a question as to which process is most likely to produce the desired result. On the real issue we are at one with our able and distinguished Senator. But our way is best.

Woodrow Wilson

The only question in New Jersey is whether a combination of utterly selfish interests, aided by a horde of repeaters from Philadelphia, can encompass the defeat of the man the people want. We opine not—not by many, many thousands.

Senator Root's Contribution

Senator Root has been adjudged the best mind in the Republican party, and this journal has several times indicated its disposition to accept that view. More than once, being called on to state his party's case to the people, Senator Root has stated it superbly well. He did that six years ago when, as temporary chairman of the Republican national convention, he made a key-note speech to which the Democratic orators kept on replying until Election Day, but which they never disposed of. Again in 1906, just before the election in this State, he came from Washington and dealt what proved to be a knockout blow to Hearst's Gubernatorial ambitions. If such a speech could have been made on the Roosevelt side this year it is reasonable to suppose that Senator Root would have made it last week when he spoke in this city, evidently after careful preparation. But the speech he actually made does not compare in effectiveness with either that of 1904 or that of 1906. There must be a reason; and we do not believe the reason lies in any decline in the ability of Senator Root. One sign that he keeps his judgment unimpaired is his declining to follow his leader and renew the exploded charge that Mr. Dix has been in a wall-paper trust or to attack Mr. Dix's excellent labor record. Another is his avoidance of anything in the nature of a positive denial that Roosevelt is running for President. Still a third is his concession that "a good many Republicans" are inclined to vote Democratic solely on account of Roosevelt. But these features of his effort, admirable though they are, do not exactly strengthen it as a party appeal. Senator Root is stronger on Stimson, and really puts quite forcibly such reasons as there are for considering that gentleman a factor in the situation. He is strong, too, on Skene, who used to be State Engineer but is not running for anything at present, and strong on the tariff record of Mr. Hitchcock, who also is not a candidate. If he is weak on Roosevelt and the New Nationalism, he has excuses. The Senator has done his best. His best is very likely to prove, as usual, the best on his side. If it is far behind his best of other years, that is not his fault, but the fault of this most funereally anti-Republican year.

Senator Root and Mr. Hornblower

Here is the pith of his speech:

> Mr. Taft is President of the United States; a Republican President; a strong, wise, considerate, and fearless man. . . . If he continues to make as good a President as he is making now he will be the natural and inevitable candidate of his party in 1912 unless one thing shall happen—that the people of the United States shall repudiate the administration of Mr. Taft by such a crushing and overwhelming defeat of his party that it will be apparent that Mr. Taft cannot be re-elected. If it should happen that the administration can't hold its own party together the national convention would be quite likely to look for a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness, and they might go to Mr. Roosevelt.

If that is a good argument to induce Republicans to vote the Republican ticket, the wonder is that it has not suggested itself to Colonel Roosevelt, or to any of the gentlemen who have been furnishing him with points for his campaign speeches. Coming from *him* the cry, "A vote for Stimson is a vote for Taft in 1912," would have been so interesting that he could have well afforded to make it, as Mr. Root has done, the key-note of all his campaign oratory.

We have not noticed that he has ever used this argument. Mr. Root in times past has sometimes spoken in critical junctures of campaigns, as authority for Mr. Roosevelt. There is nothing of that in this case. Mr. Root speaks exclusively for himself when he suggests that if Stimson is beaten, the Republicans may turn to Roosevelt in 1912.

We guess not, but we must take the chances of that. If the Republicans want to run Mr. Roosevelt in 1912, there will be nothing to hinder. But Mr. Root's speech has come and gone, and election prospects have not been altered by it.

Contrast with his suggestions this passage from a letter from another able lawyer, Mr. William B. Hornblower, to the Democratic candidate for State Senator in his district in New York:

> In supporting you in your candidacy for State Senatorship I am acting from a sense of public duty and in opposition to my personal inclinations, as I am a warm personal friend of your Republican opponent, for whom I have heretofore voted when a candidate for Assembly and Senate and for whom I have a very high regard and who is connected with my family by ties of relationship. If there were no national issues involved in this election, and if the next Legislature

> were not called upon to elect a United States Senator, I should follow my natural inclinations and should vote for your Republican opponent. I have come to the conclusion, however, that I cannot conscientiously vote indirectly for a Republican United States Senator, who must necessarily be in favor of the Payne-Aldrich tariff or some other modified form of high protection, on the one hand, or of "New Nationalism" on the other hand, or of both.
>
> I am at a loss to understand how any Democrat can hesitate for a moment as to his position in this campaign. Indeed, I am at a loss to understand how any voter who is not a thick-and-thin Republican can hesitate as to how he ought to vote in this election. On the two paramount and pressing issues tendered us by Mr. Roosevelt and his personally conducted Saratoga convention, it seems to me there can be but one course to pursue—namely, that of opposition to both issues.

Remarking upon the geographical variations of Colonel Roosevelt's tariff sentiments, and examining briefly the aspirations of his "New Nationalism," Mr. Hornblower goes on to say:

> In the broader sense of the word "democrat," in which all citizens of this Republic are embraced, whether affiliated with the Democratic or the Republican party, it seems to me the clear duty of every American who believes in the principles of free government, and who desires the perpetuity of our institutions, to denounce and stigmatize these revolutionary doctrines of Mr. Roosevelt, and to refuse to vote for the candidate for Governor of this State, who, if elected, will owe his election to Mr. Roosevelt's domineering personality and whose election will be taken as an indorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's extravagant views on the subject of national policy.
>
> I regard the present election as a critical one in the history of the country. I have personally never had in any election less doubt as to what was my duty.

Mr. Hornblower has evidently spoken what was in his mind and will vote with a good heart for Dix. Mr. Root will vote, of course, for Stimson, but with how many sentiments suppressed, with what forebodings, with what misgivings! He far from freed his mind in his speech of the 28th.

Just a Detail

> It is to the interest of all citizens and, above all, to the interests of those who own and those who control the great corporate interests that as peaceable and rapid as possible a transference of the seat of real government be made to Washington. This is Mr. Roosevelt's prime object.—Col. Sam McClure.

Perhaps Brother McClure can tell us whom the Colonel proposes to have sit in the seat of government when he gets it moved.

The Colonel on the Stump

A pity that a husky speaker like Senator Foraker should have to be laid off in Ohio ten days before election because the Republican management felt they couldn't afford to let him speak his mind! Here in New York the Republican management is less timorous—perhaps it is that they have a courage of desperation; anyhow, they have made no attempt to withdraw the Colonel, and no doubt he will go ravaging through the campaign to its finish.

The Colonel's prowess as a campaigner has surprised observers. It was expected up to three weeks ago that he would make votes for his own side. It may be that he has, to some extent, but that is pure speculation. It is a certainty that his activities have made a great many votes for the Democrats, and that not only in New York, but in Connecticut and Massachusetts. How it was in Indiana we shall see. His attack on Judge Baldwin was unquestionably helpful to the Judge, and his futile forays at Mr. Dix have been nothing but a benefit to Dix. It has seemed as if he could not get the habits of Africa out of his head, so recklessly he has popped at whatever seemed to offer, careless, apparently, of everything except that his weapon should be frequently discharged. That much he has accomplished. Next week we shall know what he has in his bag.

What We Cannot Hope from the Election

It is a common and not an unjust criticism of our American system that even apparently decisive elections frequently fail of the results which they ought to have. There is a clear expression of the popular will, but it is not obeyed; or the issues are so many and so confused that no clear and single expression of the popular will is possible. This ineffectiveness of the ballot is particularly common in "off years"—that is to say, in the years when no President is chosen. This is an "off year." Will the balloting again be unproductive of substantial results?

There are some things, of course, that it cannot accomplish. It cannot take the control of the government away from the Republicans and give it to the Democrats. In all probability it cannot change the political complexion of the Senate, so that one branch of the legislature, as well as the executive departments, will remain in Republican hands. It cannot, therefore, bring about at once the repeal or radical alteration of the Payne law or the abandonment of the policy of high protection. Neither can it insure that legislation of any kind shall be enacted—unless, indeed, contrary to all expectations, the voters should endorse the party in power. When a Democratic House confronts a Republican Senate and President, there is not much lawmaking. The election cannot, in fact, be expected to accomplish, in national affairs, any immediate and specific results whatsoever.

And What We Can

Nevertheless, it can prove, and we trust it will prove, a very effective and important election indeed. It can rebuke, with a rebuke that will not soon be forgotten, the brazen breach of faith of which the Republican party has been guilty. It can condemn unmistakably the system of wholesale thievery that has called itself protection. It can give approval and endorsement to the revolt against that system among the Republicans themselves, and insure a change in that party's leadership in Congress. More important still, it can complete the rehabilitation of the Democratic party, give us a vigorous opposition, and insure that we shall have for some time to come two real parties in this country. These are results reasonably to be anticipated from the action of the voters; and they will be sufficient, if attained, to make the election of 1910 abundantly worth while.

There remain, moreover, the results that may be hoped for in individual States; and these are scarcely secondary to those attainable in the nation. Both in the East and in the West an extraordinary number of inspiring candidacies have been brought about. Their success would mean the coming of a group of admirable leaders into our political life. Harmon in Ohio, already a national figure, bids fair to win still more prestige by an amply deserved re-election. Foss in Massachusetts, though handicapped by the behavior of the Democratic convention, has a chance to overthrow the selfish Republican machine that has long ruled the State. Judge Baldwin in Connecticut, who measures up to the highest old-time standards of New England public characters, has an even better chance of victory. The campaign of Woodrow Wilson in New Jersey has been a revelation, not to that State only, but to the entire country. It is conceded on all sides that a new leader is risen. Here in New York also the Democrats have named an admirable candidate, and the voters of New York have the opportunity, by electing him, to accomplish a result still more important. They can at the same time effectively rebuke, in a way not now open to any other voters in the country, both the most subversive political doctrine and the most dangerous personal ambition that now threaten American institutions.

Justice Whitney

Tammany, possibly with the case of Judge Truax in mind, refused to put Justice Whitney on the Democratic ticket. He is on the Republican and Independent tickets. We should have liked to see him on the Democratic ticket also. He is a seasoned Democrat, an accomplished and able lawyer, and has shown himself to be excellently qualified for the place on the bench of the Supreme Court to which Governor Hughes appointed him a year ago. By that year's experience he is now a better judge than a new man of equal qualifications, and by so much the fitter to receive the nomination of his party. Breaking in new judges, even of good material, is a wasteful process. The losers by it are the people of the city.

Massachusetts's Millionaire Candidates

What a dreadful thing it is to be rich and to crave public office! Riches can be endured and ambition can be wrestled with, but the combination makes a great affliction and misfortune. Massachusetts seems to be particularly full of sufferers this autumn, and the worst of it is they don't seem to be offering one another the least bit of sympathy. Candidate Foss declares that candidate Lodge never would have got into public life at all if it hadn't been for his money, and that the way he spent it in his first two campaigns for Congress was a caution. Candidate Lodge promptly retorts that candidate Foss is another, only more so and worse, and that more money was spent in a single one of his attempts to get into Congress than in all the Lodge candidacies put together. Why, then, says Foss, did you support me, make speeches for me, in that very campaign? To the rescue of Lodge comes the Incorruptible Our and makes it perfectly plain that to elect as rich a man as Foss Governor of Massachusetts would be disgraceful—and there sat poor Governor Draper, helpless and pitiable millionaire that he is, in the front row on the platform!

The Massachusetts voters are certainly in a fix. Apparently they can't cast a ballot in any direction without hitting a millionaire or multimillionaire candidate. Surely there must be some reasonably impecunious person in the State who could be persuaded to run for Governor or Senator.

Eleven Millions Saved

In the progress of the Post-Office Department toward self-support, Postmaster-General Hitchcock makes a good showing. The deficit for the year ending June 30, 1909, was $17,500,000; the deficit for the year ending June 30, 1910, was $6,100,000. A gain of $11,500,000 is not to be sneezed at even in these days of large figures. Mr. Hitchcock says the deficit has been cut down without curtailment of postal facilities anywhere, and with the usual extensions of the service. Mr. Hitchcock seems to have good *prima facie* support for the contention that he finds leisure from the cares of political management to do some work on his government job.

An Ante-Election Appointment

The announcement that a colored man is to have a high Federal appointment was about due. Next Tuesday is Election Day. Foraker's Independence League has been pretty active. In New York the Democrats have been sending out a circular to the colored voters, calling on them to remember Brownsville. In Ohio and other hotly contested States the colored vote is a very considerable factor. True, the man selected for the high office, William H. Lewis, is from the North, and the great mass of his race is in the South; but it is in the North, not the South, that the negro vote really counts. Besides, he is a known man; he used to be centre rush on the Harvard football team. He is a lawyer, and is to be Assistant Attorney-General, but the fact emphasized to the public is the fact of his race; and that fact is emphasized solely because Election Day is close at hand.

It is high time for the negro voters of this country to try a little insurgency. If they should try it, they would probably have a better chance to get appointed to political offices at other times than just before elections. Meanwhile, we trust they appreciate properly the estimate of their intelligence that is implied in the careful timing of such recognition as they get.

Were They Too Good?

> Boston, *October 28.*—That a new steamship line between Boston and New York, taking the place of the former Metropolitan Line, on which the steamers *Harvard* and *Yale* were operated, is soon to be established by the New York, New Haven, & Hartford Railroad Company, was the information contained in a statement made by President Charles S. Mellen of the New Haven road to-night.—*News item.*

What was the matter with *Harvard* and *Yale?* Were they too good? Steamboat men say that they were sent to the Pacific coast to get them out of the way. Are they to be replaced by boats that will not compete with Mr. Mellen's railroad?

The New Boston "Herald"

Boston is clearly entitled to a high-class independent morning newspaper. It has a sufficient number of citizens who could appreciate such a journal and who presumably would pay for it. The object of reorganizing the *Herald* is, we suppose, to give it them, and we wish the enterprise all good luck. The *Herald* has been a strong paper in its day. According to the accepted explanation of its financial difficulties, it got into trouble because, instead of being content with its original dignified and somewhat quiet character, it undertook to be lively and many-featured after a certain New York fashion, thereby greatly increasing its expenses without any corresponding increase of subscriptions and advertisements. The reorganizers have shown good judgment in selecting Robert Lincoln O'Brien, once Cleveland's private secretary, then his chief executive clerk in the White House, and long in the service of the Boston *Transcript*, to be the managing editor. Writing the *Transcript's* Washington correspondence, and then its editorials, ought to prove excellent training for Brother O'Brien's new duties. There is only one respect in which we can hope to see him make a marked improvement on the *Transcript's* ways. We trust the reorganized *Herald's* independence will not, like the *Transcript's*, have the habit of regularly disappearing a month or two before elections.

Of Laughter

He can be said to have won the game of life who at the last can laugh. It was no blasphemy, but a far vision of Nietzsche's, that led him to say that the last savior who would come to mankind would laugh instead of weeping. That final speech of O. Henry, the short-story writer, was finer than any story he ever wrote. Just as he was dying he turned to the doctor and said: "Pull up the curtain, Doc. I'm afraid to go home in the dark." The speech had in it wide courage and a sense of values. One forgives the royal Charles much frivolity for the sake of his dying speech, "Gentlemen, I fear I'm an unconscionable time a-dying," and any one who has suffered much alone knows all the pathos and the fun in the crippled Heine's complaint that it was too bad of the German philosophers to abolish God—"for who, pray," said he—"who am I to groan to at night after my wife has gone to sleep, if there is no God?"

In youth, when we are whole and vigorous and trustful of this enveloping life, we may easily prefer tragedy. We indulge a brave desire to understand life and to know it at its worst. No rectified and decorated world, no polite reserves, will assuage our thirst for reality. We are obtuse enough and sound enough to bear the highest pitch of anguish; indeed, it takes a good deal of sensation to rouse our feelings, so thickly are we encased in coursing blood and wholesome flesh. But there comes a time when the luckiest among us bear the scars, if not the open gashes of the battle. The good, strong bones that held us upright and gave our eyes a level glance across the field of life, are mashed and broken on the wheel or bent by labor, and then we ask for illusions, for comedy, for diversion, but above all for laughter; sane, courageous laughter. Broken, burdened, helpless as we are, none of us very much to be envied, none scathless, he stands highest who still can laugh. Laughter means that man can still restrain desires, still bear up under torment, still see himself in so large a setting that his personal fate seems small. Anger and contempt and bitterness are all equally silly. They leave us unaware of our relativity. One man's place in the universe is no great matter. The bag of life is deeper than any man's hand has reached. No man of far vision accepts a final despair since beyond the farthest stretch of vision spreads infinite space.

Some such largeness of mind as this it was which led Mark Twain to quote in one breath the literary preferences of his hotel porter in Vienna and the German Emperor, both of whom believed *Life on the Mississippi* to be that author's best book. This coupling of names showed a quite unusual power of seeing through the outer trappings of life. The hotel porter and the German Emperor were simply two men with literary insight, with the minor distinction that one carried baggage and the other the affairs of state. To plume oneself upon social prominence or wealth or advantages would be to set the limit of one's intellectual grasp. One man's place in society may differ from another's, but widen the outlook a little, and one man's place in the universe differs no moiety from another's. All are mortal, all face death and mystery and destruction; all face the possible loss of all they best love, all tentatively watch, knowing not what step of the sun may usher in the dumb black hour which closes our eyes to all sweet, customary things. In view of such conditions only the courage of spiritual laughter amounts to much. It is greater than the nonchalance, the fortitude commended by those two great teachers of daily living, Epictetus and Aurelius.

> "Nay, better stand aside to grasp
> The humor of the whole."

"It is the very devil," Nietzsche tells us, "that lives in the spirit of gravity." Who spends a life in tears and terrors is no better than a child who entertains hopes of nothing larger than his own safety and comfort. The man who laughs is not the frivolous, but often the saddest, man. Our own great national jester, Mark Twain, said that he never saw a dead man he did not envy for having had it over and being done with it. But out of this consciousness of what life meant to those he always referred to as "the damned human race," he yet brought forth the abundant courage of laughter.

There are, of course, two kinds of laughter. The laughter of the little man, whose malice is pleased at another's misfortune while he rejoices in his own immunity, and the laughter of the superman that has in it nothing but courage and trust and sweetness. He laughs at his own ill-luck and thwartings; at the decrepitude and decay of the body; he can laugh even when some insidious ill creeps up his nerves to touch his brain and he forgets the very word he is trying to utter, he can laugh when the dumb hour summons and his name is washed from his own memory and the world's; and he who thus can summon laughter has destiny under his heel.

Tragedy is a great power for enlarging and ennobling. Deep sorrows, loss and death and misery, leave laughter still untainted. But small hardship and daily deprivation brutalize and degrade and silence laughter in fear and fretfulness. It is a good thing in the economy of society to realize this. Just as great wealth and the irresponsible power it offers vitiate; so the extreme poverty attendant upon extreme wealth simply turns men into brutes. So with irresponsible power at one end and brutalized poverty at the other end, one sometimes wonders what is to become of society and its laughter. For, despite Holman's assurance that the spirit of laughter antedates the birth of man and was shown in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys, laughter it is which is the distinguishing mark of humanity. It is the most humanizing exercise. The people we are nearest to are those we laugh with. We weep with the whole world. The same sorrows knock at all hearts. But a common taste in jokes is the closest bond of sympathy. How we prize the man who can make us laugh! From Aristophanes down, through Rabelais and Cervantes, Sterne and Fielding, Molière and Heine, Sydney Smith and Hermann, Bret Harte and Mark Twain, the most healing and helpful of writers are those who teach us laughter. To cry is instinct, the babe's first act; but to laugh is intellectual. It means that a man has standards and holds many ideals at one and the same time. And is it not, after all, the expression of vast courage? Man, hung here, as Carlyle might say, between two eternities, both black with mystery; the past from which he came, the future to which he goes, with only the momentary red glare of the present to see by; yet taking all mystery on trust, and stopping to laugh as he passes and to note the little incongruities of life! Surely it is a brave sight and makes us think well of humanity. "They laugh who win," said Shakespeare, and the saying bears reversal—They also win who laugh. A laughing man somehow promises health and strength, good habits and a clean conscience. It is easy to trust true laughter!

A last word to the wise! Learn to laugh at yourself. It is more healing and more corrective than to nurse a sore and troubled spirit. When you can laugh at your misfortunes and defeats, the laugh of destiny will bear no sting.

Correspondence

LOST HIS TRUST IN ROOSEVELT

San Francisco, Cal., October 21, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I take issue with Mr. J. R. King's utterance in the last issue of your valued journal. He must not only be crazy, but blind, if he does not see the Colonel's attitude in American politics. On my way home from my business a few days ago I listened to a venerable superior judge of Lower California speaking to a lady in the team. He said: My trust in Roosevelt is gone. I think, and have reason to know, that he is the greatest political faker in the annals of American history. I did admire and worked for him but must admit that I was blind to this the greatest self-advertiser seen before the public. This venerable judge expressed the sentiment of several business men who heard him say so.

I am happy to know that the American public is waking up and does earnestly want to discard this blow-hard.

I am, sir,
E. Klein.

A WATERLOO ABOUT DUE

[illegible] Haven, Pa., October 25, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Now that the people of this country have had time to fully digest the New Nationalism, Fossilized Judges, doctrine of Roosevelt on his Western trip, the tide has turned strongly against him. He realizes he has overshot the mark, and is now crying Old Moralities. The issue of Rooseveltism is squarely joined in New York; the responsibility of the Republican situation is his alone as he sought it; he has returned from Africa like Pompey and demands a "Triumph." We believe the people of New York will give him a Waterloo instead.

I am, sir.
Harold P. Toner.

EXPRESSIONS OF FEELING

Hot Springs, Ark., October 23, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Your editorials on "Theodore the Great," are simply immense; you may lose a few subscribers who look upon him as a little god and a country saver, but in time they will come back with their eyes opened and with apologies.

He is the biggest political fakir on the American continent.

I am, sir,
A Constant Reader.

Ocean Park, Cal., October 21, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Your "stuff"—to use a newspaper expression—is always good reading, but never have you written anything more delightfully charming than "The Elephant Now Goes 'Round and 'Round," in your issue of October 15th.

Continue in that strain and you will help to make life worth living, for, after all, is it not the pleasure derived from what we read that makes our holiday?

I am, sir,
A. Richardson.

PROHIBITION IN OKLAHOMA

Charleston, S. C., October 25, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I have read, with much interest and no little surprise, a story in your issue of October 8th, by one I. T. Martin, regarding prohibition in Oklahoma.

The writer lived in Oklahoma from the first day until September of this year. I was in charge of the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce for six years, manager of the Oklahoma Retailers' Association, and secretary of the Federated Commercial Clubs of the State, had a speaking acquaintance and personal knowledge probably the largest in the entire State, and if I should attempt to answer Mr. Martin's story, I would use, very largely, his closing paragraph, in which he says, "One does not need a diploma of a divinity school to know that half a truth is worse than a lie," and his story is made up of less than half truths; in fact, isolated cases are picked out and held up as the rule.

Just as a suggestion, the figures showing the arrests in Oklahoma City and Tulsa, for instance, are very misleading. Each of the cities practically doubled its population during the period mentioned, and thousands of laborers were appointed to work upon its streets and public works of various kinds, and, as a matter of course, a large proportion of them were of the lower class. These facts, Mr. Martin fails to state. Again, he tells of the valiant efforts of Mayor Scales, in Oklahoma City, to enforce the prohibitory law. Ask any one, who lives in Oklahoma City, if Mr. Martin tells the truth, and nine out of ten of the business men will tell you that Mr. Martin tells about one-thousandth part of the truth, and the remainder of it I had best not name. Even the photographs published are worse than half truths.

The writer, in fairness to Oklahoma, its people, and its laws, suggests that you send a fair-minded man to Oklahoma, and get a small part of truth in the next issue.

I am, sir,
A. W. McKeam,
Secretary of the Charleston Chamber of Commerce.

Another Raven

Once upon a midnight quiet while I sought surcease from riot—
From the riot—don't deny it!—that we've had ten years or more—
While I slowly counted numbers, trying hard to woo my slumbers,
For I'd eaten some cucumbers just a half a day before,
Came a dull, insistent murmur like the echo of a roar,
And the word was "Theodore!"

Ah, distinctly I remember, 'twas the third week of September
And I wished it were December of the quiet years of yore,
Wished I were not in the White House, wished as keeper of a lighthouse
I were finding that the right house where no one could come to bore—
And that dull, insistent murmur came a-throbbing as before
And it shuddered, "Theodore!"

And I thought of poor Jim Tawney and of Cannon or "dog gone-y"
(Which is euphony, you gather, when you know of how he swore),
And I thought about the tariff, and I said I wouldn't care if
I were constable or sheriff, for I then could sleep and snore
There are woes that I might bear if I should hear this word no more.
This insistent "Theodore!"

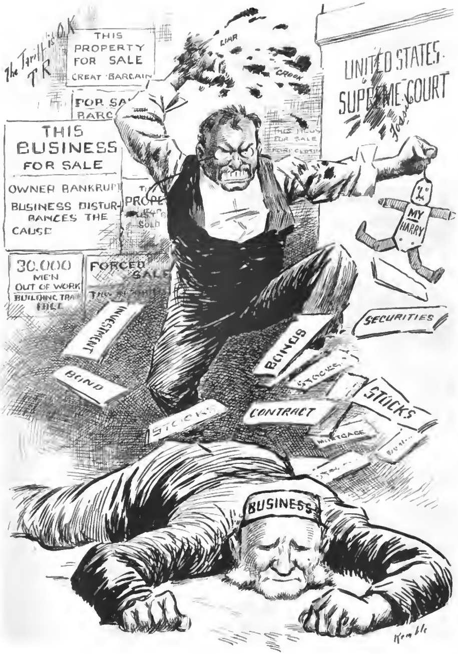
Open wide I flung the portal and there stalked in like a mortal
Such a proud and pompous raven as I'd never seen before;
Not the least obeisance made he, nor my order "Halt!" obeyed he,
But determined to invade, he perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Richard Ballinger above the door
And then chortled, "Theodore!"

Then this mystical insurgent, though I said my work was urgent
That I had a date to go out on the links and halloo "Fore!"
Seemed to think that I was joking, for it set up such a croaking
That the very air was soaking with that dull, insistent roar;
If that raven needed choking—but it stayed above the door
Still repeating, "Theodore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I cried up-starting—
"Get thee back into the tempest raging now from shore to shore.
Leave me now to my reflections on the news from the elections
Being held in all the sections, let me think about the score
Tell me, tell me, though, the reason for the land-slides, I implore"
Quoth the raven, "Theodore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the cherished bust of Richard Ballinger above the door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of eye-glasses I've seen gleaming
In the midst of all my dreaming—and I hear again the roar,
Hear that murmur growing firmer in a dull, insistent roar,
And the word is "Theodore!"

Jefferson Toombs.


The Tariff is O.K.
T R
THIS
PROPERTY
FOR SALE
GREAT BARGAIN
FOR SA
BARG
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BUSINESS
FOR SALE
OWNER BANKRUPT
BUSINESS DISTURBANCES THE
CAUSE
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MEN
OUT OF WORK
BUILDING TRA
IDLE
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FOR SALE
UNITED STATES.
SUPREME COURT
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MY
HARRY
SECURITIES
INVESTMENT
BOND
BONDS
STOCKS
STOCKS
CONTRACT
STOCKS
MORTGAGE
BUSINESS
Kemble

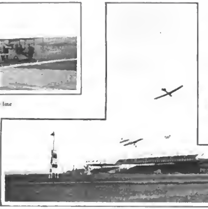
DO WE WANT TWO MORE YEARS OF THIS?

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

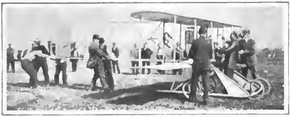
Two machines at the starting line

Grahame-White aloft

Audemars in his "Demoiselle"



Latham (at the top) in his "Antoinette," and Moisant in his "Bleriot"



The "Baby Wright." Wilbur Wright is shown in the centre holding the frame of the machine

A view of the hangars, and one of the Curtiss biplanes being brought out

Mars, Le Blanc, and Johnstone in the air at once

Latham about to make a start in his "Antoinette"

Johnstone's return after his fifty-mile flight when he was blown away in a gale

WITH THE AIRMEN AT BELMONT PARK

SOME OF THE CHIEF PARTICIPANTS AND THEIR MACHINES IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL AVIATION MEET AT BELMONT PARK, LONG ISLAND

Terpsichore in Bronze

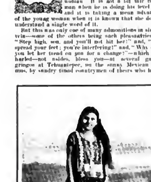
BEING THE SOUVENIR OF A BALL IN TEHUANTEPEC

By George Buchanan Fife

"FOR Heaven's sake, old man, be careful of her feet!"

This can scarcely be described as a very pretty thing to call to a man across a ball-room floor when he is dancing with a superb-looking woman. It is not a bit fair to the man when he is doing his level best, and it is taking a mean advantage of the young woman when it is known that she doesn't understand a single word of it.

But this was only one of many admonitions in similar vein—some of the others being such pleasantries as: "Step high, son, and you'll not hit her!" and, "Say, spread your feet; you're interfering!" and, "Why don't you let her tread on you for a change?"—which were hurled—not maidens, bless you—at several gallant gringos at Tehuantepec, on the sunny Mexican isthmus, by sundry timid countrymen of theirs who lacked confidence enough in their own feet to venture from the crowded side-lines. They contented themselves with scoffing, which was the cloak they flung about them to hide the hue of their envy. That they were envious is not to be doubted; they admitted it afterward. In simple justice they may be forgiven their fond concern for the welfare of the young women's flying feet—because every one of these belles of the ball was frankly barefoot! But it was a ball for all that, and such a ball!



A Tehuana girl in the gown she wore at the ball

It was late on a blue-skied afternoon that word came to the adventuring gringos—Canadian and American newspaper and magazine writers who were faring right royally through the land on the "Mexico Special"—that "they are getting up a ball for us to-night." This was climax to a wonderful day, a day of wandering about Tehuantepec with its clean yellow streets and its cleaner low, white-walled, red-roofed houses, where wide-flung doors disclosed green *patios* splashed with the brilliance of tropic flowers. They had roamed the city from boundary to boundary and seen every "sight," from the cathedral to the gentleman in wide felt hat and loose Mexico City clothes who was taking the air on the Plaza under the chaperonage of another gentleman in *charro* costume who was described as "the chief of detectives," as the First Walking Gentleman had fired five shots from an automatic pistol at a friend he had failed to kill with a *machete* a short time before, and it was the duty of the Second Walking Gentleman to see that he took absolutely nothing save the air until the court disposed of him. They had even seen and talked to the only, sole, single, solitary American dwelling in the city. Also, from the steel railroad bridge, they had seen the men and women bathing together in the swift, brown Tehuantepec River which divides the new town from the old, and had envied them their amiable enjoyment of its muddy water.

Early in the day they had drifted into the market-place in the centre of the new town, noisy with its interesting, unimportant business, and here they had first come upon the splendid Tehuantepec women. If some of the gringos stared at them rather longer than the canons permit they are to be forgiven, for truly are these women something "for to admire an' for to see." They are not very tall, but they stand like lances, and when they walk one remembers the straight, graceful women he knows at home who have *learned* how to walk. Their smooth skins are reddish brown, like finely toned bronze, and their faces possess a refinement of feature which is striking. One girl who knelt in the market-place with her back to a gray stone pillar, her wares—dried fish, vegetables, fruits, and sweetmeats—neatly arranged in gaudy bowls before her, had an aquiline profile which would distinguish any coinage in the world! Her smooth, black hair was parted in the centre and drawn tightly back to a knot at her neck, and there a bit of scarlet ribbon held it. She was evidently much amused at the gringos, and there was no possibility of doubting that what she was so frankly saying—with much laughter and display of her fine, white teeth—was in comment upon the visitors and their unlovely appearance.

The visitors did assuredly clash with the scene, for the market-place of Tehuantepec on that day recalls nothing more vividly than the grouped finale of some well-staged, Eastern-laid musical comedy. It was a rare bit of color and light. Under the cool arches the handsome women stood about in the most brilliant of costumes, reds, yellows, blues, and greens daringly combined and contrasted, their long gold neck chains tinkling as they moved. Beyond them, like a golden gauze curtain, hung the sunlight through which the houses and the distant hills and the trees shimmered. In the foreground strode the gringos, dusty and exotic.

But news of the ball was afoot, together with the announcement, "Now you'll see some beauties!" and the request, "Go just as you are," so every man-jack in the party wondered what more of feminine pulchritude Tehuantepec could possibly offer if she was able to make such a marvellous display in the market-place, and how much more out of key he would feel in going to this ball "just as he was."

Meantime the preparation for the evening's entertainment moved apace. In the first place, it was necessary for some one to call upon the *Presidente* to obtain permission to have the dance; then the applicant had to see some one else to pay the fee required of all who desired music after eight o'clock. Certain documents had to be prepared, signed, stamped, sealed, etc., and eventually delivered. After this the young ladies had to be notified of the success of this legal adventuring and some one had to scurry about to collect an orchestra. By nightfall all this was happily achieved and at eight o'clock the gringos detrained from the "Mexico Special," which, on a siding, was attracting much admiring attention from the populace, and in response to some one's cry, "Come on, this way!" the party started down the railway track, a straggling, wondering band. There was not even a remnant of moon in the sky, so the journey over the ties was more or less perilous, but one could now and then be guided by the stumbling of the man just ahead of him and save his own neck.

From the busier regions of the town with its scattered lights, the ball-goers scuffled along the ties, now in almost total darkness where the line of the rails was only a black pathway cut through palms and scrubby trees and brush, now coming into welcome patches of semi-light where the natives loitered in the shadows, gazing curiously at this strange procession, for visitors are a rarity in Tehuantepec. At one place the track skirted a high board fence pierced with a great gateway, and here the gringos were halted. Within the fencing stood the Grand Hotel of Something or Other, quite ablaze with lights and most encouraging in the music which flowed down from a rear veranda. So here was the ball! There was a violin whining dolorously to the panting of a guitar, and the visitors began pulling themselves together, feeling their collars and mopping their faces. They were determined to make some sort of impression. When the music ceased and when every one had made himself ready for the grand entrance into the ball room—evidently the long bright room with the flags in the windows—the orchestra suddenly appeared in the courtyard, headed for the expectant gringos.

The Tehuantepec women stand like lances

"Now, gentlemen, we're off for the ball!" This was a shock indeed—evidently the long, bright room was not the ball room, after all. Adventure was certainly still afoot that night.

"Now fall in, please, behind the band!"

The four musicians, bearing a violin, a guitar, a mandolin, and a flute, took the head of the line and struck up a march with a precision which was marvelous, unless they had been in the habit of tramping over the railway ties. Out came the natives; they had never seen anything quite like it, so a number joined the procession, probably for the experience, and thus it was something of a crowd which presented itself at the doorway of the appointed dancing-room fifteen minutes later. All of the residents of that part of the city who had not fallen in behind the "band" had congregated about the building, where two men in cotton pyjamas and long sticks pried open a lane for the entry of the visitors.

The baby gown which became a headdress

The sill of the ball-room door was raised about a foot from the ground, and over this, with sundry mishaps, the visitors were piloted into the amazing room itself. Here was a room, perhaps fifty feet long by twenty-five wide, its walls and low ceiling of woven reeds—*tules*—set with a fine disregard for rain and sun and an evident regard for the curiosity of bright, peeping eyes. Both ceiling and walls were supported by slender, rough-hewn trees, and above the centre of the room hung a kerosene-lamp, the only light in the place, but it could not have been less than ten thousand candle-power. It was the most blazing, aggressive light one could imagine. Beneath it, supported in a forked tree-trunk set in the floor, was a squat jar of black pottery containing about four gallons of water. A tin dipper clinging to one of the forks clearly betokened the prevalent knowledge that dancing in the tropics is a thirsty business.

Now, for the dancing floor! It was of brown earth, smooth with the gliding and patting of innumerable feet and gently undulating from wall to wall. There was no dust upon it, just the smooth earth tightly packed and suggestive rather of dull, somewhat worn brown velvet. It looked very well indeed, but unfamiliar.

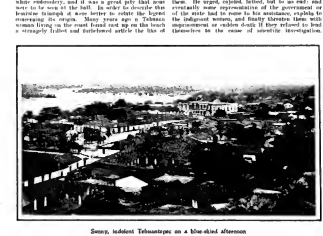
The room, which was part of a rambling private house—the tiled roof of a neighboring structure entering its wall at one side—was well filled with visitors, prominent citizens, small naked boys, and smaller and much thinner dogs, when the gringos stumbled in. The awaiting company had arranged itself on two adjoining sides and was giving the three members of the local constabulary—the pyjama and stick dignitaries—no end of trouble in preventing an invasion of the dancing-space. They looked positively murderous when they flourished their sticks, and the small naked boys clung to their mothers for dear life. A third side of the room was allotted to the gringos who wished to sit there, but a great number clung about the doorway. These were the scoffers! On the fourth side were nine vacant chairs, eloquently vacant, set before a line of dark green palms.

"For the beauties, what?"

"Yes, but not for you beauties," was the unfeeling reply to the gringo inquiry.

A corner was selected for the four musicians and they were squeezed into it, the crowd at that place suffering its displacement with evident protest. Not so, however, two much earlier occupants of the corner, a rooster and a hen on a perch just above the heads of the company. They had attended these Tehuantepec balls before, there was nothing new in it for them, so they had fluffed themselves up and gone placidly to sleep, the two most blasé creatures the party saw in all Mexico. They did not even remain awake to see the gringos dance!

It was a bizarre scene which was here spread before the gringo eyes. The room was noisy with the tuning of instruments and the struggles of the "policemen" with the problem of order. Occasionally a lean dog would venture upon the "floor," whereupon some of the youngsters—more than likely as guiltless of clothing as Cupid—would pounce upon him and drag him back. The women in the crowd were dressed as those which had been seen in the market-place, in a costume of two pieces, a long, rather tight skirt, which seemed to be wrapped about the body rather than hung from the hips, and a short-sleeved, low-necked shirt, the *huipilita*. This was generally red and often richly embroidered in yellow floral or geometric designs. At first this red is glaring Turkey red, but the sun fades it to the mellowness of tone one finds in old Eastern rugs. On gala days the Tehuana women adorn themselves with the amazing *huipil grande*, a head-dress of white embroidery, and it was a great pity that none were to be seen at the ball. In order to describe this feminine triumph it were better to relate the legend concerning its origin. Many years ago a Tehuana woman living on the coast found cast up on the beach a strangely frilled and furbelowed article the like of which she had never seen. She carried it home and dried it, and then, for lack of knowing what else to do with it, she placed it on her head. The article was a baby's long dress, and when she put it on she placed the hem of the flounce upon the top of her head, fastened it there, and let the rest of the garment, the sleeves and the yoke and whatever else belonged to it, hang down her back. And to-day, in these head-dresses, one still sees the tiny sleeves and the neck opening which are part of an infant's robe.


Sunny, indolent Tehuantepec on a blue-skied afternoon

It was not until the orchestra began its work that anything approaching the atmosphere of a ball was apparent in the room. Then the assembled company, including the gringos, buzzed with the appropriate expectancy. Several young men, clearly the gallants of the community, came upon the floor and were presented to the visitors. They were far from being a bad-looking lot, although not to be compared with the women folk. One of them was Juan Pinon and he seemed to be a sort of Master of Ceremonies. He wore a gray felt hat, a yellow undershirt with small brown stripes running latitudinally around it, and white trousers. He was barefoot. As a sort of N. B. it should be said that the undershirt was tucked into his trousers. This is rather a distinctive way of wearing any upper garment in Tehuantepec. His Assistant Master was all in white, but his shirt, an ordinary collarless garment, is best described as an outing shirt since he did not tuck it in anywhere. He also was barefoot. And two cleaner looking young men it would be difficult to find. They darted about the place, pushing back a bulge in the crowd here, moving the gringos farther to the front there, and bestowing much attention from time to time upon the nine empty chairs. The orchestra kept at its music with tireless fidelity, and the chickens slept peacefully through it all.

And then the belles arrived. Nine of them trooped in over the high door-sill, smiling and greeting their friends in the front rows with fluttering fingers. Juan and his friend escorted them to the waiting chairs with much gallantry, and the gringos turned toward them with genuine admiration. Five or six of the nine were stunning! Save for the *huipil grande*, in which dancing would have been somewhat of an undertaking, each of them was decked to the limit of her wardrobe and her jewel-casket. They wore red *huipilitas* richly embroidered in yellow, and over their breasts hung the much valued gold chains embellished with American gold coins. Their skirts were brilliant in coloring to their knees, no two of them alike in hue, and this quite apparently selected without the slightest reference to the red *huipilita* above. But from the knees to the ground each skirt was finished with an accordeon-plaited ruffle of the purest white. And this provides another legend by way of explanation. When the priests first came into this Zapotec country they found the women skirted only to the knees. In the course of their moral teachings they convinced the Tehuanas that skirts to the knees were not what might be called exactly modest. And the feminine reply to this was to add enough to the bottom of the skirt to bring it to the ground, and as the first addition was white and looked well, so has it persisted down the years.

Modesty is one of the marked traits of these women, and a tale which bears it out is still told in Tehuantepec. It concerns a scientist, an anthropologist, who came down from the United States to study the physical characteristics of the race. He was duly accredited to the Mexican government by some university or learned body, and he got on swimmingly until he sought to obtain the customary measurements of the women. The men had submitted, albeit with amused wonder, to the professor's tape-measure, but when it came to the women there was open rebellion. They did not want to know their inches or centimetres, and could not for the life of them understand what possible interest the professor or any one else could have in them. He urged, cajoled, bribed, but to no end: and eventually some representative of the government or of the state had to come to his assistance, explain to the indignant women, and finally threaten them with imprisonment or sudden death if they refused to lend themselves to the cause of scientific investigation. Then the professor obtained his measurements and departed with very fixed ideas as to the modesty of the Zapotecan women.

When the nine belles of the ball had seated themselves and arranged their skirts, their bare brown feet much in evidence below their snowy flounces, they drew forth gaudy silk handkerchiefs, red ones and green ones and blue ones—they go in for strong colors in everything in Tehuantepec—and awaited the opening of the dance. The gringos stared and stared, and after sweeping the line almost every eye was turned upon the fourth young girl from the right of the line. She was splendid, tall and straight as a reed. The upper part of her skirt was purple, her *huipilita* was red, her handkerchief was green, she had a blue ribbon trimmed in her hair, and across one shoulder, falling back upon her chair, was a yellow gauze scarf.

"Say, will you look at the fourth one?"

"Why, I haven't looked at anything else!"

"A little bit of all right—what?"

"I guess yes."

Then another voice, over the shoulder,

"Count four from the right, you people, and then stop."

"Go away, son, you're late."

And so it was that she became known as "Number Four," and was much talked of during subsequent days, and it is a good wager that every gringo at that ball will remember "Number Four" as long as he remembers that night at Tehuantepec. Her face was exquisite in its fineness of feature, in its dignity of repose, and brilliant in its smiling.

The first dance of the evening was the *Zandunga*, two women, one of them "Number Four," and two men, Juan and his outing-shirt friend, taking part in it. The music was slow and tuneful, something between a waltz and a march, if such a combination of time can be imagined; and the dance was monotonously dignified, consisting simply of several steps forward, the women and men approaching, and several steps backward to their original positions. From time to time the dancers crossed over, the approaching and retreating going on as before. Both Juan and his friend wore their hats—putting them on, indeed, especially for the dance, and Juan smoked a cigarette throughout the figure. Once some one in the crowd spoke to him, and without losing step for an instant he danced over to the one who had addressed him, chatted for a moment, still keeping time to the music, and then danced back to the middle of the room. "Number *Four*," who was his partner, took absolutely no heed of his temporary absence, but kept dancing to the vacant position which had once been Juan's.

The dance lasted probably ten minutes, and when the applause ceased "Number Four," very graciously smiling her acknowledgments, the orchestra swung into a waltz. In an instant "Number Four" and Juan were up and at it, and the eyes of the gringos opened in amazement. For if there was one thing in the world that these natives could do, it was waltz. There was nothing hoppy or strange or aboriginal about it; it was such waltzing as is seen only on rarely delightful occasions in a New York ballroom. It was superbly graceful, a finished performance and one to delight the heart of a dancing-master. Other couples followed "Number Four" and Juan, and soon the small space granted by the crowd was filled with dancers. Every one of them waltzed beautifully, and one of the gringos recalled, with some chagrin, his reply to an inquiry whether he intended dancing with any of the women. His reply had been, "Not on your life; at least, not until I see what they're going to do and how they do it." However, this gringo certainly did dance with the Tehuanas, and he is quite eager to admit that never in his life had he lighter or more graceful partners. How those women could waltz and twostep! He must admit, too, that he thinks he stubbed one lady's toe; and it was a wonder he did it only once, because, while her bare feet glided over the dirt floor with perfect smoothness, the heavy, thick-soled shoes of her partner were forever encountering its inequalities. He felt quite as if he were pushing two ploughs through a stubborn field. But even if he did run against the lady's brown toe she gave no sign of it; she merely smiled and smiled and probably wondered when he would do it again. So, for her graciousness, her forbearance, and, above all, her grace, the gringo who danced with her begs leave to present his compliments to her and thank her for several delightful quarter-hours and for permitting a clumsy but eager foreigner to dance with her. And he hopes also that she may never know the meaning of the ungallant things the other gringos called out across the ballroom. *They* had not danced with her!

After the waltz came a twostep and, incidentally, a rush toward "Number Four." Two men collided just in front of her and she looked up with a merry smile and selected—the wrong man. But he consoled himself elsewhere and found almost as graceful a partner. And he will always know that it was the other's toe he stubbed.

In the midst of the dance the floor began to tremble. The gringos did not know just what to make of it. It seemed as if a heavy laden wagon were rumbling past the building. The women were all aflutter in an instant and called across the room to their friends.

"Do you know what this is?" some one asked the gringos. "Well, it's an earthquake. You people are getting all that's coming to you here on the Isthmus."

The dance was not interrupted for a moment, because earthquakes are almost of daily occurrence in Tehuantepec, it was said. Later in the evening some one came in to say that a house near by had been thrown down in the tremor. That, so far as any one could see, didn't matter much, either. And, by the way, what was an earthquake compared with the dancing of the gringos?—which may be taken one way or another.

During a respite in the dance Juan and his friend went about the crowd with a pitcher of *orchata* and a tray of glasses. This is a drink made of water, rice, sugar, and cinnamon and is not half so bad as it sounds. Juan dispensed the *orchata* and his friend the cakes and prunes which accompanied it. Then the dancing was resumed, and the gringos who dared took partners and did the best they could to keep off the feet of the young women, who also may be called daring.

One of the gringos who spoke Spanish "sat out" part of a dance with "Number Four," and to be gallant he told her that the Americans thought her very pretty. Without the least embarrassment she turned her level eyes upon him, smiled slightly, and said: "That is very kind of them, but I fear they flatter me too greatly. It is probably the influence of the newness of all this."

And that from a barefoot bronze girl in purple, red, green, blue, and yellow in a thatched hut!

A moment later the gringo essayed something pleasant by asking her whether he would have the delight of seeing her in the market-place in the morning. Again she turned her fine eyes upon him, smiled an unreadable smile, and said, with all the air of a princess, "No, I never go to the market-place." And the gringo, coming down to plain English, "beat it!"

For two or three hours the dancing continued, and then came the leave-takings. The women held out their long, slender hands and the gringos took them with something of regret and bowed themselves over the high door-sill.

Two of the gringos who had tempted Fate and the wrath of Terpsichore walked homeward together over the ties. For a little way in the darkness they could still hear the orchestra droning a native tune, a recessional to the amazing evening. Suddenly one of the gringos stopped, caught his companion by the arm, and said, slowly:

"I expect to dance in New York this winter, old man, and when I am on the floor with some nice, sweet, powdery girl whose arms and neck are white as snow and whose frock is an indescribable, swishy, lilacy thing, I'm going to say to her: 'The last time I waltzed with a girl, she was brown and barefoot and she was in red and purple and yellow and bits of other color, and the floor was dirt and there were naked babies and dogs running about it, and two chickens were asleep in the ballroom.' And I'm going to see whether she believes me."

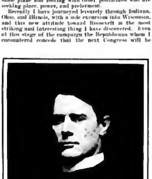
The Political Barometer in the Middle West

By a Special Correspondent

Chicago, Ill.

FOR the first time since Theodore Roosevelt became a national figure there is visible evidence in the country that his hold on the people is weakening and that his prestige is lessening. He may be now considered as something other than an irresistible force in politics. People are talking about his inconsistencies. Many persons to whom he has been an idol, a hero, and a demigod are now amiably willing to think of him and discuss him as a politician who has put himself on the same plane and footing with other politicians who are seeking place, power, and preferment.

Recently I have journeyed leisurely through Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, with a side excursion into Wisconsin, and this new attitude toward Roosevelt is the most striking and interesting thing I have discovered. Even at this stage of the campaign the Republicans whom I encountered concede that the next Congress will be Democratic, and that the only present concern is the size of the Democratic majority. In each of the States there is an individual interest in Tom, Dick, or Harry who is a candidate, and a hope that he will be "saved," but this interest and hope does not in the majority of cases extend beyond the Congress district lines.



Albert J. Beveridge

WHO IS SEEKING RE-ELECTION AS SENATOR FROM INDIANA

The Republicans in these States are making what they feel to be a hopeless fight for a majority in the next House of Representatives, without a national leader. Mr. Taft has proved himself lacking to the people in these States in the elements that make for political popularity. The Republicans in Ohio at their State convention endorsed Mr. Taft for renomination to the Presidency in 1912, but they are making little use of his name as a lure to attract voters in the present campaign. And as for Mr. Roosevelt, in both Ohio and Indiana, they do not know where to seize upon him and make use of the measure of popularity he still retains. In both these States the new tariff law is unpopular, and when the radicals in Ohio read the Saratoga platform they, in their own graphic phrase, "quit T. R. cold."

The praise of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and of Mr. Taft in that declaration of principles and beliefs was intolerable to the ardent followers of the ex-President who had accepted his New Nationalism with delight and were willing to go even farther along the same road. They openly parted company with the Colonel then and there. In Indiana Mr. Roosevelt is equally impossible as a source of strength to the Republicans now contending for election, either in his Saratoga or his Osawatomie manifestation. In New York he is too conservative and reactionary for present needs, and his Kansas views are far too advanced and radical to suit the present mood of the voters of this State.

The Republican candidates for Congress in Ohio are attending to their knitting, each in his own way. All the sitting members voted for the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill except General Keifer, who cast his vote against it on the ground that the duties it imposed were not high enough. None of these candidates is saying that the Payne-Aldrich law is "the best tariff bill ever passed." They are all up and doing. Every one of them is trying to make a house-to-house canvass of his district and talk personally with as many voters as possible before Election Day. It seems possible that the seats now held by Representatives Goebel, Joyce, Johnson, Kennedy, and possibly Thomas, will be filled by Democrats after the November election. Everywhere in the State I was told that if the disaffection, unrest, and dissatisfaction with Republican party control now so clearly visible was as deep as it proved to be in Maine, the Democrats would make a clean sweep with the exception of possibly three or four Congress districts.

The contest for the Governorship between Governor Harmon and Warren G. Harding, the Republican candidate, is being made solely on State issues. Both the candidates are speaking everywhere and practically all of the time. Their references to the tariff have been casual and incidental. Governor Harmon, it is the common testimony, has made an effective and useful Governor, and has raised the tone and increased the efficiency of the State administration. He has discovered and exposed graft and corruption on the part of State and county office-holders. In his speeches he tells about it, and promises if re-elected to continue the work that he has started. He speaks very simply and clearly on the stump, and what he says to the voters who come out to hear him plainly interests them. The Republicans in Ohio in whose political judgment I have the most confidence are fully persuaded that Governor Harmon will be re-elected.

The contests in the various counties in Ohio over the legislative ticket excite almost as much interest as the Governorship, for the Legislature to be elected will choose a successor to Charles Dick as United States Senator. By common consent there is no discussion of the Senatorship at the present time, but after the Legislature is elected there will be a scramble to succeed Dick which promises to be epochal in the history of Ohio State politics. There will be at least half a score of candidates, whether the Legislature is Democratic or Republican. Dick seems to be eliminated even if the Legislature is Republican. But the most intelligent Republicans are gravely doubtful of this outcome. They say that it is too probable that a Democrat will be sent to Washington as Senator Burton's colleague.

The over-shadowing contest in Indiana is between John W. Kern and Beveridge for the Senatorship. Mr. Beveridge now controls the Republican State organization. He has made Indiana an insurgent State, and has captured the State and county machinery of organization. The State convention which he dominated denounced the Payne-Aldrich tariff law and did not praise Mr. Taft. The responsibility now devolves upon the Senator of "carrying" this State. He is working longer than union hours on the job. Before the campaign ends no cross-roads will have been too remote and no hamlet or village too small to have heard his earnest voice upraised in urgent appeal to the electors to forget party lines and elect a Legislature that will do its duty by the State and by the country. Mr. Beveridge has never before had to make such a campaign as he is making this year.

Indiana is a low tariff State and is insurgent on that ground alone. But the State was Democratic before it was insurgent, and a low tariff State when Mr. Beveridge was a high protectionist and not in disagreement with the ruling wing of his party. Indiana was one of the first of the Northern States to go Democratic after the Civil War. Cleveland carried it in 1884 and 1892, and Mr. Harrison, though it was his home State, barely carried it in 1888. It came to be classed with the "doubtful" States in 1896 when Mr. Bryan fastened himself upon the shoulders of the Democratic party. So that, on an appeal for a reduction of the duties on imports, the Democratic candidates are quite at home. That is what they have been contending for through many dreary years, and they are meeting Mr. Beveridge's arguments by agreeing to all that he says about the need of tariff revision downward and promising to go much further when they shall be put in power.

Mr. Beveridge is one of the Republicans who particularly would like to make some use of Mr. Roosevelt. When the ex-President was in the White House the young Indiana Senator attached himself closely to the fortunes of the man of destiny and aspired to share with Henry Cabot Lodge the honor and privilege of being his spokesman on the Senate floor. But apparently the name has lost some of its magic in Indiana this year. At least, Mr. Beveridge is not using it as a lure. The voters in Indiana are keeping close watch on Mr. Roosevelt's various and varying pronouncements and contrasting them one with the other. In this they are being assisted by the *Indianapolis News* and other influential newspapers in the State.

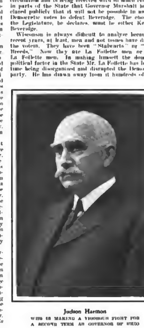
The uncertain factor in the Indiana situation is a "liquor issue." As always, it muddies the waters and cuts both ways. This is a mixed metaphor, but both halves of it are collectively and separately true. There is a liquor issue in Ohio, too, but by tacit agreement it is being kept suppressed. The Republicans in Indiana would like to suppress it in that State too, but the Democrats are determined to inject it into the campaign. At the present time there is a county-option law in Indiana which was enacted at a special session of a Republican Legislature held just prior to the last preceding general election, two years ago.

At their State convention this year, the Republicans, "pointing with pride," as usual, to what they had accomplished, had nothing to say about the county option law. At the Democratic State convention a strong declaration was made in favor of a change in the present law which would provide for city and township option. This reduction of the voting unit in a "wet" and "dry" election is favored by the "wets" and opposed by the "drys." It is having a direct effect on the contest for the Senatorship because in some of the counties almost as much attention is being given to the candidate's attitude toward the option law as to his party affiliation. In some places the Democratic strength will be thrown to a "wet" Republican where the Democratic candidate is a "dry," and in some other counties the condition will be reversed. This makes it unusually difficult to predict what the political complexion of the Legislature will be.

In the present House the Democrats hold eleven of the thirteen seats which are the quota of the Indiana delegation. It seems not impossible that they may capture the other two this year. Hardly any one believes that the Democratic representation will be reduced.

The old Republican organization in Indiana which Mr. Beveridge and his friends overthrew, and which was headed by ex-Senator Hemenway, ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, and ex-Representative Watson, is now taking an active interest in the present campaign. They are not openly doing anything to bring about the defeat of Beveridge, but it is to be suspected that on the sly they are putting what obstacles in his path they can. One story widely current in the State which they are declared to have put forth is that, if the Legislature should be Republican, it will not necessarily follow that Mr. Beveridge will be its choice for the Senatorship. It is known for certain that some of the Republican nominees on the legislative ticket would seize any opportunity afforded them to vote against Mr. Beveridge. This rumor has gained such circulation and is being received with so much credence in parts of the State that Governor Marshall has declared publicly that it will not be possible to use any Democratic votes to defeat Beveridge. The choice of the Legislature, he declares, must be either Kern or Beveridge.

Wisconsin is always difficult to analyze because in recent years, at least, men and not issues have divided the voters. They have been "Stalwarts" or "Half Breeds." Now they are La Follette men or anti-La Follette men. In making himself the dominant political factor in the State Mr. La Follette has for the time being disorganized and disrupted the Democratic party. He has drawn away from it hundreds of men



Judson Harmon

WHO IS MAKING A VIGOROUS FIGHT FOR A SECOND TERM AS GOVERNOR OF OHIO

A La Follette man may be either a Republican or a Democrat. He does not lose claim to his title when he votes the Democratic ticket. At this stage of the campaign no one dares say whether these La Follette Democrats will vote for insurgent Republicans for Congress or whether they will vote their own party ticket.

If they vote for the Democratic nominees four or five seats in Congress may be lost to the Republicans. It seems almost certain even now that the two Milwaukee districts will be carried by either the Democrats or the Socialists, with the chances favoring the Democrats. Victor L. Berger, one of the most influential and important Socialists in the United States, and the man who is commonly credited with having framed the plan of the campaign the Socialists are now conducting throughout the country, is the Socialist candidate in the district now represented by Representative Stafford, who failed of renomination at the primaries.

"On the Story"

RANDOM PAGES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER REPORTER

BEATING THEM ALL AFTER THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF CONSOLACION DEL SUR

By William Inglis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

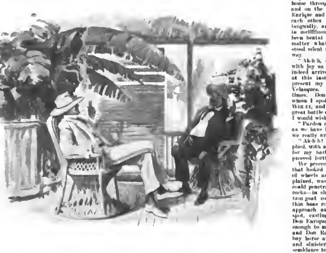
AFTER the battle of Consolacion del Sur a wild but tempting thought flashed across my mind: why not "beat" all the rest of the world on the story of the fight? It was a decidedly sporting proposition, and that gave it its chief charm. For a man on a weekly to try to beat the daily newspapers was a great deal like trying to hoist oneself by the boot straps. Copy went to the weekly by mail; the daily correspondents sent their stories by cable. Yet probably the cabled stuff must be brief, and the men would reserve the detailed accounts for their Sunday editions and send them by mail. Their make-up was quicker than ours, yet if I could catch the steamer three days in advance of theirs the thing might be done.

The newspaper "beat" is a thing of beauty and a joy forever—to newspaper men alone. It is the fetich they worship above all others. The reader, as a rule, knows nothing about it and, if possible, cares less. If you, sir or madam, happened to read your first news of the battle of Consolacion in these columns, you would not therefore turn from any other account of it you might happen to encounter in another publication a few days later. But in the newspaper world the man who "beats" all the other papers is greater than he that taketh a city. The mere suggestion of the thing is intoxicating, and for the sake of its accomplishment a fellow will risk all he has.

Possibly the reader remembers the battle of Consolacion del Sur. In it the armies of the Moderates and the Liberales met in full force and launched innumerable bullets and cries of defiance at each other. Much glory was reaped by both sides in this, the grandest engagement of the glorious Cuban revolution of 1906. Please remember the date and don't get it mixed with the ancient revolution against Spain. Neither side had won the battle, but each army retired from the field thoroughly happy and covered with glory because it had made a grand demonstration in force—and got away with it.

We were awakened at dawn that morning, Señor Don Enrique de Pourtales y Ybor and I. Don Enrique was my young and enthusiastic interpreter, a good man, a fine linguist, and a patriot—but no speed merchant. We were awakened at dawn by the bugles of the government, or Moderate, forces sounding reveillé for the various commands which were about to begin the return to Havana. We had slept in the principal hotel of Consolacion, an ancient inn full of hard cots and related odors, but with an excellent table and fairly good service. Orderlies were hastening to and fro as we sat at the coffee and pineapples and the dining-room was full of clanking captains and gay young lieutenants long before we left. Don Enrique and I drove down the yellow hill road, a long mile, to the railroad station, where the government troop-train was awaiting the order to depart northward to Havana. The train was made up of some half-dozen ordinary flimsy passenger-coaches, in which the soldiers could lie down on the floor when the bullets began to fly, a dozen ordinary flat cars or gondolas, each walled as to the sides with sacks of sand, which formed excellent ramparts, and four box-cars, each armored with steel plate and mounting a rapid fire gun on the roof.

This train had been derailed in a high-banked cut below Consolacion a couple of days before, and thus began the battle. The Liberales, in distant ambush, cheered fiercely and fired many volleys, but the lofty banks of earth on either hand effectually prevented the bullets from dropping near the train; also the Moderates in the train had to elevate their pieces so high to fire over the banks that their bullets flew far above the heads of the enemy. Now that the battle was happily concluded, the locomotive had been jacked up on the rails once more and the track relaid over the culvert that had been dynamited in the rear of the train to cut off immediate retreat.



It would have been brutal to interrupt such a delightful gossip

"How long will it take you to reach Havana?" I asked Colonel Clews of the Foreign Legion, commanding the expedition.

"I don't see how we can get there within a week," he replied. "The telegraph wires are cut, but we have news that all the bridges between here and Havana have been dynamited. It will take us at least seven days to make repairs and get in. If the rebels attack us that will mean still more delay."

I thanked him and hurried away.

"Horses," I told Don Enrique as we went rattling up the long yellow hill road back to Consolacion. "We'll get horses and lope into Havana in three days, Don Enrique, it's a cinch. The others are all going up in the train. It's a shame to beat them, but it can't be helped. Let's get the horses right away."

"But, señor," Don Enrique protested, "the roads are infested with scouting parties and with robbers. It is very hot riding in the sun, especially for a stranger of the North. Let us wait—"

"Be sure you get good stayers," I interrupted him. "None of your fancy prancers for me, for the first caracole would stand me on my head. Get good stayers that 'll do fifty miles a day."

The fine eyes of Don Enrique were alight with enthusiasm.

"Trust me, señor," he said, as we alighted at the hotel. "In brief time I shall return with horses, splendid animals, the best in this region. All of these people are my friends. Ah, señor, it is a great satisfaction to have friends—"

"And stayers, remember; not prancers," I ejaculated as I dashed up the stairs to pack my luggage—one tooth-brush and a couple of changes of linen rolled up in a bit of water-proof oilcloth to hang on the saddle-bow.

I had ample time to observe the pomp and circumstance of tropical war while I waited on the porch for Don Enrique and the horses, splendid animals, the best in that region. Orderlies galloped to and fro with messages, aides pranced here and there on important business; sonorous commands in the Spanish tongue rumbled out from the patio of the ancient inn, where the commanding officer of the artillery was chafing at delay; the sentinels in the tall spire of the church in the midst of the plaza peered north, south, east, and west in search of some sign of the foe, through the back streets rumbled carts carrying the dead, whose whereabouts had been betrayed by the swooping of black, ravenous birds from on high. It is not impossible that I should have been perched on that porch in Consolacion until this very day, still awaiting the speedy return of my friend Don Enrique, if I had not, after the fourth cigarette, wearied of inaction and gone in search of him. Kind strangers helped me on the trail, the last one pointing out the very house he had entered. I walked around the house through a yard much cluttered with rubbish, and on the shady back porch found my friend Don Enrique and the owner of the splendid animals facing each other in broad armchairs, smoking cigarettes languidly, and recounting their joys and tribulations in mellifluous Spanish polysyllables. It would have been brutal to interrupt such a delightful gossip, no matter what urgent business might demand, so I stood silent until Don Enrique happened to glance my way.

"Ah-h-h, señor," he cried, his fine eyes gleaming with joy as he slowly arose from his chair, "you are indeed arrived at the most fortunate moment. Even at this instant we have arranged terms. Let me present my most valued friend, Señor Don Ramon Velasquez. He will afford us aid in these troubled times. Don Ramon, Señor Ingles is the friend of whom I spoke. He is the *corresponsala* of 'Ah-rzaaa' WIK-LI, and we hasten to Havana with news of the great battle of Consolacion. A terrible conflict, señores. I would wish never again—"

"Pardon my utter irrelevance," I interrupted, "but as we have lost one hour already, may I suggest that we really are in haste?"

"Ah-h-h! *Seguramente*, señor," Don Enrique replied, with a glance toward Don Ramon full of apology for my barbaric impatience. "Yes, yes. We shall proceed forthwith."

We proceeded. In an open shed we found a vehicle that looked like a fat black spider perched on a pair of wheels as tall as a man. This, Don Enrique explained, was a volante, a sort of super-chariot that could penetrate the thickest jungle, ford streams, climb rocks—in short, travel any path over which a mountain goat could proceed. Half a dozen pathetically thin hens rose out of the body of the volante at our approach and meandered toward the nearest shady spot, casting reproachful glances at us meanwhile. Don Enrique and I busied ourselves with brooms long enough to make the interior of the volante endurable, and Don Ramon presently appeared leading a jaded bay horse and a bony mule whose wrinkled old face and sinister, deep-set eyes gave him a curious resemblance to the wicked Baron Chevrial in the play.

"Splendid animals!" my guide explained as the mule was harnessed between the shafts and the horse at his side. "Now let us enter the vehicle. So."

A small, sour young man mounted the horse, kicked its poor ribs, and so at last we were off—that is, we were slowly trundled away during a civil and long-drawn exchange of *adios, señor*, and *adios, señores*.

"This is much better than horse-riding," my guide declared as we rolled northward at the slowest jog trot imaginable by the mind of man. "In the volante we shall save our strength, and these splendid animals will go very far in one day."

But they did not go very far in one day. Looking back at that sad region, even over the space of more than three pleasant years, it is still impossible to dwell on it in detail. Lives there a man with soul so dead that he can tolerate the memory of a long, dreary, crawling progress in a vehicle used for months as a dormitory for hens? Having been warned by that past master of all Latin Americanism, Señor Nicholas Biddle, that under no circumstances was it permissible to swear or even growl at the slothful habits of the country, I sat there and bit my lower lip into fringe and only once in a very, very long while permitted myself to utter a plaint. I have not the heart to set down the whole dismal record of the journey, but will simply recount an incident here and there. The volante churned us so that I was surprised we retained anything in our midst. At half past eleven we came to a little town where we were to have *almuerzo*, the midday breakfast. Don Enrique thought we were good for a two hours' halt, but he learned something new. Under my energetic prodding he made our cochero give the splendid animals a couple of quarts of oats apiece in nose-bags while we bought from the innkeeper the following: three roast chickens, three loaves of bread (delicious long Cuban bread that looks like police night-sticks), one tin of strong canned butter from Denmark, one quart and a pint of *Rioja clarete*; also a few packages of cigarettes and one quart of the mineral water imported from the Catalan spring in Spain. To drink the local water in most Spanish-American towns is like matching pennies with the undertaker. We got all our *almuerzo* stores aboard just as the noble, splendid animals finished their oats, and once more we took the northward road.

"This is magical," Don Enrique was kind enough to say. "Many years have I travelled, but never have I seen breakfast taken on the fly." Of course I knew that in his opinion no one but an infuriated American maniac would choose to eat on the wing, but I refrained from breathing anything that could by any possibility hurt his sensitive soul. He was a good fellow, Don Enrique, *muy simpatico* and all that, and I hope he will be as merciful to me as I am to him.

But the wheels stuck fast in the mud pocket

"We are going," he explained to me, as we fled from the highway bordered with beautiful silvery giant palms whose green fronds filled the air with coolness—"we are going aside from the main road, because along there we should be marks for the government troops on the railroad near by. You see, they go by the rule that whatever is moving in the enemy's country must be the enemy; therefore, last week they terribly wounded a very respectable pig herd. By using the secret roads of the peasantry we shall escape the lethal wrath of the troop train; also the vigilance of the *rebeldes*, who seize every horse they catch on the highway."

Thus we crept over many miles, sometimes along trails that seemed but faintly blazed, yet kept us on our way. The sour youth on the horse was muttering here and there.

"It is nothing," Don Enrique assured me. "He only makes a curse and says the *soldados* will take away our horses and cut off our ears."

"Tell him he's a pie-faced quitter," I suggested.

"Ah, no," Don Enrique replied. "We must not offend his dignity, else he would leave us and turn again toward home. . ."

Yes, gentle reader, I then said what I thought, but I said it within, silently but earnestly, displaying meantime a false but conciliatory grin to propitiate our *cochero*. And ever we rumbled on under the broiling sun, dusty and jogging, until we came to Herradura, where I suddenly recalled that I had letters of introduction to some American settlers. After long and vehement questionings and much going about we found their abode. They gave us tea and kind words. Would they lend us their span of fast mules to hasten us toward Havana? Alas! no; they wouldn't. Their daughters were going up to school next week and they needed the mules to put them on their way. They were sorry. May the recording angel forgive my wicked though silent objurgations upon those good people, their daughters, and their fast mules.

Again we rumbled on, dodging alike the railroad of the Moderates on the right and the range of hills full of Liberales on our left. In mid-afternoon we plashed knee-deep across a shallow river whose waters were transparent and green as the heart of an emerald. Not many rods farther on our volante rose over a ridge, swooped down, and—settled in a pocket of blue alluvial mud about as consistent as sculptor's clay.

The volante settled down, settled and would not budge. The *cochero* cursed; the animals leaped and plunged, but the wheels stuck fast in the mud pocket. The sour-faced youth spurred the horse with both heels, beat the mule passionately, and uttered Spanish imprecations that sounded like rapid-fire gun practice, ending with "pr-r-r-r-room!" The poor creatures reared and jumped, but to no avail.

"Tell that *hombre* to get off and help us," I asked Don Enrique. "What we need is less cussing and more lifting, and we'll get out of this pickle."

Sour face reluctantly came down to earth and helped, but it was of no use. We heaved and heaved, and the wheels came up to within about three inches of the top of the mud pocket, only to sag hopelessly back again. We sat in the shade of a sheltering palm and panted and—well, we were in a glow. Lord! Lord! was any place on earth ever so hot as that? Don Enrique, against my protest, went back to the river and drank greedily of the beautiful green water, which made him very sick that night. After we had struggled in the mire for many centuries an ancient black laboring man, with tufty, white wool whiskers shuffled into view. He was simply yet tastefully attired in a breech-clout and a tattered old straw hat. Don Enrique welcomed him as a long-lost uncle returned from the dead.

"Ah-h-h, *muy amigo Timoteo!*" he cried, rapturously. "Come over here and give us the benefit of your noble and unselfish back!"

The ancient black laborer, somewhat puzzled but game, came over and helped us lift. He was able to hike up the extra pound needed, and in a moment the volante was free. The guide bestowed on him a hearty Castilian compliment and ten cents in American silver, and my last view of the tufty old boy revealed him gazing in a happy trance at the Yankee dime on his palm and apparently expecting a chariot of fire to come down and waft him to heaven as the inevitable corollary of the strange adventure he had just finished. After that we went on and on, over endless miles of road that ceased to be bad only to become worse. It might possibly be amusing to tell of the long mud puddle from which we were hauled out by a yoke of oxen, and the longer and deeper next puddle, a mile or so later, where we stuck up our legs over the dashboard to keep them dry and whence we were drawn by three pairs of oxen detached from a tobacco wagon at a cost of fifteen cents American silver; but there is no room for trifles in this serious bit of history.

That night we lay at Paso Real, where Don Enrique groaned for hours over the beautiful green river water he had drunk, and I battened on a quart of mineral water, a charming chicken, *frito con arroz, platanos fritos*, a pint of *clarete*, and excellent coffee. May Heaven always send us to inns as good as the inn at Paso Real. Two Italians kept it, and I wish I could remember their names so as to give them public thanks on this spot.

An aged black horse-cooper came in and made terms with us after dinner. He said we might ride two of his noblest steeds next day at ten dollars apiece if we'd guarantee to return them at the end of the journey. I guaranteed. Then the kindly Fates smiled on our expedition and sent us Harry Howe. Mr. Howe was a Cornell man, with enough degrees to load a ship, who was amusing himself by running a pineapple plantation of a few hundred acres and shooting quail, duck, and deer in due season. "I've often read about war correspondents," he said, "but I've never seen one in the flesh before. Darned if I don't guide you across country myself to-morrow."

Which he did. He had a little pinto pony no bigger than a teddy bear, but swift and sure of foot. I followed on a flea-bitten gray upon whose venerable bones one might hang a hat fore or aft, while Don Enrique had the leg up on a bay ghost which he sent forward spasmodically by hitches and kicks, as a boy moves his hop-scotch. It was hard work, but he needed the exercise, and it probably did him good. As we jogged along a swamp road Mr. Howe pointed out the very spot at which the respectable pig herd had been gathered to his fathers by the rapid-fire practice from the government troop train.

"But isn't it wrong to kill pig herds?" I asked. "They are not making war."

"True," Mr. Howe replied; "but in time of war everything you see moving in the enemy's country is the enemy, and you're justified in firing on it. If that troop train on the way back to Havana repairs bridges fast enough to overtake us we'll catch it if they see us first."

It was with great relief that I rode after Mr. Howe into the deepest and most tangled thicket at the left of the road. Thorns gashed shoes and leggings and made the decrepit horses prance, but the longest thorn is not half so sharp as the thin steel pencils that fly from machine-guns. All bridges had to be avoided, because the *rebeldes* on watch there would seize our horses. When we came to the Rio Manso (Tame River) we turned down stream till we came to a ford. The river bank was forty feet high, of soapy gray mud, steep and smooth as a toboggan slide. Harry Howe rode his pony to the brink and spurred him; the pony tucked his four little hoofs together and slid down in an instant. Not without misgivings I followed. My old Rosinante shimmied like a swooping swallow, and I enjoyed the sensations of one who flies in an aeroplane.

At the top of a long hill our jungle ended in a grove of tall palms. Harry Howe passed them and called back: "By jingo! there's the troop-train at the edge of the river! They're repairing the bridge, I guess." I looked where he pointed and saw the train silhouetted like a train of toys against the sky less than a thousand yards away. One glance was enough.

"Come on!" I yelled, and at the same moment heeled Rosinante so hard that he seemed to leap fifty feet back into the manigua—all in one jump. The others followed pell-mell, and for half a mile those horses broke all the speed laws of the jungle. When we came out into open country half a dozen miles beyond we found a fairly good road that ran parallel with the railroad track, and sure enough the troop-train came rattling around a curve at our heels. Did we wave polite hats in response to their *vivas?* Did we? Indeed yes. Far better to be cheered like friends than shot at like pig-herds.

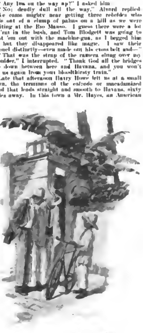
On the way into Taco-Taco, a few miles distant, no fewer than three scouting parties of *rebeldes* jumped fences or galloped off into the woods at our approach. We were in ticklish country, and we were glad to dismount at last before the village inn, somewhat thorn-scarred and saddle-sore, but not shot up. Big Tom Alvord, of the New York *Herald*, was finishing his breakfast.

"Any fun on the way up?" I asked him.

"No; deadly dull all the way," Alvord replied. "We came mighty near getting three *rebeldes* who rode out of a clump of palms on a hill as we were waiting at the Rio Manso. I guess there were a lot of 'em in the bush, and Tom Blodgett was going to dust 'em out with the machine-gun, as I begged him to, but they disappeared like magic. I saw their colonel distinctly—even made out his cross-belt and—"

"That was the strap of the camera slung over my shoulder," I interrupted. "Thank God all the bridges are down between here and Havana, and you won't see us again from your bloodthirsty train."

Late that afternoon Harry Howe left us at a small town, the terminus of the *calzada* or macadamized road that leads straight and smooth to Havana, sixty miles away. In this town a Mr. Hayes, an American pineapple planter, kindly contributed his automobile, and we all worked for two hours repairing a few punctures in a tire. Then he took us in the car, Don Enrique riding on my knees, and we started for Havana. We felt sure that we'd get there some time that night, for although the *rebeldes* outposts and scouts were firing at everything that moved along the road they were not very good marksmen, so nobody cared. But at the top of a hill one mile from town



I demanded a view before buying

(Continued on page 34)

The Man Who Mends His Car

SOME OVERHAULING THAT THE OWNER CAN DO IF HE POSSESSES TOOLS AND MECHANICAL ABILITY

By Herbert L. Towle

As a general proposition, overhauling a car in a small private garage is, perhaps, best attempted only when the equipment for the purpose is ample. Nevertheless, the owner who possesses mechanical discretion, and who has access to the aid of an outside shop for special jobs, can often do wonders with very meagre facilities. The accompanying photographs, taken by the writer during the process of overhauling his car last spring, will suggest some of the numerous possibilities, and the subjoined notes indicate roughly the limitations within which good results may be expected.

Aside from the usual tool-kit, the following shop outfit is necessary: Bench and iron vise, soldering iron and torch, anvil or substitute, props for axles, hack-saw, bench or breast drill (preferably both), brace and bits, and small tools as needed. Certain work, such as pulling off and pressing on gears, grinding journals true, and the making of special parts which cannot be furnished by the manufacturer, must necessarily be done in a good machine shop. Usually the parts requiring machine treatment can be boxed separately and sent to the shop. Certain other work, conspicuously the refitting of the main and crank-pin bearings, is quite beyond the skill of the amateur and should not be attempted. If the engine bearings need to be overhauled the car must be taken bodily to the shop.

To overhaul the transmission properly the body must be removed. If there is not room to set it aside, it may be drawn back on the chassis frame and blocked up at front and back, as shown in one of the photographs. The same procedure is useful when the car is to be painted at home.

The first step in overhauling after washing the car is to strip it of lamps, fenders, generators, tire-irons, bonnet and radiator, etc., in order to give easy access to the parts. In some cases it is desirable to take off the rear wheels also, and this is the only way to get at certain types of rear brakes.

It is well for the amateur to begin with the simplest parts, which are usually the brakes. If the latter are so worn that there is little adjustment left, the shoes or linings must be replaced. In any case, they must be adjusted so that they will work without dragging and without needless play. If they rattle, owing to wear, this is a good time to cure the noise.

The universal joints of a shaft-driven car should be examined for wear, and to determine whether there is any liability of the pivot-pins in the joints working loose. It is frequently possible to improve the universal joints of the old cars by supplying better means of lubrication: for instance, by drilling and tapping the cross for a small grease-cup or for inserting the nozzle of a grease-gun.

An amateur, if he knows how to handle tools and has due regard for mechanical fits, clearances, and alignments, can take the transmission gears from the gear-case and replace worn gears with new wherever bolts are sufficient to hold them. Press fits, as above mentioned, are a shop job. Unless the gear shafts run in high-grade ball or roller bearings, it is quite probable that after five thousand or ten thousand miles something will have to be done to the bearings. If the latter are of the plain bushed type the owner can refit them himself, should he know how. The principal points are as follows: See first that the shafts are not sprung and that their journals are true and smooth (having been reground if necessary); replace worn solid bushings with new ones (these must be bored specially to fit the journals if the latter have been reduced by grinding); replace worn thrust washers as needed; refit split bearings by lining up the worn half with shellacked paper and scraping it till the shaft is a true fit and just touches the unworn half when the bearing cap is bolted on. The object of shellacking the paper lining under the bushing is to cause it to adhere to the bushing. The latter also must be riveted solidly to the case with brass rivets, otherwise it will loosen up and hammer the paper under it into fragments. When the job is finished the edges of the cap must bear on shims of suitable thickness to give the shaft a running fit without shake. The pressure of the nuts comes on the shims, not on the shaft.

Scraping is done with special tools for that purpose, kept sharp by frequent application to an oilstone. The journal is first smeared with red lead mixed with oil.

Scraping a differential shaft bearing in the gear-case. The high spots where the red lead from the journal has touched the bushing appear dark in the photograph

The bushing and bearing cap are bolted down, and the shaft is turned in the bearing so that the red lead will indicate the points of contact with the bushing. The high spots are scraped, and the process is repeated till a uniform bearing is secured. Practically there will still be a slight wearing down of high spots in the first fifty miles of running, and to allow for this the bearing is made very slightly tight (just enough so that on turning the shaft one can detect that it is not perfectly free), and oil is fed liberally at first. If the bearing is set up more than just perceptibly snug it will probably cut. It is a good plan to rub the surfaces of refitted bushings lightly with graphite before assembling, in addition to smearing oil on the journals.

If the car has side chains, the bevel gears in the transmission case must be restored to their original alignment. If, on refitting, one shaft slants a little too high or low at one end, even the matter of a few hundredths of an inch, the teeth of the bevel gears will not make true contact over their entire width. One may test with a strip of paper, inserted first at the large and then at the small end of the teeth, whether or not perfect contact is made when the gears are rotated in their working direction.

By jacking up one rear wheel, setting the gears in mesh, and rotating the free wheel, one can judge how much looseness there is in the differential and transmission generally. If the differential is under suspicion it is well to take it out, as the small pinions tend to wear somewhat rapidly on the spider which supports them. If the differential is taken apart care must be used to replace everything correctly, including the thrust washers back of the bevel pinions, also to make sure that the bolts holding the differential shell and the large bevel gear together cannot possibly work loose. Usually the ends of these bolts are headed over, so that a chisel or file is necessary to start them loose, and this is the safest plan.

If the steering-gear shows considerable play in the reducing mechanism, or if the steering-column is loose on the chassis frame, it is well to take out the base bolts holding the column and overhaul the whole thing. In some steering-gears the holding bolts have a chronic habit of loosening up, due generally to their being too small to fill their holes. The best remedy for this is to ream the holes to the next larger size and make special bolts of annealed tool steel. In some cases the trouble can be corrected by bracing the steering column to the footboard, dashboard, or some part of the frame.

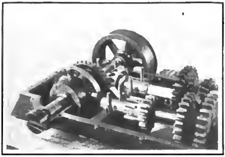
In an old car the steering-knuckles are quite likely to be loose on their pivot bolts. To correct this properly is a shop job.

A multiple disk clutch of the metal-to-metal type rarely requires more than cleaning with kerosene. If of the dry-plate type its facings, leather or asbestos, may need to be replaced. A cone clutch occasionally needs a new leather facing. To apply this properly the old leather should be used as a pattern, and the new leather cut half an inch short, soaked thoroughly in water, marked for the rivet-holes, and riveted on before

The body drawn back on the chassis frame and blocked up at front and back to give access to the transmission

Scraping a piston head through the opening over the exhaust valve. The carbon and dirt are removed with a bunch of waste

Soldering a leak in the radiator. The radiator is emptied and laid flat so that the solder will not flow away



Testing the alignment of bevel gear and pinion in the transmission by means of a strip of paper between the gear teeth

it has time to dry. This job calls for some dexterity, but the shrinkage of the leather insures a good fit. Leather belting of good quality and of thickness equal to the original thickness of the old leather is suitable for the purpose, but chrome-tanned leather is the best. Ordinary belting should be thoroughly soaked in neat's-foot oil after the water has dried out.

As above mentioned, the amateur is advised not to attempt overhauling the motor itself other than to replace worn valve-lifters, regrind valves, and scrape the piston-heads. One of the curved scrapers lies on top of the cylinders, together with the battery-lamp used for exploration. An improvised wire guard protects the lamp from breakage. The dentist's mirror also shown is occasionally useful in detecting stray fragments of carbon which have been loosened by the scraper, but not dragged out.

The auxiliaries of the motor, such as the water-pump, piping, radiator, and ignition apparatus, come within the amateur's scope. Rubber hose frequently rots inside and fragments become detached which may lodge in the hose or in some constricted portion of the circulating system, thereby obstructing the flow. If the engine heats, this is one of the first things to look for.

Another possibility in case of overheating is that the radiator may be clogged. Only the softest water obtainable is desirable for use in the radiator, and frequently a clogged radiator may be gradually cleaned by washing it out once a week and refilling with clean rain-water. Occasionally the stuffing-box of the pump needs to be repacked. For this purpose cotton wicking with flake graphite thoroughly worked into it is good.

Another thing which may need attention is outside oil-pipes, as these sometimes spring leaks at the joints and require to be patched up with solder.

Overhauling the ignition system is a subject in itself. As regards the battery, timer, and wiring, the best rule is to keep things mechanically shipshape. A worn-out timer, wobbling or making poor contact, will hurt the running of any engine, and loose wires with ragged insulation are as bad or worse.

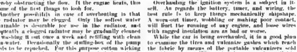
While the car is being overhauled, it is a good plan to examine the tires and vulcanize gashes which reach the fabric by means of the portable vulcanizers sold for this purpose. Where electric current is available, the electric type of vulcanizer is preferable, but small steam vulcanizers can be used.

To Photograph Explosions

By Worth C. Harder

PHOTOGRAPHS of the length of explosion flames are being made at Pittsburg by the new Federal Bureau of Mines, with a view to discovering the properties of various explosives. The government has established a list of "permissible explosives," to which are admitted all those that meet certain requirements in these tests. The chief of these requirements is that the flame resulting from the explosion shall be short in duration and in length.

The universal use of explosives with short flames will greatly minimize the danger of explosives of mine dust. In coal mine work the powder or dynamite is set into a drilled hole, and "tamped" in firmly. When it explodes, if it fails to break the coal it produces what is known as a blown-out shot, bursting out of the drilled hole and shooting its flame into the mine. The flames of these blown-out shots ignite the coal dust and produce most of the dangerous mine explosions.


FLAME FROM BLACK POWDER
FLAME FROM EXPLOSION OF BLACK POWDER 3½ TIMES AS HIGH AND DURATION OF FLAME 4000 TIMES AS LONG AS THAT FROM A PERMISSIBLE EXPLOSIVE

A special photographic apparatus has been constructed to take photographs of the flames of explosives and determine their length and duration. The operator works within a strong enclosure, and his camera bears upon the interior of a large tube-like structure located some distance away, and in which the explosive is fired. Photographs have been taken showing the flames of some of the forms of black powder to be 4,000 times as long in duration as that of certain permissible explosives, and correspondingly more dangerous as causes of mine disasters.

The work of the new Bureau of Mines will soon establish a standard for explosives such as has not heretofore existed in this country.

The explosion occurs in the upright tube, the camera bearing upon it through the covered passage

The photographer of the Bureau of Mines preparing to photograph the flame of an explosive

The Fall of Terry, O.S.

A STORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

By Robert Dunn

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY L. WOOD

JOE TERRY eyed Sydney Harbor from the signal-bridge of the U. S. S. *Arizona*, as her anchor thundered overboard and she swung beside her sister, the *Huron*. Intimacy with the ports of the world had touched young Joseph with something of that tired wisdom which distinguishes sailorkind. Here now was Australia to patronize. "And you ought, from the looks of you," he informed the land, "to make good for about one liberty."

So next evening, as the colliers with their spidery hoists came alongside, and Ensign Haile stood over the liberty-book on the tripod by the port gangway, Joe emerged upon the quarterdeck, redolent of salt-water soap and aiming for the beach. His lanyard had a holystoned bleach, and the letters of his hat shone like actual gold. "Oh, he's one of our gentlemen flat-feet," Haile had told a visiting Briton at Singapore, whom Joe had guided about the ship and inspired to ask who that "bloomin', well set-up, intelligent Jack" was. "We catch them at county fairs nowadays," Haile had explained. "And this one is wiser to the harbor lines and politics of Cape Town and Calcutta than any of his officers." But just now Joe was a plain ordinary seaman, debating whether to hire a bicycle or a saddle-horse from which to see the town. Anyhow, he would, as usual, shun all pool-parlors, bar conferences with strangers upon the mingled perquisites and humiliations of Service life, and dance-halls, for Joe was instinctively an anchorite, cursed with a pitiful ignorance of women and all the ecstasies and quicksands of the sex.

He shouldered a confident way among the unclassed men seeking shore leave, for he had rated special first-class on the whole cruise. No overtimes, no reports whatever, marred his record, so that Haile, who commanded Joe's division, checked off the name of 'Terry, J., O. S.,' with a smile, as he reminded the less saintly throng—"We coal ship at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. And the patrol from the *Huron* jugs any of you on shore found late in getting to duty at your whips."

The paragon saluted, plunged down the gangway, and seized the last seat vacant in the sailing launch.

But when the dock was in sight, Joe drew a small volume from his blouse. "A Guide to Sydney" its silvered lettering allowed. He had just received it by mail from his father, who taught in the high school at home up York State. But instead of opening the book, Joe gazed upward at the early setting June sun, and reflected that the Zoological Gardens and the Museum would surely be closed by the time he could reach either of them. And then a sudden impulse gripped him. He straightened bolt upright, and a guilty flush dyed his oval, high-cheeked features. He slipped the book overside, and dropped it into the cutter's wake.

It was high time he renounced this rooky trick of visiting points of popular interest. His division were beginning to think that he was a prig, despite his middleweight victories in the Saturday night mills on the fo'castle. He would like to make a night of it, and for the first time in his life regretted that temperance and anchoritish principles were so grained into his nature. Too long he had respected the official plot of "Four years of education by the cities of the world, aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleboats, grub free and pocket-money to boot," as the terms on which the senior Terry had condoned his enlistment, abetted by the kinetoscope man from the Buffalo recruiting-office, who had allured him with "Yankee Tars at a Mexican Bull-fight," in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

At the dock Joe let the blue-bloused boatful sweep past him over the string-piece, as he slid behind a stack of wool bales. There he turned over the flaps of his collar to hide the stars on them, and drawing the steel grommet from his hat, dropped it compressed like a watch-spring into his blouse. Thus he found himself a lone passenger upon the next Pitt Street tram.

A show! At last he was in a white-man's country, where you could understand an actor's lingo. A show offered a compromise between the puritan past and an abandoned future. He had resolved to hunt up theatres, when the car hove to to let aboard a slim young "cit" in a striped brown suit and with sharp black eyes. He sat opposite Joe, and fixed him with a glare which slowly waxed expectant. He was skeleton-thin and deeply tanned, as if inured to the lonely life of seas or deserts—and that keen face beneath its broad felt hat did suddenly appear familiar.

"Joe—Farmer Terry, as I live!" the man exploded. "But I see he don't remember me," he added, at the puzzled blink which Joe returned.

"Oh, maybe I do," Joe hazarded. "What's the game? I see you ain't British nor *Haustralian*. And if you're a Yank, you're likely one of them that wouldn't be let back to God's country. No offence, but I've noticed that the farther a man's from home the more and friendlier countrymen he has."

But the other broke into a laugh. "Still, I have your name piped, Joe," he said. "Reckon that out—in the name of the old *Cumberland*!"

Joe's lips parted, as if he had sighted the city ablaze through the car window. The training-ship at Newport was a name to conjure by.

"You bright-work Nigger Auten, you!" Joe cried. "You tell me how this heathen country got you" . . . And Joe settled back to hear the exile tell of his two years in the Australian bush, his depths and heights as prospector, railway guard, sheep-rancher, since buying his discharge from a gunboat in the Philippines and casting in his lot with the antipodes. . . .

"And I stayed in the outfit," reflected Joe. "No wombat duff nor deep-trail drifting on my record. Only the same round of drills and inspections, down to missing out qualifying pointer every target practice."

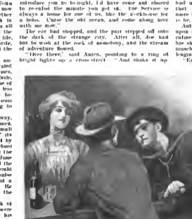
Auten dropped his eyes. "If the game had changed," he said, "I wouldn't be thinking as I am now of shipping over with you to-morrow. I'm down and out, what with the ranch foreclosed, and all my debts. I've got notes out overdue. There's Johnny-cops covering my trail, so I only dast to come out after dark."

Joe frowned. He divined the touch of itching palms.

"If it wasn't for—another matter—that may pull me through," Nigger hesitated, "a case I'd like to introduce you to to-night, I'd have come and aboard to re-enlist the minute you got in. The Service is always a home for one of us, like the workhouse for a hobo. Curse the old ocean, and come along here with me now."

The car had stopped, and the pair stepped off into the dark of the strange city. After all, Joe had but to wish at the rock of monotony, and the stream of adventure flowed.

"Over there," said Auten, pointing to a ring of bright lights up a cross-street. "And shake it up. Undesirables that call themselves bailiffs have me spotted. You still off the booze? and gun-shy of dames?"



"You want to try?" Joe burst out, turning on him

"I'll take a seltzer," said Joe, attacked by his inborn caution.

They passed under the lights, which spelled "Warratah Saloon," and perched themselves upon stools in the "private bar." At once a tallish, transcendent creature, with amber eyes and copper dun hair rounded over her ears, took shape behind the row of brass taps. She half closed her long lashes upon Auten, and one cheek swelled to the presence of her tongue. He winked back at her, directing her glance upon Joe, with a confident air at exhibiting so comely a comrade.

"He's wooden with a girl," explained Auten. "Knows no more about them than you do of torpedoes. Miss Cadbury, Mr. Terry."

"Ah, stow it, stow it," said Joe, writhing with diffidence.

"We'll be friends, I'm sure," bowed the barmaid, with a smile.

Joe mumbled, and braced a shy right hand across the counter; with his left he grabbed at his hat, grew flustered, and left it rakishly over one eye. The girl accepted his offer and poured his hot back upon the bar with undoubted pressure.

"She's the reason I spoke of, Joe, why I'm not shipping over with the outfit," said Auten. "She owns property. That is, her old man does, and an interest in this house. Eh, Irene?"

They talked her business. It surely seemed to Joe a case of marry for them. Nigger showed an eagerness to possess her and settle down, Irene a tender solicitude toward him, which her resplendence somewhat belied, until they touched upon his debts.

"Ain't we settled all that?" put in Auten, impatiently. "If the 'pater' don't come across by to-morrow, I'm shipping over. I give him that flat, last night."

"It ain't in a sailor ever to save up any quids, is it, Mr. Terry?" she asked, wistfully. "You must have seen a lot of the world. 'Ow do you like our arbor?"

"It—it's good holding ground," stammered Joe, reddening at her attention. "Good even compared with Rio—"

"I like your friend," cut in Irene to Nigger. And then she narrowed her yellow eyes upon Joe, as she had upon his old shipmate, adding: "I don't know that I've ever seen a smarter uniform. So much more becoming than most of our sailormen. How old is he, Nigger?"

Auten did not answer. Joe hitched himself up upon his seat. A sudden bravery, a bravado, a masculine assertion, seemed to strike down and supplant his shyness. The red faded from his face. His jaw muscles twitched slightly, and then set into a challenging expectant smile.

"Eyes in the boat, there, Reno," commanded Nigger, with a forced lightness.

Joe leaned forward upon the bar, oblivious, and moistened his lips. Auten studied him with a scowl.

"He's a dangerous man," Nigger added, after a pause, coldly. "You want to look out for him."

But meanwhile Irene, without taking her eyes off Joe, had measured a drink of Scotch, and filled the glass with soda, although neither man had ordered anything. Now she slid the drink to Auten, and, facing him, asked "What 'll Jack here have?"

"Leman—lemon squash," bristled Nigger. "That's all he ever drinks. A shot of whiskey 'd land him in the brig."

"Na! Got any rye?" Joe interrupted, hoarsely; and without waiting for an answer, ordered, "Gimme a brandy, then."

Nigger bit his lip. "Look here. You toy soldier homebreaker you—" he began. But as Joe, stiff as iron and like a dead man, grasped the brandy-bottle which Irene had handed him, Nigger tried to drawl to her: "Go easy with him, now. We can't have a kid like little Joseph down and out on your hands."

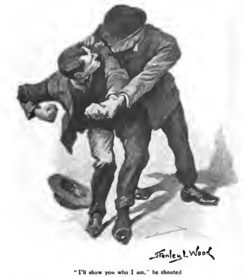
"Then you oughtn't to have brought him here," she reproached him. "He should have come up home. Will he be in town long?"

"Making a hit with you, he is," growled Nigger, draining his glass savagely.

"Oh, no fear. It's only his rig I like," she bantered. "You might look an ad. dressed like him. I wish I'd known you when you were on a ship." She continued to eye Joe dreamily. Something about his admired get-up seemed to disturb her, for she leaned forward and with both hands smoothed out the knot in his black scarf, murmuring a satisfied "There!"—as she drew back with her head on one side.

At her touch Joe had bent forward. The heavy lids of his arched, Irish eyes quivered. "Are there any shows in town?" he asked in a low voice. "Mebbe I can get ashore to-morrow night after coaling. I'd even jump ship," he said, as if he were short of breath.

"D—n the uniform!" exploded Nigger. "Here, gave me another drink, a double one," and he pushed his glass forward roughly.



"I'll show you who I am," he shouted

"I say, now—Guests first, *Mister* Auten," rebuked Irene, filling Joe's glass again.

"Uniforms!" muttered Nigger. "They ain't worth nothing, except to make hits on the beach with girls you never see again, nor want to."

"Perhaps he'd lend you his, if you asked him," she flashed back. "His looks need no enhancement with our sex."

"If I thought I needed one, I'd take it off him," retorted Nigger, curbing his anger with a laugh of forced scorn.

"You want to try?" Joe burst out, turning on him.

Nigger held his friend's glare for an instant, and then relaxed, either in fear of Joe's superior heft, or realizing that Irene was chiefly responsible for having stirred his passion. "Why, I'd no more hurt Joe, here, than I'd hurt you," he sneered at her. "He's only one of them chaplain's boys, that keeps a false mustache in his ditty-box. He generally wears it ashore to play dame-killer in. Never drinks. Oh no!"

"Say that again!" exploded Joe, with a snarl. His was honest scorn, anyhow.

But Nigger didn't.

"I'll wager he could stand as much drink as you," put in Irene, and then checked herself, seeing that she was only fanning his anger, and that it had focussed upon her at last. A guilty feeling had poisoned her thrill in the dangerous game she had been playing in leading Joe on. She knew that only Nigger's love and his loyalty to her kept him from open accusation.

"Shut up, the both of you!" he snapped. "You've been playing with fire and better quit it. I warn you, Joe."

Irene watched the whites of Nigger's eyes gleam, his irises contract, in the losing fight with his jealousy. Its masculine depth, the strength of the bondage of these old shipmates to one another, filled her with trepidation. And Joe, as it struck by the disloyalty of his advances, had bowed his head between his shoulders with a stony stare.

But Auten could contain himself no longer. His brooding burst in a thundering slap of his palm upon the counter.

"No! You ain't the girl I thought you was!" he cried, fiercely, sweeping his glass upon the floor. "This ends it! Good night!"

"I—I'm sorry. Oh, Nigger—come back!" Irene's voice broke; but he had jumped from the stool and plunged out through the door.

"Catch him, quick!" she gasped. "Bring him back. It's all my fault—I went too far. But I couldn't resist a go for tan—and he told me you were wooden."

Joe shot her a glance, part yearning, part awe; and vanished without a word.

He knew well enough where to find his old shipmate. It was late, and only the public houses were alight. He steered for the nearest gleam, and spied Nigger in the public bar drowning his wrath, glass in hand, opposite about fourteen stone of brick-red womanhood.

Joe sidled up to him quietly, and said: "It's all right. She wants you to come back . . ." No answer, no sign that he had heard. "I'm sorry if you thought I was butting in," Joe tried again.

"Play fair, why couldn't you?" muttered Nigger, at last. "And the hell with your uniform."

"Uniform nothing," retorted Joe. "And I played fair, only—" He checked the ungallant truth about the girl's advances. "You know I never meant—"

"Ah, stow it, won't you?" groaned Nigger. "But it wasn't your fault. If only she—" and he, in turn, stifled the reproach. "Let's turn in somewhere."

They found a hotel "strictly stag." As they were folding their clothes compactly, sailor fashion, by the double bed in their room, Nigger said, "Joe, you don't know Irene, the finest, nerviest little girl. And she's sore on me. She ought to be, the way I acted, and I've got to go back to her and make good."

"We ought to leave a call for six o'clock," was all Joe answered, as he turned in. "I got to be back on board for coaling."

"Trust me. I always wake at five," said Nigger, switching off the light, and jumping between the sheets, he saw through the darkness that Joe already was asleep.

Sunlight boring into Joe's eyelids awoke him, and with a panicky idea that it was very late. He grabbed under the pillow for his dollar watch, and then swore loudly. Eight o'clock! And no steamer back to the ship till half past nine!

A sinking sense of loss and ruin filled him. Overtime and with coaling on, the first break in his record. He saw his rating reduced, and loathed himself. Loathed his unholy itch for new hazards in a strange land. Hang old shipmates! And all women!

Still, he had drunk little, so his head was clear to make the best of any humiliation. And Nigger was still with him, a mine of sympathy at least, although he was the cause of Joe's undoing. Therefore Joe, without turning toward his mate's side of the bank, thrust an arm across it.

His hand came out, unobstructed, at the far side of the bed. He sprang up as if he had been shot. Nigger was not there. He had gone—beaten it. Sneaked. Quit him!

Boiling with suspicion and amazement, Joe washed and hustled on his underclothes. Had he really been with the Nigger Auten of his rooky days, or with some crook who had thought to rob him? He grabbed at the trousers folded over the foot-board, and had drawn them up to his knees, when he discovered that they were brown, not blue, and buttoned straight up and down instead of—laterally. He seized the garment on a chair; it, too, dogged up the front, and was all aslick with buttons. He explored about the room, under the bed, but found no blue trousers, no blouse, no flat hat, scarf, lanyard—nothing, except his grommet unsprung and flat upon the bare pine bureau. The fiend had stolen all his clothes. He might as well go back to the Arizona naked, as in that "cit" rig. Be a deserter and have done with it!

Joe tried to calm himself and reason. This indeed was revenge for the girl's favor. Still, he would not have to face all Sydney in his tattooings. So he thrust himself into Nigger's garments, and in the process sighted a slip of torn paper stuck in the mirror, and written on in pencil. He reached for it, and read:

"If she don't fall to me in the blue rags, then take her, and welcome. Here's squaring even the both of you.
"NIGGER."

The crazy notion, to win back Irene in the uniform she had flattered! Well, then Joe knew where to spot the pirate. And he'd tear the clothes off him, if he had to do it right under her eyes!

He slid down-stairs and out-of-doors. But among the buzzing trams, the alien-looking, limp-clothed colonials, even the street appeared strange and hateful. He did not know the direction of the Warratah. He had lost his bearings, and began to wander.

A stoutish man in a gray suit and a "bowler" hat propping a lamp-post drew his eyes. A something distinguished him; at home, perhaps, on liberties in New York, Joe had seen his sort, even to the square-cut, polished shoes. Joe accosted him. Wasn't the Warratah Bar near Pitt Street, and how far away was that?

The person kept on studying the sky for some moments before he answered. Then he drew the cigar from his mouth, with a curl of his broad and clean-shaven upper lip.

"Early, ain't it, for young men to be hunting pubs?" he returned, quietly, and his beady eyes swept Joe in a swift scrutiny.

"I'm from the American ships," began Joe. "I've lost a mate, sir, and we agreed to meet there." He knew that his clothes made him out a liar, and saw at once that the stranger disbelieved him.

But the man made no comment, except to close his eyes complacently and point up the street, remarking, "Second turn to the left. Then one block down, and you can't miss it."

But in the private bar of the Warratah at last, no surpassing Irene arrayed herself behind the taps. Instead, a shrivelled youth with whitish hair told Joe that Miss Cadbury did not come on duty till six o'clock.

Back to the ship, then, dressed as he was. He'd take the issue of a clean breast, trusting to his record, and Kaile's doggedness in standing by his men.

He pushed through the door into the street—into the gripping arms of the gray gentleman in the "bowler."

"Auten, we got you," he snarled, with a grin, and worming a stout fist down Joe's collar. "Knew you by the clothes, but it was your accent gave you away. Now come on easy, and hold up on those bad manners of yours till the magistrate can hear you."

Jugged! As Nigger! This was the last straw. Then was adventure, full speed ahead.

"Look here," said Joe, between his teeth, and furtively sizing up his captor's build. "I told you I was from the Arizona. I'll prove it to you next."

"A tout like you can't claim even tubs like them," retorted the man, yanking Joe on. "You can't work that game in this town. You ain't in New York. Where's your uniform?"

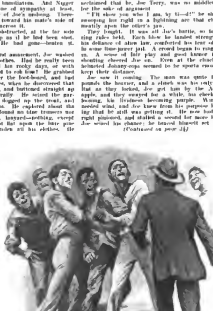
Joe could stand it no longer. Neither a sheep-hanging nor a goat-hanging mattered now. The constable was heavier and taller than Joe, but his face was pudgy and he had a double chin. His insult to the flag flamed a red before Joe's eyes, which acclaimed that he, Joe Terry, was no middleweight for the sake of argument.

"I'll show you who I am, by G—d!" he shouted, swooping his right in a lightning arc that chugged meatily upon the other's jaw.

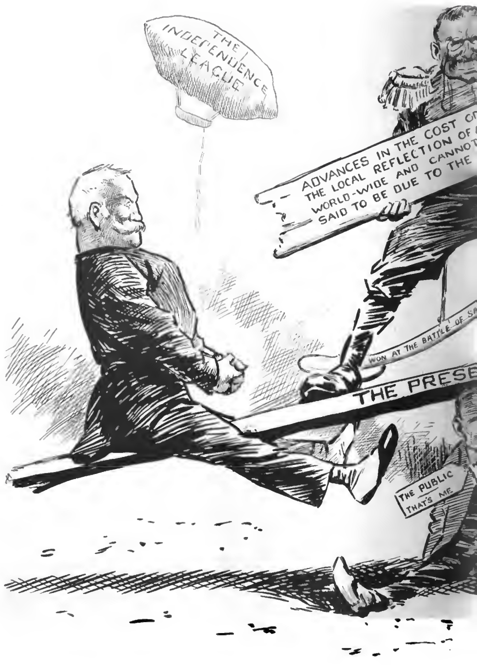
They fought. It was all Joe's battle, so long as ring rules held. Each blow he landed strengthened his defiance of alien law, comforted his fear of exile in some lime-juicer jail. A crowd began to ring them in. A sense of fair play and good humor in the shouting cheered Joe on. Even at the clinch, the helmeted Johnny-cops seemed to be sports enough to keep their distance.

Joe saw it coming. The man was quite twenty pounds the heavier, and a clinch was his only hope. But as they locked, Joe got him by the Adam's-apple, and they swayed for a while, his cheeks ballooning, his lividness becoming purple. Wind, he needed wind, and Joe knew from his purpose breathing that he still was getting it. He now had Joe's right pinioned, and stalled a second for more breath. Joe seized his chance; he braced himself set like a

(*Continued on page 34*)



"You hound!" burst out Joe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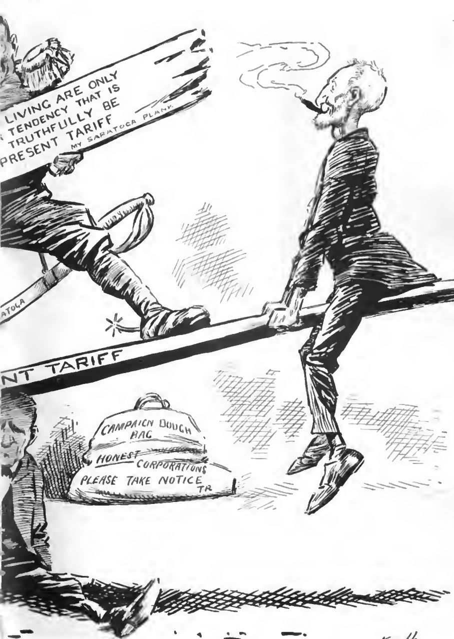
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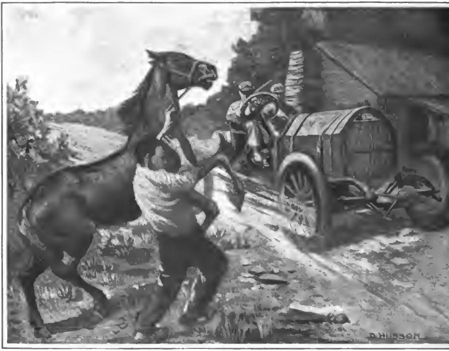
OF SEESAW

WE NOW KNOW JUST WHERE THE COLONEL STANDS, STRADDLE AS HE MAY" —*Daily Paper*

W KEMBLE



"GO ON THERE, MOLLY, DON'T BE DISPLAYING YOUR IGNORANCE LIKE THAT BEFORE STRANGERS"

ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER

If in putting up your winter's supply of preserves you find that your jelly will not jell, a sure method of giving it the requisite consistency is to mix three tablespoonfuls of Portland cement with every pint cup of liquid juice. This will have the added value of protecting your preserves from surreptitious inroads on the part of the children, who will find them impervious to their tender young teeth.

If on taking your furs out of the attic you find them full of moths, lay the coat on the barn floor and give it a thorough beating with a flail. Then, combing the fur out with a garden rake, run the lawn-roller over it a half-dozen times, and drop into a tar-barrel overnight. In the morning you will be surprised to find how few moths remain.

In preparing your chestnuts for the turkey dressing on Thanksgiving Day be sure to remove the burrs before running them through the wringer. While the burrs will undoubtedly give a decidedly tangish flavor to the finished product, they are not altogether healthy eating, having about the same result upon the digestion as a breakfast food made of pine or hemlock spills.

While it is necessary to keep your cattle warm on cold nights, you are strongly recommended not to attempt to do this by putting either an oil or a gasoline stove in the stalls with them. It will be cheaper in the end to tie them to the piano in the drawing-room or to lock them up overnight in the bath-room.

While we are not superstitious, we advise farmers in southern latitudes to keep a careful watch upon their turkeys on cold autumn nights, especially if a dark man with kinky hair, who is unknown to you, has crossed your path on your return from the coop at twilight. This has been invariably a forerunner of loss, and should result in your immediate gathering of all your feathered stock together, and locking them up in your burglar-proof safe at nightfall.

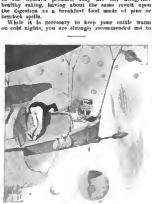
If upon awaking in the morning you find that all the water-pipes in your house have frozen up, and that the well is covered with a coating of ice six inches thick, it is safe to conclude that the cold weather is at last upon you. Your strawberries should therefore be provided with a couple of extra counterpanes for their beds, and you will do well to see that your leeks are carefully looked after.

If your pumpkins still continue green, wrap them up carefully in yellow newspapers and keep them thus covered until they take on, through association of ideas, that mellow golden glow which is a pumpkin's true glory. Bear in mind, too, that no pumpkin can be considered wholly safe until it is securely immured in a pie. Two bulldogs leashed in the pumpkin-patch will protect them against a too early nipping by the Jack-o'-lantern bug, which is very rife at this season of the year.

Potatoes freshly dug should be kept in a dry place. If you live in a damp neighborhood have them carefully boxed or barrelled and ship them into some prohibition State where the law is strictly enforced, if you can find such a thing on your map. Lacking this, an excellent method of treatment is to place them in your furnace, and after lighting a fire watch them carefully and eat them as they pop. In this way you will get a great deal of immediate good out of them, and keep the bulk of them from spoiling.

An excellent fertilizer for your fields is now provided free of charge by Nature herself in the vast quantities of seaweed cast upon the coast by the November storms. If you live two or three hundred miles inland, a dozen or more carloads of this can be delivered at your door for not more than $250 a load, and will be found very satisfactory. A ten-acre farm can be thus fertilized at an expense of about $5,000 or possibly $4,950. It might come to even less if you could arrange a barter of eggs at $85 a dozen or, if of such rare vintages as the eggs of 1904, from $125 to $150 a dozen. To this will have to be added, of course, the cost of postage in arranging the matter by correspondence.

Be careful not to leave your melodeon out-of-doors, either upon the porch or the lawn, overnight at this season of the year. There are numerous influenza germs about on November nights, and a melodeon thus carelessly treated is quite liable to get some sort of lung trouble that will make it wheezy all through the winter.



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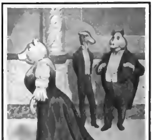


PORKER: "There goes that rich Miss Piggy. I have tried a dozen times to propose to her, but I always lose my nerve at the critical moment."
BARKER: "You seem to be something of a hedgehog."

ADAM AND EVE

"I hope this expulsion of ours is not going to injure our social position," said Eve, ruefully.

"I guess not," replied Adam. "They can't stop us from being one of the very first families, whatever they do."

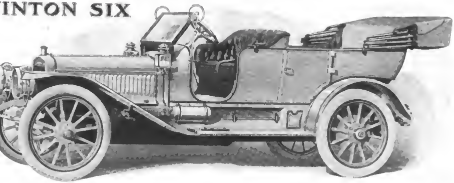
"I don't find our names here in the *Social Register*," said Eve, looking the volume over.

"Look under Dilatory Domiciles, my love," said Adam, as he went out and named the jackass after himself.

AN APT DESCRIPTION

"This is what I call a hand-to-mouth existence," sighed the dramatic critic as he tried to cover his yawn with his right hand for the eighteenth time during the first performance of Dullbeigh's new comic opera.

WINTON SIX



Purchasers Buy From Choice, But Competitors Follow From Necessity

Winton Six cars have won many fine compliments.

Best of all, from the men who buy and drive them.

But from another source comes praise that is worth noting

We mean from competing manufacturers

Taking Risks

Every maker likes to be a leader

Likes to set the fashion, to outdo his competitors.

But to take the lead usually means to assume risks.

And most makers hesitate at risks

Mr. Winton Went Ahead

Well,

Mr Winton isn't a hesitator.

When satisfied that he is right, he goes boldly ahead.

That's why he became the first American manufacturer to market a gasoline motor car Date of sale, March 24, 1898.

Also, that's why he became the first American manufacturer to produce *Sixes exclusively*.

A Bit of History

It was in 1907 that Mr. Winton convinced himself that no other type of motor could equal the excellence of the Six

At that time there was no Six on the market worth talking about.

Hence, to market a Six meant a tremendous amount of uphill work, for all other high-grade makers were making fours, and it looked to able men in the trade that fours were to be the standard quality product.

But Mr. Winton knew better

Sixes Exclusively

Despite the four's public favor and the combined strength of the makers of fours, Mr. Winton ceased making four-cylinder cars at once, devoted the big Winton plant to the exclusive manufacture of Sixes, and set out to tell car buyers *why the Six* excelled every other type.

Readers of advertising know how consistently these facts have been set forth.

At first other makers laughed. To them the six was a freak or a fad, or both.

But the public became interested. And our first year's output of Sixes found buyers.

Then we sold another year's output—much more easily.

A World's Record

Incidentally, we put our Sixes to a test, in which ten cars, in the hands of their individual owners, ran 65,687 miles on a total upkeep expense of $15.13.

That was a world's record

By this time the Six had ceased to be a freak and a fad, and was fast becoming a very real reality.

Another World's Record

The third year's output of Winton Sixes sold more readily still—demonstrating that the Six was rapidly winning the hearts of buyers.

A condition promoted by the fact that our second annual test showed that 20 Winton Sixes, in the hands of their individual owners, had run 184,190 miles on a total upkeep expense of $142.43.

Another world's record.

And that brings us down to date.

Plenty of Sixes Now

Recall that from 1907 to date the Winton Company has been making *Sixes exclusively*.

Note that in these years the Winton Six has set and held new world's records for low upkeep expense.

Observe that the Winton Company is the only one in America that has ever told the public *why* the Six excels other types, or ever offered to prove it.

And now note—

That practically every high-grade maker in America has now begun advertising to sell you a six-cylinder car of his own make.

Convinced the Trade

In other words, while the Winton Company has been convincing you, Mr Buyer, of the superiority of the Six, it has fully convinced its competitors.

Not by argument alone.

Nor by theory alone.

But by declaring that the Winton Six could do things no other car had ever done before, and *by proving* those declarations with the car itself.

Demand Did It

Purchasers buy various cars from choice, but competitors follow another's lead only from necessity.

In this case that necessity was one of *demand*—demand on the part *of buyers*.

For no manufacturer, after he has settled down to the profitable manufacture of a supposed standard model, likes to be awakened to the fact that it isn't standard at all, and that he'll have to make something altogether new.

Especially since all new models are always experimental for a year at least, and sometimes longer, and may prove highly expensive and sadly disappointing to both maker and buyer.

In the Right Direction

Nevertheless, conditions are precisely as we have stated them

Lots of new sixes on the market now, thanks to the success of the Winton Six.

And we are heartily glad our competitors have seen the light.

We wish them success—they're moving in the right direction.

We hope that every six on the market will prove as genuinely successful as the Winton Six, for this car, now in its fourth consecutive year of good work, has never required more than refinement of detail—has never needed a single radical change in construction.

Only Motor That Cranks Itself

This record of Winton Six success is an insurance policy to every buyer—insurance of satisfactory service, low upkeep expense, and pride of ownership.

Besides that, the Winton Six is the only car in the world whose motor *cranks itself*. Air pressure does it, and it's a great convenience.

The Car Itself Is Proof

We could tell you many things about the quality of the Winton Six, but you can best learn its quality from the car itself, by comparing it, point for point, with the best other car you know of, without any reservation whatever as to price

The 48 H.P. Winton Six, with five-passenger body, sells at $3000. We made the car first (the very best it could be made), and then set the price at the lowest possible figure that would return us a reasonable profit. And so we say, make no reservation or allowance for price. We want you to expect in the Winton Six not only more quality than in any other car of equal price, but more quality than you are likely to find in cars of higher prices.

Meanwhile, let us send you our 1911 catalog.

It bristles with facts of importance to every car buyer.

The coupon will bring you a copy.

Send catalog mentioned in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

The Winton Motor Car. Co.

Licensed under Selden Patent

118 Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.

Our Own Branch Houses

NEW YORK	Broadway at 70th St
CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 13th St
BOSTON	Berkeley at Stanhope St
PHILADELPHIA	[illegible] No. Broad St
BALTIMORE	[illegible] North Liberty St
PITTSBURG	Baum at Beatty St
CLEVELAND	Huron Road at Euclid Ave
DETROIT	[illegible] Woodward Ave
MINNEAPOLIS	[illegible] Eighth St N
SAN FRANCISCO	[illegible] Van Ness Ave
SEATTLE	[illegible] Pike St

SUGAR-COATED ETIQUETTE

(Little Lessons in Deportment in Fictional Form, by Professor Wilberforce Jenkins)

AMARANTH was brilliantly beautiful that night, and as Perry removed his raglan in the hall and hung his polished silk hat on the rack he caught a glimpse of her through the open portière. He gasped as the vision of radiant loveliness greeted his eye, arrayed as she was in her one-piece gown in dotted gauze, with its taffeta border, her belt of blue galloon with a big square front buckle flashing in the soft light of the electric lamp. So dainty a picture indeed was she in her bower that, for fear of breaking the fairy-like spell it seemed to cast over all, he paused before entering the room. His first impulse was to run to her side in his usual aggressive manner, carrying everything before him as on the wings of the gale, much as in the good old days at Blue Haven he had run upon the football field eager to take his place in the line-up, but now there was something in the scene that confronted him that held him back. Was it right, he asked himself, casting a searching spiritual eye into his soul—was it right to fling himself impetuously into that presence, possibly stumbling in his blind flight over a brocaded mahogany hassock as he did so, and upsetting a bric-à-brac-laden Shakespeare table in his plunge? He could hardly make up his mind that this was, after all, the proper way for a gentleman to enter a drawing-room. A salon fit to be the setting of a pearl of beauty such as Amaranth appeared to be at this moment should not be regarded as carelessly as a skating-rink, he told himself, and however much his buoyant nature might impel him to such a course, under the spell of her charm the idea of acting like a bull in a china-shop was repellant to him. A flash of his memory brought back to his mind as though it were yesterday the words of his father upon his return home after that first glad year at college.

"Bill, my boy," the old gentleman had said after the first greetings were over, "I am glad to get my tender lambkin back into the fold once more, but let me remind you, my lad, that your mother's drawing-room is what the effete nations of Europe call a parlor, and not a gladiatorial arena, a stadium, or a football field. It should be entered rather with the chivalrous grace of a knight of old, than with the effervescent manner of a cowboy about to try conclusions with an unbroken broncho. The field is the proper medium for the running broad jump, and an ice-pond is suitable for a slide, but a lady's boudoir, constructed as it is along less strenuous lines, should ever be the scene of a gum-shoe courtliness that attracts rather for its gracious ease of manner than for its untutored strenuosity."

Perry's manner under the influence of these reflections softened materially. He drew the portières gently to one side, and noiselessly entered the room, so noiselessly indeed that his coming was not observed by Amaranth, or by her mother, who was seated on the other side of the table, embroidering a pair of ear-tabs for her son, now serving as a volunteer in Uncle Sam's army in the far-off Philippines.

"It is in spite of his qualities that I am fond of him," Mrs. Glastonberry was saying, "but I must confess, my dear daughter, that I tremble for the bric-à-brac whenever he enters the house. My nerves have gradually become a sort of seismograph that betrays his presence in the neighborhood. Even now I am all of a-tremble, for something tells me that he will be here to-night, and I fear for the statuary in the hall as he elbows his headlong way past those priceless Parian figures that your father and I have gathered in our many trips abroad. Even a railway train enters a station more gently than William enters a drawing-room, comparable only to an avalanche as his manner is, and I think that before accepting him you should reflect very carefully as to whether a mastiff with the playful nature of a fox-terrier will be a permanently pleasant pet to have around the house."

Perry's heart stood still as these words fell upon his ear, and he tried hard to think in what way he had comported himself in recent calls at the Glastonberry mansion to deserve the implication. To his credit, he did not instantly dismiss them as merely the nervous indictment of his character by a prospective mother-in-law, but he honestly tried to discern his own weaknesses as an exponent of the arts of a Chesterfield. He recalled that at their last meeting he had slipped on the rug as he entered the room, and that in trying to catch his balance he had caught at the mantel scarf, pulling an ormolu clock and several vases and a bronze or two down into ruin upon the tiled hearth, but that was hardly his fault. People should not have such highly polished floors that one was as uneasy upon them as a tight-rope-walker trying to preserve his balance on a greased rope. He was perfectly aware, too, that at Mrs. Glastonberry's last reception he had upset a small plateful of chicken salad upon the recise boulard of Mrs. De Witt Bilbington, who was receiving with Mrs. Glastonberry, but he had apologized like a gentleman, although it was not his fault if an attempt to relieve the starvation of Miss Blithers, who had asserted that she was "just famished," resulted in disaster because of his haste with the ameliorating concoction. These things were undoubtedly unfortunate, but, after all, they were not unsusceptible of explanation. Possibly he might have tried to explain then and there, but Amaranth's voice was now heard speaking softly.

"And I like him just because of those things, dearest mother," she said, gazing absently into the lamp-shade. "He is so big and strong and—well, manly, that he makes all the rest of these dancing-school graduates who float in like a band of Terpsichorean artists with gossamer feet look like twenty-nine and a half cents!"

"Amaranth!" he cried, in tones that would have startled a Mohawk Indian.

"Bill!" she replied, starting up.

He made one of those celebrated flying leaps that had won him such renown on the football field, and in a moment was at her side. The Sheraton sofa upon which she sat creaked, groaned, and then collapsed. The electric lamp, shade and all, toppled to the floor, and the frescoed ceiling fell with a crash, but Amaranth was in his arms.

"My beloved!" he said, wiping the plaster from his eyes. "You will be mine then?"

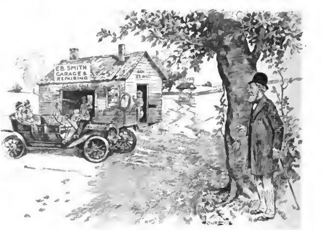
"Yes, you rude boy," she answered, a radiant blush suffusing her cheek. "For all time."

"Whether I know how to enter a drawing-room or not?" he cried, with a triumphant glance at Mrs. Glastonberry.

"That won't make any difference, my dearest love," murmured the girl, burying her blushes in his shoulder. "We won't have any drawing-room in our house. *We'll have a nice little gymnasium instead!*"

A great struggle was seen to be going on in Mrs. Glastonberry's mind. Torn 'twixt love and duty, between her daughter's happiness and what she knew to be William Perry's great educational needs to fit him for polite society, she knew not what to do; but in the end the mother's heart triumphed.

"Bless you, my children," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "And now that we know the worst, suppose you go out in the back yard and finish this match while I summon the butler to clean things up in here."



THE SCENES OF OUR CHILDHOOD
MR. SENTIMENT VISITS THE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE

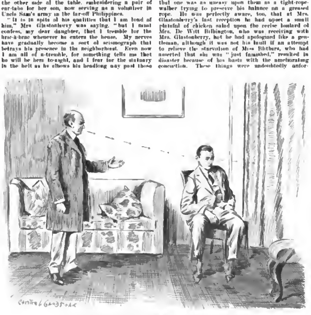


DIAGRAM SHOWING COURSE TAKEN BY GOOD ADVICE

AN AFTERMATH

The Summer is over
And gone is the clover;
The garden's all yellow and sere.
The chill Autumn breezes
Give flowers the sneezes,
And frost bites the corn on the ear.

The blushing tomato
And fresh-brewed potato
Have gone from the vine on the hill,
The flower of cauli
Is faded quite sorely,
As well as the bud of the dill.

The beet with its blushes,
Its roundelay bushes,
No longer a-wooing the leek.
The angle-worm squirming
Is worming and worming
Far down from the breezes so bleak.

The squash and the punkin
Are co-co-chee-lunkin'
At thoughts of the days by and by
When, set on the table,
They'll list to the Babel
Of joy o'er the glow of the pie.

Whilst I in my garden
Account books work hard on
With feelings exceedingly odd,
And some consternation
At realization
Of peas at ten dollars a pod!

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

The Overland for 1911

Licensed under Selden patent

Why the Overlands Must Be Right

The Overland this year offers 22 models—from 20 to 35 horsepower—from $775 to $1,675—meeting every idea on style or price or power.

The Overland has quickly become the most successful car ever created. Over 20,000 delighted owners are now telling others about these remarkable cars. And dealers have already paid deposits on more than 18,000 of the new-season models.

In the five Overland factories, employing thousands of men, over $3,000,000 has been invested in the highest type of modern equipment.

All this prestige, this demand, this investment is at stake on producing cars which none can excel. Our dominant place would be forever lost if another car—at any price—ever gave better than Overland service.

They Must Be Right

Every material used in our chassis is the best that men know for the purpose. Every feature, regardless of cost, is made in accord with the best engineering practice.

In every car, the materials and parts are subjected to more than a thousand inspections—to more rigid inspection than any other maker employs.

Then every chassis, before the body is added, is given at least two severe road tests.

We take no chances on Overlands, for we have too much at stake. We permit no slighting, no skimping. Every part of every chassis is as good as it could be if we sold it at double our price.

The Cost Cut 28%

Overland prices are due to the use of modern automatic machinery—acres upon acres of it. Also to enormous production. Over $3,000,000 has to date been invested in the best of labor-saving equipment.

We have thus cut the cost of Overlands 28 per cent. in the past two years—an average of $300 per car. At the same time we have secured such exactness as could never be secured in the old ways. And we have made every similar part interchangeable.

It is thus that we undersell every other maker who puts out a high-grade car.

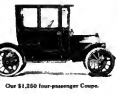
Fore Doors Included

We have employed on our 1911 models some of the ablest designers in the automobile line. The mechanism of the cars could not be further perfected, so their whole attention has been devoted to creating artistic designs. No car at any price has more style than the Overlands this year.

On several designs we offer the option of fore doors or open front—your choice at an equal price. For fore-door models are the coming vogue, and we have decided that Overland customers shall not be charged extra for them.

Our 1911 Prices

For $775 we are making a 20-horsepower car, easily capable of 45 miles an hour. The wheel base is 96 inches. Four cylinders, of course.



Our $1,250 four-passenger Coupe.

We are making a Torpedo Roadster—the latest type of a racy car—as low as $850.

The 25-horsepower Overlands, with 102-inch wheel bases, sell for $1,000—nine per cent. less than last year. Touring-car body, delivery body, roadster or rumble seats.

The 30-horsepower Overlands, with 110-inch wheel bases, sell for $1,250. A wide choice of bodies, including a Torpedo Roadster, fore-door tonneaus and open front.

We are making a 4-passenger inside-drive coupe—the ideal car for winter driving—for $1,250.

The 35-horsepower Overlands, with 118-inch wheel bases, sell for $1,600 and $1,675. All of these prices include magneto and full lamp equipment. Some have planetary transmissions, some sliding gear; some Remy magnetos, some Bosch. Our 22 models will meet any idea.

New Book of Designs

Please send us this coupon, or write us a postal, for our 1911 Book. It shows all the new designs and gives all specifications. It will enable you to compare Overlands, detail by detail, with any other car. With it we shall send you the address of the nearest of our 800 dealers where the new models are shown.

The Willys-Overland Company
(Licensed under Selden Patent)
Dept. 01 Toledo, Ohio

Send me the 1911 Overland book

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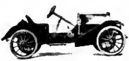
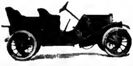
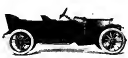


Model 45. One of our 20-h. p. models—$775. Four cylinders—96-inch wheel base.



Model 38. One of the five styles of $1,000 cars. 25-h. p.—102-inch wheel base.



Model 54. A torpedo body on one of the new higher-power models.

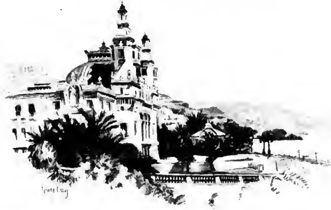
All prices include gas lamps and magneto

(120)

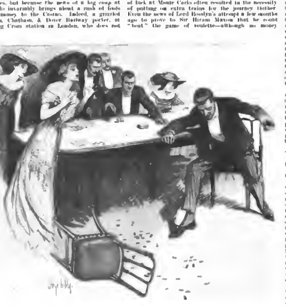
"Beating" the Bank at Monte Carlo

ONCE ONLY WAS THE CASINO FORCED TO BUY THE SECRET OF A "SYSTEM," AND THAT WAS NOT BASED UPON MATHEMATICS

By Frank Marshall White



"HE who breaks the bank to-day will be broken by the bank to-morrow," was a favorite apothegm of the late François Blanc, founder of the world-famous gambling establishment in the little principality of Monaco, and the administration to-day hails a big winning from its tables with delight, not only by reason of the fact that, in nine cases out of ten the winner loses back all he has made and a great deal more besides, but because the news of a big coup at Monte Carlo invariably brings about a rush of fools and their money to the Casino. Indeed, a grizzled old London, Chatham, & Dover Railway porter, at the Charing Cross station in London, who does not read the newspapers, once informed the writer that he could always tell the day after there had been news published of the "breaking of the bank" by the number of wild-eyed men and women who took the trains for the Channel en route for the south of France. On mentioning this circumstance to the superintendent of the station of the Paris, Lyons, & Mediterranean Railway in Paris, through which these pilgrims, as well as those of their kind from all the rest of Europe, except Spain, must pass, he assured me that the publication of a story of an unusual run of luck at Monte Carlo often resulted in the necessity of putting on extra trains for the journey thither. Even the news of Lord Rosslyn's attempt a few months ago to prove to Sir Hiram Maxim that he could "beat" the game of roulette—although no money passed and the test was made in London—sent hundreds of Englishmen to try their luck at the present M. Blanc's tables.



The lady dropped the fifty gold coins on the floor

As for systems to break the bank, there is seldom a day during the Monte Carlo season that one is not put in operation on a small or large scale, and even in the languid summertime (the Casino being open every day in the year) when the croupiers punt against each other for cool drinks and the *chef de partie* is dozing in his chair, all of the tables but one or two being cleared out of the great echoing halls, the visitor is sure to encounter some perspiring enthusiast who has come to demonstrate an infallible method of play whereby he intends to carry away with him wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. The administration welcomes the "system," and is again overjoyed when it wins for a time, even when the player is wise enough to go away with his spoil. The administration of the Casino does not use the advertising columns of the newspapers, but that it treats the reporters who visit Monte Carlo with consideration may be gathered from the circumstance that in the last published report to the shareholders there is, among other items of expense for the "maintenance of the Casino proper," one that reads, "Press subvention, 625,000 francs."

Only a short time ago an English mathematician who had figured out a system absolutely sure to win at trente-et-quarante took it to Maurice Jenks, known in London as "the baccarat king," he having made a million sterling at that game—always acting as banker. The inventor of the system desired to explain it to Jenks, in order to induce him to join a syndicate he was organizing to provide the 5,000 pounds essential to begin the campaign at Monte Carlo.

"You need not mind explaining to me," said Jenks. "I will put up half the amount—on one condition."

"What is the condition?" inquired the mathematician, eagerly.

"That you play your system against me," replied the expert.

There was one occasion, however, when M. Blanc was forced to buy off a Frenchwoman whose method of play completely confounded the Monte Carlo administration and defied all laws of mathematics. The story, which probably appears in print here for the first time, was told by former Director of Play Duval of the Casino, to the late Chevalier Edward A. Delille, once editor of Galignani's *Messenger* in Paris, and before that secretary to Napoleon III. The Chevalier was in the habit for many years of spending two or three months each winter in Monte Carlo at the expense of the "Anonymous Society of Sea Baths and Strangers' Club," (the full title of the gambling establishment), as the representative of several English and French newspapers. His notes of the occurrence, which he did not make use of himself, the old gentleman turned over to the writer not long before his death.

According to Chevalier Delille the incident in question occurred during the winter of 1896-7, and he quoted M. Duval as saying that it was the only occasion on which a "system" ever gave the bank a moment's anxiety. One afternoon in December or January M. Duval noticed an old Frenchwoman who had

Long Waiting Lists in 137 Cities Show How the Nation Regards the

Cadillac "Thirty"

Over and above the thousands of 1911 Cadillacs already delivered, two thousand people are at this moment patiently waiting for the car of their choice.

It seems to us that we may well be pardoned for pointing to the positive, unswerving character of this Cadillac demand.

It is a national conviction, so firmly grounded that Cadillac dealers, of their own initiative, are investing in splendid new Cadillac retail buildings for 1911 a total of more than $2,500,000.

New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Providence, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Denver, Toronto, Seattle, Vancouver, B. C., Jacksonville, New Orleans, Houston, Rochester, everywhere the same clean-cut disposition to ignore the claims of any other car save the Cadillac.

You will find none of these two thousand Cadillac buyers looking with envious eyes at costlier cars.

You will find none of them tempted by the vacillating market of lower-priced motor cars.

But you will find, in every large city in the country, scores of men who have owned higher-priced automobiles in the past driving 1911 Cadillacs.

Between the two extremes stands the Cadillac, solid as a rock in public esteem.

It is the foremost exponent now, as it was the first four years ago, of the policy of attaining the minimum price by large production, without abating one iota of excellence.

Uncertainty among those who buy above the Cadillac price, and uncertainty among those who buy below it, but none among those who buy the Cadillac—what does this indicate to you?

167 parts and 237 operations accurate to the 1-1000 of an inch or closer—outside the Cadillac neither higher nor lower price can buy such standardization

Do you know why 137 cities show long Cadillac waiting lists?

Do you know why 2,000 people are content to wait upon Cadillac deliveries?

Do you know why they are not attracted by cars of either a higher or lower price?

Because the nation has acquired motor wisdom—because it knows that neither high price nor low necessarily indicates value.

Because the nation is learning to know that no price can compensate for lack of standardization.

Because the Cadillac, with 167 parts and 237 operations accurate to the 1-1000 of an inch, possesses in this standardization an indispensable quality for which there is no substitute.

Last year we pointed to 112 parts accurate to 1-1000 of an inch.

We said that this accuracy was the one element which justified a $5,000 price, and that the Cadillac possessed it in a higher degree than any other car.

We said then—and thousands echoed it—that there was no better motor car value in the world.

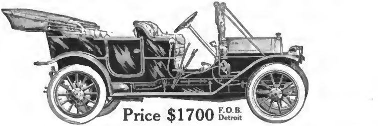
This year we come to you with the grand work of synchronization, harmony and perfect alignment pushed still further toward perfection.

167 parts in the 1911 Cadillac and 237 operations accurate to the 1-1000 of an inch.

That means a degree of standardization equalled by no other car in the world.

Do you find an explanation now for the extraordinary conditions described in the foregoing portion of this announcement?

Do you appreciate why the Cadillac is immune from the competition of cars of higher or lower price?



Price $1700 F.O.B. Detroit

Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau and Roadster

Fore-door Touring Car, $1,800; Torpedo, $1,850; Coupe, $2,250; Limousine, $3,000

Prices include the following equipment:—Bosch magneto and Delco ignition systems. One pair gas lamps and generator. One pair side oil lamps and tail lamp. One horn and set of tools. Pump and repair kit for tires. 60-mile season and trip Standard speedometer; robe rail; full foot rail in tonneau and half foot rail in front. Tire holders.

Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Licensed under Selden Patent)

been a frequenter of the Casino for many years, and who made her living by obtaining good places at the tables when the *salles des jeux* were opened in the morning, and selling them to players with more money who came in later. She was sitting at the second table to the right on entering the roulette salon, known as the "suicides' table," and the reason M. Duval noticed her on this occasion was that she was with a good-looking young Italian, and they were playing with gold louis, instead of five-franc pieces, the minimum sum permitted to be staked, which was Madame's usual practice.

M. Duval took very little notice of the play, however, except to congratulate Madame when she rose to go to dinner, whereupon she turned to him with what he called a surprising air of defiance, and asked: "How much will M'sieur give for the secret of an infallible system at roulette?"

"Nothing," he replied, laughing. "We are not buying secrets to-day." To this she responded,

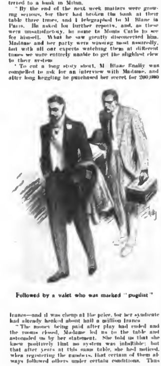
"Ah, but M'sieur will be glad to purchase it some day."

"For several days I did not see the old woman," M. Duval told the Chevalier, "and the matter passed completely from my mind. One afternoon a week later, however, I saw her at the same table in company with three men. The *chef de partie* whispered to me that they were winning heavily, and I told the surveillants to watch and report. An hour later one of the men came to me and said that Madame and her party had won 70,000 francs, and that, strangest of all, they only played the maximum and scarcely ever lost.

"That evening I looked on at their play myself several times, and certainly they seemed to win each time they staked. The curious point, however, was that in twenty or so turns of the wheel they would never play more than twice, first one of the partners and then the others, but on each occasion they won the maximum in all combinations—*en plein*, the color, the column, the dozens, and the transversal. Indeed, the system certainly seemed to bear out the prophecy of Madame, and to be actually infallible. In spite of my knowledge of the fact that no system can beat a roulette wheel, I began to grow interested, the more particularly as by the end of the week they were several thousand francs ahead of the game, all of which had been safely lodged in the Credit Lyonnais and transferred to a bank in Milan.

"By the end of the next week matters were growing serious, for they had broken the bank at their table three times, and I telegraphed to M. Blanc in Paris. He asked for further reports, and, as these were unsatisfactory, he came to Monte Carlo to see for himself. What he saw greatly disconcerted him. Madame and her party were winning most assuredly, but with all our experts watching them at different times we were entirely unable to get the slightest clew to their system.

"To cut a long story short, M. Blanc finally was compelled to ask for an interview with Madame, and after long haggling he purchased her secret for 200,000 francs—and it was cheap at the price, for her syndicate had already banked about half a million francs.



Followed by a valet who was marked "pugilist"

"The money being paid after play had ended and the rooms closed, Madame led us to the table and astounded us by her statement. She told us that she knew positively that no system was infallible; but that after years at this same table, she had noticed, when registering the numbers, that certain of them always followed others under certain conditions. Thus if the croupier spun with the number nine opposite him, twenty-six was certain to be the next, and that if zero was in the same position, thirty-two would surely follow. For weeks she followed these numbers, and then played and won. Then through the good-looking young Italian whom she let into the secret she got together her successful syndicate.

She was with a good-looking young Italian

"And why was it that these numbers turned up in sequence? It was quite simple when we got the clew. The roulette wheel had become in the very slightest degree warped by the heat, and was not quite round, in so much that if turned at a certain point it invariably stuck at a certain other point, which would only have been noticed by a person keeping track of the numbers for weeks and months as Madame had done. That is the only system that has ever been infallible, and I need hardly say that since then we have been careful to test all the roulette wheels every day."

There have been some successful attempts to swindle the big gambling house at Monte Carlo, but it is not an easy matter, since the corrupting of the croupiers is essential, and these men get good wages for six hours' work per day, and receive a pension on retiring from the service. A few years ago, however, a leading French chevalier d'industrie, known in Paris as "Ardisson, the magnificent," cleared up some 180,000 francs at trente-et-quarante by fraud, and got away with it. According to that remarkable weekly, *Rouge et Noir, Organe de Defense des Joueurs de Roulette et de Trente-et-Quarante*, this gentleman, who had successfully "worked" nearly every pleasure resort on the European continent, turned his attention to Monte Carlo in 1904, making a particular study of the tables and methods of play in disguise before risking any large amount of money.

Like many wise folk before and since, says the writer in *Rouge et Noir*, he came to the conclusion that roulette was unworthy of his attentions. Its companion game, trente-et-quarante, gave him some food for thought, however. It was played with cards; it was non-mechanical; the personal element entered into its procedure; and, finally, the stakes were high. In trente-et-quarante, then, he saw his opportunity.

Vanishing for a space from the neighborhood of his blissfully ignorant victims, he returned eventually, accompanied by a friend of his own sex (and profession), and by a couple of beautiful and well-dressed women. The party ranged themselves, two on each side of the trente-et-quarante board, and, while the croupier was shuffling the cards preparatory to starting a fresh set of deals, the lady on one side engaged the umpire in ingenuous chat, asking how the game was played and so forth, while she on the other requested umpire No. 2 to supply her with gold in change for a thousand-franc note. At the precise instant when the croupier was ready to begin, the lady dropped the fifty gold coins on the floor, where they rolled hither and thither, creating a most unseemly diversion and attracting all eyes from the cloth. Attendants gathered up the gold pieces, and the game proceeded.

The Ardisson quartette, as the Gallic chronicler has it, *attaquent vigoureusement par paquets de mille la rouge et la couleur*. And, behold: "Rouge gagne et couleur" no less than three times running. And to cut a long story short, whichever way the quartette staked—and they had the finesse to vary their play more than once—they won. After eight coups, "la société se retire majestueusement," carrying with them 180,000 francs of the bank's money. At the door of the Casino a smart carriage awaits them, and in five minutes they are whirled across the frontier.

The secret of Ardisson's staggering success only transpired when too late. Horrified at the loss which the eight abnormal coups had brought about, the umpires ordered the cards to be examined, when eighty-four knaves were found in the pack. The croupier had been bribed to insert a specially prepared pack at a given signal, and the disturbance caused by the fall of the fifty gold pieces had diverted attention from the deed.

In 1901 there was talk in Monte Carlo of a successful robbery at the Casino on a large scale, perpetrated by collusion among croupiers and clerks. It was reported in the newspapers that the booty amounted to the goodly sum of 2,000,000 francs, and a dozen employees were known to have been dismissed. No information has ever been given out as to how the crime was committed, nor as to what was the actual loss, however.

The big players have never succeeded in carrying away very much money from Monte Carlo. In 1905 a London newspaper published a story to the effect that an American from Chicago had won 500,000 francs there in one day, and had taken the money home with him, but his name was not given. In the early nineties the sensation at Monte Carlo one season was the play of a Chicago youth of twenty-one, named Harry Rosenfeld, who made something like half a million francs in a week, playing during the day, but lost most of it at baccarat at night after the Casino had closed.

The late David Christie Murray used to tell a story of a sensational play at Monte Carlo that he witnessed himself. "It was my fortune," he said, "to be in the Casino on a Sunday night in 1899, when a French nobleman bearing an historic name entered the room with a fancy to play on No. 8. He was followed by a valet who was marked 'pugilist' from head to heel, and carried a cash-box which proved to be full of thousand-franc notes. 'Numero huit,' said Monsieur le Duc, 'et maximum par tout.' He was known, and his challenge was accepted before the cash-box was opened. The maximum on any single chance at roulette is 6,000 francs, but it is possible to repeat it seventeen times on the same coup. You can play *en plein*—that is to say, on a single figure; you can play at each corner and at each side of that figure; you can play the simple transversal and the divided transversal above and below the figure; you can play the column, the dozen, the pair or impair, the passe or the manque, and the color.

"In the instance I recall No. 8 turned up three times running. Monsieur le Duc netted three times seventeen times 6,000 francs in about three minutes, and the bank was closed. What brought his historic dukeship there in the nick of time for that trifold piece of luck nobody can tell. He did not want the money, for he had just married a few odd millions, and he did not seem to care whether he lost or won, but stood impassive as a red Indian through the few minutes of that stupendous game. It was within a quarter of an hour of closing time, and there were not many people present, but the salle went mad."

The two biggest winners at Monte Carlo of recent years to figure prominently in the newspapers are Charles Wells, a Londoner, who won 750,000 francs in a few weeks, and lost it back, and considerable more, and a Yorkshire mechanic named Jaggers, who won 3,000,000 francs on a system, and was rapidly losing it back by the same system, when he had sense enough to quit the game. He got away with considerably more than a million francs.

It is not likely that the gambling establishment will suffer, however. For more than a quarter of a century the tables have paid all the rents and taxes of Monaco, the lighting and water, and the expenses of such religion as is essential. Even the bishop draws his salary from the profits of the tables. Altogether, if the Prince of Monaco's allowance of $250,000 per year, with $100,000 more for expenses of his body-guard, police, and law courts, be included, the Sea Baths Society earns and spends about $5,000,000 before its profits begin. And its profits are between $5,000,000 and $10,000,000 annually.

The Fool

By Westmore Willcox, Jr.

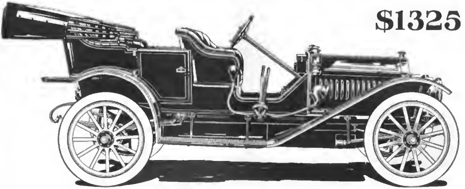
The long night through I sat beside
  And watched her laboring breath
Each pain-drawn sigh the grave defied
  For my poor sake. With morn came death.

I rose dry-eyed, and left her there,
  To don my cap and jangling bells
And many-colored suit, to fare
  Unto the court where wisdom dwells.

Dull brain, but nimble tongue, my mood
  Flew round. My masters laughed, so gay
I was and joyful. Where I stood
  I saw a funeral wend its way.

Warren-Detroit "30"

$1325



Model 11 C—Five-Passenger Touring Car

The price includes two complete and distinct sets of ignition—Bosch High Tension Magneto, gas lamps, generator; three oil lamps; horn and complete tool equipment. Special Mohair top; highest grade glass wind shield and top dust cover, $100 additional.

There Is No Skimping In The Warren-Detroit "30" For 1911. It's More Than Standard Value

We are giving you the best of everything. We're not being miserly, but sharing our profits. We are putting dollars and cents back into our car. YOU WILL GET THE BENEFIT NOW—WE'LL GET IT LATER.

We claim we are giving the biggest value in the automobile market. It's a broad claim, but we back it up with our car.

We are giving you the best motor ever put into a car selling at less than $1600. Cylinders cast en bloc with a 4 x 4½-inch bore and stroke. Look at the Warren; examine it; criticise it and compare it. There's not a flaw to be found anywhere; there is no hidden disappointment.

There's a high-grade Bosch Magneto on the motor—on most popular-priced cars you pay extra for this very necessary piece of equipment. You'll find the best ignition system in the Warren-Detroit "30." Two separate sets of spark plugs co-operate with the magneto and high-grade coil.

In a Warren-Detroit "30" you ride on semi-elliptic (front) and three-quarter elliptic (rear) springs; 34 x 3½-inch tires and a 110-inch wheel base give you the maximum of comfort. These features you'll appreciate when you begin to compare the Warren with other cars.

We have placed an accelerator on the foot-board. It's something you'll find missing in every other popular-priced car. In the big, roomy tonneau there is a Coco mat (not carpet) on the floor and a heavy brass robe rail on the backs of the seats. There is more leg-room than ever between the front seats and the dash; pyramid aluminum on the floor in front. It's refinement that makes the Warren-Detroit "30" 100 cents value.

You get style, grace and snap in this splendid 1911 model of the Warren-Detroit "30." There's an 18-inch steering wheel with an aluminum spider and mahogany rim—a finish equal to that of the finest carriage; and sweeping steel mud-guards, with dust-aprons between them and the frame.

The lubrication is the Splash system—long in use on the expensive foreign cars. Everything is a bit better than you secure on any other popular-priced car. We want you to understand what STANDARD CONSTRUCTION BUT MORE THAN STANDARD VALUE MEANS in the Warren-Detroit "30."

- Compare the Warren-Detroit "30" for 1911 with any car anywhere near its price. We've done our best to improve the motor—found it wellnigh impossible, and put our dollars into refinements—made our car the BIGGEST AUTOMOBILE VALUE IN THE WORLD.

"PERFORMANCE MEANS PROOF" is the title of a little booklet which tells you why the Warren-Detroit "30" has made good. If you'll write us at once we'll send you this piece of literature along with a big illustrated 1911 catalog.

The Warren "30" For 1911: You can buy a snappy roadster with either a dickey seat or a 30-gallon gasoline tank for $1200. For $1300 you can buy a demi-tonneau. A stylish torpedo or a fore-door costs $1500. There's an inside-drive coupé at $1750.

Warren Motor Car Co.

Detroit, Mich.

Merciful Dogs of War

The general staff of the army and the faculty at the War College at Washington have been giving consideration to the question of having trained dogs as a part of the war forces of the United States, with the result that it is probable that within a short time the United States army will have its trained dogs as Germany and France have.

In everything pertaining to the art of war Germany is generally first. She introduced trained dogs as a part of her regular military establishment many years before any other nation. France followed Germany; and both these countries have succeeded in training corps of dogs which, it is contended, are invaluable on the field of battle. The dog corps is attached to the Red Cross, and the animals are trained to recognize no authority except that of a man with the Red Cross insignia on his arm. A stranger could put on a Red Cross uniform with the red cross, and the dogs would obey him instantly. One set of the dogs is trained not to bark when a wounded soldier is discovered on the field, for fear of drawing the attention of the enemy. An animal thus trained will take the soldier's cap in his mouth and rush back to the troop with it. Another set is trained to give the alarm when a wounded man is found by a series of short, sharp barks. The dogs are taught never to scent out the dead: they are only to assist the wounded. Each dog carries a first aid package strapped around his neck, and each knows that when a wounded man is found it is his duty to let the soldier take the package.

Germany has several hundred of these trained dogs, while France has only about fifty. It is the purpose of the American army to try only a small number at first.

Spectacles for Horses

At least one London firm makes spectacles for horses. The object of these is to promote high stepping. The frames are made of stiff leather entirely enclosing the eyes of the horse, and the glasses used are concave and large in size. The ground seems to the horse to be raised, and he accordingly steps high, thinking that he is going up-hill or has to step over some obstacle.

This system of spectacle-wearing is generally adopted while the horse is young, and its effect on his step and action is said to be remarkable. It has been ascertained that the cause of a horse's shying is, as a rule, short sight: and it is contended that the sight of all horses should be tested, as that of children.

It is maintained that by a little artificial assistance many valuable horses which have become optically unfit for work can be restored to usefulness.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS 25 cents a box.

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—*caffeine*—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals, I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not taste right, and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast, I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

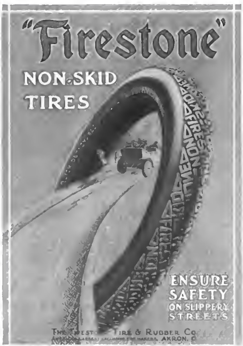
"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later, when boiled good and strong, it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.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THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
AMERICA'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE TIRE MAKERS, AKRON, O.

On the Santa Fe Trail

Three Southwest travel art booklets you will enjoy reading:

"To California Over the Santa Fe Trail,"
"Titan of Chasms" (Grand Canyon), and
"The California Limited."

Mailed free on reqoest. They are profusely illustrated

The California Limited, train of luxury, is finer than ever this season. Exclusively first class. Runs daily between Chicago-Kansas City and Los Angeles-San Diego-San Francisco.

"Santa Fe All the Way,' through the Southwest land of enchantment. Has a Pullman for Grand Canyon of Arizona—the world's scenic wonder. Fred Harvey dining-car meals, too.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Manager, A.T.&S.F.Ry. System, 1000 Railway Exchange, Chicago

The California Limited

Finance

THREE BILLION BUSHELS OF CORN

By Franklin Escher

Back in the summer when the crop-killers from the East were sending in their pessimistic reports from the corn belt, it seemed as though we should be lucky if half the crop ever came to maturity. Through the alleged floods and droughts, however, there continued steadily to develop the biggest and best corn crop the country has ever seen. For the first time in our history we have succeeded in getting the yield above three billion bushels.

We are used to big things in this country and prone to take the gathering in of crops worth a vast amount of money almost as a matter of course, and yet in this fact that there is at present being harvested the biggest of corn crops ever grown, there is something which strongly appeals to the imagination. Three billion bushels of corn translated into terms of money and buying power spell an influence bound to cause a faster beat in the business pulse of the whole country.

Primarily, there is to be considered the tonnage for the railroads arising from the moving of so vast a bulk of newly created merchandise. That in itself means increased earnings, but it means more than that. It means that in order to handle the business at all, the railroads have got to provide themselves with additional equipment. That means business for the steel companies and the car-building companies and the numerous other concerns from which the railroads buy.

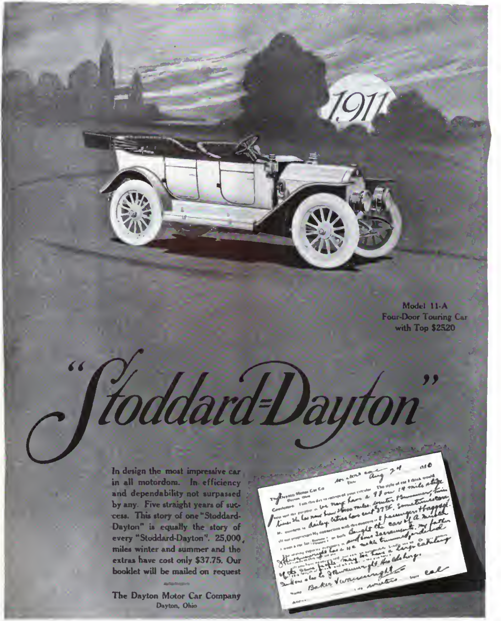
Not all the corn crop is hauled away at once from the place where it is grown, but the greater part of it is, and sooner or later, in one form or other, most of what was held back on the farms will find its way to market. Until far into next year this influence on railroad earnings will be operative. It will be a good while before the various products of the crop—the cereals which will be made from it, for instance, and the hogs and other live-stock which it will serve to feed—will all have been carried to market.

The movement of the crops away from the crop regions is only one side of the question. There must be considered, as well, the return flow of merchandise set up by the creation of all this new buying power. The farmer who has sold his corn for $10,000 isn't $10,000 richer than he was at the season's beginning, but by whatever his margin of profit was, his buying power has been increased. It may have been twenty-five per cent, or it may have been fifty per cent. Whatever per cent it was, on a crop worth approximately a billion and a half dollars, it certainly ran up into big figures.

It must be considered, too, that this fresh outpour from nature's horn of plenty follows a succession of good crops, by reason of which the farmer has been placed in a very strong position. Generally speaking his land is unencumbered by mortgages and his equipment is up to date. The profits of a crop like this last one, therefore, are not swallowed up in the payment of interest on borrowed money or in the making of needed improvements. To a very large extent this money is surplus, in the real sense of the term, and is available both for investment and for spending. That a great part of it will be put to the latter use is proved by the orders being booked by salesmen working in the crop territory.

That the three-billion bushel corn crop is a strong uplifting force on the country's business is evident—there remains only the question as to whether the marketing of so vast an amount of merchandise can be accomplished without straining the archaic mechanism of our currency system. Back in the summer, it must be admitted, it seemed as though the marketing of big crops this fall could hardly be accomplished without serious disturbance of the money market. By the way in which the situation was taken in hand, however, a great change in conditions was effected. Through the import of foreign gold and the exercise of the greatest conservatism in making loans, a position, which at the summer's beginning was hopelessly weak has been converted into a position of great underlying strength.

For the way in which the financing of the first three-billion bushel corn crop was handled, the great banks of the East, when the financial history of 1910 comes to be written, will be given the highest credit. With everything against them at the summer's beginning—small reserves, an active speculation in land all over the country—they set out to prepare themselves for the strain which they knew the marketing of great crops was bound to bring. It meant the passing up of much profitable business, but there was much at stake and for once the banks were working together. What they accomplished will stand out brightly on a page of our financial history where it will have plenty of opportunity to shine.



Model 11-A
Four-Door Touring Car
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"Stoddard-Dayton"

In design the most impressive car in all motordom. In efficiency and dependability not surpassed by any. Five straight years of success. This story of one "Stoddard-Dayton" is equally the story of every "Stoddard-Dayton". 25,000 miles winter and summer and the extras have cost only $37.75. Our booklet will be mailed on request

The Dayton Motor Car Company
Dayton, Ohio

Where to Leave Valuables

If a man must lose his purse, it is said that the best place to do so is in a Paris cab. At any rate, there are many reports wonderful in their way, as to how money has been recovered after having been thus left. The Parisian cabmen are honest enough: and they are carefully looked after by the French police. The latter fact, however, does not account for some curious instances of self denial on the part of the cabmen of the French capital.

One night a rich Russian, who had gone away from his club a heavy winner at cards, left the whole amount, ten thousand francs, in a cab. He was so certain that he had lost it irreparably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether it had been given up.

Some time later he was in Paris, and a friend urged him at least to satisfy himself as to whether the missing money had been taken to the lost property office. He did so, although the limit of time for claiming lost property had almost expired.

"Ten thousand francs?" asked the official. "Yes, monsieur; it is here." And the packet was restored to him.

"What a fool that cabman must be!" was the cynical observation of the fortunate Russian.

On another occasion a jeweller in the Palais Royal left a diamond parure worth eighty thousand francs in a cab. The police, when he reported his loss, gave him little hope of recovering the treasure. Not only were diamonds worth sixteen thousand dollars a great temptation to the cabman, but, worse still, the loser did not know the number of the cabman, having picked him up in the street instead of taking him from the rank, and, more unfortunate yet, he had quarrelled with the driver, on which account he had left the cab.

The case seemed hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quaintest part of the story is that, when asked if he would demand a reward, the cabman said:

"Not I. He was too rude! I trust I may never see him again!"

All cabmen are not as honest as this, yet a great deal of treasure lost in Paris finds its way to the prefecture, whither everything found in streets and highways, in omnibuses, theatres, cabs, and railway stations, is forwarded. In one case an emigrant, who had made his fortune in America, and carried it in his pocket in the shape of fifty notes of ten thousand francs each, dropped his purse as he climbed on to the outside of an omnibus.

The conductor picked it up and restored it with its one hundred thousand dollars intact.

ALWAYS THE SAME GOOD OLD
Blatz

Just Observe for Yourself—Pronounced Individuality and a Flavor more satisfying than mere words can describe, are Blatz exclusive characteristics—so declare those who really appreciate character and quality in table beer.

BLATZ
— MILWAUKEE —
THE FINEST
BEER EVER BREWED

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE
ASK FOR IT AT THE CLUB, CAFE OR BUFFET
INSIST ON "BLATZ"
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HILL'S
"HUSTLER"
ASH SIFTER

will make a big reduction in your coal bill—25 per cent. of ashes is GOOD COAL—a minute a day saves the coal. No dust, no trouble. Ashes go into barrel and coal into the bin.

Write today for free descriptive folder

HILL DRYER COMPANY
215 Park Ave. Worcester, Mass.
Sold by Dealers Everywhere

MELBA SINGS TO RECORD AUDIENCE

Renders Seventeen Selections to the Delight of Thousands of Music Lovers.

Melba is to-day singing with the same delightful freshness, purity, and power that have always enthralled her audiences. The great singer has this season renewed her successes in England, and in her present concert tour here is endearing herself anew to the American public by her incomparable singing. And the diva is not unmindful of the appreciative audiences the world over who, although they have never seen her, have, thanks to the Victor, heard her marvelous voice.

Melba came to America a week ahead of time expressly to sing to this vast number of music lovers, and spent the entire week in the Victor recording laboratory at Camden, N. J., making records for the Victor. The results of this visit are just now evident to the public through the issuance of seventeen new records in the November Victor list, and it is a matter for congratulation that these records have been secured when the great singer was at her best, so that posterity will hear her in the full tide of her powers.

Fourteen of the records are selections which appeared in her regular list, but which have been remade by the new and improved process of Victor recording, and, with her three new records, these reproductions are perhaps the most remarkable ever produced by the Victor. Melba herself pronounces them absolutely perfect in every respect, and that means that hearing these new records is like hearing this great artist herself. All her astonishing power and brilliancy, all her captivating ease of execution, all the warmth and loveliness of her voice are just as evident in these records as when she sings on the operatic stage. ***

Hallowe'en

By John Kendrick Bangs

Bring forth the raisins and the nuts—
To-night All-Hallow's Spectre struts
  Along the moonlit way.
No time is this for tear or sob,
Or other woes our joys to rob,
But time for Pippin and for Bob,
  And Jack-o'-Lantern gay.

Come forth, ye lass and trousered kid,
From prisoned Mischief raise the lid,
  And lift it great and high.
Leave grave old Wisdom in the lurch,
Set Folly on a lofty perch,
Nor fear the awesome rod of birch
  When dawn illumes the sky.

'Tis night for revel, set apart
To relllume the darkened heart,
  And rout the hosts of Dole.
'Tis night when Goblin, Elf, and Fay,
Come dancing in their best array
To prank and royster on the way,
  And ease the troubled soul.

The ghosts of all things past parade,
Emerging from the mist and shade
  That hid them from our gaze,
And, full of song and ringing mirth,
In one glad moment of rebirth,
Again they walk the ways of earth,
  As in the ancient days.

The beacon light shines on the hill,
The will-o'-wisps the forests fill
  With flashes filched from noon;
And witches on their broomsticks spry
Speed here and yonder in the sky,
And lift their strident voices high
  Unto the Hunter's Moon.

The air resounds with tuneful notes
From myriads of straining throats,
  All hailing Folly Queen;
So join the swelling choral throng,
Forget your sorrow and your wrong,
In one glad hour of joyous song
  To honor Hallowe'en!

THE NEW HEAD OF NEW YORK'S POLICE

JAMES C. CROPSEY, WHO WAS APPOINTED LAST WEEK BY MAYOR GAYNOR TO SUCCEED WILLIAM F. BAKER AS COMMISSIONER OF POLICE, IS THIRTY-NINE YEARS OLD, IS A BROOKLYN LAWYER, AND HAS NEVER HELD OFFICE BEFORE. HE IS A REPUBLICAN.

Bricks of Flour

Wheat flour is now made into bricks by hydraulic pressure. Almost every one is familiar with tea bricks, but flour bricks are entirely novel.

Flour in bricks possesses many advantages over the loose powder. In the first place, the enormous pressure exerted destroys all forms of larval life already present, and the bricks are much too hard afterward for any insects to work their way in. The bricked flour is equally secured from mould, and is to all practical purposes water-proof, so that it could suffer no damage in shipment, even though carelessly handled and exposed to the weather. The bulk of the flour is much reduced, and a barrel of ordinary flour pressed into bricks could be packed in a square case about the size of a soap-box.

Before using the flour, it is of course necessary to reduce it to a powder, and this is done by first breaking up the bricks between cogs and then running the pieces between rollers. Small home grinders, made on the principle of a coffee-mill, will undoubtedly appear on the market if the brick flour becomes popular with housewives.

The Joy of the "Night Letter"

The Western Union "Night Letter" service brings joy and comfort to the home circle when distance divides the family.

A fifty-word message can be sent from any of the twenty-five thousand Western Union offices throughout the country, for delivery next morning, at the price of a ten-word day message.

Owing to its moderate cost, the facility with which it may be used, the elimination of abbreviation and the promptness in delivery, the Western Union "Night Letter" has become firmly established in American life as a medium for social and business correspondence.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY
"Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service."

Original Store and Factory

The reputation built up by three generations is HUYLER'S most valuable asset. We cannot afford to jeopardize it by using any but the highest grades of raw material, which when combined with careful workmanship, expert blending and perfect cleanliness produce Huyler's Quality. You do not have to guess. Absolute Purity and Perfection are assured when you purchase

Huyler's
World Renowned
Candies, Cocoa and Chocolates

Main New York Works to-day, besides which HUYLER'S operate 11 Branch Factories, where their Candies of Rare Quality are made.
56 Retail stores in Principal Cities.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez Cigars
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Hunyadi János
Natural Laxative Water
Recommended by Physicians
Refuse Substitutes
Best remedy for
CONSTIPATION
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

PARIS GARTERS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
NO METAL
can touch you

YEAR ROUND COMFORT
25¢, 50¢, $1.00.
Dealers or direct upon receipt of price

A. Stein & Co. Makers
Congress St. & Center Ave.
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The HERITAGE of the DESERT

TRADE MARK
EVERSTICK
INVISIBLE RUBBERS

Don't cover your feet as do the old fashioned clumsy rubbers. They protect the most vital part (the sole of the shoe) from cold and damp and allow the feet to breathe.

EVERYBODY NEEDS EVERSTICKS.
Always for sale where good shoes are sold
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES
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ON THE STORY

(Continued from page 13)

our hearts were saddened by hearing a shrill "pfwee-ee-ee!" from our patched tire, and soon we were down on the rim. There was nothing to do but coast back to town for a fresh start.

Don Enrique discovered a deaf and dumb youth who was willing to sell me his beautiful bicycle for twenty five dollars in American gold. I demanded a view before buying. The young man brought in a perfectly good bicycle, not more than ten years old, but without tires. Lucky he was not to be able to hear certain things I said about the wheel.

"Never mind, Señor Ingles," cried the faithful Don Enrique. "No man will trust his horses on the road at night, for, look you, a horse is very easy to shoot or to steal. But wait. Let us sleep. Before the dawn I shall arise and go to my valued friend, a former member of the ayuntamiento, and get from him horses that will take us speedily to Havana over this smooth road. Trust me. All will yet be well."

We were called at half past three next morning.

"Look," Don Enrique exhorted me, "I will not even wait for coffee. No, I go at once in haste for the horses."

He went. After coffee I waited during one cigarette, then, wondering whether he had died on the way from overspeeding, started after him. The sound of a familiar voice arrested me as I was passing a café. One glance through the open archway that served as a window revealed Don Enrique as a modern Ulysses sitting in the midst of a circle of friends who were listening breathless to his eloquent narrative, with gestures, as he described his adventures with the mad American reporter. I hated to interrupt, but—

"Pardon this untimely and uncalled-for question," I said at length, "but may I inquire, Don Enrique, whether you have found the horses for which you started in such haste a few ages ago?"

"Ah yes," he confessed, "the horses. We will have them immediately. I hasten away."

But for all that, he said, "Adios, señor," separately to every one of his cronies and shook hands long and heartily with each. It was not until we were actually rolling northward in a good carriage that he made even an indirect explanation.

"Ah, señor," he counselled, with a wise shake of the head, "you must understand these pipple" (meaning people). "When you smash your fist on your chest and say, '—— ——! we must get to Havana!' your poor cochero do not know w'at to do. His heart beat so fast he can do no thing."

Alas for the brilliant enterprise that began in such high hope! We changed horses twice and galloped into Havana in time to see the steamer turn on her heel just outside the Morro and square away for home. At last I could understand why to some cultures suicide seemed alluring. Having no inclination that way, I simply dropped in at the office of my friend Slevin, who ran the *Daily Telegraph*, and lightened my woes by allowing the electric fan to blow through my six days' growth of whiskers.

THE FALL OF TERRY, O. S.

(Continued from page 17)

steel spring, and then touched all off in one tigerish lunge that landed both fists true. His left smacked beef somewhere, like a lead pellet on a boulder; but his right also welded a leaden tentacle between Joe's eyes, as they touched the ground together, to a roaring from the crowd.

Joe had their decision. Underneath though he was, he knew that, from the shiny rills of red that streaked out across the thick cheeks over him. And then the shouts ceased suddenly. Loud talk in a familiar voice, a scuffle, begun at one side of the ring, and the next moment a blue uniform that he knew too well shot into it.

Joe felt his senses swim and lapse, and when he opened his eyes the crowd was gone and Raile was lifting him to his feet.

They started walking in silence up the street.

"Terry, it's two hours before our next boat shoves off for home," said Raile, at length, looking at his watch. "What do you say we salute the kangaroos up in the zoo?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Not a question about his uniform. Not a hint of penalty for being overtime. Not a word about his last week. The signals were plain enough. Mum must be the word about Irene, and Nigger, and all the rest. Raile had "seen" nothing. If only every officer were like him!

Yet wandering among the beasts with feathers, and the bird-like things with fur, but heightened the topsyturviness of Joe's bluejacket world. And the ornithorynchus it was, from his rocky pasture, who croaked an open sesame to the burdens of Joe's soul.

"Mr. Raile," he said, "I believe that women are at the bottom of all the trouble in the world."

For answer, the officer took off his hat—to womanhood, thought Joe—until he dug a mass of soggy paper from the crown of it. It was the *Guide to Sydney*.

"A steamer cox'n hooked this out of the harbor this morning," he said. "Your name's on it. I've read it through—between the lines—" He eyed Joe tellingly.

As they got off the tram by the landing an hour later Joe started on the run for the white-topped launch under the stringpiece. There, on top of the very wool-bales where he had paused yesterday, sat a skirted creature with copper-dust hair.

"Your lady friend back there," said Raile, catching up, and seating himself in the stern, "wants to speak to you. Hadn't you better go back?"

"The—the *hell* with her!" ripped out Joe. "Mr. Raile, for God's sake, shove off!"

They climbed the gangway into the grime and tumult of coaling, and reached the quarter-deck on the instant that a commotion was breaking out about amidships on the starboard side. A dungareed crowd of men from Joe's own division were ringed about a half-naked figure. Two masters-at-arms held him by the wrists, to keep him, it seemed, from plunging in and proving with his fists, just as Joe himself had done, the same vociferation that he "belonged to the outfit."

It was Nigger. Nigger caught by the patrol, of course, in Joe's blue jeans, and dragged out on board for duty at the boats—until he had been found out!

"You hound!" burst out Joe; and then clapped a hand across his mouth, for leaning over them from the superstructure stood the first lieutenant, Cross.

"Let the pair have it out, Mr. Cross," said Raile. "I'll make myself responsible for Terry."

"They've had that 'elt' all day breaking records," laughed back the first lieutenant. "There's no living on the ship with the devil of a racket they've been putting up. The whole watch joined in. And now he's saying he wants to re-enlist."

"An' I do!" came in a wrathful shout from Nigger's smudged and perspiring face.

"Silence!" called Raile. "In this deck court here, Seaman Terry has the floor. He'll cross-examine you."

"Did you see the girl?" asked Joe, stepping forward, to a guffaw from the whole throng.

"Yes, I seen her," said Nigger, doggedly, "and before your patrol pinched me. She come out into the dark hall of her father's house, and as soon as she made out your uniform, she trows her arms about my neck, and cries, 'Oh, you kid, Joe Terry!'"

A roar went up as Nigger slipped the boot upon Joe's foot. Mr. Cross, even, held his sides.

"You can keep her. I'm done with her," Nigger followed up. "I told your man I wanted to ship over, and I'm a-going to."

"And leave her crying for you down on the dock?" retorted Joe, seizing his chance to even scores at last. "I just been talking there with Irene. She saw you get pinched, all right, and 's been holding close in your wake since, afraid she'd lose you to the outfit. No one knew your name out here, so they wouldn't let her aboard. She's setting there a-sobbing for you now. She says she knew you when you came to see her in my clothes, and was only joking. Oh—and her old man is hot, all right, to come across on your notes, he's that afraid of losing such a husky—"

Joe got no farther. The masters-at-arms had relaxed their hold on Nigger. But even had they not, the spring which he gave would have released him. And the life-lines being down, he plunged over the side into the harbor, like a diver from a spring-board.

In silence every one watched his head come to the surface and set resolutely ashore; then, as he struck out in long, easy strokes, the whole *Arizona* sent up a cheer.

"That man's been taught to swim," observed Raile at length.

"Sure he has," grinned Joe, but with a tinge of bitterness. "Like a man's first rough liberty teaches him to tell the truth."

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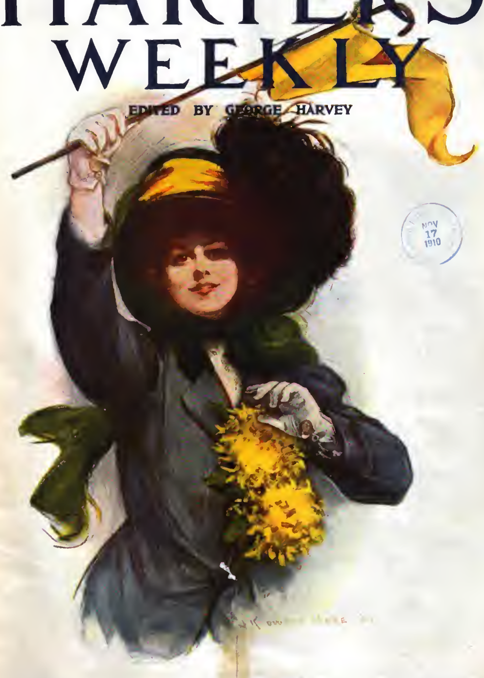
HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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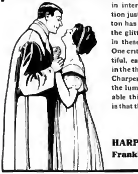

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AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The North American Review

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

Ninety-six years of vigorous, forcible living and thinking—a record without a parallel among publications on this continent—calls for fitting commemoration. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is ninety-six years young. Anything that lives must grow, and it is by this growth and progress that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, with the December number, hopes to begin its ninety-seventh year a better, a larger, a more necessary review both to its present friends and to new ones. To this end changes will be made in its size and appearance—and changes here mean improvements—the expenditure of more time, more thought and more money. The size of the page is to be made slightly larger and the proportions brought into the finest harmony of good taste. The number of pages each month will be increased. The cover hereafter will be a rich, warm gray in color, and it will present at a glance the table of contents. Typographically there will be great improvement, the text being set in type of an increased beauty and readableness.

A GREAT NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

This increased size will permit an even wider and more complete realization of what a world review should be than has been possible in the past. In character unchanged, the possibility for usefulness will be greatly enlarged. Articles on current topics by the editor will appear frequently.

One feature thus made possible is the publication of a new novel by Joseph Conrad. It is called "Under Western Eyes." This is in all probability Mr. Conrad's masterpiece—more than fiction, more than character-study—and his standing to-day has made him one of the very few fiction writers who could be included in such a periodical as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

BEGINNING WITH THE DECEMBER NUMBER

The changes here announced will come with the number for December, to be published November 30th, which begins the ninety-seventh year of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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My Mark Twain

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HARPER & BROTHERS

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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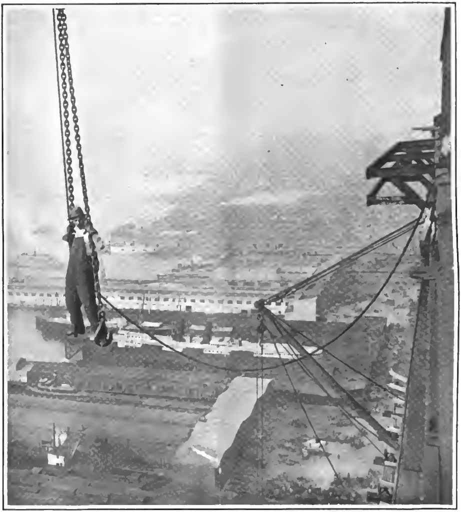

ANOTHER KIND OF BIRD MAN

The workmen on the many-storied buildings of our cities attain approximately to the aviator's view of the world of man. The steel-worker in the picture, who is swinging out over the wharves, reminds one of some failed demi-god condemned by Jupiter to hang in chains between heaven and earth

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Comment

Next Week

POLITICALLY speaking, this paper goes to press between hay and grass. We think we know, as we write these words, how things are going Election Day, but the reader, when he reads them, will know how they have really gone. Under the circumstances, we deem it advisable to postpone conversation on the results till next week.

Taft Not an Issue

Any one who has been solicitous for the success of the Democratic ticket in this State may as well be thankful that pre-election discussion here was not carried on in the plane of Secretary MACVEAGH's speech last week at Toledo. The Secretary talked about the tariff and about TAFT—especially TAFT. He is himself heartily in favor of revision downward. He admitted freely that the PAYNE law does not fulfil the promises of the Republican platform, but he said it was a great first step, that the President signed it because he believed no better law could be produced at the time and with the means in hand. A means to get a better law he found in the tariff board for which the PAYNE law provided.

Mr. MACVEAGH also spoke of President TAFT's attitude toward conservation as another thing that entitled him to Republican support, and of the President himself he said to the Ohio men:

> You have all the reasons—public and private—for being proud of your Ohio President. He is worthy of his high station. And he is a man who makes good. He is eminently and before all others in public life a man of practical achievements. Ever since he has been in public life he has brought home what he went after, and never more than since he has been President. He has already a big bag of game. He is already laden with practical and permanent triumphs. And he is not in any degree amateur over the end of his broad and wise plans and purposes of public usefulness.
>
> He is a remarkable statesman without any possible question. He is a constructive statesman of a high order. He is a progressive statesman, with all that fine constructive temper and quality which fixes and establishes progress as he goes along.
>
> He stands as a rock, for all the advanced policies and for all the progressive ideas to which our party, and the nation, had so wonderfully awakened under the leadership of ROOSEVELT, and which were adopted into the great platform of 1908; and he has faithfully and powerfully made them all his own, both by enlarging and advancing them and by constructively crystallizing them, so far as he has yet had time enough, and protecting them by the law of the land.
>
> This is a wonderful President we are talking about, and this is a wonderful record we are talking about. And we are talking of a man who is all a man, and who as a public man and political leader has but one important shortcoming. His one practical failing is—and that his countrymen will forgive him—that in public affairs he cannot think, is wholly incapable of thinking, of his own personal interests.

We had very little talk of this sort from the Republican speakers in the campaign here in New York. President TAFT was not an issue here. Mr. ROOT tried to bring him in, but it was no use; the people knew better. We believe the leading Republican campaigner made perfunctory allusions to the President from time to time, but Mr. TAFT was not discussed in this State. He was discussed in Ohio a little by Mr. MACVEAGH and by Mr. KNOX, but was he an issue there? With the election returns before him, the reader of this week's WEEKLY can judge how much truth there was in the assertion of Dr. CHARLES REED, of Cincinnati, quoted (November 9th) in the *Sun*:

> TAFT is not an issue in Ohio. The whole issue is ROOSEVELT or no ROOSEVELT. That is all that is dividing the Republican ranks in that State. There are no indications this year, as there usually are, by which anybody can predict majorities one way or another. The only thing we can tell is that we are in the presence of an upheaval—a volcanic one at that, and you can't tell where the lava is going to fall.

The Oratory of the Campaign

Again, after the deluge of campaign speaking, the inquiry is pertinent, What has become of eloquence, of high art in oratory? We have all been reading speeches every day for a month or two. Some of us have even had the energy to go and listen to a few of them. Can any one of us declare that he has either heard or read a single one that could be called great? Is there so much as a single paragraph that sticks in one's mind because it had the thrill of genuine eloquence—of high thought, suffused with strong feeling, nobly phrased? Our hands do not all go up at once, and if, after a while, anybody answers, the names most likely to be mentioned are probably the late Senator DOLLIVER's and WOODROW WILSON's. Doctor WILSON's is certainly the one oratorical reputation that the campaign has most distinctly enhanced. But the papers, although they have reported him liberally, have seemed much more intent on bringing out whatever was striking or unusual in his views or narrowly epigrammatic in his language than on determining his claim to the really highest attainment in public speech. They have, as a rule, left out altogether the passages, particularly the perorations, in which he sought to move rather than merely convince his hearers. That seems to be the fashion of present-day reporting, and possibly it is in part responsible for the apparent dearth of eloquence in our oratory. But a more probable partial explanation is that the orators themselves are too much in the habit of speaking to the papers rather than to the audiences in front of them. For true oratory is like acting: the highest effects of which it is capable are immediate, direct. They can be reported by the aid of print only as the reader is stirred to merge himself in an imaginary audience. If we read the papers less we should doubtless not only go oftener to hear our public men speak, but also have more exciting public speaking to listen to.

Next

And now, for nearly two years, the absorbing political topic will be the question of who will be, and who ought to be, the next Republican and Democratic candidates for the Presidency. In the Democratic camp there will be a healthy rivalry. So much is assured by the character of the campaign which that party has at last been waging, and of the candidates it has at last been putting forward, in a number of important States. There is every reason to believe that the baleful dominance of a single personality in the party councils is ended. Let every good Democrat help to see to it that that sort of thing shall not occur again. On the other side, too, we may hope that, in case opposition to President TAFT's renomination develops, the struggle will be open and above-board. But there is still, as for many years, a difficulty in the way, a temptation to unfairness and secrecy and corruption. We refer, of course, to the situation in most of the Southern States, where the little Republican machines, headed by their several "referees," although they are utterly unrepresentative and although they never secure a single vote in the electoral college, can nevertheless name something like a third of the delegates to Republican national conventions. We do not believe the country will much longer permit the national managers of the Republican party to deal with that situation in the culpable manner in which they have been dealing with it for forty years.

About Right

Credit our neighbor, *Life*, with the best definition of the Colonel's limitations. "Enormous," says *Life*, "as are his powers of locomotion and exhortation, he cannot sit down without assistance." And *Life* has reluctantly come to the conclusion that his fellow countrymen ought to supply the assistance.

The Negro Vote

Now that the campaign is over we shall doubtless hear more of the part the negro played in it. The slate-makers have, of course, considered the various racial "votes" in choosing men for the lesser places on the State ticket, and the maneuvering for Irish or Hebrew or [illegible] or Hungarian support by open or subterranean appeals to supposed racial and religious prejudices usually appears rather late in the game. Sometimes it does not appear at all, except to the very watchful. The National Independent League, an organization of negroes, supposed to be controlled by FORAKER of Ohio, put in more or less work among the negroes of various Northern States to help defeat candidates known as ROOSEVELT men. Incidentally, it endorsed DIX in New York, and HARMON in Ohio, and WILSON in New Jersey, and declared war particularly on LODGE in Massachusetts. Whether the League represents any considerable number of the negro voters, or only represents FORAKER, is not authoritatively stated. When similar organizations have heretofore attempted to speak for that race, the election returns have usually failed to sustain them—unless they have advocated solid loyalty to the Republican party. Things may, however, be changing, even in that respect, in this remarkable year. It would not be a bad thing for the negro race if a change should appear. The League's particular reason for being "independent" may not be a very strong one, but there are reasons enough why no American should feel bound to any one party because of his race, and there are special reasons why negroes everywhere should learn that they are free to vote Democratic whenever their interests and convictions, whether individual or racial, prompt them to that course.

An Inter-racial Conference

The idea of a congress of religions is no longer a novelty; and now we are told that London is to witness next summer a congress of races. The spirit of international co-operation is in the air, and the principle has undoubtedly proved feasible and valuable in many ways. To pass from it to the principle of inter-racial co-operation is natural. Let us hope also that the enterprise will prove equally feasible. But no enterprise is helped in the long run by blinking any of the obstacles in the way of it, and it is well to observe at the outset that there are difficulties in the way of inter-racial co-operation that do not apply to international co-operation or to co-operation among churches. There is nearly always somebody who can speak authoritatively for a nation, and a reasonably authoritative representation of a church organization is also usually attainable. But no one can speak authoritatively for a race. No one can commit a race to any particular course of action or of inaction. A congress of races cannot, therefore, give to any action it may take any binding force whatever. The members cannot legislate, they cannot negotiate; they can only confer.

And even as a conference such a gathering will have serious limitations. It will be composed, of course, only of enlightened and progressive members of the various races engaged in it. They will be exceptional men, with ideas and ideals in advance of those of the mass of their respective fellows. They cannot therefore be thoroughly representative. It is the general rule concerning friction and prejudice between races that they grow stronger and more violent the lower one goes in the scale of intelligence and education, and that they tend to disappear, or at least to lose their dangerous quality, the higher one ascends in that scale. The great cure for them is education, enlightenment, culture. The cultivated gentlemen who will assemble in London in July will devote themselves hopefully and intelligently, and we trust profitably, to the study of the various problems of race now troubling the world; but they will not themselves be the object-lessons in the actual state of feeling between races which less intelligent delegations would be. The really most troublesome and perplexing race problems are those brought about by the constant contact of great masses of the unenlightened of one race with great masses of the unenlightened of another and a dissimilar race.

Talking Banking to the Bankers

The bankers at their recent convention at Los Angeles took no action on the currency question, but two of the principal speeches they listened to dealt with that issue. Senator BURTON of Ohio, a member of the Monetary Commission, laid down four principles to be observed in any plan of currency regulation. We should, he said, be as careful to cut down circulation when it is redundant as to increase it in periods of scarcity and distress. For a second rule he added that the demands of trade, not any arbitrary or political force, should be the controlling factor in determining how much circulation to have at any time and how long to continue it. For a third rule he declared that all circulating notes should have as nearly absolute security as possible; that is to say, it will not do to give to the notes of a bank no greater sanctity than to its other debts. His fourth contention was that the privilege of issuing notes ought not to be profitable to banks directly, but only indirectly, by helping them to serve their customers better and to meet all emergencies promptly.

The other speaker, Mr. Irving T. Bush, spoke as chairman of the committee on currency of the New York Merchants' Association, and what he said had in it the value that belongs to any product of discussion. His committee, he said, had studied the idea of a central bank and had found it in some respects undesirable. But he nevertheless went on to declare his faith that some modification of that idea will prove the best thing for our needs. He would keep our present banking system, but add to it a central establishment, and he held that the doubts about the form of that establishment come down to two points: the limitation of its functions and the method of selecting its board of governors. His solution of the problem of the board would be to make it up of some bankers, some government officials, and some business men not engaged in either banking or politics; but he did not tell precisely how the three groups would be kept in balance. He would limit the establishments to the three functions of dealing in foreign exchange, rediscounting certain designated forms of short-term commercial paper and bills of exchange of regular financial institutions, and, finally, issuing bank-notes. He would make the building up and protection of our gold reserve distinctly its duty, and he would turn over to the government all its profits above four per cent., holding that bankers and business men would nevertheless be glad to serve in its directorate for the same reason that lawyers are glad to sit on the bench of the Supreme Court.

Here, it will be observed, is no proposal merely to imitate slavishly the Bank of England or any other foreign establishment, either in the constitution or the precise functions of ours. The plan is weakest in dealing with the Board of Governors. Senator Burton's idea hardly constitutes a plan at all.

High Finance and the Cheap Magazines

Again the cheaper monthly magazines are making copy about the money power, and undeniably most of us find it readable. The more powerful the money power is made to appear, and the more helpless we all are made to feel in its grasp, the better we like the article. Occasionally, however, it occurs to us that these things are read very widely, by all sorts of people, and that a good many people take them quite seriously. They help to make public opinion, and they are having their influence in politics. Are they written out of knowledge, and conscientiously, or is it the deliberate aim of the writers to make them as startling, and in that way as readable, as possible? Some of the information in them is no doubt true; some of their general conclusions may also be true—though nothing is lost in the statement; but they contain misleading things and also very shallow and superficial things. Here, for instance, is one of these writers, in *Everybody's*, explaining what "the enemy"—that is, the great predatory financiers—are doing right now. We will see, he explains, if we will only look in two places at once. "In Wall Street they are after banks, and at Washington they are after a central bank." That is to say, the same people who are after getting control of all the big private banks are trying to set up a central bank. What the reader is asked to believe is that movement for monetary reform is nothing but a selfish scheme of certain great interests. The idea that those very interests, being the same interests that already see so much power in our financial system—so much too much power—would find a properly governed and safeguarded central institution an interference rather than a help probably has not occurred to this writer at all. The odds are ten to one that he has made no use whatever of the very valuable literature of the subject which the Monetary Commission has secured and published; that he has not taken at all the obvious means to make himself acquainted with what he is writing about. Practically the only authority given for any of the statements in the series of articles is the reports of conversations with unnamed bankers and railroad men and other people supposed to know more than the rest of us about business and about money.

Such articles are not very trustworthy material for forming one's serious opinions about great civic and economic questions; but they are not much worse than a good many of the public speeches that get the first page in the newspapers. Meanwhile, if we leave out the college professors, how many of us are taking the trouble to go beyond the newspapers and the cheap magazines and getting at material that really is trustworthy? It's a disturbing question.

Lord Morley of Blackburn

In one of the papers, the cablegram from London announcing Lord Morley's resignation from the Cabinet was amusingly amplified with the comment that "he is one of Andrew Carnegie's closest personal friends"! We can hardly believe that many educated Americans required this particular evidence that Lord Morley is a person of distinction. In a letter to an American friend he once called attention to the fact that our reading public is much larger than Great Britain's, and it is quite possible that his *Burke*, his *Cromwell*, and his *Gladstone*, not to speak of his other books, have had more readers in America than among his own countrymen. It would be interesting, if it were possible, to learn whether he is more widely known among us as man of letters or as statesman; but it is unquestionably as man of letters that he is best known. Even as man of letters, however, and even before he went into public life at all, he was essentially a publicist. From the beginning, his fine intellect has been drawn to the problems of society, to politics in its larger aspects, to the noble business of the ordering of states; and his clear and resonant prose has been an admirable instrument for dealing with such themes. Yet his achievement in pure literature has also been far from negligible. Who, for instance, has ever written better of Wordsworth? That such a man should eventually rise very high in the public service was more natural in England than with us. We have, it is true, our scholars in politics; one or two of them, in fact, we could dispense with. But to pass from the study to the senate is still a commoner and an easier transition on that side than on this. Many famous Englishmen have followed that path, but hardly one whose career has been more honorable both to English literature and to English politics than has John Morley's. Let us hope that in neither field is his career ended or near its end. Although no longer in the Cabinet, he remains in the Lords; and perhaps he has laid aside his portfolio of office only that he may be freer to take up the pen.

A Great English Publicist on America

We Americans never tire of criticisms of America by Europeans. When such criticism comes from a de Tocqueville or a Bryce or any other of at all comparable training and insight and earnestness, we make no mistake in heeding it. When there is history mixed with the criticism, as in Goldwin Smith's reminiscences, another value is added. Goldwin Smith saw much more of us than de Tocqueville saw, rather more than Mr. Bryce has seen. Since his death, he has sometimes been spoken of almost as if he were an American. But his point of view is always sufficiently foreign, sufficiently English, to keep his writing about us from being like our own writing about ourselves; and his style is as free and clear and direct and trenchant as ever. Many of his observations about the Civil War period are striking and convincing; but we think he underestimates some of our men of letters of that time, particularly Emerson and Longfellow; and there will also be questioning of his view of Lincoln, whom he admired, but whom he seemed to think somewhat overpraised. When he remarks that how Lincoln would have dealt with Reconstruction is "a secret buried in his grave," we think he simply makes a mistake of fact. Lincoln had said and written enough on that subject before he died to make fairly plain the course which he meant to take. He had, in fact, already taken some of the first steps in his plan.

Brother Edison Discusses Immortality

Brother Thomas Edison, as reported in the *Times*, doubts if we have souls, and disbelieves that we are candidates for immortality. We are groups of cells, Brother Edison says, and he doesn't see any prospect of continuing life for a collection of cells. His views are quoted with special respect as coming from a careful student of the minutiæ of science.

Brother Edison is an interesting man, and his views on almost any subject are interesting because they are his, but his views on the soul and immortality are not really any more important because he is a great expert in electricity and a student of a good many things and a discoverer and inventor of wonders. The scientists, great and small, have no advantage of the rest of us when it comes to discussion of immortality, unless it is the power to put words together so that they look more important and convincing than they really are.

Immortality cannot be proved. The most that argument can do is to make it seem probable. Folks who believe in it and expect it—as most people do—believe in it because they feel so. But neither can it be disproved. None of the so-called "scientific" arguments against it are difficult to demolish. What one scientist sets up in that discussion another scientist very easily knocks down. No layman need disturb himself with the idea that the learned scientific men who "know best" disbelieve in the immortality of the soul.

Some Short-sighted Economizing

A member of the Assembly from a rural district distributed cards among his constituents asking for a re-election on the following grounds:

> He voted against increasing his own salary; against increasing the salaries of the Governor, State officers, State Senate, and judges of the Court of Claims. He voted for direct primaries, regulating the telephone and telegraph. He is for good roads and economy in expenses.

After examining this record one is at first moved to applaud the first item in it, namely, the vote against raising the salary of the man who made it. But, as a matter of fact, he could not have cast any such vote. He could only have voted against raising the salary of his successor. That and the other votes against raising salaries, doubtless seemed to him consistent with his declaration for economy; but the contrary comes nearer being true. Cheap Governors and Legislatures and courts are very likely to prove in the long run the most expensive kind. Governor Hughes is but one instance of an extremely valuable public servant who couldn't afford to go on serving the people for the pay he was getting. Former Senator Allen, on the other hand, would seem to be pretty fair evidence of the fact that another sort of public servant, finding his pay negligible, is only too likely to find a way to get even with the public for its niggardliness. There are a lot of painful indications these days that our State Legislatures are in a sorry way, and it is to be presumed we will sooner or later set about finding a remedy. Offering better pay is one of the remedies we shall probably try. It may not prove a sufficient remedy by itself, but lowering the pay will not help.

Booker Washington's Influence

> Any man who votes for Joe Thompson for Governor of Alabama votes indirectly to perpetuate the political power of Booker T. Washington in the South's political affairs.—J. C. Manning, *progressive Republican in Alabama*

Booker Washington's leading political doctrine has been that the Southern negro should cultivate industry more and politics less. Is that the doctrine that progressive Republicans in Alabama object to?

Nationalism

Arguing for a strongly centralized national government seated in Washington, Colonel Sam McClure says in his magazine that Italy and Germany have come within fifty years to be single nations composed of hitherto separate states, and that four English-speaking nations—the United States, Canada, Australia, and South Africa—are in the process of passing from the federal to the national form. And he adds:

> From many kingdoms England became one, finally Scotland was added, and then Ireland, and the very name, United Kingdom, indicates the origin.

But doubtless Brother McClure has noticed since he wrote his interesting discourse "On Government," that the new British programme now under discussion calls for home rule for Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

Moreover, Ireland is not an encouraging example of compulsory nationalism. Neither is Finland.

A sufficient nationalism every progressive country must have, and doubtless will have, but not at the cost of local self-government. Still as much as ever is it a pressing problem to make local and national government work together for good. Still as much as ever statesmanship in this land must bend itself to preserve and adjust the checks and balances contrived in the Constitution.

William Vaughn Moody, Poet

THE last month robbed us of WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY: the poet born in him died a decade earlier. No American minor poet was ever hailed with more enthusiasm than MOODY. He had, indeed, a most appealing endowment: a keen sense of beauty, a deep and yet serene feeling for the sadness in all life, a very pleasing singing voice, and a mastery of the most buoyant of English lines, the four-footed iambic and anapestic line. At the publication of his volume entitled *Poems*, in 1901, *The North American Review* said:

> It is difficult to say by what magic we know the born poet when he speaks. The sudden indrawn breath, the shivering thrill when we hear his song, these proclaim him . . . Of all the recent poets, it is Mr. MOODY who gives us this thrill. Try as we will, we cannot say wherein his whole excellence lies, although there is much, doubtless, in his wide-roving, quickly fired imagination that moves easily amongst "heirlooms of dynasties of buried kings." RICHARD WATSON GILDER sang almost too grave praise of him in *A New Poet*:

"They said there were no more singers,
But listen!—a master voice!
A voice of the true joy-bringers!
Now will ye heed and rejoice,
Or pass by on the other side,
And wait till the singer has died,
Then weep o'er his voiceless clay?
Friends, beware!
A keen, new sound is in the air;—
Know ye a poet's coming is the old world's judgment day."

The world judged WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY, it would seem, instead of listening to his judgment. The light lyrics which he was fitted to sing gained small audiences; his dramatic poems were valuable only for fine lines and lyrical reality, and to win the world's ear he began to write plays which were neither better nor worse than other machine-made dramas. *The Great Divide* was popular, but worthless from a literary point of view. *The Faith-Healer*, doubtless inspired by BJÖRNSON'S *Beyond Human Strength*, was neither popular nor a contribution to literature.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY was a charming lyric singer. Had he been content to develop an innate gift, to sing exquisitely for such few as would listen, he might have been more than a minor poet. Of the twenty-three poems which make up his single volume of lyrics ten are beautiful and lasting. *The Daguerreotype*, a long irregularly rhymed poem on finding a daguerreotype of his mother as a girl, is a poem any singer might turn to with pride.

"That this should be indeed
The flesh which caught my soul, a flying seed,
Out of the to and fro
Of scattering hands where the seedsman Mage,
Stooping from star to star and age to age,
Sings as he sows.
That underneath this breast
Nine moons I fed
Deep of divine unrest,

. . . . .

God, how with time and change
Thou makest Thy footsteps strange!"

And again he says, looking into the pictured eyes:

"Darken not, holy eyes!
Thou knowest well I know that it is thou!
Only to save me from such memories
As would unman me quite.
Here in this web of strangeness caught
And prey to troubled thought
Do I devise
These foolish shifts and slight.
Only to shield me from the afflicting sense
Of some waste influence
Which from this morning face and lustrous hair
Breathes on me sudden ruin and despair."

This poet had the romantic and the metaphysical endowment. Not the outward show and trappings of life caught his vision, but he was intent upon the inward stirrings, the half-shadowed glimpses of truth, the broken fragments of beautiful words and beautiful thoughts that the stream of life floated his way. The lyrical cry was his in poignant power; the very song he describes in *Song-flower and Poppy*.

"O hark! how it blooms in the falling dark,
That flower of mystical, yearning song:
Sad as a hermit thrush, as a lark
Uplifted, glad and strong.
Heart, we have chosen the better part!
Save sacred love and sacred art
Nothing is good for long."

The Fire-bringer, first of a trilogy of dramatic poems on the Promethean theme, has in it fine lines and lovely thoughts. It was the power to build a harmonious structure, to concentrate upon a plan, which MOODY lacked. His technical excellencies are all retained. He still gained fine effects by the introduction of foreign names and polysyllabic words, as in,

"Past the walls
Riphean, and the Arimaspian caves,
I sought the far hyperborean day."

And,

"By Indian Nysa and the Edonian fount
Of Hæmus long I lurked."

There are lovely pictures containing that sense of the interpenetration of nature and human nature, "a running together in revery" of outer and inner forces which is very distinctive of MOODY'S gift.

"Her head between her knees and all the hair
Spread like a night pool in the Autumn woods."

He sees "the frothy rim of the world," and the "shadowy sun and moon go up the blinded sky," and on the sea "the frothing lip curl off the giant lung." Life he knows as a "remnant of dim days, a handful of poor meal-times and to-beds." All this vision and thought belong to the quiet, indrawn singer. It was the cruelest irony that led WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY, in the search for success or fame or money, to put behind him his gentle gift and try to make plays.

The demand for a national drama is as clamorous in America to-day as it was in Norway in the days of young IBSEN and BJÖRNSON. Whether it will bear as good fruit here as there is still an open question. Young MOODY—for he died still a young man—threw himself into the breach. His themes were definitely American, and in order to be more flagrantly so were Western. *The Great Divide* plays in southern Arizona, where a young Eastern girl, left in a cabin alone on a prairie at night and threatened by ruffians, finally sells herself to the youngest and strongest of the men upon his promise to marry her. The play carries her through poverty, humiliation, sudden riches, and shows the development of her husband's character from a drunken ruffian to a thinking man. The plot of the *Faith-Healer* is a little more obscure. The action takes place on a small farm of the Middle West and deals with the same theme BJÖRNSON so ably handled—namely, that of spiritual healing. The characters are not very convincing, least of all that of Lazarus, the Indian boy raised from the dead.

Whether if he had lived longer MOODY would have been able to transform the shy, sweet singer's gift, which was his birthright, into the playwright's power to set the very motion of life before one as a picture and a plot, is an open question. What we have chiefly to regret is that there is but one volume of lyrics.

Correspondence

THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA

COLUMBUS, O., July 9, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—You say in your issue of even date, "Florida, in undertaking to get her immense Everglades drained, has set an excellent example." As an example of self-reliance to other States, Florida would undoubtedly be entitled to credit, provided the project was a wise one.

I spent last winter in travelling over Florida, investigating and writing on various aspects of Florida affairs. It is difficult enough to find out about the orange and truck-garden business, but the Everglades is a subject far more difficult.

Florida is a very large State, at least a very long one—nearly five hundred miles long, and the Everglades are located in the south-central part, and only a very few people have ever seen them or have any first-hand information about them. The great body of Floridians know just what the people of Alaska know—what is fixed up for them in the papers, and what they read in prospectuses of land companies, and it is a question whether all they see there can be classed as knowledge.

But let us go back to the beginning—to the time when very little was known of the Everglades, and when they belonged to the United States government. The Legislature of Florida has given away over half of the State to the railway and canal companies, several million acres more than it owned, and probably expecting to get the Everglades and give that away. The situation makes a fine opportunity for a man to win a political fortune by proposing that the State get the Everglades for school purposes by offering to reclaim them, and defeat the railway claims. Now a man might honestly enter upon this course, and might be fortified by engineers' opinions that the plan was feasible, but certainly he could not take or receive an interest in a land company which misrepresented to the purchaser and continue to be honest. So much for a hypothetical case. It is unnecessary that I should make the positive statement that any land company has misrepresented the Everglades, because I can let the reader judge, in a considerable measure, for himself. I have before me the prospectus of a Florida fruit-lands company which claims to own 180,000 acres of Everglade land. "Nothing like it can be found on the continent to-day." "Twelve hundred farms and homes are being practically given away." "For many years the United States government, through the Department of Agriculture, and the State authorities, have been investigating and experimenting with the soil and climate and possible productions of the far-famed Everglades, with the result that they *have demonstrated beyond a question of doubt that these lands, when drained and reclaimed, are the richest and most productive lands in the entire world*." (My italics.)

And this seems to be the impression of people about the country, who have heard of the wonderful [illegible] of the Everglades. Now compare the above [illegible] the following from an editorial in the Miami *Metropolis* of February 23d, remembering that this [illegible] a few months ago a great Everglade [illegible]

This editorial says the Everglades [illegible] "sour land," and will require several years [illegible] fertilizing and tillage before it will become [illegible]. "After a few years' culture the Everglades will no doubt produce all farm crops [illegible] but for best results for vegetables it would [illegible] always pay to apply a complete fertilizer."

In U. S. Bulletin No. [illegible] page 20, I read, "Groves which have had a liberal dressing of muck are frequently much diseased and produce light crops; the oranges are usually coarse, thick-skinned, and sour, and productiveness is often lessened by premature dropping, etc."

I noticed a statement in the Jacksonville *Times-Union*, by a writer who spoke as though it was a matter of common knowledge that it was a question among engineers whether the Everglades could be successfully drained. A gentleman at Miami told me that at Fort Lauderdale after the fierce equinoctial storm the canal and lands through which it runs were flooded with water, and that it only ran off into the ocean at low tide. To drain off two feet of flood water from 650,000 acres of Lake Okeechobee, besides draining the 5,000,000 acres of the Everglades, will require a number of canals, and I should want to know how much my land would be taxed at some future date if present fund did not reach. But, as the 'glades lie in a basin, I understand that during the rainy season they will not drain sufficiently fast to make them habitable, except on sort of islands where the Indians live. But if I made a contract for a farm or rather a contract for a chance to draw one in a lottery (the 'glades not being surveyed), I should want to know how I was to reach it. If I drew a farm on a main canal I would be all right if I had enough money to buy a motor-boat, or if on one of the few rock roads if I had an automobile. But if my land was over in the 'glades I would need a flying-machine or a lot of money to dig a lateral canal, which would be needed for drainage, and I am unable to find that the State or land company will dig anything but the main canals. You would have to live in town and go back and forth, wearing your horses out before you got there, and I am told you could not use them even then, as the dead saw-grass and roots are so friable that a horse sinks right in. One party, I was told, was experimenting with a sort of an iron snow-shoe on the horses. I feel sure I have seen the admission that this drained muck would burn up if it caught afire, followed by the statement that locks in the canals could be used for irrigation, but I am not aware that the State or land company agrees to build them, and I have my doubts if fleas, red bugs, and mosquitoes are any less out there than in other parts of Florida. Now when there are thousands upon thousands of acres of better soil better located for habitation and market facilities, why buy this? I regard the drainage project many years premature. When there is no other land uncultivated in Florida it will be time to talk about this. I have written this letter in hopes of saving some poor people putting their hard-earned savings into this proposition. I do not ask any one to take my word, but suggest before buying they go down there and find out about untimely frosts, how many tons of fertilizer, at forty or fifty dollars per ton, will be needed, about irrigation, cost of freight, and how the commission men will use you.

An acquaintance has a finely located ten-acre piece just out of Miami, on Bay Biscayne. Upon his grove he has spent $30,000 in the last six years, and it now remains to be seen whether he will make good.

People at Miami were loath to express an unfavorable opinion of the 'glades, because it would be regarded as a lack of local patriotism, but after making friends with them they would express their doubts of the project. Certainly the newspapers of the country carrying large advertisements of these lands could hardly be expected to publish anything unfavorable.

I am, sir,
L. C. PERSONS.

AGAINST ONE-MAN BOSSISM

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., *October 19, 1910.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I want to commend most heartily your editorial treatment of Colonel Roosevelt. I think that the country owes something to that eminent citizen for past service, but I do not consider that it is under the least obligation to him for his present remarkable attitude.

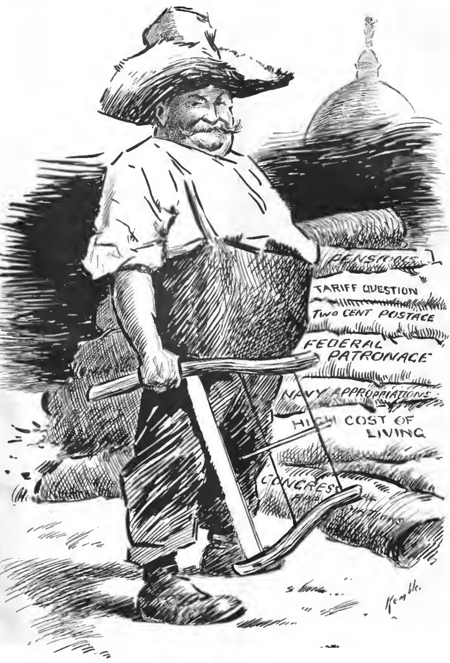
His "New Nationalism" is little short of revolutionary. Briefly stated it would, in important respects, substitute government by commission from Washington for government by the States and by the people, as originally contemplated. It would diminish power locally and augment it at the national capital.

Besides, I do not understand just why the Colonel is flying across the country from east to west and north to south with a continuous scream about corruption. I should say the people are just as honest now as they were when he held the reins as Executive. We certainly have an honest man for President right now who is making as effective and as intelligent [illegible] to enforce honest rule everywhere as his predecessor did, though he is making very little fuss about it. Why these vehement gesticulations and [illegible] against corruptionists just at this time [illegible] trying to make capital for himself [illegible] the future? I fail to see the reason or [illegible] of his zeal.

As for the "Old Guard" [illegible] he boasts of wrecking in New York [illegible] out this way is that it is the same machine, or the legitimate successor of the same one that had control when Colonel Roosevelt was a candidate for President in 1904. It was [illegible] enough then when he was the direct beneficiary of its [illegible], but it seems suddenly to have become a very corrupt lot. This old machine handled a mighty big campaign fund in 1904, and it is almost inconceivable that votes were not directly and corruptly influenced by the use of that fund. And yet the Colonel cannot say hard enough things about corrupt politics. He should mix a little consistency with his many roaring virtues.

I am a Republican out here, but if I were a citizen of New York I would vote for Mr. Dix for Governor. Not because I have anything against Mr. Stimson, but because I have a great deal against the one-man bossism—dangerous in principle by whomsoever practised—which is now dominant in Republican politics in your State.

I am, sir,
ULTIMATE CONSUMER.


PENSIONS
TARIFF QUESTION
Two CENT POSTAGE
FEDERAL PATRONAGE
NAVY APPROPRIATIONS
HIGH COST OF LIVING
CONGRESS
Kemble.

"I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING, BUT JUST WATCH ME GET POPULAR"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

The Master Builder

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS, IN CHARGE OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL, WHOSE GUEST PRESIDENT TAFT WILL BE NEXT WEEK

By a Special Correspondent

PANAMA

NEXT week brings together on the Isthmus of Panama two men who bear the greatest responsibility of any two Americans—William H. Taft, President of the United States, and Colonel George W. Goethals, the army engineer who is in charge of the Panama Canal. One may go further safely and say that one of these men, Colonel Goethals, has the responsibility for the greatest work that is in progress anywhere in the world to-day.

To the many, Colonel Goethals is known merely as an army officer to whom has been relegated the work of constructing the canal. This is to give to the reader a more intimate knowledge of a man who, in his own quiet, unassuming, self-contained, and wholly self-reliant fashion, is directing the energies of an army of 30,000 men, and confronting with equal equanimity the enormous engineering problems involved in this gigantic work, and the more or less frequent hecklings by junket-seeking Congressional committees who from time to time invade the isthmus to look wise and to ask foolish questions.

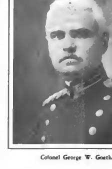
It was two years ago that Mr. Taft, then President-elect, went to the isthmus accompanied by seven engineers who had been chosen for their conspicuous ability. The purpose of the trip was to make definite decision as to the type of canal that was to be constructed, sea-level or lock. The lock type had been bitterly assailed, while the merits of the sea-level had been correspondingly enlarged upon. One of the newspaper correspondents who had accompanied the Presidential party got Colonel Goethals aside on the day of arrival at the isthmus and said to him: "Now, see here, Colonel, not for publication, but merely as a valuable hint to myself, way down in the bottom of your heart, which type of canal do you think is the best?"

"That is a question," Colonel Goethals replied, "with which I have no concern whatever. I will build them a lock canal if they want one. I will dig a sea-level if they want a sea-level, or, if they want me to, I will go home."

There is the key-note of the man, the distinguishing trait of the "regular establishment"—the attitude of the soldier, "not his to reason why." A piece of work had been undertaken by the government. He had been detailed to execute it. From his point of view that was all there was to it.

It was after three railroad engineers had, for one reason or another, resigned from the big undertaking to which they had from time to time been appointed, that the government did what it might very well have done in the first place. Wallace, the first engineer who undertook the work of constructing the canal, threw up the job for reasons best known to himself. He was succeeded by Stevens, who went the way of his predecessor via the resignation route. Shonts was next to be appointed chairman of the Canal Commission and chief engineer of the undertaking. Shonts resigned. When the news was brought to Washington, President Roosevelt banged his fist upon a table and announced with much heat that he would appoint a man who would stay on the job until he said he could quit. Thus it came about that Colonel Goethals, a member of the engineer corps of the army, was detailed for the work. Previously to his selection for this conspicuous office the army man had never emerged from the obscurity of every-day work well done. It was therefore among the possibilities that he might prove unequal to a task which had already baffled three of the leading engineers of the country. But it was a moral certainty that he would not follow the course of his three predecessors and voluntarily abandon it. For, while army officers have many virtues, resignation is not one of them.

But the Colonel made good. Those closely associated with him and who, from a knowledge of his capabilities, his energy, and his sterling character, had recommended his appointment, knew that he would. Those of the Canal Zone who knew nothing of the man were soon to make the same discovery, and incidentally a few of them were to receive some jolts. The first to acquire knowledge that a new type of man had succeeded to the control of canal affairs was a division superintendent. It seems that, under previous régimes, when the engineer-in-chief issued an order, there would always be some one to tell him how the order could not be executed or to show him some better way of doing it. And perchance the thing could not be done at all or maybe the better way would be essayed. It was a few days after Colonel Goethals had assumed charge of affairs that he had occasion to issue an order. Directly appeared a voluble division superintendent who came to tell him how impracticable it was to carry out the order. The army man listened while the other argued. Eventually the voluble one exhausted all of his arguments and cheerfully opined that the Colonel had been brought to his way of thinking. "I hope, sir," he concluded, "that you see the force of my argument."



Colonel George W. Goethals

"But I was not arguing," came the calm reply. "I was issuing an order. Kindly see that it is obeyed."

The man who has charge of thirty thousand men, and on his hands the greatest engineering work of the century, must needs have many things to think about. One of the conspicuous traits of this officer is that he has time for everything. Not long ago one of the canal officials sought out the Colonel and represented to him that the work on a certain building which was under construction in the Canal Zone, and which was to have been completed on September 15th, was proceeding so slowly that the work would probably not be done before the end of the year. "Get into my carriage," the Colonel said to his caller; "we'll drive over to the building and see about it." Arriving at the building, the foreman was summoned. "This house," said the Colonel in his usual quiet manner, "is to be ready on September 15th." Whereupon the foreman called high heaven to witness how impossible it was to have the work done by that date. After he had enumerated the many insurmountable difficulties and had found a period, Colonel Goethals, sitting erect in his carriage, quietly observed: "I'm afraid that you did not understand me. What I said was that the house is to be ready on September 15th."

The dazed foreman gasped, and, after recovering his breath, managed to stammer, "We will do the best we can, sir."

"Still," said Colonel Goethals in his even voice, "you did not understand me; what I said was that the house is to be ready on September 15th."

It is a matter of record that the house was ready on time, and no one who is familiar with Colonel Goethals and his methods doubts but that the canal will also be ready on time. This time has been set for January 1, 1915.

In the most recent edition of a biographical dictionary of the notable men of to-day appears the biography of Colonel Goethals. The succinctness of it leads one to believe that it is an autobiography. Here it is:

Goethals, George W.; chairman and chief engineer, Isthmian Canal; born in New York, June 29th, 1858. Graduated at the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1880, and from the Engineers' School at Willets Point in 1882. Was connected with the Engineer's office, Department of the Columbia, from 1882 to 1884, serving under General Merrill in the construction of dams, dykes, and locks, and in charge of Mussel Shoals Canal, Tennessee River; and the beginning of construction work on the Colbert Shoals Canal. Was chief engineer of the First Army Corps, during the war with Spain; was detailed to the general staff in 1903, and was appointed chairman and chief engineer of the Isthmian Canal in 1907.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Colonel Goethals is now in his fifty-third year. Last winter sundry United States navy ships belonging to the Pacific fleet made their rendezvous off Panama. Their advent was at Christmastime, and in order to celebrate the holiday many athletic events to take place on shore were planned by the muscular young men of the navy. Among these was a 300-yard dash for the glory and the nothing of a ribbon. Colonel Goethals happened by when the race was about to start. One of the younger officers, who had been entered for the event, banteringly asked the Colonel why he was not in it. The Colonel considered a few minutes and, to the amazement of all, said he didn't mind if he did enter; that he felt as though a bit of exercise would shake up his liver and do him good.

There was a lot of suppressed amusement when the gray-haired executive of isthmian affairs took his place among the starters, and it is to this day conceded that it was an extraordinarily fast bunch of sprinters that had been lined up. But when the Colonel reached the finish-line some dozens of yards in advance of the fleetest of them and turned around to inquire placidly, "Why didn't you race, boys?" there were some other emotions among them.

It was not until some time afterward that they learned that the Colonel, as a youngster, was the swiftest footed that ever raced over the campus of the Military Academy.

President Taft on the Isthmus, photographed during his last visit

Colonel Goethals's residence at Culebra in the Isthmian Canal zone

A Day with the Football Squad

HOW MUCH OF BRAIN AND MUSCLE IS DEMANDED OF THOSE WHO "MAKE" THE ELEVEN

By Edward B. Moss

ACROSS the campus to the east the sun was creeping up above the horizon, a large ball, blood-red in the early-morning haze. The lawns gleamed white with autumn frost. In the long line of dormitories flanking three sides of the square there was no sign of life. The chapel chimes tolled the hour of six. As the echoes died away the oak-panelled doors of North Middle swung back and two sweater-clad giants stepped forth, inhaling deeply the snappy morning air. From other similar structures came recruit after recruit until soon the group numbered thirty or more. Breaking into an easy trot, the men swung out of sight, two by two. The shuffle of feet on the gravel path grew faint and the sounds ceased. The football squad had entered on another day of training.

It was midseason and the big games of the schedule were drawing near. Long ago the weaklings had ceased to trouble the coaches. The men who gathered at the training-table an hour later were the pick of an undergraduate body of more than three thousand students. From that little company would soon be selected the eleven and the first string alternates who would battle before cheering thousands for the honor of their university. It had been a survival of the fittest, and strength and endurance showed in every look and action. Not one was sure, as yet, of his place. The training grind and the practice games must continue until the end. From time to time they caught the captain and the head coach watching them as they ate. What changes were the leaders planning for to-day?

Chapel and recitations drove football into the background, and even the luncheon hour was partially devoted to study, since the demands on the men's time made it necessary to utilize every moment. By two o'clock the players were leaving the recitation halls, having completed the scholastic duties of the day. One by one they hurried away to the gymnasium to dress for practice under the tuition of the coaches. An hour later found the squad assembled on the football-field, and without a moment's delay the men were sent into action. The history-making heroes of other years quickly divided the players into groups, each coach taking charge of some special department of the game.

Captain Daly of Yale punting

The football squad coming on the field

At one end of the rectangular field five players took turns in kicking field-goals while a veteran, famous for winning a game in 1904 with a drop-kick from the forty-yard line, watched every attempt, criticising and advising as the kickers drove their cleated shoes into the leather spheroid. "Don't spin the ball, Horton," he said; "drop it true; catch it just as it leaves the ground." Turning to watch the effect of another's kick, he saw the ball rise high and head directly toward the goal-post. "That's better, Stevens. You've got both power and direction in that one," he continued as the goal was registered. Five yards at a time the kickers were moved back and the angle increased, in order that they might be trained to try for goals from all positions.

Far down the field, beyond the last time line, stood a long row of players, each taking in turn his chance at the tackling-dummy. The inanimate bundle of canvas, sawdust, and moleskin bobbed, whirled, and then broke loose, falling with a solid impact on the soft soil as the tacklers hurled themselves upon it. Along the runway and on both sides of the upright frame stood more coaches watching every move of the on-rushing athletes. As fast as one arose from the prostrate dummy the figure was hitched to the rope and spring contrivance overhead, only to be torn off again as another one hundred and eighty pounds of bone and muscle leaped to the charge. Here, too, there were few words of praise and many of censure and instruction.

"That won't do, Thompson," snapped out the head coach. "Keep one foot on the ground until you have him sure. Don't you know yet that the flying tackle is barred by the new rules?" Another, fearful of drawing the same reproof, swept the dummy free with a high tackle well above the waist line. "Cut out that long lost brother act!" came from the other side of the lane. "You can't stop a runner by falling on his neck in that way. What's the matter with you fellows to-day? Come on, now, get 'em between the hips and the knees." Smeared with dirt and perspiration, the tacklers toiled on, taking out on the dummy the resentment caused by the grilling of the coaches.

The punters, too, were busy. Near midfield was a trio of centre candidates, each doubled over until his head appeared to touch the ground. Through his wide-spread legs he heated the ball back from ten to fifteen yards into the hands of a waiting player. Quickly adjusting the inflated leather, the latter took a step forward and, with a peculiar side-swing kick drove the ball spinning and turning far down the gridiron. Soon it would be booted back again by one of a similar group some fifty yards away. Again the pass; the thud of leather on leather, and, with foot overhead, the kicker appeared on the verge of a back somersault.

Thus the practice continued, each separate division being carefully drilled in the rudiments of its particular duties; in another hour it would be dark. The captain and coach conferred. At a blast of the latter's whistle the work ceased and the squads gathered about their football mentors. A few sharp orders and the first and second teams lined up for scrimmage practice. The substitutes took their places on the side lines and the contest began. The second eleven was given the ball and the 'varsity combination put on the defence. The spheroid was snapped back and there followed a scraping of feet, the clashing of bodies.

Candidates at work on the tackling-dummies

In the centre of a circle of coaches who constantly urged greater action the play became strenuous. Each member of the competing elevens fought with the same energy and strength that he would have used had he been facing a rival college team. Slowly the 'varsity was driven back, despite its efforts to hold the scrubs in check. On both sides of the struggling teams the coaches kept pace, hurling advice and encouragement, biting blame and reproof. They, though older than their pupils, were as excited as their charges. They had not lost the lust for battle and now and again one replaced a player and illustrated forcibly and in person the point he was trying to impress as instructor.

"Don't let them fool you with that fake step, Carlton," urged the captain of the famous '09 team. "Can't you see it's done to throw you off your guard? Wait until you see your man move his body before you jump. Play in closer! Don't get drawn out on an old trick like that. Now then, try that play over again. That's better! Block the hole before they're through. You, too, Ritchie, get in on the play. You're supposed to help. Because you're a guard you don't have to stand still . . . a dummy. Come on, now; low down everybody! You're off side again Smith. Wait until the ball's snapped, I tell you."

With the bracing of the right side of the line the scrubs were driven to an attack on the left. Here, again, they found a vulnerable point and, despite the secondary defence of the backs, they hammered and circled away until the ball was close to the 'varsity goal-posts. Now came the time when the first team must make its last stand.

Every action and attitude of the players was noted, and the men who disobeyed instructions were not spared. Three times the scrubs hurled themselves upon the crouching 'varsity and three times they were repulsed. The team was on its mettle now and, playing close to the ground, rose under each charge and toppled over the concerted rushes which heretofore had proved so baffling. The coaches were satisfied, for they knew that the team had found itself; knew that just such a stand could be expected of it if Saturday's game should develop a similar situation.

But football is not all defence, and the 'varsity was given the ball and called upon to extricate itself from under the shadow of its own goal-posts. A long bounding punt sent the ball whirling to midfield, and here again the first team was forced to hold the second within a ten-yard gain, thus securing possession of the ball and the right of offence. The quarter-back reeled off a series of signals and the attack was on. The full-back dove into an opening in the line between tackle and guard and staggered through, helped by his team-mates. The runner was called back by the coaches and the play stopped, for there had been a violation of the rules. In the gathering dusk the players and coaches grouped about the head of the football faculty while he explained the violation and warned against a repetition of the offence.

Teaching the centre how to pass the ball

Once again the teams lined up, and, as scrimmage followed scrimmage, the gridiron generals, by voice and action, drove the players to harder and more concerted charging. Every member of the team had a coach who devoted his whole attention to the manner in which the position was played. The little faults that pass unnoticed in a big game, but tend to dis-

The coaches in conference

A general lecture to the squad

organize the perfect football machine, were repeatedly pointed out and thus eradicated. The ends and tackles were taught to work together, blocking and breaking up interference; the half-backs to run as one man and strike the line or circle the ends as a unit. Changes were frequent. Half-backs were shifted to the extremities of the forward line; guards changed places, and second-string men called from the side-lines in attempts to find the strongest, yet best-balanced combination.

From time to time the practice was stopped while the coaches conferred and exchanged opinions as to the merits or faults of plays and players. Progress toward the second team's goal was slow but sure. The men who offered themselves as a sacrifice that the 'varsity team might improve by practice similar in every way to the actual play were tiring fast. Fresh substitutes were called into the contest, but the 'varsity was not to be denied. A touchdown must be scored before the day's work was done. The teams lined up in battle array; clashed and piled in, tangled in masses, but each scrimmage marked a distinct gain for the first combination. At last, exhausted by their own efforts and the pounding of their opponents, the defence collapsed and was driven back across the goal line for the score for which the first team had fought so hard.

The shadows of darkness were already shutting out the college buildings in the distance when the trainer took charge of the men. The dust-covered, bruised, and perspiring players slipped into sweaters or under blankets and the run to the gymnasium began. Up the stone steps clattered the cleated shoes and into the locker-rooms swarmed the athletes. The odor of rubbing liniment and sweat pervaded the air. Jerseys, canvas, and moleskins were hung up to dry. The splash of the showers and swimming-pool resounded through the building.

The rubbers were busy now, and player after player limped to the rubbing-board, to arise a few minutes later, soreness massaged from bruised and kinked muscles. In a separate room the squad physician examined each man for twisted or strained ligaments or other minor injuries which are the heritage of football. Then came the march to the scales and, as each gridiron warrior stepped on the weighing-machine, the trainer, index-card in hand, noted the gain or loss on his tables as methodically as a shipping-clerk checks off his invoice.

It was a refreshed but silent band of athletes which sat about the training-table that night. Course after course of carefully prepared food, brought in from the kitchens, disappeared from the plates of the players in a manner that would have caused consternation in boarding-house or hotel. As the men rose from their places the head coach signalled from his private table in the corner, and in the hush that followed he said, "I want the whole squad at the 'Hall' at eight o'clock for a blackboard talk."

Back to the dormitories strolled the players. An hour was theirs for rest, recreation, or study, as they saw fit. On the campus walks they passed classmates, pipe in mouth, and the aroma of burning tobacco was wafted to their nostrils, an invisible temptation, by the evening breeze. For them there was no solace of the pipe. It was one of the privations of the training rules. Lounging in easy chairs or on pillowed window-seats, book in hand, sixty minutes were spent, and the chimes tolled all too quickly.

Soon the squad had gathered in the "Hall" for the mental exercises of which the coach had spoken. On the raised platform before the blackboard stood the chief instructor in football tactics, chalk in hand. Facing him in semicircular rows sat the thirty-and-odd players ready for their examination. One after another diagrams were drawn upon the blackboard surface—strange and confusing lines that criss-crossed, sprinkled here and there with stars and circles. To an interloper they would have meant nothing. To the players they were the war plans of future campaigns. Questions and explanations followed each diagram. On the board the linesmen and backfield players saw mapped out for them their duties in scores of offensive and defensive formations. The quarter-backs were tested in three sets of signals, and the forwards called to explain their duties when certain combinations were sketched by the coach.

At the close of the lecture there was introduced a famous alumnus, now a judge, who in his college days had made football history which even the span of years could not dim. Tall, sturdy, and with iron-gray hair, he mounted the dais and told of the days when he played the game. Not the game which the present coach was teaching, but the old Rugby of the early eighties. He knew his subject and he drew a vivid picture of the sport of thirty years ago, holding his audience entranced. The scenes and incidents of long ago were revived and the names of heroes all but forgotten recalled to memory. He told of rallies that former teams had made, turning defeats into victories, and urged that the men before him play to win—play to bring victory to his and their Alma Mater, but above all that they play fair and as true sportsmen and college men. At his request the men sang the college anthem, and as the strains of the famous song died away the players filed out to dream of victory and the 'varsity letter as their reward for work well done.

The 'Varsity and substitutes in a practice game

The Camera Tricks of Venus

By George Jean Nathan

"YES, but the photograph flatters her." You have heard it often, haven't you? Probably said it yourself at times. And yet, have you ever stopped to consider just how and why the photograph in question did flatter her; how that flattery was made possible; and how it was accomplished? Photographic flattery is not accidental, as any honest photographer will assure you. It is the result of enlisting the services of Venus by means of various little tricks with the camera and its adjuncts, such as lights and "properties." These latter, flowers, rugs, hearths, windows, etc., have been subjected to close study and analysis and they have come to be the most valuable aids to the beauty legerdemain of the camera. Just how women have been made photographically beautiful, or at least a great deal more beautiful than they really and naturally were, by means of such tricks, may be disclosed through a brief analysis of some of the best and most recently discovered devices.

A well-known Western photographer has turned out during the last year a number of remarkably attractive photographs of actresses, studies in facial expression particularly, that have elicited admiration as well as wonderment over the accomplishment of the effects obtained. Some of the originals were known by the public to be lacking in beauty of facial expression above everything else, and the adroitness of the photographer has been commented upon widely. This artist conceived the idea of posing certain women near a broad, latticed window. While experimenting with lights in making test photographs of one of the women employees in his shop, he discovered that, if the subject were posed near a window, the eyes of the subject, gazing out of the window, would take on involuntarily a soft, far-away expression that was not intrinsically theirs; also that the lattice-work, if widely separated, would so throw the light on the subject's face that any defects therein would be hidden, or rather forgotten. In plainer words, a line in the face would be mistaken for the slight lattice shadow. Not even much retouching required, you see!

Another trick discovered, and used to advantage, by this same photographer was the use of a fireplace in connection with his photography of women. This master of Venus's photographic trickery figured it out that a blazing hearth and sentiment are always associated with each other; that the flames from a grate fire are known always to reveal the lines in the face of a person sitting close by very clearly; and that, as far as facial expression was concerned, the natural inclination of a woman to look wistful and pensive when gazing into a blazing grate was ever more marked than when looking out of the window.

After a few weeks of experimental photography with a model, he began making portraits of his women customers, with decidedly gratifying effect—to themselves particularly. These photographs, with their sly sentimental background, or, rather, foreground, worked on unsuspected on the beholder's sentimental eyes. Furthermore, when all the lines and shadows in the subject's face had been eliminated, the idea that the grate fire had not been able to show any defects in the subject's face became doubly impressed in the beholder's mind.

There is a photographer in New York who has had much photographic success with full-length portraits of ungainly women. This photographer poses women frequently beside a garden fence—but not, as those who have seen the photographs in question think—the same fence. The facts of the case are these: The photographer, keenly aware of the faults in the shortness or length of his subjects' waist-lines or the awkward length of their arms and similar physical defects that are hostile to the code of Venus, had six fences made, each being of a different height. In posing women, subsequently, he used that height of fence that would deceive the eye that saw the finished photograph. If the subject, for example, had a particularly short waist, the artist of the camera would pose her beside one of the fences the height of which would make her waist-line seem longer. And when three different photographs of three different subjects were subsequently put on view in the exhibit case, the beholder would not believe that the posing had been done with different, optical-illusion backgrounds.

New Intellectual Forces at Yale

By Charles Johnston

MR. ANSON PHELPS STOKES, JR., secretary to the Yale Corporation, struck an inspiring key-note for the new university year in the matriculation address which he delivered recently at New Haven: "Service," he said, "is the highest goal and the only satisfying one. It should be clearly distinguished from practical utility, for its basis is moral, not commercial. As President Hadley, who is prevented by absence on public service from addressing you this morning, once put it, life should be considered a measure to be filled, not a cup to be drained. If you start here with a firm determination to fit yourself to serve, the years spent at this university will form a sure foundation for an honorable and useful life. If you enter without purpose or with an unworthy one, Yale can offer you little and the college years will probably do you no good and do your classmates harm. I should like the power to lay bare every mind here this morning to find out how the two thousand men in this hall would answer the simple question, 'What is the purpose of my coming to Yale?' It is a question worth serious thought, for, nine chances out of ten, as these years of early manhood are passed, so will your whole life be."

Mr. Stokes went on to describe the unsatisfactory goals of college life. First among these, he counted good-fellowship without any real inspiration or purpose: "Nothing worthy of the name was ever founded on the drinking-song or the gaming-table, or even on good-fellowship alone. Do not let the charm of the social interfere with the rigid discipline of the intellectual. Consider the life of the club and what it stands for, always a minor interest. In a word, enjoy your college friendships, but look upon them mainly as a delightful method of increasing your power to help. Intimacy of acquaintance, if it is to develop into the deep friendship of kindred souls and not into the boon companionship of idleness or dissipation, must be guided by the exhortation of Christ to the Pharisees: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

In the same way, there is worthy and unworthy knowledge. "Like friendship, it is a means, not an end. Knowledge acquired merely for its own sake is an unworthy final ambition, but when gained for the sake of service it is one of the great powers for good." So with the desire for breadth: "Breadth of view pursued as an ultimate major results in dissipation of energy, lack of power of concentration, decrease of moral enthusiasm. In my experience, the man of broad culture who does not yearn to help his fellows usually becomes a dilettante, while the large-minded citizen dominated by the ideal of service makes his breadth a power for righteousness." Finally, as to the ambition for power, to be gained through university training: "It is right to hope for larger ability and larger earning power from a university course, but it will all be time and money thrown away unless power is dominated by an altruistic ideal."

The great hindrance to wise and fruitful conduct of life through the university years is a false standard of values: "A false sense of proportion is the bane of the undergraduate. It is largely responsible for sin, and laziness, and lack of independence, and snobbishness, and the attitude of carping criticism whenever these appear, and they are to be abhorred. They are not in keeping with the main tradition of Yale, which has stood for purity, work, independence, democracy, and faith—for training well-balanced, 'four-square men.' I cannot urge you too strongly," Mr. Stokes eloquently continued, "to get right standards at the outset of your course, that you may see clearly to shun the evil and to uphold the good. Try to measure values, to test ideals, to see where in planning an unselfish life you should place the main stress. Do not let your whole career be hindered by any wrong sense of proportion now. Remember that the pleasures of sin are temporary—their effect for evil lasting. The life of service alone brings with it a good conscience and the joy of living, and a deep sense of satisfaction. To prepare for it is a high privilege and a solemn duty. If a false sense of proportion is the great hindrance, what is the great help, the inspiration to service? I say without hesitation—religion. I do not mean creeds or church organization, important as these are. I mean simply realizing the life of God in the soul of man. I mean the consciousness that you are God's child and that He is your Father. If you cultivate religion, if you lay hold of your Christian birthright of spiritual kinship to the eternal God—then your ultimate goal in life will be to give, not to get. Your college ambition will not be society or athletic honors or even high standing, although these, if honestly gained, are all worthy means to an end; but it will be to fit yourself as well as possible to do the work in the world which God wants you to do—and there is probably some work which you can do better than any one else."

There is eloquence of a high order in Mr. Stokes's conclusion: "Students of Yale: many of you stand to-day on the threshold of university life; all are at the beginning of a year full of possibilities for good or ill. Is it to be preparation for service with you or is it to be self-indulgence? Is your whole life to be warped by a false sense of proportion now, or are you to have and to hold a clear vision of real values? Will you take Jesus Christ squarely as your Master and be loyal to him by serving God and your fellows, or will you drift with the crowd? The answer of the true Yale man is—With God's help, I shall fit myself to serve."

I had the privilege of talking with Mr. Stokes of the ideals and tendencies of Yale, and I received the impression that in two chief directions the life of Yale is distinctive among American universities. The first, and perhaps the most remarkable element in the life of Yale is the way in which the university bond holds throughout the whole of life. We are, perhaps, fairly familiar with the idea of a university in which a strong class feeling holds the men of each year together, while general loyalty to *alma mater* unites the faculty and all the students in a common spirit and a common purpose. Yale goes farther, for here the bond unites the present with the past, or rather keeps all Yale men, of former as well as of the present years, a part of the life of the university, a conscious, effective, and inspiring part; so that all past students of Yale, no matter what their walk in life may be, no matter where they may dwell, remain, and feel themselves to be, a living and organic part of the university's life. This feeling of vital unity is maintained in two ways: first, by the fact that the alumni are well represented in the membership of the governing body, the Yale Corporation; and, secondly, in the fact that, year by year, the pressing problems of university life are referred by the authorities of the university to the advisory board of the alumni, for the deliberation and counsel which its members are so well fitted to give, both by their love and loyalty to Yale, and by the large experience in the practical life of the world which they have gained in their several callings. It is only just to say that this close-knit relation of the whole body of Yale men, past and present, into a strong and living organic unity, is to a large degree the work of Mr. Stokes, since he became secretary to the Yale Corporation.

Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr.
SECRETARY OF THE YALE CORPORATION

This idea of the vigorous single life pulsing through the whole body of Yale students, past and present, seems to me a most inspiring and helpful one; and, if the Yale spirit be indeed what Mr. Stokes, in his matriculation address, declared it to be, then this circulation of Yale blood through its veins must be in a high degree beneficial to the Republic. It is also full of value for the university; and an example of this is very much in evidence just now. We have already considered the renewal of life in two of our great American universities, Harvard and Columbia, and we have seen that this renewal is in one sense a reaction from the experiment of too great freedom and laxity in the choice of courses; and in another sense it is the evidence of a steadily rising tide of intellectual life at the universities, a measurable increase of intellectual and moral earnestness among the whole body of students. This increase of intellectual life is the substantial fact, which is finding its form in the new honor courses at Columbia, and in the new grouping of subjects, with regard to faculty, at Harvard. If there were no rising tide, it would be futile to make provision for it.

At Yale, the same rising tide has been felt; and there is this difference between its progress there and at the two universities already considered: at Harvard, the reorganization of work is to a considerable degree the expression of the ideals and ideas of the president of the university; at Columbia, it represents the work of a committee of the faculty, working in consultation with President Butler; at Yale, on the other hand, the proposals for a renewal of intellectual life, and for the better guidance of that life, come from the larger body of the university, the total of living students, represented by the alumni advisory board. To this board, in June, 1909, certain questions as to the renewal of intellectual life in the university were put by the Yale Corporation; and the advisory board has recently rendered its answers, which are now under consideration, with a view to putting them into practical effect.

The alumni advisory board, in rendering its replies to the questions of the Yale Corporation, expressed the conviction that the intellectual life of the university must be enhanced by stimulating the students individually, and by stimulating the many, rather than the few; and it declared that this work of stimulation must be apportioned among many different agencies: the corporation, the faculties of the college and scientific school, the body of the students themselves, the body of past students, and the parents and friends of the students. It is a question of creating and fostering a strong public opinion, a strong public approval and recognition of intellectual distinction among the students; and all the factors mentioned must contribute in their degree to this public opinion.

As to the part to be played by the corporation and the faculty, three suggestions are made: first, that efforts should be made to secure greater cohesion in the courses elected by students; second, that there should be more intelligent election; and, thirdly, that it is desirable to bring in more of the incentive of competition. This last naturally leads to the question of honor courses and honor degrees, which President Hadley suggested for consideration in 1909. On this point, the alumni advisory board makes the following very interesting criticism: The Oxford scheme of honor courses, it says, seems to require early classification as between the ambitious and the indifferent, as between those who would and those who would not work at their studies. The incentive of the scheme can, therefore, affect only those who make the requisite election early in their college life. The advisory board would prefer a scheme which would permit the incentive of competition to arouse and inspire one who had been indifferent or engrossed in other things even until his course were half over or more. It expresses the belief that the college influence is quite as important upon what, from a faculty standpoint, may be classed the "lower half" of the class as upon the "upper half," and that that influence should not, until the end, despair of bringing men out of the lower rank into the upper. So it believes that the scheme of intellectual competition should give opportunities to as late a point in the course as is practicable to those who may have wasted or given to other things than their studies much of their time during the earlier years. Somewhat for the same reason—that is, to enlarge the number to whom the incentive of competition may appeal—there should, in the opinion of the advisory board, be opportunities for competition in limited fields, so that students may be tempted to compete, although they may be unwilling to give all their time to competitive work. The board further suggests that all competition should be decided upon tests which try ability as well as industry, which give weight to originality of thought. Competition under the marking system as it now is, certainly does not appeal to the majority of students. If competition is to stimulate interest in the curriculum, it must fairly test the individual as to power rather than mere acquisition. But stimulation of interest in the intellectual life of the university depends primarily on the character of the teachers, upon having teachers who can teach and will interest and inspire the students, not only by what they say and the learning which lies behind, but by what they are.

Which brings me to the second element which I think to be characteristic of Yale: that genuinely democratic spirit which works, first, in the corporation and the president leaving each department of the faculty to face its own problems, and, to a large degree, to govern itself; and, secondly, which makes student opinion such a strong factor in the university life. In obedience to the first of these tendencies, the faculty is now considering the whole question of honor degrees, honor courses, and the like, which has been put into its hands by the corporation and the president of the university; and, in virtue of the second element, its decisions will be markedly furthered by the cordial co-operation of the student body.

Dean Jones, whose name is so well known at the University of Minnesota, expresses a very decided opinion that Yale will adopt honor courses and honor degrees; indeed, many steps in this direction have already been taken, beginning with the physical sciences, and working through the political sciences to the older university subjects. Yale is conservative, but if she goes slow, she advances not the less surely; and the adoption of honor courses, with all the stimulus to the intellectual life of the student body which that implies, is one of the probable developments of the near future.

The students will heartily co-operate. Among the more ambitious students there is already a strong feeling in favor of the honor courses; and this feeling is but an expression of a general awakening among the students, of which there are signs on all hands. One of these is the decision of the junior fraternities not to elect to their membership sophomores who have been rated as freshmen; another is the wide interest in the serious and scholarly work of the Dramatic Society; a third is the growing feeling that intellectual distinction is more to be valued than athletic prowess; that a key to the Phi Beta Kappa is more to be desired than a "Y."

So, summing up the matter for Yale, we find, among the members of that larger body of students which make up the alumni, among the members of the faculty, and among the students now at the university, a growing recognition of the high value of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual side of university life, as being the real and vital thing, which makes for the permanent well-being of the nation.

Arabella, Quartermaster

By Homer St. Gaudens

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE GIBBS

CAFFIN, the soot-blackened, slid down from the smoke-stack of his destroyer, whence he had been yelling range corrections through a hose to his gun pointer. The "six-pounder" had scored a record. His joy of life was fourteen karat.

Consequently, Nemesis appeared in a dainty blue envelope at the bottom of the mail-bag. Nemesis is a woman. Caffin loathed women.

This is what he read.

"DEAR MR. CAFFIN,—I once met you, though you may not recollect me, at your Armory Ball your last June Week. I am a brunette with a nose that scarcely dares aspire to the altitude of your top shirt stud. I am also a student at Smith College, where a certain female professor gets oceans of happiness by exhibiting herself as yet faithful to her betrothed who fell in the Civil War. They tell me that your duties are of unusual *danger*, and that, having a lot of sand, you would surely be drowned should the expected war break out between our country and Japan. I am about sadly to celebrate my eighteenth birthday, and so far the man I want has not asked me to marry him. Doubtless I shall be an old maid. The idea staggers me. I must begin at once to prepare a background to lean against in order to make that *deplorable* situation as becoming as possible. Therefore, it has occurred to me that if your heart is still free, you would not object to sending me a photograph of yourself, with a suitable inscription upon it, that later I may show it, with tears, to my friends as a picture of the man I expect—I mean expected—to marry. So doing, I could honestly remain

"Your post-mortem fiancée,
ARABELLA SYMS."

At first Caffin stared at the note paper in a panic-struck bewilderment that never would have felled him through any catastrophe in his clattering froth of steam, oil, wheels, and men. But soon, as a scared child thinks of its nurse, Caffin remembered Trask. Trask, he felt sure, would answer the letter for him. For Trask, a member of the admiral's staff, must needs be, in the nature of things, a "fusser." The admiral was even then sitting on the deck of the fleet tender, watching the destroyer target practice off Media Luna Cay. Trask must be standing behind him.

Caffin turned to the youngster ensign named Renau, who comprised his ward-room all the way from the executive officer down.

"Signal the *Clermont* that I'm coming over after dinner to see Mr. Trask on important private business," he said.

Then he went below to dress—that is, to dress as neatly as his perturbation would allow.

Once safe in Trask's room, however, he considered his troubles close to their end and unburdened himself of his letter, saying: "Here glimpse this! What's the Perfect Letter-writer's reply?"

The next instant he was shocked to find that his friend's countenance gave no reflection of his own serious features. Instead, Trask snickered most audibly as he laid down the missive and exclaimed: "Well, here's to her cherry lips! What did you hoist?"

Though his heart was nerveless as that of a white rabbit when it came to facing the fair sex, Caffin was sufficiently conscious of his position as a "good sport" among men to be wary of laying his weakness open to ridicule. Therefore, he fenced.

"Me? You know me. Whenever one of your doll's tea-parties flitters over the side, I get so bored that I slip my moorings and ring up reserve speed." Here he tucked his feet under him on the Italian blanket of his host's high bunk in a manner which, he hoped, signified a casual frame of mind.

Nevertheless, a grin of understanding ran clear across Trask's freckled face. "Think of the experience," he observed.

The words and the look brought a sickening gulp to Caffin's throat, yet he clung desperately to his banter. "That's all right, but the Service is one big family. We can't be too careful of our reputations."

Instead of answering, Trask wrote, smirking like a man in a mirror, and somehow Caffin knew that the result would thrust him toward the dreaded brink.

"If I were killed she could steer anywhere she pleased. But suppose she 'jiggered the helm' while I was alive? I've material doubts." Terror sobered Caffin's voice.

"You don't know girls." Trask scribbled busily.

"Yes, I do. By the moon and the little, little stars!" Caffin had regained his poise with a mental wrench. "Once I showed some of them a photograph looking aft while the ship swung to port. The log line stretched across the wake. I told them it was the equator and they bit."

But Trask only removed his copy of a photograph of Caffin from his bureau and freshened it up with an eraser. "Here! Listen to what I've written:

"'MY DEAR MISS SYMS,—I have a pain in the wrist, so I dictate. I commit myself to your hands. If figuratively they appear half as charming as I remember them to have seemed physically I am sure that my death, which I now desire, will be but a small atonement for having served you. I am confused, but I am delighted to be of use.

"'Faithfully.'

The idea of claiming any ownership to such an epistle seemed worse to Caffin than the thought of lodging his "youngster" year in "Crabtown," as he had called Annapolis. However, as he slipped from the bunk he launched one last attempt at a jest. "Wheel me in a bouncing perambulator if—"

He never finished. His friend clapped a hand over his mouth and cast him into a chair.

"Sign," Trask gurgled, closing Caffin's fingers around a pen. "Also smear on this photograph. 'Ever thy Bert.' Nicely, nicely! Now we wrap 'em both, wrap 'em neatly in brown paper." He suited the action to the word. "We address it with extravagant care. We mix in a superfluity of stamps." Fourteen "twos" splashed pink upon the top half of the package. "And we mail it personally." Trask slid through the green curtain for the letter-box.

The lees of remorse tasted only mildly bitter the following morning, since Caffin had yielded of necessity to hide the shame of his fear. Also, sailor like, he trusted chance and circumstance. But he was brought up with a round turn nearly a month later when, after sorting the mail, he sat upon the flag locker under the muzzle of the forward six-pounder and read:

"MY DEAR HERBERT,—I have your photograph and already I begin to feel safe. Had you been melted and poured into your clothes and set aside to cool, you could not have appeared more the background that I wished. I gaze upon it and practise sighing. I would just love to show it to my roommate. May I? No, I mustn't ask that. I should try to be one of the seven (isn't it seven?) wise virgins they talk about in chapel until you fall. Then I can be all of the foolish ones put together.

"However, I could make my excuse for never being asked to marry (*whose* own, as our Latin teacher says) so much more plausible through a little personal acquaintance. Surely, then, since your lips are so soon to close forever, you will not object to paying me a call, that I may prime myself as to color of eyes, hair, and *so forth*. *Do* tell me when you can come.

"Your
ARABELLA."

Caffin felt his hair crisp. It was even as he expected. Had not the Padre read that a jewel of gold in a swine's snout strongly resembled a woman without discretion? Yet for the honor of the Service he must remember his manners. Therefore, the reply went north dignified, though testy:

"MY DEAR MISS SYMS,—As I believe I have already explained, any service that I may offer you will make but a small return for the pleasure I have had at seeing you once in my life. I shall let you know when we head north.

"Faithfully,
HERBERT CAFFIN."

Again a month jogged by, a month in which Arabella was happily forgotten, since a heated stack disorganized Caffin's compass, and his prize torpedo during record practice "broached" or leaped roaring from the water on its run and spoiled the best score in the flotilla. Then once more that feminine penmanship stirred Caffin's peace. The letter ran:

"DEAREST BERT,—I call you 'dearest' for the sake of my conscience after—but why dwell upon this lugubrious (I never could spell that word) circumstance? Your letter telling of your arrival has come to me and brought me quite the desired thrill. Does 'practice make perfect'? That may explain why the excitement I feel over your approach seems so real. I will not only meet you on the dock, but go there often beforehand, that I may practise *Joy* and *Expectation* the better to act *Grief* and a *Broken Heart* after your death.

"Ever thy loving
ARABELLA."

Caffin shivered on his hot bunk after the dynamos ceased to drive the [illegible] fan and concluded further correspondence to be out of the question. But later, when he learned that his ship would dock in the Brooklyn navy-yard, his long-drilled sense of duty caused him to despatch this [illegible] to Miss Syms:

"Leave for Brooklyn. Watch papers.
"CAFFIN."

Thereafter the terror of the prospect of the rustle of skirts on the home dock remained proof against all distractions. Not even did it leave him when the "Commodore" steered the outside course north as if he manœuvred twenty thousand-ton battleships, and ran the flotilla into the tail of a storm which kept Caffin staggering endlessly between bridge and machinery. For when he lurched on the bridge the swells that crumbled over the whaleback drummed "Arabella" on the deck astern, while in the gasping engine-room the whirling turmoil of each palpitating side throbbed endless "Arabellas."

Sure enough, at the dock he received this telegram:

"Am away from town. Desolate. Telephone me 1550 Lake, Chicago, Friday morning, eight to ten.
"ARABELLA."

A wave of disgust, cold and deep as the sea, swept over Caffin until he realized that the time appointed would permit of one more happy evening in life. Accordingly, with others of like disposition, he cast aside his cares and, after the fashion of all good sailors, laid his course for a Broadway "musical show." Add even so innocuous a thing as a late comic opera to four raw, sleepless dawns and the answer spells exhaustion. Caffin overslept. To no purpose, with true nautical remorse at not honorably concluding a duty once undertaken, did he hail Arabella on the long-distance telephone at eleven o'clock. Miss Syms had left.

In consequence, for the next four days Caffin labored in grease-soaked peace aboard his craft repairing the damage received off the Diamond Shoals. But then the measure of his turmoil rose again through a letter from Captain Larry of his parent ship—Captain Larry, who, from Caffin's boyhood, had considered him an especial protégé.

"DEAR HERBERT,—I dined last night in Chicago at the Melvilles, sitting beside a Miss Syms. She told me a yarn of how, when the war scare arose, she wrote one of us asking for his photograph in order, upon his death, to appear as his post-mortem fiancée. She mentioned no names, yet by adding up details I concluded that the lucky man was your blessed self. If I were you I would get leave and take the earliest train for Chicago. She is 'a fine considering wench'—she says so herself—she is wealthy and, as you very well know, she has a whimsical fashion of regarding life. You are one of the few naval men who look respectable in 'cit's' clothes. If you act promptly, I fancy you will have a good opportunity of making her your widow in reality should war break out.

"Affectionately,
ROBERT LARRY."

Promptly Caffin committed the heinous offence of cursing his superior officer; for Caffin knew that the captain understood that though Caffin would sit on a bunk full of gumption and howl idiotic songs with eleven other Indians after target practice, yet he always manœuvred for the engine-room when ladies usurped the quarter-deck. But not only did Caffin curse, he also published his refusal to go into action by posting two letters in the iron mail-box attached to the conning tower.

One of them read:

"DEAR CAPTAIN LARRY,—I appreciate your kindness, but you have known me long enough to remember my feelings in regard to women. Believe me, I am trying my best to warp out of this scrape. You will do me a favor if you will cease to mention the matter.

"Affectionately,
HERBERT CAFFIN."

And the other:

"DEAR MISS SYMS,—I have just received a letter from Captain Larry explaining that he met you in Chicago, and that, from what you told him, he was able to recognize me as the man with whom you began a foolish adventure. Believe me, though anxious to be courteous, I am not at all in the mood to become a laughing-stock. I beg you will please keep silent in the future.

"Sincerely,
HERBERT CAFFIN."

Then at the telegraph-office he ordered this signal to his friend with a pull in Washington:

"Help. Get me to sea.
"HERBERT CAFFIN."

Two days later Caffin boarded the train for Cape Henry, a welcome relief to the commanding officer of the *Bartlett*, another destroyer, and the summer closed without incident.

As luck would have it, however, when the ships reassembled in Cuban waters, Captain Larry was once more able to insert his oar. The initial opportunity came as the result of Caffin's organizing a day's sport up a mangrove-lined tidal river in company with the "Young Doctor," the destroyer-flotilla surgeon, and a magazine writer who had somehow attached himself to the fleet. With the first fragrant sunlight their motor-dory rattled between two undercut cliffs, whereafter they sought dirt and blood and happiness. Through lumpy Cuban hills, over manigua-covered Cuban flats, along root-tangled banks, they shot guinea-fowl, doves, ducks, coots, herons, turkey buzzards, an alligator, a fish that leaped in the shallows, a cat, and almost a pig. Shirtless, they squelched knee-deep in mud and fell in tepid water. Weary, they pointed their stem homeward in the ruddy evening seated about the 'gator and towing the "Young Doctor's" game-filled canoe. But ten miles from the fleet their engine gasped its last drop of gasoline, so the "Young Doctor" was forced to propel his own boat, while the crew of one and the guest rowed the reluctant dory. Caffin himself, as became the captain, steered and shivered through the chilly spray in the harbor mouth, until they caught sight of a ship, which had dropped down the bay for subcaliber target practice, and hailed the prospect of begging a tow home.

"I'll be hanged if they aren't the lamps of old Mamma *Utaka!*" said Caffin, referring to his former parent ship as he looked toward the object of his hopes. "I've caught a cinder in my eye already. I'd know her boilers anywhere. We'll drop alongside the port gangway and not disgrace the official steps. We're a three-ring circus."

He was right. The amateur oarsman and exhausted "crew" personified confusion when they splashed from the night under the ship's quarter-boom, bungled along the armor belt, and washed up against the grating. And Caffin blushed as, in the glare of electricity, he scanned his bedraggled self, the undershirt-clad "Young Doctor" tossing in his flimsy, paint-scarred craft, the cat, conspicuous for its headlessness, the alligator, a prodigious evil to the eye, and the fish that smelled with surprising vivacity.

"We look like a 'Mickey's boat'!" Caffin growled, stumbling up the immaculate gangway toward a grinning midshipman. The next instant his breath stopped and his pulse-beat reached one hundred in the minute, for beyond the shining brass of the hatch rails he saw two women, and one was young and exceedingly pretty. Just a second he halted, clutching tight his disgusting pack of wet clothes. Then he bolted for the black turret shadow, dripping a guilty trail across the familiar planking.

"Give my compliments to the executive and ask if I may have a tow home. We've broken down. We've been out shooting," he wailed to the juvenile officer of the deck.

The permission was granted. So beneath the lights, before the officers in white mess jackets, before the marine band, before Captain Larry, who peered from the port quarter-deck to an extent ill-befitting his dignity, Caffin shambled to his dory with the self-consciousness of a coal-passer in a ballroom. There, when he gave one glance upward, he noticed, flanked by two officers, the girl's face smiling down at him. And with that he sank into his litter of decoys, guns, haversacks, and lunch tins, seeking, ostrich-like, to hide his head.

The subsequent evening Caffin received an invitation to dine with Captain Larry and Mrs. and Miss Symes before seeing a minstrel show. Of course he cursed himself anew as a much-distressed biped. But since he might not decline an invitation from a captain, he accepted in due form, and two nights later, with an expression as of one going into action, ranged broadside on to Miss Symes and her mother.

As he met her the girl raised her eyes with a glance that seemed both to caution him not to betray their secret, and to imply heavenly amiability in the future. Then, with evident dread lest her meaning be not clear, she chirped up at him before he could gain courage to open his mouth: "Mr. Caffin, the next time you go hunting you must remember that I so wish for an alligator-skin bag lined with Miami sable. Isn't that what they call pussy-cat fur?"

For a harrowing minute he stood dumb, recalling his disreputable attire the night of their last meeting. Then, to make matters worse, she evidently recalled it, too.

"Did you dive for that alligator?" she queried, catching up her under lip.

Again he returned no answer. He could only follow her, blushing in a miserable silence which endured until they were at table in the triangular dining-room in the ship's stern. There finally some vague remark half rose to his lips. But at that very moment the hot soup touched the purple blisters burned on them by the sun. He winced. She noticed.

"Quaker meeting?" she queried, and once more his bashfulness rose like a wall before him.

By this time, however, she had evidently tired of the game. So the next remark she ventured was one that surely appeared properly innocent. "You have such nice fish here at Guantanamo."

In he plunged. "Right! But when a squadron of girls come on board they get so tangled in their upper works they are ready to eat a rope's end."

She glanced at him with a low, clear, bubbling laugh. "Hush! Didn't you ever hear that all women take generalities as personalities?"

Undoubtedly he had made a break. The horror of it strangled him. His eyes jerked wildly from the negro servant to the six-pounder rifles swung inboard by their ports. He clutched at the back of his mess jacket, which he felt must leave a hiatus above his trousers. He leered into the red cupboard over the leather stern seat where the ship's silver punch-bowls and goblets glared in light. His dumbness he knew he could never endure.

Again she saw and again she advanced to the rescue. "I'm looking so hard for something to amuse me here."

He staked himself to one more chance. "Have you tried getting the little darky boys to dive for pennies?"

"Hardly," she responded, while her cheek flushed a delicate pink.

Promptly it developed in Caffin's mind that little Cuban darky boys suffer from no municipal regulations regarding bathing-suits. That was the end. Not one more reply could she wring from him. Mine planting under fire obviously would be a bagatelle to this. He felt that he trampled on explosives. The bookcases and the serving-table expanded and contracted by the door. In a final effort to be civil he organized an articulating motion with his lips. But his tongue produced only an inchoate grumble of sound. So for the remainder of the meal his conversation lapsed into eloquent emptiness, and his eyes severely turned from the hanging black push-buttons that swung across the table centre.

After the ladies had left, Captain Larry sucked long at his cigar, waiting until he felt that Caffin could once more find his bearings. Then, as he hid a smile behind a cloud of tobacco smoke, he broke the silence with,

"You've made as cheerful an exhibition as any one I ever met."

"Yes, sir," said Caffin.

"Is that what Annapolis teaches nowadays?"

"Yes, sir.—No, sir."

There fell a pause. Then the young man clutched the table-cloth and spoke. "Remember that storm on the old *Kearsarge*, sir, when the forward turret-controlling devices gave way and I took out a squad to lash the guns to the warping bitts? We spent four black hours at that, sir, most of it under ice-water."

Captain Larry nodded. "They gave you an additional number in your grade for it."

Caffin looked at his watch. "I've been at this table less than a quarter of that time, sir. But rather than sit here again like this I'd be slammed around by those seas all night."

At that the wicked twinkle softened in the eyes of the older man. As he rose he placed his hand on Caffin's shoulder.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But an officer with your lines has nothing to be scared of in women folk. See it through to-night and I'll promise not to pester you any more. She's waiting outside and you're late for the minstrels. There won't be much time for you to worry over conversation at them. But when you do, believe me, by keeping your nerve you can make a fair wind of a foul one."

Accordingly, Caffin sought her as directed and led her out upon the quarter-deck. He dared not raise his eyes even when she suggested that they witness the performance from the bridge as now, probably, officers and men packed the forecastle. But, desperately milling air out of his mouth, he guided her through the various deviations and bewildering yellow nooks to the highest of the platforms.

There they discovered the signal-boys entertaining in a private party the other signal-boys of the fleet. And while of two minds whether or not to descend, Caffin began to see, with an unavoidable vividness never vouchsafed to him before, that even among men of what he regarded as a lower station his incubus aroused no embarrassment, but instead won an urgent hospitality. They seated her in the front row. They showered her with excellent candy. They laughed because she laughed when the sailors on the deck threw bottled ginger-pop to the rows of white blouses and caps bobbing along the canvas-covered turret and the black guns. They laid before her half a dozen plates of condensed-milk ice-cream. They oozed sentiment in her company when the band played *Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt*. They applauded her applause of the details of the fantastic amateur scenery, the gorgeous Cuban costumes, and the teddy-bears in a most natural automobile rigged with a pair of oars.

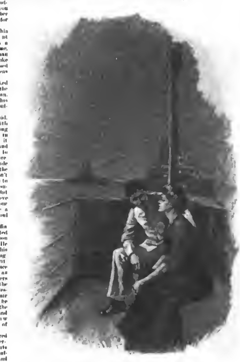
So at last their free and easy good-humor and her pretty breaks of laughter melted the insistency of Caffin's fears. He ventured to listen, ventured to reply. His boldness waxed till the intermission, when he cast loose and extolled the beauties of the Cuban shore. To the flutter of her dress his tongue wagged voluble as of a bubbling spring few miles to the east set about with royal palms, of periwinkles, and of hermit crabs that scuttled between the dark brown rocks and the bone-white coral by the swell of the green sea. He even resented the return of his hosts and felt bored at the professional actor who, having enlisted while tipsy, now spoke pathetic pieces.

But at last the lights went out above and below, and the men clattered down the iron ladders. Then he met the undissembled kindness of her eyes. "Let's stay here awhile. I've been told to apologize and to make a fair wind of a foul one," he said.

So they seated themselves at the dark end of the bridge, where Caffin, now pledged to act the gallant, primed his nerves to exclaim: "You know, I believe you could wile the bees from the flowers. See what you've done with me."

She returned no answer, and for a time the shock of the plunge silenced him. However, as they listened to the sleepy rumble of an ocean tug weighing anchor, and blinked in reply to the blinking fleet, his reassurance tiptoed back. He explained that he wished to walk with her over the barren flats with their pink-winged curlews to the mountains that piled before the sunset clouds. Next, at the shining of her lashes, his tongue took command, and he boldly declared something about the stars in the purple west being only reflections of her eyes.

Very soon they went below, though the captain absurdly said they had remained alone two hours. Later Caffin took her off the ship in his motor boat, landed his crew of one on the *Bartlett*, and then, in direct and wild violation of all established rules and regulations, steered her unchaperoned up the moon track to her house at the head of the bay.



They seated themselves at the dark end of the bridge

When he met her the next day and watched the hues blend between neck and cheek he blushed even harder as he began a speech he had prepared with: "I ought to be ashamed of myself. I've got a confession."

"No, you haven't," she replied. "Then you'll be wanting mine."

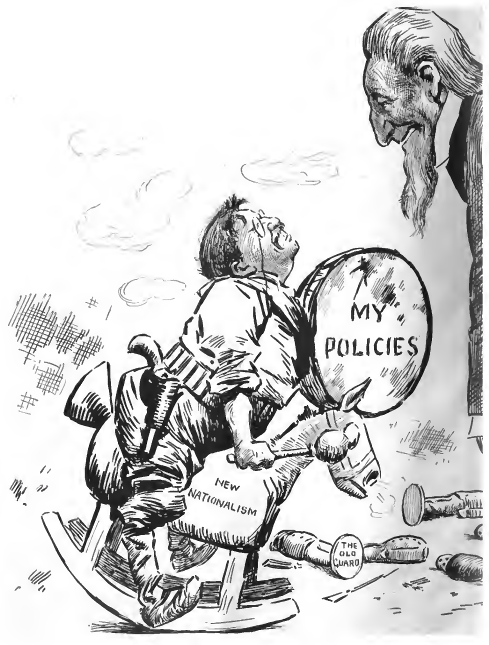
But Caffin continued under his load of penitence. "That night I first wrote you I let it go, because I didn't wish the fellows to know how scared I felt, and it was Trask's letter, after all."

"I always wondered." Her eyes fluttered unregenerate toward his countenance and fell again. "And I guess I'd better 'fess up myself before you—you—" She halted. The blood of life in her called him, but he stood impotent of expression. So she unbanked a prodigious sigh and then blushed for it. "I wrote you because I liked you, and Captain Larry said that he'd help me all he might, as I couldn't make you speak to me any ordinary way. I planned it out and told him what to do. It isn't leap year, but you're not angry? Even ministers can't always tell which is Providence and which is Temptation!"

Caffin watched the color that suffused her face for some time before he realized that his remarks upon her physical and vocal pulchritude created only a cheerful noise.

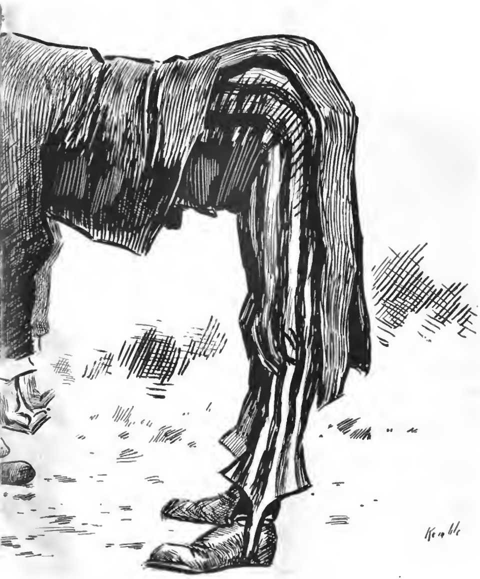
"I concluded that if I disclaimed any intentions until after your death you might have self-possession enough to give me a chance while you were living," she continued.

Again he made no answer, but—however, that part of the story concerns Caffin exclusively.


MY POLICIES
NEW NATIONALISM
THE OLD GUARD

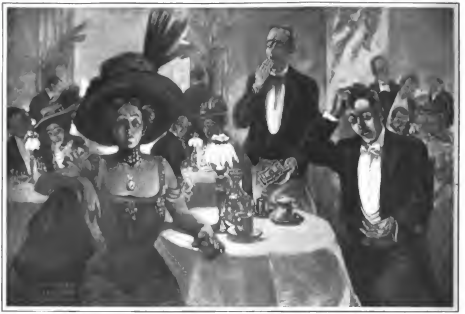
UNCLE SAM: "NOW THAT THE BATTLE I
SUGGEST THAT YOU GO INTO RETIREMENT

DRAWN BY



OVER, YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT BEGS TO
AND GIVE BUSINESS A CHANCE TO BOOM"

W KEMBLE



THIRTY CENTS SHORT

THEIR CONTROL

It was very late and the four old cronies, regardless of the hour, still sat in Jimpsonberry's back room, talking politics and other things. It was Slithers who brought up the subject of subconscious control.

"I believe there's something in it," he said. "Some old duffer on the other side of the Atlantic states that we are all of us under the control of some of the great spirits of the past."

"Meaning just what?" asked Bolivar, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Well, one man is guided in his actions by the spirit of Cæsar. Another is guided by the spirit of Alexander. A third is ruled by the dominating influence in his subconscious mind of a philosopher, like Socrates, or Plato, or that happy-go-lucky old chap, Epictetus," explained Slithers.

"Humph!" grinned Wigglesworth. "Have you got a control, Slithers?"

"Yes, I have," confessed Slithers. "I feel at times as if that old fellow Brutus who condemned his own sons to death were egging me on. I have such an inordinate sense of justice that I feel that if I were to become a justice of the peace around here I'd become a terror to the evil-doers in this community."

"How about you, Jimpsonberry?" demanded Wigglesworth.

"Oh, I believe in it thoroughly," said Jimpsonberry. "Every day in my life I feel it, and it sometimes makes me unhappy to think that I was not born in an age when I could avail myself of its promptings."

"Good boy!" laughed Bolivar. "Who is your motive power, Jimps?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte," said Jimpsonberry. "I have a most overpowering ambition to go out into the world and by the mere force of my subconscious personality subjugate nations. My mind works in channels precisely similar to those of Bonaparte, and the desire to rule is a predominating factor in my life. I feel that, given the right moment, the right place and the opportunity, I could make even the great men of the earth tremble before me. I dream at night that I am leading great and victorious hosts to scenes of conquest, and whenever I tackle any kind of a job I go at it confident in my destiny. I believe in my star, even as Napoleon did, and I think you will find, if you ask men who have to do with me in business affairs of any sort, that they feel my force. Precision is one of my notable qualities, and I brook no opposition to the complete fulfillment of my schemes."

The clock struck one as Jimpsonberry spoke, and out of the black depths of the hallway abovestairs there came a short, sharp, peremptory voice.

"John Jimpsonberry," it said, in strident tones, easily recognizable as those of Mrs. Jimpsonberry, "if those fool friends of yours can't go to bed like decent citizens, it's no reason why you should lose a night's sleep. Tell 'em to go home. It's after one o'clock now, and you've got to meet mother at the station at half past six."

Jimpsonberry rose meekly.

"By ginger! boys," he said, "I'd forgotten all about that. I guess we'll have to adjourn. Sorry, but when the old lady speaks—"

"All right, Napoleon Bonaparte," grinned Wigglesworth. "We'll go, and leave your Majesty to pursue your triumphant way to power. Good night."

"That's all right, Bill," said Jimpsonberry. "I'm controlled by Napoleon Bonaparte, all right, but my wife—well, just between you and me, she's got a control, too."

"Who's that?" asked Bolivar. "Xanthippe?"

"Xanthippe nothin'," retorted Jimpsonberry. "No Xanthippe ever terrorized any Napoleon Bonaparte. She's the *Duke o' Wellington*."

Whereupon the others departed, really convinced that there was something in the theory.

CHOLLY EXCUSES HIMSELF

Cholly had entered his father's office after graduating from college, but had shown a capacity for unpunctuality that gradually got upon the old gentleman's nerves.

"Well," said the latter one morning, snapping the cover of his watch angrily as Cholly walked in about half past ten, "this is a fine time of day to get down to business. Here it is half past ten o'clock."

"Well, my dear dad," said Cholly, languidly, "you have always said that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office, and I've been waiting for the blamed thing to turn up ever since breakfast."

WAITING FOR HIS ANSWER

ALPHABETICAL McGUFF

Alexander Zymonides Philoquitus K. McGuff
Possessed 'twould seem to most of us, a name quite long enough;
But Alexander Z. P. K. McGuff was wont to fret
Because his name did not contain th' entire alphabet.

"Alas! when I was christened," wailed A. Z. P. K. McG.,
"My parents should have looked ahead, and spared such woes to me.
'Twas cruel to select a name in such a careless way—
A name which lacks a W, a B, a V, a J!"

The lacking letters worried him until, quite late in life
He struck upon the brilliant scheme to get them with a wife
Whose name would have B, J, and V and W beside,
So out he fared to search for her, and claim her as his bride.

He met Miss Birdie Vida Jones, and started her to woo,
To recollect (and just in time) she owned no W.
Miss Violetta Wimpleback, Miss K. Jabyna White,
Were also very near ideal—but only near, not quite.

But Love would wait no longer—it had tarried long enough.
Twang! went the dart, and pierced a heart. A. Z. P. K. McGuff
Fell panting at the feet of one who soon became his wife—
He'd won a mate, though losing the ambition of his life!

Her name was absolutely bare of all those letters four.
To be exact, 'twas Caroline Amelia Daisy More;
But, just to show how Fate ordains, there came a baby fair
To bless A. Z. P. K. McGuff and save him from despair.

For, when they came to name the child, McGuff exclaimed, "Hooray!
Our son shall be the instrument to save for us the day:
My parents left me bleak and bare when giving me my name.
'Twill not be said that to my son I've gone and done the same!

"We'll call him Alexander; Zymonides next shall be;
Then Philoquitus. Benjamin comes next, with J and B
The K insert, and then Van Wymp! Aha! at last enough!
Oh, lucky infant, A. Z. P. B. K. Van Wymp McGuff!"

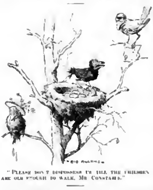
Paul West.

RECENT INVENTIONS

SILAS SKAGGS, of Mugginsville, Georgia, has invented an anti-stay-late sofa which is likely to result in considerable economy for persons with marriageable daughters. The sofa is provided with a clock-work arrangement which, when set like an alarm-clock for a certain hour at which the young lady's father feels the ardent swain should be thinking of going, causes the sofa to collapse and fold up in the middle like a jack-knife, while ringing a gong which cannot be stopped until the front door has been opened, closed again, and double-bolted for the night. Mr. Skaggs is said to have already refused $10,000 for the New England rights to his invention alone.

An ingenious dairyman of Maine has filed papers for a new patent arrangement by which all human interposition between a cow and her product in butter is wholly eliminated. The apparatus consists of an iron cage, in which a swarm of artificial flies, worked by electricity, buzz around the incarcerated animal, causing her to lash her tail violently while she is being milked by an automatic machine. The milk runs by the natural force of gravitation into a depressed receptacle in one corner of the cage, where it is immediately churned by the action of a dasher kept in a state of perpetual motion by the aforesaid lashing of the cow's tail, as induced by the artificial flies. It is claimed that a tolerably wide-spread adoption of this apparatus by the dairymen of the United States will reduce the cost of butter between three and four elevenths of a cent a pound.

"The Little Wide-awake" is the name of a newly designed chair for school children, which will shortly be offered to our public-school boards throughout the country. It is precisely similar in appearance to the chairs now in use in most of our up-to-date schools, but is so arranged that a teacher, sitting at his desk, by merely pressing an electric button can cause a hatpin of judicious length to spring up directly out of the middle of the seat in which a delinquent of any kind happens to be sitting, so that without interrupting the train of thought of the other students at study or in recitation, the teacher can communicate directly with the sluggish or inattentive one, unostentatiously, but with immediate, and we might say pointed, effect.



"PLEASE DON'T DISPOSSESS US TILL THE CHILDREN ARE OLD ENOUGH TO WALK, MR. CONSTABLE."

A useful contrivance for timid suburban housekeepers is reported to be a phonographic attachment to the kitchen annunciator, by means of which a married man or woman living in a remote district, and rendered thereby somewhat helpless in dealing with a strenuous domestic complication, can lock himself or herself in an upstairs room, and, by pressing a white button set in the wall, convey immediately to the cook belowstairs the information that her services are no longer desired. As the apparatus has been described to us, the first pressure of the button causes a loud gong to ring directly over the kitchen range, to attract the cook's attention. A second pressure floods the range with water, thereby putting out the fire and making further effort on her part useless, while a third sets the phonographic record revolving and repeating twenty times in rapid succession the suggestive phrase: "*Your month is up to-day. Git! You will find your wages under the mat in front of the garage.*"

The sponge-proof cigar, invented by a Key West genius, is having a very considerable sale all over the country. It has the appearance of a mild perfecto, perfectly made, and attractive to the eye; but when smoked it is found to consist of a half-inch of tightly rolled jute which, when lit, burns fiercely, with an indescribable odor, until it reaches a point two-thirds of the way to the stub, where asbestos is substituted for the jute filling. Investigation has shown that men who had not been known to buy their own cigars for years have ceased entirely to hold up a friend who has handed them one of these weeds. They sell at a dollar a thousand, and for the purpose are well worth the money. As a measure of protection to the smoker himself who is called upon to distribute these among his importunate friends, they are provided with a flamboyant band stamped with the words "Flora Geltadora" in gilt letters, which prevents their being mistaken by the donor for a real cigar, and thus inadvertently smoked by himself.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE
FROM A SUFFRAGIST VIEW POINT

Papers patent have been filed for what is to be known as "Wiggley's Safety Ink," devised by Horace Wiggley, of Perkins Corners, Iowa. It is so constituted that, although it is apparently of fast black when used, at the end of twenty-one days it fades away into absolute nothingness, leaving the paper upon which it has been used entirely free from marks of any kind. It is expected to be a great boon for letter writers who have been disappointed in love, as well as by writers of promissory notes running over thirty days. For confidential communications, especially those of politicians, that might later prove inconvenient, it will also prove eminently desirable, of which the inventor seems to be fully aware, if it be true, as is reported, that he proposes to sell it at the champagne price of four dollars a quart.

WANTED TO KNOW

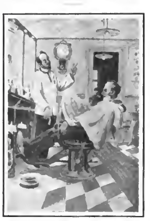
"Ah, my friends," said the suffrage orator, "do you ever realize what we men owe to our wives? I am free to confess that all that I am my wife has made me."

"Why don't she finish the job?" squeaked a heartless malefactor from the gallery.

AN INGENIOUS EXPLANATION

CRITIC. "Why do you say in that story of yours that 'Henderson's heart beat a tattoo as Mabel entered the room,' Scribbley? Do you wish your readers to believe that your hero carried a drum where he should have had a heart?"

SCRIBBLEY: "Not at all, my dear fellow. I used that expression advisedly. I meant my readers to infer that as Mabel entered the room Henderson's heart sounded a call to arms."



SLOW BARBER: "YOUR HAIR IS TURNING A LITTLE GRAY, SIR."
PATIENT: "I SHOULDN'T WONDER. I'VE BEEN IN HERE LONG ENOUGH."

SKIED

"How does Dabber rank as a painter, anyhow?" asked Wilbraham.

"Pretty well, I guess," said Lollerby. "At the last exhibition they hung his picture higher than any other in the place."

HOME, SWEET HOME A LA HOBO

I'm going back to jail again, I'm going back to jail
The rime is on the punkin and the haze is on the vale.
My wanderin' is over, and good times lie straight ahead—
Three meals a day, a comfy cell, a blanket on my bed
A roof to keep the rain off, and protection from the gale—
I'm goin' back,
I'm goin' back,
I'm goin' back to jail!

No more the merry bulldog with the fierce light in his eye
Will be the answer that I get to questionings for pie;
I shall not fear his eager teeth, I shall not fear his smile,
I shall not fear his lurking place behind the old wood pile.
No more he'll chase me madly from the front door to the rail—
I'm goin' back,
I'm goin' back,
I'm goin' back to jail!

No more I'll pace the dusty road, a victim of its heat,
With nerve-prostration waiting on my weary, nervous feet,
In constant fear of honking cars in their incessant hike,
All heedless of the human "thank you ma'ams" along the pike
No more my eyes will fill with grit and lots of dusty shale,
I'm goin' back,
I'm goin' back,
I'm goin' back to jail!

No more a stolen bed at e'en in some sequestered stack,
With farmers armed with pitchy prongs to poke me in the back;
No more the chase of angry bulls across the pasture lots
No more stern farmers' wives to pelt my hungry head with pots
No more the sodden biscuit, or the hardtack old and stale—
I'm goin' back,
I'm goin' back,
I'm goin' back to jail!

O Autumn is the time for me. It takes me home again
Unto that little bower where I'm safe from care and pain;
That little cell is home to me, and through the winter sere
It holds me warm and comfy, with my heart all full o' cheer
I love the frost that paints the tree, the hillside, and the dale,
And sends me back,
Yes, takin' back,
A-takin' back to jail!

A. SUTTERAN MANN.

Shadows of the Stage

By William Winter

SOME EVENTS OF THE SEASON

This is the fourth of a new series of articles by William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, relative to contemporary drama, which will appear from time to time in future issues of "Harper's Weekly." Mr. Winter's articles formed a widely quoted feature of "Harper's Weekly" during the last theatrical season

> *"Aware that what is base*
> *No polish can make sterling, and that vice,*
> *Though well perfum'd and elegantly dress'd,*
> *Like an unburied carcass trick'd with flowers,*
> *Is but a garnish'd nuisance."*—COWPER.

MUCH activity is perceptible in the theatres of New York. Some of it well-policied and well-timed, some of it merely empirical. The season began about the middle of August, and in the interval between that time and the moment of this writing about one hundred plays, old and new, have been submitted to the public attention. The variety of entertainment thus offered is especially remarkable, and, large as it is, it will presently be augmented. November is usually a stirring month, bringing many salient changes, and the vitally important undertakings of the new dramatic year will soon have been disclosed. At this writing a presentment of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is in prospect at the New Theatre,—Mr. Charles Calvert being the Falstaff. Miss Blanche Bates, one of the most talented, interesting, and auspicious actors now gracing the American stage, will return to the capital, offering a new play. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will soon be visible here, in their production of *Macbeth*,—an enterprise more ambitious and intrepid than any that either of those esteemed actors has heretofore attempted. Robert Mantell, Viola Allen, Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Mrs. Carter, and other favorite players have resumed their customary professional industry. The renowned actress Ellen Terry has begun, in New York, a series of Dramatic Readings. The promise of the hour is uncommonly bright. In the mean time several phases of the passing pageant invite thoughtful consideration.

A scene from Act II. of "The Concert," at the Belasco Theatre. From left to right: Jane Grey, Mr. Ditrichstein, William Morris, Janet Beecher

David Belasco,—who seems not unmindful of a useful example that was set by Augustin Daly,—has reverted, though not with Mr. Daly's taste and skill, to the teeming field of light German drama, having produced, at the Belasco Theatre, a farce called *The Concert*, adapted by Mr. Leo Ditrichstein from the German of Mr. Herman Bahr. That farce, which has been successful in attracting remunerative public notice, owes its success more to the manner in which it is acted than to either its subject, story, incidents, or dialogue. The chief actors in it make absolutely the best that can be made of situations which are not only fantastically ludicrous and preposterous,—as is allowable in a farce,—but sometimes grossly indelicate. The theme is an old one,—woman's infatuation relative to the Musical Performer. The intention is to satirize that foolish state of the female mind, and also to expose and ridicule a despicable combination of febrile sensuousness, splenetic temper, and inordinate egotism, often, and unjustly, designated "the artistic temperament." That intention could have been accomplished, in a spirit of playful humor, without employment of an almost brutally indelicate posture of circumstances and without the introduction of any lines conveying, and intended to convey, a double meaning, at once decent and gross. The chief postulate and the manipulation of it are strongly reminiscent of *Delicate Ground* and *Divorcons*. The musician, having lied to his wife as to a purposed excursion from home, goes to a secluded retreat in the mountains, with one of his pupils, the wife of another man, intending an amorous intrigue with her. The other man, in company with the wife of the musician, pursues those fugitives, and, when the two couples are confronted, the insulted husband blandly proposes that the complication of domestic affairs shall be solved and adjusted by an exchange of wives, sequent on the obtainment of divorce. The silly woman who admires the musician is rescued by exposure of his selfishness and her folly, the musician is baffled and rebuked, and domestic peace is supposed to be restored.

In the conduct of that story the dramatist of it has supplied comicalities of situation and of stage business which, undeniably, are amusing, but in order to be amused by them the spectator must ignore the fact that he is laughing at a very serious subject. There is nothing intrinsically comic or entertaining in marital infidelity. Puritanism,—as this pen has often written,—is as obnoxious as Profligacy. Let me not be squeamish. But—is it in good taste, is it well-bred, is it *decent*, to choose the subject of adultery, intended or accomplished, as a theme for mirth? It has often been so chosen and so used. Abundant precedent, unfortunately, exists for precisely that proceeding; but surely the time has come when the good judgment and good taste of the American play going public should call a halt. A few of the many farces which have been built on the basis of matrimonial discontent, man's inordinate desire, and woman's weakness, are so skilfully contrived that they evade censure. *The Concert* is not one of them. There can be no doubt that the line should be sharply drawn this side of indecency.

Mr. Ditrichstein calls Mr. Bahr's farce "a comedy." The terms commonly applied to plays, by way of classification, are somewhat indefinite, at the best, but as to *comedy*, the general understanding is that it should be a dramatic composition which, in delineating character and manners, while piquant by virtue of delicate exaggeration and amusing by virtue of clever equivoke, moves within the limits of reason and probability. The farce of *The Concert* begins with burlesque and proceeds with violent absurdity. The persons implicated would not, in real life, act in a manner even approximate to that which is prescribed for them. The female worshippers of "a genius" may be, often are, infatuated and silly, but they do not comport themselves as idiots. Most of the proceedings shown in the first act of *The Concert* are such as might, perhaps, occur in an asylum for persons of feeble mind. The note that is struck, considered at its best, is that of burlesque. The play, in so far as it is a play,—the clash of character and the exposition of conduct,—begins in the second act. Sixteen persons are implicated in the action of the piece, but only seven of them are seen, after the first curtain has fallen. The tone of the second and third acts except at moments, is radically and extravagantly farcical. An opportunity occurs, and it is duly improved,—perhaps in jest, perhaps in earnest,—of saying the magnanimous words that are usually attributed to philosophical lovers: "If you love a woman, and that woman happens to be your wife, you wish her to be *happy*, and if you discover that she thinks she can be happier with another man than she is with you your wish is that she should join him, if she can be sure of her feelings"; and so forth. At the close of the piece the wife of the genius affectionately assures him that she has all along known of his infidelities, but is willing to pardon him if he will be faithful in future and, by way of emphasizing her docile, charitable, and eminently tolerant spirit, she produces bottles of hair-dye and proceeds to rejuvenate his fading locks.

The acting by which this farce is commended to public approbation is so careful, zealous, spirited, and effective that it causes regret for the wasteful expenditure of worthy effort upon an unworthy theme. Mr. Ditrichstein's exposition of the musical genius Gabor Arany, is remarkable for the continuity of expertness with which he contrives to saturate the character with a sickly affectation and effeminacy while also making it vivacious, amiable, and frequently droll. The resemblance of that comedian's method, in the expression of demure playfulness, pettish exasperation, and lackadaisical sentiment, to the method of the late Richard Mansfield, in some of his lighter moods, was long ago noticed, but Mr. Ditrichstein always used that method and, though he came after Mansfield, he is not an imitator. The bold, clear, explicit behavior and speech of William Morris, as Dr. Dallas, "the other man," together with his suggestive denotement of manly spirit and kind feeling, dignify the part that he plays and enhance the naturalness in effect of the whole representation. Miss Janet Beecher makes an incredible woman interesting and, at times, almost probable, by her quiet force of character, her deft repose, skilful facial play, and expressive vocalism. She might, however, profitably learn, from observance of Mr. Morris's acting, the excellence of a judicious use of *transparency*,—the expedient by use of which an actor seems one thing to stage interlocutors while revealing to spectators another thing, beneath the surface. Mr. John Cope's impersonation of McGinnis, a bibulous Irish servant, while only a sketch, is one of the most truthful and effective pieces of acting that have been seen, in a long period of observation. In aspect, demeanor, use of voice, artful pause, and incidental stage business, the performance is a gem of seemingly spontaneous humor, intertwined with self-indulgent, coarse, yet kindly temperament, and a satirically sapient habit of mind, implying close observation and much experience of life. The female idolators of the musical genius were, doubtless, instructed to behave in an utterly extravagant manner, and they better the instruction.

The play, by Mr. J. E. Goodman, called *Mother*, current at the Hackett Theatre, affords a striking illustration of the ignominious certainty with which a beautiful subject can be made ridiculous by incompetent treatment. The subject of that play is mother love, one of the holiest emotions of which human nature is capable, and undoubtedly the dramatist in his treatment of that subject, intended to exhibit that emotion in the loveliest possible light. The endeavor is, in the highest degree, commendable, but the manner of it is abused, and, viewing the puerile ingredients of the play and the clumsy conduct of its story, intelligent commendation can recognize nothing in it beyond a worthy design.

Mothers are of many kinds. It is not every mother who loves her children so fondly that she would sacrifice her life for the sake of pleasing any one of them. Sometimes the love of the mother is given wholly to one only of her children. Some mothers are indifferent to their children or regard them with aversion. There is, however, the Devoted Mother, and very beautiful she is, whether to contemplate or remember. But the devoted mother is not a maudlin fool, and she does not awaken sympathy and affectionate admiration when she is depicted as deficient of common sense and incapable of acting toward all her children with even ordinary due regard for their welfare.

Mrs. Katherine Wetherill, an elderly widow resident in New York, at the present time, the central figure in this play, is the possessor of a small but sufficient fortune, consisting of investments, on the income from which she and her children are dependent. She has acted as executrix of her deceased husband's Will. She, naturally, would take care to know all about her property, and, having six children, two of them being daughters arrived at marriageable age, and two of them little lads, she would act with at least commonplace prudence in the management of it—since she is said to love all her children and to live only for their sake. Yet it is declared that she knows nothing about her estate; that her money matters have been consigned to the care of an old lawyer; that she has authorized that a considerable part of the common inheritance be squandered in supplying the selfish exactions of her eldest son, a moral weakling and a thief, and that she is ready to sacrifice, and does sacrifice, for the sake of that worthless young man, the greater part of what remains and also the welfare and comfort of all her other children, reducing her household to destitution. The tale is incredible in every particular. Some women are at times extravagant, and all women are emotional creatures, "subject to change without notice" but the female mind, as a rule, is so essentially prone to providence that sometimes it seems positively penurious, and

(Continued on page 23)

Wars of the Insect World

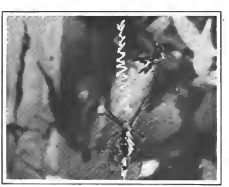
By Paul Griswold Howes

Curator of Ornithology and Entomology at the Maplewood Museum of Natural Science, Stamford, Connecticut

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE insect world sounds peaceful enough when the whole earth vibrates with its monotonous songs; yet these insect melodies which make the summer days seem so drowsy and peaceful to the human mind are, in reality, making insect life what it is: one continual civil war. These songs are prompted by deadly sexual rivalry, and a merry tune will often end in the singer's death if his more powerful neighbor happens to be within fighting distance.

However, it must not be supposed that all insect conflicts are started in this way. Battles which start through the songs of insects are always confined to one species, for there would be no sexual rivalry, for instance, between a spider and a grasshopper.


The end of a conflict between a mud-wasp and a garden spider

Two katydids about to engage in a battle for life or death

So far, from personal observation, I have found that the grasshoppers are by far the most irritable class of insects among themselves. They seem to enjoy fighting better than eating, and frequently fight until each has lost one or more limbs, and sometimes even until one succeeds in killing the other. So great is their interest in these deadly battles that they will allow themselves to be picked up and carried about, continuing the conflict in one's hand in the most unconcerned manner imaginable!

The katydids constitute the less quarrelsome members of the grasshopper family. Their fights are far and few between, but extremely violent when once started. I remember vividly a battle between two of these insects which I witnessed several years ago. It happened close to the edge of a small patch of woodland where several trees had been cut and the stumps left standing from two to three feet above the ground. To the top of one of these stumps a large katydid and his mate had crawled, perhaps to enjoy their honeymoon. As I stopped to watch their actions for a minute, a third katydid, seeing the happy couple, and feeling somewhat jealous, shrieked an insult to them from a near-by stump. The offended insect never uttered a sound, but, leaving its mate, flew directly to the other stump, where a fierce conflict ensued ending only when the insulting one had been torn to pieces by his more powerful rival, much to the satisfaction of the female katydid!

The most furious of all insect battles take place between colonies of the mound-building ant. Their huge nests are situated close to the edges of shaded wood paths, sometimes near together and at other times not within several hundred feet of one another. Here the same colonies will live, year after year, at peace or at war with one another, until nature's own forces wipe them out of existence. Picture to yourself two of these cities equal in size and population, and situated about one hundred paces from each other, observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two great capitals. The whole space that separates them, of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. The following account was given by M. Huber of a battle which he witnessed a great many years ago:

The armies meet midway between their respective habitations, and there join battle. Thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize one another with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, as if conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile formicary. The spot where the battle most rages is about three feet in dimensions; a penetrating odor exhales on all sides, and numbers of ants are here lying dead covered with venom, while others, composing groups and chains, are locked together by their legs or paws, and drag one another alternately in opposite directions. These groups are formed gradually. At first a pair of combatants seize each other, and, rearing upon their hind legs, mutually spurt their acid; then, closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavors to drag off his antagonist. If their strength be equal, they remain immovable until a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succored at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side, till chains are formed of six, eight, or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and struggling pertinaciously for the mastery. The equilibrium remains unbroken until a number of champions from the same nest arriving at once compel them to let go their hold, and the single combats recommence. At the approach of night, each party gradually retreats to its own city; but before the following dawn the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of ground. These daily fights continue until heavy rains separate the combatants, and they forget their quarrel, and peace is finally restored!

The anger of honey-bees is frequently excited against their own species, many a mortal combat taking place, sometimes within the hive, sometimes without. During these battles the bees, like the grasshoppers, are so eager, and their fury so great, that it is impossible to stop them without administering a comparatively hard blow with the hand. Their one object in these civil broils is to pierce their enemies with their stings, the stroke of which, if it once penetrates to the muscles, is mortal. The conqueror is not always able to extricate its weapon after one of these engagements, and, when this is the case, both insects perish. General actions sometimes take place between two full swarms.

Friendly intercourse will sometimes prevail between the bees of two different hives for several days at a time, but sooner or later one will become irritated with the other, and again a deadly battle will be the result of the well-meant friendship

Many death struggles take place between insects of different families. The mud-wasp stores her nest with young spiders for her own young to feed upon; but let these little spiders grow up, let them build their powerful webs, and if a wasp becomes entangled among the silken strands a battle ensues which results in the wasp's death more often than the spider's.

So it goes throughout the insect world, the strong preying upon the weak and the cunning upon the simple.

Two honey-bees fighting for the possession of a decaying pear

A grasshopper triumphing over the bodies of two rivals whom he has slain

An American Singer's Triumph in France

THE MEMORABLE SUCCESS ACHIEVED BY MME. NORDICA AS ISOLDE IN PARIS—SOME IMPRESSIONS OF HER PERFORMANCE BY FRENCH REVIEWERS

THE casual observer might suppose that Lillian Nordica had compassed pretty nearly all the fame and glory which it is possible to achieve in a career on the operatic stage. She is the foremost living exponent of the greater soprano rôles in the Wagner list. No other singing-actress now before the public possesses in so eminent a degree "the grand style"; none other gives us an Isolde, a Brünnhilde so amply conceived, so broad and heroic in design, so sedulously to the larger manner of Wagner, as does she.

For more than a decade she has held a high and enviable place in the operatic field. Since that unforgettable November night in 1895 when she, with Jean and Edouard De Reszke, effected what was virtually a renaissance of Wagner in this country by reminding us that the later music-dramas could be sung beautifully and acted passionately at the same time, she has made us realize that the noblest conceptions of the art of the operatic actress are the only ones by which she might justly be appraised.

And what a remarkable career hers has been!—from the days when, as a girl still in her teens, the young daughter of Farmington, Maine, sang at Madison Square Garden with Gilmore's Band—"the aria from *Sonnambula*, and (if Mr. Arbuckle will play the cornet obbligato) *Let the Bright Seraphim*," as Mr. Kobbé tells the tale. "A very pale little girl," the great Gilmore had observed deprecatingly, "but just sing right out—don't be afraid." And, it is related, she achieved "a nice little success." Before she was twenty-one she had made her operatic début in Italy, at Brescia, where for three months she sang in *Traviata* five nights a week for the imperial sum of $100. It was not long after that she made her début at the Opéra, Paris, as Marguerite, that much-enduring rôle which has so faithfully served to usher one knows not how many youthful sopranos into an unsympathetic world.

And now, after having been acclaimed as a Wagner singer in Bayreuth, in New York, in Munich (where, it will be remembered, she had the unusual honor of being the first Isolde and Elsa to be heard at the Prinz Regenten Theatre), she has again appeared at the Paris Opéra, not, this time, as an obscure Marguerite, but as a thrice-famous exponent of what is, after all, the supreme rôle in music-drama—that of Wagner's Isolde.

Copyright by E. W. Histed

Nordica in her most famous role, Isolde in Wagner's music-drama, in which she deeply impressed the operatic public of Paris

Madame Nordica had never before sung this tremendous part in French, and her task must have been a trying one; yet her triumph was indisputable. She appeared in the rôle on the evening of October 18th, her companions in the cast being Mr. Van Dyck as Tristan, Miss Le Senne as Brangäne, Mr. Dangès as Kurwenal, Mr. Gresse as the King. The representation was one of a short series of Wagner performances planned for the Opéra.

The comments of the reviewers will be of interest to all American opera goers who remember with keen pleasure Madame Nordica's impressive embodiment of Wagner's superb creation.

"As was the case with *Die Walküre*," said *Figaro*, "the management of the Opéra has just remounted with great care *Tristan and Isolde*. Mr. André Messager directed the orchestra, and we were thereby assured a reading of the work profoundly musical and at the same time faithful to Wagnerian tradition. The vocal interpretation of the principal characters was of rare beauty. For the first time, one of the most illustrious of Isoldes was heard at Paris in the rôle, singing in French. Madame Nordica's success was noteworthy; she was applauded in the warmest way, and was recalled many times. The public fully appreciated the fact that this Isolde not only incarnated the traditions of the past, but that she imbued the part with a lyricism and a pathos that were admirable. She re-created it in accordance with the noble conception of its author. In her the singer is the equal of the lyric tragedian; her voice, of rare amplitude, is used with consummate art."

In a subsequent review the *Figaro* remarked that "the second and, unfortunately, the last but one representation of *Tristan and Isolde* with Madame Nordica and Van Dyck was a true triumphal success. Madame Nordica, the admirable Isolde, was many times applauded."

In *Le Gaulois* the reviewer wrote as follows: "The appearance of Madame Nordica in *Tristan and Isolde* was, for the public, a true revelation. Imposing, beautiful, the face expressive and mobile, in her look an indescribable tenderness and languor, and at the same time power and alertness: such is the physiognomy of Madame Nordica. This great artist is known to all those who have visited Bayreuth and Munich; she has triumphed in all the capitals of Europe and America; one day she will interpret the rôles of the Italian or French *répertoire*, the next day she will appear as one of the admirable characters created by the genius of Wagner. It is rare in our time to find singers who can interpret Carmen to-day and Brünnhilde or Zerlina to-morrow. Very few artists have the power of impersonating adequately such various rôles. Madame Nordica is as great an artist when she is singing the heroines of the *Tetralogy*—or the touching Elsa which she had the honor of enacting at Bayreuth—as when she is communicating the passion of ideal and ecstatic love in *Tristan*. Paris is very fortunate in being able to hear Madame Nordica as Isolde."

Still another reviewer wrote in a like strain: "Yesterday evening Nordica sang Isolde for the first time at the Paris Opéra, one of the most beautiful and most wonderful rôles in the Wagnerian *répertoire*. Madame Nordica had nothing to fear in singing Isolde here. She has always been the best of the Wagner interpreters, even at Bayreuth. The most expert musicians, such as Seidl, Hermann Levi, and Hans Richter, have considered her one of the finest singers of modern times. The directors of the opera neglected nothing in mounting the work. The orchestra, chosen with scrupulous care, was directed by M. Messager. In the first act, where the two lovers are struggling with their overmastering desire, the double cry: 'Tristan!' 'Isolde!' as sung by Nordica and Van Dyck, could find, I think, no interpreters more eloquent, more passionate. It would have been impossible to re-create with greater intensity this poem of felicity, of ecstasy, of love that prevails even unto death. It was the first time that Madame Nordica had sung the rôle of Isolde in French at Paris—by no means a light task, after she had been so long habituated to it in other languages."

Still another reviewer referred to her as "one of the most illustrious singers of the day, one of the glories of lyric art, of whom Paris knew the universal reputation, but whose talent, until now, it has but rarely had the opportunity to admire. Nordica, by her performance of Isolde," he continues, "placed herself in the very first rank of those artists whom the Parisians elect to adopt as their own. Her enormous success in this rôle will remain among the most cherished memories of Parisian lovers of opera. Her career has been rich in numerous triumphs, fertile in great episodes. The character of Isolde is truly her own. With her breadth of style and her adherence to the purist traditions, there are very few rôles of the master's répertoire in which she has not been acclaimed. New York, Bayreuth, and Munich . . . have accorded her a place among the first of living artists. The other evening when Isolde first appeared, consumed with longing and despair, she thrilled every one in the audience. . . . Only artists of Nordica's power are capable of creating an impression of this intensity. . . . She brought to her interpretation not only persuasive charm and skill as a singer, but the pathos of true tragedy."

Grandfather's Gun

The man who hunts with a modern hammerless shot-gun, breech-loading, short of barrel and light in weight, has little idea of the labor that his grandfather, who shot large and small game with a long single or double barrelled muzzle-loading gun, had to undergo for his sport.

The old firearm was about a foot longer than the gun of to-day, and beneath and between its two barrels a long wooden ramrod nestled, with which it was necessary to ram the powder and press the shot into the barrel for every discharge.

When the old-time hunter had poured into the palm of his left hand just enough of the powder—the art of measuring which to a nicety with the eye and the hand was one that every boy acquired in those old muzzle-loading days—he poured it carefully into the barrel. It was a knack to wrinkle the palm so that no powder would fall to the ground and be wasted.

Next the old-time hunter tore off a few small scraps from a newspaper which he carried in his pocket. This was another knack, for too much or too little wadding might injure his marksmanship. Then he drew the ramrod, turned it "end for end" in the air with a graceful flourish, and let it drop of its own weight into the barrel.

Then the process of ramming the powder began. With deft and forcible downward thrusts the hunter packed the powder into the base of the barrel, and also sent some grains up into the nipple, which was soon to be covered with the percussion cap, thus "priming" it so that the cap would not explode without exploding the powder.

Now he withdrew the ramrod, dropped it back into its place beneath the barrels, measured out the shot with the same acquired skill with which he had measured the powder, and let it flow rattling into the barrel.

Next came the wadding for the shot, just about as much for the powder, but more carefully and lightly pressed in. If the hunter wished to hit large game, or for any reason to plump his shot into one spot, he moistened it before he put it into the gun: if this was done it scattered less when discharged—or he believed that it did.

Both barrels loaded, and the ramrod back in its place, the hunter rested the gun on his left arm, half-cocked both barrels, and proceeded to take his round box of caps out of his pocket with his right hand, and put two of these little detonating engines on his nipples. It was always necessary to have good caps and keep them dry; for nothing in the old hunter's experience was more distressing than to get an excellent aim, and then have the cap "snap" without discharging the gun.

To those who wonder how men could have endured with patience such a long loading process, it may be observed that a gun of this sort was a great improvement on all that had gone before, and that percussion caps marked almost as great an advance as breech-loading guns were to make afterward.

A COLLEGE WOMEN'S CAMPAIGN FOR ENFRANCHISEMENT

THE COLLEGE SUFFRAGE LEAGUE OF WASHINGTON, HAVING ITS HEADQUARTERS IN SEATTLE, IS POSTING UP TEN THOUSAND PLACARDS THROUGHOUT THE STATE TO FURTHER THE MOVEMENT FOR THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN

Northern Agriculture

It is wonderful what growth is made by plants under the long-continued light of the arctic summer, notwithstanding the fact that the sun attains no great elevation above the horizon. The light, such as it is, is almost constant for weeks together, and this constancy makes up, in great part, for the shortness of the season.

In Siberia, agriculture ceases at about sixty degrees of north latitude, but in Norway oats ripen at sixty-nine degrees, rye at a half degree, and barley at a whole degree farther north. In Finmark the summer heat is intense, and daylight is continuous for ten weeks.

The rapid growth of vegetation in Finmark is almost incredible. During the short summer crops are sown, ripened, and harvested. It has been found by experiment that in latitude sixty-five degrees north barley will grow two and one-half inches, and grow three inches in the twenty-four hours for several consecutive days. Barley is harvested in ten weeks after being sown.

At Hammer[illegible] in latitude seventy degrees and f[illegible] north, the grass grows unde[illegible] and hay is made in a month af[illegible] has left the fields. Here the Scotch fir flourishes vigorously, sometimes reaching an altitude of eighty feet. But a little farther east in this same latitude, in winter, mercury and even brandy frequently freeze in the open air.

A Norwegian scientist spent thirty years of his life in making experiments to determine the effects of the midnight sun, during the Scandinavian summers, on the wheat and other grain crops. The conclusion he reached was that wheat, corn, and other seeds imported from a warmer clime, when cultivated under this unintermittent sunlight, become hardier as well as larger, and that they are better able to resist excessive cold. The colors of these grains are also gradually changed to a richer and darker hue.

Wild and cultivated fruits, ripened in northern lands, have a livelier aroma and flavor than the same fruits grown under more southern skies.

Turning Evaporation to Use

It is fairly well known that if a wet towel be hung in the window the room becomes almost immediately several degrees cooler. The reason for this is that when water, or, in fact, any liquid, evaporates, it becomes cooler. If a little alcohol or ether is spilled on the hand the cool sensation experienced is due to the rapid evaporation. Now the atmosphere contains water vapor, and when this reaches a certain percentage, taking into account the temperature, the humidity becomes oppressive. The reason is that at a certain temperature the air can hold only a certain amount of this water vapor, and consequently no more can evaporate.

This principle is applied on the plains and in hot, dry regions. A porous jug filled with water is suspended from the rear axle of the wagon, and the water gradually seeps through the pores of the jug. As it reaches the outside it is at once dried up or evaporated by the sun and by the wind created by the motion of the wagon. This makes the water contained very cool indeed. In India even ice has been made by this principle alone. The water is put in shallow pans on the outside of which are bundles of straw saturated with water. As this evaporates ice is formed in the pans.

Cockades

How many of our friends in this country who are wont to decorate with cockades the hats of their coachmen are aware that, from a European standpoint, they are in no way entitled to make use of this emblem, seeing that it is an indication that the wearer is a servant of royalty!

In all countries but the United States the cockade can be legally worn only by servants of royalty, including naval and military officers, diplomatists, and the lieutenants, deputy-lieutenants, and high sheriffs of counties. As worn by these its color is black, and its introduction to England in this form is due to the house of Hanover, although cockades of various colors had been known in England long before that time.

In the time of Charles I. there was employed a scarlet cockade, but under his son this gave way to white, this becoming the badge of the Jacobites, while orange was that of William of Orange. Orange is still the color in the Netherlands, while other European nations show a large variety of hues—black and white in Germany, black and yellow in Austria, the tricolor in France, scarlet in Spain, blue and white in Portugal (until recently, at least), and black, red, and yellow in Belgium.

The word "cockade" is derived from the French *cocarde*, which was originally applied to the plumes of cocks' feathers worn by Croatian soldiers serving in the French army.

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"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 pounds in weight, and felt like a different woman. My little daughter, whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh, has changed from a thin, pale, nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl, and has gone back to school this fall.

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Finance

THE SINEWS OF WAR

By Franklin Escher

WITH the disposition to "start something" as plainly evinced in high industrial and financial quarters as it is at present, the question as to whether there is sufficient capital available becomes a consideration of the highest importance. Great movements in finance and trade have their very being in the supplies of capital by which they are backed. As in warfare the day of the spear and sabre is past and the ability to raise money is what really counts, so in modern business the state of the exchequer of the community at large is what most largely determines whether the markets are to be active or depressed. To launch a stock market or industrial boom at a time when no adequate supply of capital is on hand would be like sending off an army on an extended campaign without a commissariat department.

The state of the country's capital supply at present, therefore, far from being a question of theoretical or academic interest, is about one of the most practical things which the business man or the investor has to consider. In the vernacular, how are we fixed to go ahead with a boom in securities or in industry? What of the supply of capital at present—is it sufficient for the needs of a period of expanding trade, with its corollary of active and rising security-markets?

To get a clear idea as to whether it is or whether it isn't, it is necessary to glance back over the course of the credit-market during the past few years. Nineteen hundred and seven, a period of definitely known credit conditions, is a good point from which to start—that time, it is now generally admitted, having been marked by complete exhaustion of the country's capital supply. By taking 1907 as a starting-point, therefore, and tracing the course of the market for capital since then, it ought to be possible to get a pretty accurate line on where we stand now.

Immediately following the panic of three years ago, it will be remembered, there came a time of utter prostration. Trade and finance had been dealt a blow from which they were slow to recover. Confidence was gone—on all sides there were to be found intelligent people who believed that the upheaval had wrought a permanent change in the existing order of things and that the part of conservation was to do nothing and buy nothing until the new order of things became recognizable. Everywhere there was to be seen curtailment, a disposition to retrench and spend just as little money as possible. In a country as big as this a certain amount of business has, of course, always to be done, but during the months following the panic the amount was reduced to a minimum.

In the financial markets it was the same thing. Speculation died down to inconsiderable proportions. Issue of new securities came practically to an end. Nothing but the most necessary financing was attempted. On the Stock Exchange the "traders" who make their living out of fractional fluctuations kept up the semblance of a market, but everywhere else things were absolutely dead.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the post-panic period of depression—they are, unfortunately, still fresh in most people's minds. Stress has been laid upon the conditions prevailing at that time solely to bring out how extraordinarily favorable these conditions were toward causing a great accumulation of capital. And, indeed, throughout the whole of 1908 this process went steadily on. In the whole history of the country there has probably never been a time in which capital accumulated as fast as it did during the year following the panic.

For this the heavy fall in commodity prices was largely responsible—it takes less money to do business when goods are low in price than when they are high. And the year following the panic was a time when prices were steadily on the down track. On the first of November, 1907, the Bradstreet index number of general commodity prices stood at 8.7468. By the first of November, 1908, it had fallen to 8.0674.

By this decline of about eight per cent. in the price of commodities a very large amount of capital was set free. Where it had required so-and-so much money at the period's beginning to "carry" a given stock of merchandise, a year later it required eight per cent. less capital to carry the same amount. Considering how large is the total amount of capital on which the country does business, it will readily appear that eight per cent. of it represents a sum running up into the billions.

Besides that, there must also be considered the fact that while the supply of available capital was thus being increased, demand was falling off sharply. A year after the panic the country could have done the same amount of business on eight per cent. less capital, but there was no question of doing the same amount of business. During all that time business was being done on a constantly reduced scale. Where in 1906 and the early part of 1907 a dealer had been accustomed to carry along $50,000 worth of merchandise, in 1908 he let the amount run down to perhaps $20,000. That, too, meant the release of big amounts.

As a result of this year-long process of accumulation, the end of 1908 found the reservoirs of capital pretty well filled. By that time, it will be recollected, confidence had begun to return and opportunities to do business were no longer being passed by. Security prices already showed considerable recovery, commodity prices were once more on the up track, and altogether it began to look as though a forward movement of some extent might be possible. And when business men and investors began to consider how the credit situation had been strengthened and the capital supply increased by the long period of liquidation and quiet, they began to figure that a forward movement might be reckoned more than a possibility.

In the opening months of last year the movement got well under way and by mid-year was in full swing. And now was given a most remarkable exhibition of how sentiment can change within a short space of time. During the previous summer [1908] all had been doubt and hesitation and uncertainty as to whether several years of depression might not lie ahead. Now, only a year later, everything was optimism and determination to carry enterprise to new heights.

As a result of this feeling, and fed with the fuel of abundant supplies of capital, the boom made rapid headway all through the summer of last year. Instead of the seasonable let-up in the steel business, activity was on a constantly rising scale, iron production reaching record figures and being increased month by month. On every hand, improvements and extensions were undertaken on a liberal scale, the one idea being to increase capacity in order to be able to handle the big amount of business offering and to be offered.

So great had been the amount of capital accumulated in 1908 that the strain of the over-expansion of the following year did not for a good while make itself felt. Demands upon capital were enormous, but the banks were full of money and were able to supply borrowers at low rates. Through most of 1909, indeed, accommodation was to be had on easy terms. It was not until well along in the year that it began to be evident that things were being driven along too fast and that even such a supply of capital as had been accumulated the year before was capable of dissipation. Enormous borrowings in Europe toward the end of the summer served for a while to disguise the real state of things, but in the closing months of the year it became evident that the 1908 supply of capital had been pretty well used up, and that if the boom were to be continued on any such scale the capital to run it on would have to come from somewhere else.

For the rapidity with which the available capital supply was used up last year, the rise which took place in commodity and security prices was primarily responsible. Just as the fall in prices in 1908 released a big amount of capital, so the rise of the year following tied it up again. On January 1, 1909, the Bradstreet index number stood at 8.2031. By January 1, 1910, it had worked its way up to 9.2310—the highest ever reached. Such a development in itself, even unaccompanied by any increase in business, would have been enough to impose a severe strain on capital. As it was, the whole of last year was a time when business was being done on a continuously rising scale.

Small wonder that the beginning of 1910 found the country's capital supply pretty well exhausted, and business as erratic in its movement as a racing aeroplane whose gasoline has given out. But still, by those who had sponsored the upward movement, it was not realized, or at least not admitted, that in a quick descent to earth lay the only safe move. Instead, extraordinary efforts were made to "keep going," and Europe's markets were importuned for the capital which was not to be had here. Partially successful at first, it soon became evident, however, that these efforts were doomed to failure. After that it became simply a question as to how soon the boom would die out.

Through the wise way in which the situation was handled, the slowing-down process was effected gradually and without jar or disturbance. Toward the middle of the current year things were somewhere near normal again. Iron production, for instance, had been reduced from the extravagant figures of December and January to a level somewhat commensurate with consumption. Output of new securities had been taken in hand and a check administered to the over-issue of new bonds. Land speculation, which was raging all over the country and threatening to undo all the good work of the conservative element, was finally got under control.

It is impossible to fix the absolute time at which these various measures resulted in the strain being taken off capital and the commencement of a new movement of accumulation, but it is safe to say that it was about mid-year when the turn was finally made. That brings us down to within six months of the present. Has the course of things since then been such as to allow of an accumulation of capital sufficient to provide the sinews of war for a fresh campaign?

Hardly. Capital has accumulated during the past few months, it is true, but not to any very remarkable extent. Business has been quiet, but the insistence of the mercantile demand for money (as shown in the high rates paid for the discount of commercial paper) is an effective refutation of the idea that anything like depression prevails. In some lines things have been quieter than in others, and a certain amount of business capital has, so to speak, been thrown out of employment, but the total amount is not very great. In most lines of business, neither now nor at any time during the past six months has the merchant had much trouble in keeping his capital fully employed.

There must be considered, too, that despite the fact that profits have not been as satisfactory as they might have been, the country has been spending money pretty freely. Volume and character of our imports prove it, as does the marvellous output of automobiles. Warnings against the evils of extravagance have been received with just about the same amount of attention as they always receive. Where less money has been made, a little less, perhaps, has been spent; but if there has been any wide-spread disposition on the part of people at large to economise and save money, that tendency has been remarkably well concealed.

There is more capital available in this country now than there was four or five months ago and the amount is growing. At the present rate of increase, however, it will take a good while before the country accumulates enough capital to finance another real "forward" movement.

The hearings in the case of the railroads against the shippers are over; both sides have had their say and the evidence is all in.

The importance of the decision makes it right that it should be rendered only after thorough investigation and due deliberation, but in view of the disturbance which the whole matter has already caused, it is to be hoped that it will be settled without a day's unnecessary delay. For nearly a year, now, the railroad industry has been under a cloud on account of the fight over freight rates, and the ill effects of that condition have reacted on the country to a much greater extent than many people imagine. It is all very well to fight the railroads and try to force them to lower rates, but when it is realized how closely the welfare of the railroads is bound up with the welfare of the great mass of the people, it will perhaps also be realized that it is impossible to hurt the one without hurting the other.

It is perfectly true there are a number of railroads which could make money with freight rates lower than they are, but most of them could not. And, strange as it may seem to some people, it is to the interest of the country that the railroads should be making money. Not too much money, but enough to enable them to spend freely—to place the kind of orders that keep the steel-mills busy, for instance, and to provide the improvements in service which the public is constantly demanding.

Since the beginning of the fight over freight rates, the railroads have been scant buyers. Faced with an uncertainty as to what they are going to be allowed to earn, they have been nursing along their surpluses and spending as little as possible. Furthermore, on account of the continuous agitation against them, it has been impossible for the railroads to sell bonds and raise new capital.

That the end of this state of things is in sight is sincerely to be hoped. While it lasts a brake is clamped on the wheels of progress and any real forward movement is out of the question.

In spite of the bitter attack made on postal savings-banks at the recent bankers' convention at Los Angeles, the administration has been quietly going ahead devising a workable plan. Such progress, indeed, has been made by the Postmaster-General's committee, that it has been decided to put the system into operation as nearly as may be on the first of January. As a starter, forty-eight post-offices, one in each State and Territory, have been designated to receive deposits. Within a month after the establishment of the system additional depositories are to be designated and, on the best of authority, it can be said that before six months have passed, the plan will be in quite general operation throughout the entire country. The question of the collateral which is to be put up by the banks receiving postal-deposit money from the government is one which has received a great deal of attention during the working out of the plan. The law provides that the collateral shall consist of "such security in public bonds or other securities, supported by the taxing power, as the Board may prescribe, approve, and deem sufficient and necessary." That, it will be evident, gives a great deal of latitude to the Secretary of the Treasury or whoever else is charged with the duty of passing upon the acceptability of the bonds offered. The phrase in the law, however, which requires that the collateral be "supported by the taxing power" makes it seem likely that the bulk of the bonds offered will consist of State and municipal issues.

If deposits run large it ought certainly to be a great thing for this class of security.

Bonds issued by foreign governments have never found any particular amount of favor in this country, but a change in this regard seems certainly to be going on. Japanese, Argentine, and other loans have been placed here during the past few years with a good deal of success, and now comes this announcement of a $50,000,000 Chinese loan placed with a syndicate of American bankers.

Pan-Americanism in finance as well as in a few other things seems to be becoming an accomplished fact. And for a number of reasons it is a good thing that this should be so. Nothing, for instance, promotes peace between nations as does the international loan—as France's action with regard to this last Turkish loan has again proved. To quarrel with the man who owes you money is more than bad form; it is bad policy. Very possibly the fact that he owes you money will be enough to keep you from quarrelling with him. Possibly, even, it will influence you toward persuading others to leave him alone.

SHADOWS OF THE STAGE

(Continued from page 18)

especially it is true that, in the care of money, women are far more heedfully scrupulous and prudent than men. Mrs. Wetherill, in the financial aspect of her conduct, is a caricature, nor is she much more than that in any aspect of it.

Slurring the Stage

The custom that various playwrights have, in recent years, exemplified, of naming their hussies and harridans "actresses," or "chorus girls," or other female performers or servitors connected with the stage, is highly objectionable and it ought to be discarded. Women employed on the stage are neither better nor worse than women employed elsewhere. In the play of *Mother* two female vulgarians are implicated, one mentioned, the other exhibited,—and very coarse, offensive, and grossly exaggerated the exhibition of her is. One of Mrs. Wetherill's sons, the eldest, has married a female shark, connected with the music hall stage, and his wife has alienated him from his mother,—so that, although he resides "just around the corner" from the maternal abode, they have not even seen each other for four years,—and furthermore that wife has been the means of causing young Wetherill to embezzle $10,000 from his employers. Another of the widow's sons, the second, a sap headed lout, wishes to wed the sister of his brother's wife, also a music hall luminary and as common as punk. The play shows in what manner the mother caused the chorus girl to repudiate the booby boy, by telling her that he was poor and would have nothing, and in what manner she saved her first-born son from prison and disgrace by recognizing his forgery of her signature as genuine, and thus consenting to plunge her whole family into penury.

One of Mrs. Wetherill's especially artificial attributes is an impossible obtuseness of feminine perception as to matters of which women in general seem to have intuitive knowledge. She immediately perceives that her lout of a son is infatuated with a girl, but she is completely blind to the fact that her eldest daughter, though in love, is pretending indifference toward the object of her affection and endeavoring to make a match between him and her younger sister. The ingredients of this play, in short, have been chosen without the considerate exercise of judgment, and assembled much as jack-straws are,—that is to say, thrown together in a heap. The drawing of the widow Wetherill is distorted; the persons, with the single exception of an elderly lawyer (with very little to do or say), do not behave in a rational manner; the incidents are extremely improbable, if not impossible; the movement is forced and clumsy; the dialogue is insipid; and the total effect is that of ineptitude and tedious commonplace.

The Acting of Miss Dunn

Miss Emma Dunn, in the character of the devoted mother, shows familiarity with the usual occurrences of domestic life, and, assuming an air of homely simplicity, imitates the ways of an indulgent mother when putting the children to bed and soothing them to slumber. In ordinary action and level speech she is correct. In certain passages of colloquy which seem designed to indicate the depths of maternal love she indulges in sporadic effusions of wild protestation and utters hysterical nonsense with a glib volubility well calculated to impose on superficial notice and evoke the response of vacant applause; but no surge of emotion, impelled by her, is made to sweep over her auditors and convulse them with sympathy. The voice affords the test, and the voice of this actress certainly does not evince the feeling which certainly she can be assumed desirous to convey.

In the representation of this well-intended but ill-made play Miss Emma Dunn's professional associates emulate her zealous endeavor, and earnestly strive to infuse reason and feeling into an artificial and rickety theatrical composition. The acting of Mr. Frederick Perry, a performer of marked ability and much useful experience, who has impressed the critical mind of this period by several fine impersonations of eccentric character, is particularly commendable for the insight and skill with which he has done for the part of William Wetherill, "the black sheep," what the author left undone, infiltrating that weak and contemptible person with a redeeming amiability and a contrite spirit, sufficient at least to account for the patient affection of his abused relatives. Two unusually tiresome children are introduced, who worry the Weth[illegible]household and fatigue the audience. [illegible] Brooke, by a manly, dignified, correct and finished performance of a good man who has loved in vain, and been true to his duty through life, again shows himself to be a competent and trustworthy actor. There is in the play of *Mother* enough of sentiment and of talk about love, and home, and children to make it generally acceptable to an undiscerning audience, and it has been accepted, but hard work on it would have made it much more worthy of acceptance.

A Vulgar Farce

The popularity of a farce called *Baby Mine*, current at Daly's Theatre, and obviously relished and approved by the multitude, would seem to indicate a considerable lack of either perception or sensibility on the part of a considerable public. That farce is a compound of gross domestic complications and extravagant dissensions, sequent on a senseless lie. The theme is vulgar and the treatment of it is coarse. A young woman, wishful to mollify and recall her alienated husband, is represented as pretending to have become a mother, and, in support of her pretension, she acquires first one, then another, and then a third new-born infant. Attired daintily and lolling in bed, she strives to arouse that husband's sympathy and solicitude, by feigning the exhaustion resultant from the pangs of childbirth. The indelicacy of that conduct and the lack of refinement and right feeling implied in its use are obvious, and it seems strange indeed that a composition which tends to "turn a mother's pains to laughter and contempt" and cast ridicule on the most sacred attribute of womanhood,—maternity,—should have proceeded from the pen of a woman. The author of *Baby Mine*, Miss Margaret Mayo (Mrs. Edgar Selwyn), signifies, in the play-bill that is distributed at Daly's Theatre, that the making of this farce was suggested to her by a newspaper statement, from Mr. Lyman W. Rogers, treasurer of the National Maternity Hospital, in Chicago, to the effect that: "There are in Chicago to-day fully three thousand husbands fondling infants that are not their own, but babies adopted by their wives, and the deluded fathers are none [*sic*] the wiser." Mr. Rogers is, furthermore, credited with the remark that some two hundred and fifty infants are adopted from the Maternity Hospital into good homes every year. Observers of the theatre who chance to remember the various ways in which the hypothetical or bogus baby was used in old-time farces, such as *Uncle*, will, perhaps, view Miss Mayo's assurance as to the inspiration of her remarkable intellectual effort with some slight scepticism. That, however, does not signify. It would, meanwhile, be interesting to know whether Mr. Rogers, if possessed of the information conveyed in the statement attributed to him, has ever, in his official capacity, taken any measures to prevent the ignominiously fraudulent proceedings to which that statement refers. Has he, for example, requested the written and duly certified assent of the husband as well as that of the wife, when delivering infants from his hospital, for adoption? Miss Mayo's farce is not destitute of ludicrous incidents, and some of them elicit much laughter. The actors do their best, and there again, as in some other cases, it is sad to see respectable talent and earnest endeavor employed upon trash. A specially correct and effective performance is given by Mr. Walter Jones, who plays the part of a friendly participant in the fraud,—a kind, serious, commonplace, wife-ridden young man, seriously perplexed and frightened by the trials and dangers consequent upon his implication in a deceitful and disgraceful scheme. Mr. Jones's performance exemplifies the even, consistent, and spirited sustainment of a clear ideal. It was painful to see Miss Marguerite Clark, a fairy-like little creature, with the prettiness of youth and the air and manner of a wilful yet amiable child, in association with this comic vulgarity.

The Need for Censure

It is notable that while commendation of plays and of acting is often received as tribute, only defective in being insufficient, critical censure of them, no matter how entirely warranted, is commonly regarded with the liveliest resentment; yet surely it is as much the duty of the critical publicist to condemn as it is to extol, upon right occasion, with right motive, and in the interest equally of the Theatre and the Public. No sane person finds any pleasure in writing censure. It is always pleasant to praise, and grateful and glad the critic always is when the occasion for praise arises. Furthermore, the critic is sometimes tempted, for the sake of peace, to write good-natured, insignificant platitudes of approbation, and to shun the heavy [illegible] of striving for the good of the Theatre and the Public, when both those beneficiaries seem, as sometimes they [illegible], more or less indifferent to advocacy in their behalf. Assurance is vouchsafed, from time to time, that more adverse criticism [illegible] the stage is published than is required by the subject or desired by the community, but that assurance is erroneous; it is, for instance, notable and significant that [illegible]

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Public, of late, has manifested rather an acute sympathy with adverse criticism of plays and acting, and therewithal a caustic, practical condemnation of much of the theatrical material submitted to its attention. Since the dramatic season of 1910–11 was opened in New York, many plays,—for example, *Love Among the Lions, The Upstart, The Brass Bottle, Miss Patsy, The Marriage of A Star, Bobby Burnit, Welcome to our City, Anti-Matrimony, My Man, The Family, The Scandal,* etc.,—offered on the local stage, have been frost-bitten and have suffered consignment to that capacious wallet into which, according to Shakespeare, Time puts "alms for oblivion."

A play which, although representation of it has been discontinued in the capital, should not pass unconsidered here, is the old comedy of *Diplomacy*, first produced in America in 1878, at Wallack's Theatre, with a remarkably fine cast. In reviving that capital comedy, which, but for one or two casual resuscitations, had long been left in abeyance, Mr. Brady conferred a benefit on the theatre-going public, because he provided an opportunity for that public to see one of the most interesting of bygone comedies and to study an exceptionally ingenious example of dramatic construction; but, unhappily, he lessened that benefit by producing the play in an imperfect stage setting, with an injudicious cast of parts, and without the essential preparation of thorough rehearsal. The performance of *Diplomacy* that was given at the Maxine Elliott Theatre was, in many respects, inept, feeble, and consequently ineffective. Imperfect acting, however, did not entirely obscure the remarkable inherent dramatic power and charm of the play, and a renewal of acquaintance with it was felt to be a privilege.

The Revival of "Diplomacy"

Diplomacy is a great play, and the spectator of its representation, even when it is poorly represented, leaves the theatre, not disgusted and depressed, but refreshed and cheered. It is a play that tells an exceptional and romantic yet credible and representative story of social life, and tells it in action, with which the words of the necessary dialogue are singularly interpenetrative; the changes made in it for this revival, looking to a "modernization," are not always felicitous, but they do not invalidate its charm. The characters are individual, natural, and sharply contrasted, the colloquy is fluent, and the plot is developed by means of ingenious expedients of invention, such as arouse eager interest and maintain suspense. A striking illustration is thus afforded of the right dramatic method,—the method, namely, which, while it shows the persons of the drama in a perplexity of relationship, keeps no secret from the spectator. The defects are superficial. The preliminary assemblage of all the characters is arbitrary, seeming to occur at the behest of the dramatist rather than because of the natural, inevitable impulse of circumstance. The opportunity of theft of an important document,—a proceeding upon which the plot is hinged,—is made to occur under conditions that are improbable, if not impossible. Julian Beauclerc, even amid the distractions incident to his wedding-day, would not have been likely to leave in obvious insecurity a paper upon the safety of which his career, his fortune, and his honor are dependent. Still, it is undeniable that even the wisest of men do make blunders, and that almost any aberration of behavior can be expected from a man in love.

Features of the Performance

The principal parts in *Diplomacy* are decisively good for the purpose of acting, each of them being strongly individual and each being essential to the story of the play. The main features of the cast in New York were: Charles Richman as Henry Beauclerc; Milton Sills as Julian Beauclerc; Theodore Roberts as Baron Stein; Thurlow Bergen as Count Orloff; Florence Roberts as Countess Zicka; and Chrystal Herne as Dora. Mr. Richman is an actor of varied and valuable experience, but of narrow range, being, it would seem, restricted more by determination not to exceed the conventional lines of "a leading man" than by inhibitions of nature. His most conspicuous attribute, on the stage, is boyishness. It is not meant that he is, or seems to be, a lad: he has been well and favorably known on our stage for at least fifteen years; but it is meant that in demeanor and speech he manifests a buoyant boyishness of personality. That attribute is strongly inconsistent with the character of Henry Beauclerc, a mature, experienced, formal, observant, rather cynical man of the world. Mr. Richman possesses assurance, but not distinction, and he does not care to suit his personal appearance to the character assumed: a touch of powder on his hair, at the temples, excepted, his "make-up" for Beauclerc is the same as it was for Benedick. The scene in the last act of *Diplomacy*, which, from the moment when Beauclerc notices the peculiar perfume of Zicka's gloves, should, in particular, be acted as high comedy, with the most delicate touches of expressive art, was acted by Mr. Richman in the spirit of jocose farce. Mr. Theodore Roberts, whose sense of character and minute heed of details are always satisfying to the artistic sense, gave a sustained, consistent performance, instinct with authority and generally effective, but lacking in polish and plausibility. The performances given by Mrs. LeMoyne, Mr. Sills, and Miss Roberts were radically deficient of symmetry, brilliancy, and illusion, and not worthy of serious thought. Miss Chrystal Herne's personation of Dora had the merit of definite purpose, sincere feeling clearly shown, and some variety of expression; but there is more in the character of Dora than Miss Herne either revealed or, apparently, comprehended. Dora is a type of noble and lovely womanhood, and the character would well repay an actress for discriminative study and thought. Much the best performance in the revival of *Diplomacy* was that of Count Orloff, by Mr. Bergen,—aristocratic in bearing, earnest in feeling, explicit in expression, distinguished in character, and sharply effective.

Mr. Brady's policy in making revivals of good old plays, while it is not new, is wise and commendable, and it is adopted by him at the right time. It will exert a salutary influence, prompting other theatrical managers to renew their endeavor in the same line of beneficial enterprise. It should not be forgotten, however, that revivals of good old plays ought to be made with particularly judicious care and suitable preparation, because, otherwise, a certain antipathy toward them will be established in the public mind,—readily disposed, at all times, to regard plays of the past as necessarily "archaic" and "not up to date." It was noticed by Shakespeare, as a universal fact, that "the present eye praises the present object."

An Intelligent Sea-worm

WHERE does intelligence begin to manifest itself in the scale of animal life? It seems to exist even in the lowest forms. A peculiar specimen of the invertebrates of the ocean, an exceedingly small worm—so small that it measures less than four millimetres in length—exhibits movements that cannot be explained by anything but intelligent will.

This midget sea-worm is a constructor; he builds a rampart in the shape of a tube, composed of grains of sand. His form shows a hanging double lip jutting, like a fleshy precipice, over a great mouth, four black eyes set in the front of his head, and two tentacles which work incessantly, wringing and lashing whatever they can reach. It is with the same apparently nervous tentacles that the little monster of the deep seizes his material, the glistening sand, of which he constructs his rampart.

He catches a grain of sand in his tentacles and immediately carries it to his mouth. In his mouth nature secretes a strong cement. One grain after another is covered with cement and rapidly accumulated in the form of a tube. Naturally enough, when the builder works so fast, there must be breaches in the walls. These breaches are carefully scrutinized by the worm, filled with grains of sand, and covered with cement. When finished, the tube is a very practical and creditable piece of work.

Nothing could be more interesting than the little workman's management of his tentacles. Again and again he tests the solidity of his work by tapping the walls in every direction. To observe the work of this peculiar sea-pigmy is to be convinced that the tube-like rampart is not built by accident. In such work there must be the participation of some sort of mentality.

An Ancient Die

IN the museum at Athens is shown what is probably the only genuine antique die used for coinage that is now extant. It was found in Egypt in 1904, and consists of bronze, engraved with the owl that was stamped on Athenian tetradrachma pieces, which contained about as much silver as three quarter-dollars.

The die is of scientific interest on account of the evidence it gives of the skill of the ancients, three or four hundred years before Christ, in metallurgy. It contains about twenty-two and one-half per cent. of tin, and nearly seventy per cent. of copper. It is extremely hard, but at the same time possesses a certain malleability, due to the great purity of the copper and tin, which were carefully freed from all traces of lead and zinc to preserve the hardness, and from arsenic and antimony to avoid brittleness.

The Profitable Duck

When the waiter removes the silver cover from the tray and displays to your eyes the steaming roast duck at some fashionable restaurant, you little think of the tax you are paying to some Long Island duck-producer, neither do you realize the profit there is in producing Long Island ducklings for market. During the past twelve months two producers made $75,000 between them in raising ducklings for consumption in New York and in the other large cities. Enormous profits were realized by all duck-growers during the last season, which is conceded to have been the most profitable on record.

Owing to a partial failure of the duck crop in the West during the past two years, the cities in the Middle West have been opened to the Long Island farmer. There has been a call for ducklings from nearly every section as far West as Chicago, and with the increase in the demand the prices have advanced to the highest point ever known. The season is now over and producers are counting their profits. The crop, to begin with, was the largest ever produced by Long Island, and, with record prices, the producers are facing the most successful year they can remember. Long Island ducklings sold at 18 cents a pound in a wholesale way in New York, but the demand was so strong and the supply so rapidly disappearing that the producers a few weeks ago set their price at 20 cents—and they got it. Some of the largest producers marketed 80,000 ducks this season, averaging five pounds apiece. These birds netted their owners a profit of at least 45 cents apiece, as it is estimated by those in a position to know that it costs about 45 cents to "build" a five-pound duck, as they express the process in technical language. On an output of 60,000 ducks the profit to the producer was $30,000 for one year's work. Some made even more than this. About forty growers operated on a smaller scale and raised from 10,000 to 25,000 ducks each.

The immense profits in Long Island duck-growing will undoubtedly cause the number of producers to increase greatly during the next year. This is indicated by the already strong demand for breeders for the coming season. As it requires only ten to twelve weeks to raise the duckling from the shell ready for the table, there is an opportunity in this industry for quick profits. Feed is high, but the improved methods introduced of late years into duck culture have reduced the cost. Some growers do not use the most approved methods in regard to feed, as they apply a fish diet until the ducks enter the killing-pens. They ought to be on a meal and bran feed for at least two weeks previously, as it is necessary to eliminate the fishy flavor.

A great many ducks were put into cold storage during the shipping season, as some poultry operators thought that the market would advance after the "crop" had been moved. There is every indication that it will, and the owners of this storage stock may reap splendid profits. One poultry-receiver in Chicago is credited with holding nearly half a million pounds to await a higher market. So, taking it all in all, the "ugly duckling" of the Long Island barnyard is no insignificant factor in the wealth of some of the citizens of Nassau County, New York.

Quaint Bible Errors

Besides the "Breeches Bible," there are other issues renowned for curious misprints. There is the "Place-Makers' Bible," so called from "Blessed are the place-makers" (Matt. v:9). This extraordinary misprint occurred in the second edition of the Geneva Bible, published at Geneva in folio in 1561-2. The mistake was corrected, and never occurred again.

Again, there is the "Vinegar Bible," containing "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard," which appears in the chapter heading to Luke xx, in an Oxford edition of the authorized version which was published in 1717. The book was published in imperial folio, and is said to be the most sumptuous of all the Oxford Bibles. The printing is very beautiful, and some of the copies were printed on vellum, but unfortunately the proofs were carelessly read, and the book referred to was called "a basketful of printers' errors," a circumstance that now causes it to be prized as a curiosity.

"The Wicked Bible" is the queer name that has been given to an edition of the authorized Bible, printed in London by Robert Barker and Martin Lucas in 1631. In this the negative was left out of the Seventh Commandment, and William Kilburne, writing in 1659, says that, owing to the zeal of Dr. Ussher, the printers were fined two thousand pounds sterling. In Laud's published works there is a copy of the king's letter directing that the printers be fined three thousand pounds, but another authority asserts that the real fine was one of fifteen hundred pounds, inflicted by the archbishop, "to be expended on a fount of Greek type." Only four copies of this scarce Bible are now known, as the edition was destroyed, and all the copies called in as soon as the mistake was discovered. There exists a German Bible containing the same mistake.

Another of the curious Bibles is the "Persecuting Printer's" Bible, containing the phrase, "Printers have persecuted me without cause" (Psalms, cxix. 161). The substitution of the word "printers" for "princes" is responsible for the giving of this name to this Bible.

All we know of this edition is stated by Stevens in his catalogue of the Caxton Exhibition of Bibles. This authority tells us that these words were put into a Bible printed before 1702.

There is also the "Ears to Ear" Bible, in which occurs the expression "Whoso hath ears to ear, let him hear" (Matthew xiii 43). This adaptation to cockney usage is found in an octavo Bible published by the Oxford Press in 1810.

Among the curious Bibles may be mentioned the "Standing Fishes" Bible, containing the phrase, "And it shall come to pass that the fishes shall stand upon it," etc. (Ezekiel xlvii:10). The word "fishes" is used for "fishers" in a quarto Bible printed by the king's printer in London, in 1806, and reprinted in a quarto edition of 1813, as well as in an octavo edition of 1823.

The Size of the Sea

This term has reference not to the area of the oceans only, but to their total cubic content, which is reckoned at thirty times the cubic content of all the land lying above the sea-level. In other words, if all the land of the globe were scraped off down to the level of the sea and thrown into the ocean, it would fill only one-thirtieth part of the enormous abyss which is occupied by the waters.

According to Lyell, the mean height of the land above sea-level is 1,000 feet, whereas the mean depth of the ocean is 12,000 feet. There are mountain peaks which rise as high above sea-level as the depressions of the ocean sink below it, but the average height of the land is slight compared with the average depth of the sea.

A Sound-proof Telephone Booth

A German engineer has invented a means of shutting out sound from the telephone booth. He lines the walls of the booth with metallic plates, such as tin, aluminum, etc. This lining has proved so effectual that the inventor advises architects to use it on the inside walls of houses. The system has given such good results that it has been adopted by the telephone administration of Berlin.

Camphor

Almost the entire supply of camphor now comes from Formosa. The demand has increased to such an extent that the attention of the leading countries of the world has been directed to opening up a new source of supply. This is made necessary by the fact that in the manufacture of modern explosives that are used in high-power guns camphor forms an important ingredient.

Now that the Japanese government controls the world's supply of the product, it is by no means certain that it may be obtained in the desired quantities at all times in the future. In order to provide against any such contingency as this, the growth of the camphor shrub is being encouraged in Florida and Texas under the auspices of the Federal government. It is said that the shrubs have thrived wonderfully well.

The process in operation in Formosa for extracting the camphor is to chop the trees down and cut them into small pieces, from which the camphor is then distilled. The men in charge of the camphor-trees in this country adopt a different method.

They sow the seeds of the shrubs like wheat or oats, and the shrubs quickly sprout. When they have attained a height of about three feet they are cut down by a mowing-machine at a height of about a foot from the ground. The several portions are put through the distilling process, and the camphor extracted.

From the tender stubble other shoots spring up, and the cutting process can be repeated once a year for several years. It is said that a better quality of camphor can be obtained by this method than by the ancient process in use in Formosa.

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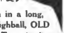

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The Gentler View

HOTEL ROOMS

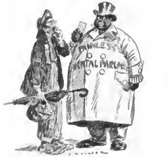
By Florida Pier

When we hear of Anthony Trollope (it was Anthony Trollope?) having his stateroom arranged as a study and writing a novel while at sea, a wave of horror comes over us at his lack of sensibility. One would as soon baptize an infant on the rear platform of an express train. Not to feel the awful temporary chill of a hotel room, not to be affected by the railway-terminus atmosphere of certain places, is to be—there is no use in mincing words, it is to announce oneself undeniably coarse. To accomplish work while on the fly is tramp-like, and savors of domestic matters conducted, without so much as a tent flap for privacy, by the side of the public road. An author who could think in a hotel would be a person capable of eating his dinner in the dust of the highway. It is an idea that one cannot like, and the marvel of any one being so unaffected by his surroundings, instead of standing for a high aloofness, remains so unnatural as to be wholly distressing.

A room in a hotel, a cabin on a ship, a compartment on a train—they are all places where one is mentally perched on the edge of one's chair, umbrella in hand, ticket where it can be felt in case that lost-ticket sensation comes over one, prepared at a moment's notice to change cars. It may be that the hotel is to be your home for a fortnight, but this fact lessens the temporary feeling only enough to give you a sense of endless time on your hands; nothing can make a fortnight seem an excuse for settling back and doing one's work. If one does put in a morning at a rickety table made to masquerade as a desk, one is always decently ashamed afterward. There was a something immodest that made one no better than a squatter, able to feel instantly at home on any one's land. It speaks badly for one's antecedents.

The artificial smoothness of hotel life may have a good deal to do with the difficulty of accomplishing work while living under such conditions. You are cut off from the prickly responsibilities of life by a system of bells and uncannily spry menials which makes everything so unreal as, for the time being, to paralyze you. The struggles with outside forces which used to keep you on your mettle and prove that life was really real and earnest are, in a hotel, out of the question, and the only comfort to be derived is that such a state of things cannot last long. Life is not as cruel as that. The neatness of a hotel room is alone sufficient to stultify any right-minded person. It might be any one's room; the detail of your paying by the day for it is a thin protection against intrusion. You might be any one; you feel no more like yourself than like any other traveller; there is nothing about to give you a hint of what you are. The unbroken neatness wipes you out like a wet sponge. One picture on the left wall, one on the right, those necessary pieces of furniture, with the terrifyingly geometrical little rugs in front of each—it is inhuman to expect one's mind to work amid such surroundings. Any effort to render the room livable untidy, with the few things one brought along, is made useless by a maid who is either concealed under the bed or crouches outside the door with an eye at the keyhole, but in either case pounces on, and puts out of sight, the smallest and most harmless of objects the second it makes its appearance. One can find a near-by park and write and read there. Parks are all alike, and one has long felt at home in them, but a hotel room—it takes rigid self-control not to wear one's hat and veil to bed, and the notice posted in the staterooms of certain river steamboats reading, "Passengers will kindly remove their boots before getting into their berths," no longer seems a comment on the boorishness of the passengers, but an indication that all normal folk prefer postponing undressing and thinking and other intimate things until they have some promise of permanency. Being on the move is a concession to modernity. It is not a natural state, and as for Anthony Trollope—his methods are not to be countenanced or imitated.

It is only after years of conviction that the following idea was wholly absurd that the conclusion has been reached that it contains a great deal of truth. The idea is that personality extends into the hair to a limited degree in women, to an almost unlimited extent in men, and that, while every one regards hair as more or less inanimate, it is permitted lengths of expressiveness really deplorable. Women accustomed to possess a fair amount of hair and long skilled in a decorative arrangement of it, only deviate from the general rule in cases of great individual eccentricity, but it is on the hair they expend their first revolutionary leanings. As for men, the simplicity of their tonsorial manifestations is almost embarrassing. When mustaches rear and prance, and forelocks flaunt themselves, or are flung back from oratorical brows, and the word "mane" whirls in the back of one's brain, one has the character of the creature as though one had been given a recipe for his concocting. Who ever knew a man with a head of hair that was not childlike with vanity? It is so evenly indicative that his conceit can be measured by the inches of his efflorescence. A modest man cuts a curl ruthlessly and receives a gentle satisfaction from looking like a convict. He says he feels more efficient so, and that an eighth of an inch too much makes him slack. If sensations of energy and laziness are confessed to in the hair, one theory is made substantial, and vanity making the hair its playground is a fact deliciously undeniable. To define Willoughby by, "He has a leg," is to render him but dimly, compared with the disclosing qualities of, "He has a head of hair," when said of another type of the identical breed. The rest follows, or is one and the same. Hair is flowering vanity, vanity is flowering hair. It was but necessary for the extent of Shagpat's aureole to be known, and instantly we had the inner nature of Shagpat as in a mirror. A permitted bushiness may for years seem in contradiction to its wearer's temperament, but the time will come when it harmonizes and does it so perfectly that the bushiness becomes a flaming signal by which a blind man would have taken warning.



"Say, Doc, if you've got yer pinchers with ye, I wish ye'd jest yank this here tooth fer me. It's achin' terrible."

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Weather History in Trees

It has been found that the rings of growth visible in the trunks of trees have a far more interesting story to tell than has usually been supposed. Everybody knows that they indicate the number of years that the tree has lived, but a scientist in Texas has made experiments and observations which seem to show that trees carry in their trunks a record of the weather conditions that have prevailed during the successive years of their growth.

Several trees, each more than one hundred and thirty years old, were felled, and the order and relative width of the rings of growth in their trunks were found to agree exactly.

This fact showed that all the trees had experienced the same stimulation in certain years and the same retardation in other years. Assuming that the most rapid growth had occurred in wet years, and the least rapid in dry years, it was concluded that, of the one hundred and thirty-four years covered by the life of the trees, sixty had been very wet, six extremely wet, eighteen wet, seventeen average as to the supply of moisture, nineteen dry, eight very dry, and six extremely dry.

But when the records of rainfall running back as far as 1854 were consulted, it was found that they did not all agree with the record of the trees. Still, it could not be denied that the rings in the trunks told a true story of the weather influences that had affected the trees in successive years.

The conclusion was therefore reached that the record of the rings contained more than a mere index of the annual rainfall; that it showed what the character of the seasons had been as to sunshine, temperature, evaporation, regularity or irregularity of the supply of moisture, and the like; in short, that the trees contained, indelibly imprinted in their trunks, more than one hundred years of nature's history.

The Drum-horse

In certain armies of the world there are grades of honor among the horses, as well as among the men. The proudest and most dignified of all the horses of the army is the animal that fills the position of drum-horse in the regimental band. In some armies cavalry bands are mounted, and the most honorable position in all the band is that of the bearer of the kettle-drums. The horse is selected for his distinguished appearance. He is often piebald, although sometimes pure white; but, whatever his color, his appearance must be consistent with the conspicuous position he has to fill.

Something more than mere beauty of form is required of the drum-horse. He must be trained until he becomes a dignified and graceful bearer of the trappings that pertain to his high calling. His education is severe and prolonged, bringing him up to that point where his pride and intelligence make him equal to the duties required of him.

His nerves are severely tried by the booming of the large drums he carries, but in time he becomes as indifferent to their noise as war horses do to the singing bullets. In the parade, his rider has his hands full in the use of the sticks. He controls the horse by means of reins fastened to the stirrup-cup near the foot.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

NOV 25

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

ALICE BEACH WINTER

November 19 1910 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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MAX

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AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The North American Review

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

Ninety-six years of [illegible] notable living and thinking—a record without a parallel among publications on this continent—calls for fitting con[illegible] [illegible] North American Review is ninety-six years young. Anything that lives must grow, and it is by this growth and progress that The North American Review, with the December number, hopes to begin its ninety-seventh year a better, a larger, a more necessary review, both to its present friends and to new ones. To this end changes will be made in its size and appearance—and changes here mean improvements—the expenditure of more time, more thought and more money. The size of the page is to be made slightly larger and the proportions brought into the finest harmony of good taste. The number of pages each month will be increased. The cover hereafter will be a rich, warm gray in color, and it will present at a glance the table of contents. Typographically there will be great improvement, the text being set in type of an increased beauty and readableness.

A GREAT NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

This increased size will permit an even wider and more complete realization of what a world review should be than has been possible in the past. In character unchanged, the possibility for usefulness will be greatly enlarged. Articles on current topics by the editor will appear frequently.

One feature thus made possible is the publication of a new novel by Joseph Conrad. It is called "Under Western Eyes." This is in all probability Mr. Conrad's masterpiece—more than fiction, more than character-study—and his standing to-day has made him one of the very few fiction writers who could be included in such a periodical as The North American Review.

BEGINNING WITH THE DECEMBER NUMBER

The changes here announced will come with the number for December, to be published November 30th, which begins the ninety-seventh year of The North American Review.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

has written a unique new book

My Mark Twain

My Mark Twain
W. D. Howells

¶ *"If the aurora borealis were to give its wireless opinion of zig-zag lightning it would doubtless be something like Mr. Howells's view of Mark Twain; so that Mark Twain himself, when seen through the twinkling Howellsian temperament, becomes less a humorist than a singularly interesting specimen of what Mark was wont to call 'the damned human race,' with an accent of pity on the emphatic word. Yet the charm of Clemens is here, the eternal boy in him, with mellow echoes of his inextinguishable laughter. The value of Mr. Howells's portrait is largely due to its unique frankness."*—Chicago Record-Herald.

¶ *"One reads the pages with eagerness, admitted thus to the intimacy of two men of power, men who have each influenced the ideals of his time and brought honor to American letters at home and abroad."*—New York American.

¶ In these recollections of a friendship extending through forty-five years, Mr. Howells has drawn a unique picture of Mark Twain. No one else can speak with quite the same authority or from the same point of view. Without his contribution, the literature regarding Mark Twain would be forever incomplete. Many hitherto unpublished stories are related—Matthew Arnold's first meeting with Mark Twain and what he said; how Mr. Clemens and Mr. Howells escorted a would-be suicide down Beacon Street; how gloriously the two of them missed seeing the centennial ceremonies at Concord in 1875; how wrathfully Twain reported a young lady at a telegraph-office who treated him with insolence, and how quickly he forgave her and prevented her discharge; an interview with Grant—all sorts of things, in short, which show the man's character and temperament in a strong light. The closing chapters are a glowing tribute of friendship.

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Illustration from "My Mark Twain"

MR. HOWELLS AND MARK TWAIN AT LAKEWOOD

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HARPER & BROTHERS

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIV New York, November 19, 1910 NO 2813

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WOODROW WILSON

THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY

"Meanwhile, please God, as ever hitherto in a crisis of the Republic, a man will emerge from comparative political obscurity, capable of holding high the torch of personal liberty, that all the people may see the clear light and revert gladly to the pristine standard of individual and industrial progress which, despite temporary retrogression, continues to be the glory of the nation."—*The North American Review* for August

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Comment

To Be Continued

I

We venture to suggest the nomination of President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.—*Harper's Weekly of March 10, 1906.*

II

We have a shrewd suspicion that the Democrats of New Jersey will nominate Woodrow Wilson as their candidate for Governor in 1910, with a view to presenting his name to the Democratic national convention in 1912.—*Harper's Weekly of November 28, 1908.*

III

We now expect to see Woodrow Wilson elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910.—*Harper's Weekly of May 15, 1909.*

IV

At the expiration of sixteen months since the above appeared in this place, we perceive no occasion to revise our calculations. Mr. Wilson's majority will be forty thousand.—*Harper's Weekly of September 24, 1910.*

V

We now fully anticipate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate.

Remember 1890!

Nobody likes to interrupt rejoicings with forebodings or obtrude gravity into hilariousness; but it is not always the best kind of loyalty to any cause that whoops the loudest at its victories—particularly if they are victories of the distinctly preliminary sort. And that, of course, is the true character of the victory just won in the cause of tariff reform and constitutional government and against the menace of the New Nationalism. In that respect it is precisely like the victory won in 1890. The parallel is, in fact, most striking. In that year as in this an iniquitous high-protective Republican tariff had stirred the entire country to wrath. In that year as in this Massachusetts elected a Democratic Governor, and from all over the North Democratic Congressmen were sent to Washington, giving that party control of the House. Two years later that party elected a President and took charge of the government, as it now hopes to do in 1912. But the practical outcome was woefully disappointing. It did not keep what it had won. Worse still, it did not accomplish the reform it had set out to accomplish.

The Need of a Programme

Why did it fail? And how should it proceed to-day, what forethought and what precautions should it take, in order to avoid the fiasco that followed its triumphs of twenty years ago? It failed partly because of the black fact of treachery in its own ranks when the time of its testing came. Ignoble men, holding its high places, betrayed their leader and their cause. But its failure was also partly due to the lack of a clear agreement beforehand on a programme of action. It went into power made up of gold men and silver men, protectionists and tariff-reformers; and when the necessity of positive and responsible action came, these divisions tore it to pieces and left it helpless before a united opposition. That mistake and blunder should not be, must not be, repeated. From now until the national conventions of 1912 is nearly two years, and if the Democratic party has learned anything from its past misadventures those two years will be spent, not in hiding such differences as now exist, not in avoiding the study and debating of the problems that await it if it is to have power, but in resolutely and candidly facing those problems, settling those differences, and formulating a clear policy, particularly on the tariff, which the party shall be prepared to carry out and which the country will accept. To take any other and less courageous course is to invite precisely the same disaster that came in 1896. Here is the right use and the true opportunity of the inspiring new leadership that has been developed. Here is the service that men like Wilson and Harmon and Marshall and Foss and Dix and Plaisted can at once begin to render. The time for mere denunciation of the other side is past. The time for mere rejoicing will soon be over. The time for hopeful but careful and serious-minded planning and preparation for power is at hand. It is not a day too early to begin the making of the platform of 1912.

Autopsical

Once there was a Man who had to Move a House, and was making Hard Work of it, and called upon a Passing Earthquake to Help him.

"With right good-will," the Earthquake said, and Put his Shoulder to the Job, and the House moved Right Along.

But they never could find more than Small Pieces of it Afterward, and the Man was Thankful to have got Away with his Life.

The late election has reminded us of the above anecdote. It was a very instructive election; instructive in its main results, and also in its by-products. That the Colonel was assisted to a seat was only one of the by-products—a very useful and profitable product, but only a casual incident of the main occurrence. The Colonel did not defeat the Republican party even in New York. It beat itself. The Payne tariff bill, Taft's Winona speech, high prices, insurgency, and general rebellion beat it. The Colonel, with the impetuous generosity of his nature, butted in just in time to have the Republican edifice fall on him. He made a wonderful demonstration of his abilities and incapacities. The Republicans were beaten in New York—beaten by Republican voters—long before the Saratoga convention. The Colonel made a fairly good job of that convention, and for the moment seemed to have helped matters. But the moment he began to diffuse his energies in the campaign, he withdrew attention from every other issue and fixed it on himself. Stimson disappeared as a candidate and dwindled to the dimensions of one of the Colonel's topics. Wherever he went there was the same result. He withdrew attention from everybody and everything that he talked about and fixed it on himself. Of course he didn't mean to, but was not that what happened? And was it not extraordinary! We used to say that Bryan's turns on the lecture platform had destroyed his usefulness as a political speaker. The Colonel had not been on the remunerative lecture platform, but he had travelled for months as The Greatest Show on Earth, and when he came to political campaigning it transpired that while the Greatest Show was remarkable as a spectacle, he was powerless to get votes. People crowded to see him, crowded to listen to him, sat through and went away thinking not about what he said or who or what he spoke for, but just about *him*.

And is not that the sarcasm of popularity! Something of a similar sort happened to Bryan. He began as a politician and he ended as an entertainment—a good entertainment still, but not very political. The Colonel is a wonderful entertainment, but the late campaign leaves it very doubtful indeed whether he is any longer political. So far as observers can judge he won no net votes in any of the numerous States that shared his tremendous labors. That he scared away a good many we are sure, but he may have won some. What he did do was to draw upon himself the reprobation of most of the Republicans who were inclined to vote Democratic and fix them in their purpose. They did vote Democratic or stayed at home, and laid it to him.

Possibly, by a period of seclusion, the Colonel can live down the show business and regain some political influence; but seclusion is a hard price, and the show business, attentively cultivated since Cuban days and enormously advertised in Africa and Europe and in books of sport and magazines, and all the newspapers, has deep roots and cannot be suddenly smothered. It is a pathetic predicament to be mired in publicity, and not able to extricate oneself.

The Colonel knows neither his place nor his dimensions. As to his dimensions he behaves like the kind-hearted she elephant in the What-is-home-without-a-mother story, who trod inadvertently on a setting hen, and, moved by compassion, sat down on the eggs. So it happened after the Saratoga convention.

That he does not know his place is not altogether surprising. He has reason to think it is political leadership, but we doubt if it is, and his recent experiences encourage the doubt. Politics are a big job, but they are not the biggest job in this country. The greatest work is the training of the character of the people and their moral and social advancement. What the country has most to fear is not that this party will get into power or that one won't, but that the mass of the people will fetch loose from sound standards of conduct and forget how to be good. Good people are pretty sure to get good government, and the Colonel, if he continues anxious to improve our government, may presently withdraw his energies and velocities from party politics and adjust them to the work of improving the people. We wish he might. Even to add to the example of clean living, which he has always afforded, an example of calm living, would be much; but he can do more than that, for he is a first-rate exhorter and a sound preacher of moralities. But he really must be more careful about his facts. Even vulgar vituperation is less offensive than wilful misrepresentation.

It affords us much pleasure to wish Brother Roosevelt good luck and great prosperity—as an editor.

After All

Suppose the ex-President has lost his popularity—which probably he hasn't—is it loss or gain? It is hard to imagine a greater nuisance to a man who wants to live his life than such a publicity as the Colonel has had since he rode up Fifth Avenue last June, standing up in a hack with his hat off. If he isn't thankful in the depths of him for a lawful jolt that helps to reduce him to the size of a human being, he ought to be. An immense publicity such as he has experienced must be a frightful nuisance, and the loss of any measure of it must be so far the lightening of a burden. Such a loss involves no particular change in his personal relations with mankind except to make them less extended and more agreeable. Vast popularity and the enormous publicity that it involves are like enormous riches—a thing that from the outside does not look enviable to rational observers.

Just in Time

Summoning all his physical strength and calling into play his entire stock of moral courage, the Honorable Bourke Cockran made a great leap into the boat—and then it sank.

Stimson and Lewis

Two good men went down in the wreck—Henry L. Stimson, of New York, and Vivian M. Lewis, of New Jersey. Ordinarily they would have won, and would have deserved to win. Mr. Stimson lost his head for a moment when he called Mr. Dix an "upstart," a "dodger," and the like, but that was the effect of his proximity to the Great Denunciator. He is forgiven. Mr. Lewis comported himself admirably throughout, and left a highly favorable impression upon the minds of his fellow citizens. But his load was too heavy and he was outclassed. We wish him well.

Politically Speaking

The "outlook" is bad.

Tammany

Tammany is Tammany, but at least it has some business sense. It is not the worst political organization in the country. That distinction belongs to the Republican machine that infests Philadelphia. Tammany is more intelligent than its Philadelphia rival. It has discretion enough to try not to be impossible. Among certain Republicans who have worked for good government in New York City, and who supported Stimson for Governor in hopes of getting another Hughes, the feeling is that all is lost but history, and that Tammany, victorious, and fed by State contracts for roads and canals, will so wax in strength and appetite as to be irresistible. These gentlemen see the end of all good works in New York and an orgy of graft that will put back good government in this city ten years at least.

The possibility of something like that is the hardest nut the New York State Democrats have to crack. It belongs to them to see that Tammany does not ruin Democratic prospects in the State. They know it well enough and need no warning. Tammany also must be perfectly well aware of it. Mr. Dix's hardest duty will be so to deal with Tammany that the people of the State shall receive no detriment. If Tammany is wise, it will try to ameliorate the hardships of that duty. We all understand that it is a business rather than a political concern, and that its purpose in politics is to make money. But having some business sense, it must know that in the long run hogging does not pay, and that good behavior and self-restraint have a commercial value. The Democratic party in the State must have the Tammany votes, but it must not be expected to pay too high a price for them. It must not be expected to pay for them with its life. That is too much to give. Tammany must be moderate—very moderate—in its askings. The party in the State cannot live as the tool of Tammany, and it is not really to Tammany's interest for the Democratic party in the State to be destroyed. It must live (we suppose) and let live. It must be modest, be moderate, and try to be satisfied with the rewards of legitimate business. That may seem only half a loaf, but it is better than no bread.

Lonesome Ezra

Ezra P.
Prentice, he
Sez he didn't vote for Guv'nor D.

Leader of the New Guard, is Ez.

Marse Henry Speaks

Marse Henry Watterson had a whole barnyardful of roosters on the front page of the *Courier-Journal* on the morning after election, but in writing about it all the next day he hardly stops to crow himself. He rejoices in leaded type, but soberly and sanely, putting his mind at once on the duties the situation has brought to the Democrats, and on the responsibilities of the Democratic majority in the House in the new Congress. "Upon its wisdom or folly," he says, "will depend the election of a Democratic President in 1912," and he proceeds to tell them about the tariff. He is wise and moderate in what he says. Disclosing the Democratic theory that the government has no right to collect a dollar of taxation except for its support, and contrasting it with the Republican doctrine that taxes may be levied for the benefit of favored industries and preferred classes, he goes on to say:

> But we have had nearly fifty years of a protective tariff. Hundreds of millions of money have been invested and are yet embarked upon the faith of this. Hundreds of thousands of people look to it for their prosperity and support. It cannot be precipitately withdrawn. If we are to change our policy from a protective system to a revenue system, it must be done so gradually and with such regard for the business of the country, which stands greatly in need of rest, as that the final transition shall be as the passing from one season to another, every interest warned beforehand and fully prepared.
>
> There can be and there must be a tariff bill prepared by the coming Ways and Means Committee which shall scale the process of reduction through a term of years, stripping the present tariff, complicated for the purpose of confusion, of its surplusage and eliminating both the mystifications and the local features which the cowardly and the weak have hitherto relied on to stand between themselves and their accountability at home.

Any part of this programme which the Republican Congress wishes to anticipate while it still lasts will doubtless be received with appreciation by an impatient country. The lamp will hold out to burn for nearly three months of session-time still, and the sinners may return some distance if they can about-face quickly enough.

"After Me, the Deluge!"

But Uncle Joe, as Speaker, bids fair to last as long as the Republican majority in the House.

Incidentally

We made ten guesses, viz.:

That Dix, Harmon, Baldwin, Foss, and Bass would win.

That Beveridge, Depew, and Kean would lose.

That the Democrats would elect a majority of forty in the next House of Representatives.

And (10), that Woodrow Wilson would carry New Jersey by 40,000.

Most people thought the last guess crazy. We have to confess. It wasn't a guess at all. It was what Hosea Biglow called a prophecy. We knew, all the time.

The nine guesses came true, too.

A Pleasing Spectacle in Prospect

We must go abroad to learn. The London *Standard* hears from its Own Correspondent in New York that—

> The result foreshadows the long impending realignment of parties two years hence, with Mr. Roosevelt as Presidential candidate of the progressives, some prominent Democrat, probably Mr. Woodrow Wilson, leading the conservatives. In such an event the battle will turn on two issues—downward revision of the tariff and control of corporate wealth, with every likelihood of a third term for Mr. Roosevelt at White House with a mandate to enforce both.

The Colonel running against Governor Wilson on a "downward-revision" platform would be a sight for impaired vision.

The President

If the press as a whole can be taken as representative of public opinion and public sentiment throughout the country, the crushing overthrow of the President's party is accompanied with little or no reviling of the President himself. Except, perhaps, from Mr. Pinchot and certain of the more extreme Western insurgents, abuse of him is hardly heard at all. The contrast is striking between the attitude of Democratic and independent papers toward him and their attitude toward Colonel Roosevelt. There are few of them that do not treat the President respectfully, and few, on the other hand, that do not excoriate Colonel Roosevelt for his behavior during the campaign. Difficult as the President's position will be from now until the end of his term, he can hardly fail to find some compensation in this temper of his opponents.

Nor is his opponents' mood unreasonable. It reflects the spirit of fair play. The country understands how the President's predecessor contrived to leave him the unwelcome legacy of the unsettled tariff question and an already threatening schism in the party. The country has watched the President's struggle with the well-nigh impossible situation left on his hands, and while it has from time to time felt that his course has been lacking in political inspiration, it has also felt that he was trying honestly to do his duty as he saw it. He has had, besides, the difficult and unpicturesque task of bringing his great office back to its normal usage and its constitutional limitations, and by his sticking to that purpose he has rendered us all a service. None should be more grateful for that service than the Democratic leaders who now aspire to succeed him. For when President Taft came into office unwise and dangerous precedents seemed almost to force upon him a rôle never contemplated for any President by the framers of the Constitution. When he goes out of office, it will be easier for his successor to avoid extraordinary and sensational activities and devote himself to the duties marked out for him by the Constitution and the laws.

The immediate and pressing need of the Republican party, of course, is thorough reorganization. It is perhaps characteristic of President Taft to begin the work promptly and energetically—in Panama.

Making Progress

The State of Washington added the fifth star to the equal-suffrage banner at the recent election, and more than twenty per cent. of the incoming Congressmen expressed themselves as in favor of enfranchising women. Clearly, the cause is marching on.

Lodge

If Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, was really the inventor of the gerrymander, then the sins of that particular father are again visited pretty logically, with the result that the election in Massachusetts seems likely to fall of its logical effect. When the people of Old Bay rose up in wrath against the Payne law, the head they wanted most to hit was Lodge's. Yet apparently, so far as Lodge is concerned, this overwhelming vote of disapproval will accomplish nothing. Governor Draper, who had nothing to do with making the tariff, came in for an awful drubbing. Mr. Foss, the foremost representative and spokesman of the low-tariff sentiment, is taken out of Congress, where he might help to get lower duties, and put in the Governor's chair, where his power in that direction will be *nil*. And Lodge saves his bacon. At any rate, that is the result on the face of the returns, since the Republicans keep the Legislature. Let us hope, however, that a way may be found to escape this illogical outcome. It was a coalition that first sent Charles Sumner to the Senate, and if there is no way but a coalition to carry out the plainly expressed will of the Massachusetts voters concerning Lodge, then let a coalition be formed. If enough Republican members can be found to vote for some other Republican, let the Democratic members join with them to elect him. A tidal wave that submerges Hale and Aldrich, Kean and Depew, has no business to be sparing Lodge.

No Cause for Alarm

Brother Hearst stood up and was counted. According to the returns, he stands for 50,000 voters out of 1,400,000. Even our Socialist Brother Russell did better, getting about 60,000. It is a good thing to count noses once in a while just to learn what a great noise really represents.

A Clean Slate

The following excerpt from the Trenton *State Gazette* of November 4th fairly illustrates the type of argument that was used by the Republican press of New Jersey during the recent campaign:

> The Democratic machine of city, county and State is spending more money than it has since 1894, in its effort to defeat the will of the people.
>
> *Where do they get it?* Every dollar of it comes from the corrupt corporation interests of Wall Street. Those friends of Col. George Harvey, James Smith, Jr., James Nugent, and R. V. Lindabury, the self appointed committee who tendered Woodrow Wilson the nomination "on the part of the thoughtful Democrats" of New Jersey.

The effect of such slander upon the minds of the people is accurately measured by the election returns. But, now that it is all over, we wish to say flatly—and we know whereof we speak—that not one dollar was asked from or contributed to the Democratic campaign fund in New Jersey by any "corporation interests," corrupt or otherwise, nor by any corporation in or out of Wall Street, nor by any individual associated in the remotest degree with Wall Street or anything connected with Wall Street.

Results Talk

> It appears, therefore, that Wilson in New Jersey has a plurality this year which is about one-eighth of the total vote of his State two years ago. The pluralities of Harmon and Foss are in each case about one-twelfth of the 1908 total, and that of Dix in New York is one twenty-fourth of that total. Judge Baldwin needed a plurality of about 8,000 to give him relatively as big a victory as Mr. Dix won in New York.—*Hartford Times.*

Put in another way, the comparison (taking the combined Republican and Democratic votes as the total of two years ago) stands thus:

	Total vote	Net Dem. gain	Per cent
New York.......	1,537,000	267,000	17
Ohio.............	1,075,000	134,000	12½
New Jersey......	447,000	132,000	30

There can be no question as to who secured the greatest triumph and now holds the lead among Democratic vote-getters of the U. S. A.

Tired

I am so weary of Teddy,
  Teddy, the statesman on wheels—
Tired, and my poor brain already
  Under the incubus reels;
Tired of the cowboys that raced him,
Tired of the lions that chased him,
Oh, I can smell him and taste him
  When I sit down to my meals!

I am so tired of his chromo,
  Tired of his magazine curves,
That I am living on bromo,
  Trying to brace up my nerves;
Tired of the yarns he's indited,
Tired of the wrongs he has righted,
Tired of his chestnut "delighted,"
  Tired of the dope that he serves.

I am so tired of his Stetson,
  Tired of his glasses beneath,
Tired of the khaki he gets on,
  Tired of his tributes and wreath.
I am so tired of his trooping,
Tired of his yelling and whooping,
Tired till my spirit is drooping,
  Tired of his hair and his teeth.

I am so tired of his cronies,
  Tired of his cousins and aunts,
Tired of his hippos and ponies,
  Tired of his stuffed elephants,
Tired of the way he is faring,
Tired of the fun he is sharing,
Tired of the shirt he is wearing,
  Tired of his necktie and pants.

He has made life to me dreary,
  Loading it down with his fame.
I am disheartened and weary,
  Sick of the sound of his name.
Sick of his boots and his breeches,
Tired of his arrogant speeches,
Sick of his bouts and his screeches,
  Tired of his whole dizzy game.

—*Lebanon Globe.*

Correspondence

CARICATURES

Rochester, N. Y., November 2, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—If a St. Louis firm was justified by a wise judge to procure an injunction against somebody and his periodical, and if there is ever another man justified to procure one, I think that man is Theodore Roosevelt, against Harper's Weekly, for caricaturing him the way it is doing it. To a man less versed in literary matters, it appears that these caricatures are past being humorous and funny, but are far into the regions of a wild frenzy, fostering and producing a frenzy bordering into the idiotic, a state considered deplorable by normal man of reason.

I am, sir,
C. M. Meyer.

REFLECTIONS ON THE TARIFF

Jamaica Plain, Mass., October 27, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—It is a well-known fact of human nature that a man will make more fuss over a cinder in his eye or a bit of gravel in his shoe than over a capital operation. The attention of the American people, from the same psychological reason, has been called to the iniquities of the Payne-Aldrich tariff more forcibly because of the petty persecution which it has brought about than from the high taxation which in the past was, as it were, hidden by the anæsthetic of indirectness. For instance,—*ab uno disce omnes*—up to within a few months ago one was able to purchase an invaluable English shaving-cream—"made only by the widow of the inventor"—at the rate of three collapsible tubes (decorated with directions in comically incorrect French) for a dollar. Since the revised tariff went into effect, the price has gone up to $1.26. Every time a man shaves, this imposition is rubbed into his face and causes a disagreeable irritation.

Now a reasonable human being admires success, worships wealth, and is content enough to see himself, with all the rest of his fellow citizens, contributing his mite (a mite, when multiplied by several millions, makes another kind of a might) to build up the fortunes that, like the mountains of Switzerland and the antiquities of Italy, are the pride of this land. Besides, some of the wealth thus accumulated may come back to him in the opportunity of supporting a library built from the overflow of the multitudinous benefactions. By enriching the rich every citizen enriches himself. Besides, the tax is hidden. He does not feel it every time he rides over a rail, every time his kerosene lamp is lighted. But the Payne-Aldrich bill causes the petty irritation, and fortunately the American people are being rapidly educated to know that the tariff is ingeniously calculated to protect those who need no protection, while the only commodity that comes into competition with labor—namely, imported labor—has from the beginning been admitted without any tariff, except of late years that coming from China and Japan.

Verily the world still goes on straining at gnats and swallowing camels.

I am, sir,
Nathan Haskell Dole.

WE WILL, NOW ELECTION IS OVER

Pueblo, Colo., October 26, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I subscribed for your Weekly upon recommendation of a friend to secure current comment on national affairs. Am disappointed. If you would give more news and comment of a general nature on pages four and five and less space to one individual it would suit me better.

I am, sir,
G. Q. McNeil.

THANKSGIVING QUALITIES

New Orleans, La., October 28, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—All men who love our Republic should commend you for exposing the shameless agitator, Roosevelt. It is incredible that he can impose upon the people of New York the unsound theories of other men, into which he has injected the virus of hate. His record in public office shows that he lacks the courage of the lion, but instead has a wide streak of turkey in his make-up.

I am, sir,
Paul A. Sompayrac.

SPECTACULAR IN A GREAT CAUSE

Madison, S. D., October 24, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—A man who loves his country, who loves his fellow man, who believes in an untrammelled right of franchise, who has the interests of the whole nation and its future at heart, who holds these things above price, such a man is a believer in the political principles for which the "Insurgents" (so called) stand. I read your magazine at our clubs. It is an ably edited and splendid magazine so far as it enlightens its readers on the topics of the day. Its influence is very great. It is a source of continual regret to me that such power might not be used for the advancement of the welfare of our country. The issues are so clearly defined that it seems to me no man can fight on your side of the controversy who has no personal interest to serve. Mr. Roosevelt may be ridiculous to some, undoubtedly he is. He is of the type of man whose very characteristics have heretofore precluded progress in public life. It is natural he should bewilder us. To many his proceedings are impossible to reconcile with profound statesmanship. But to me he stands for a great cause. He is spectacular, yes, but he arrived when a leader of his sort was needed, so I forget his idiosyncrasies, his vagaries and all those traits which I would that he had not, and simply say, "I am for his principles and enlist under his banner." Perhaps many of the leaders of progress to-day may fail, become corrupted, and tarnish by their acts our cause, but the movement will go grandly on and up until the day comes when we will know no party excepting the one that has alone for its purpose the accomplishment of all that is good and pure in the control of our government and in the direction of the policies which regulate our moral condition. I wish Harper's were one of those magazines which stand for these things.

I am, sir,
A. W. Lewis.

ROOSEVELT AND THE COURTS

Kansas, October 30, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Until Mr. Roosevelt's recent partisan and unjudicious denunciation of our court methods, he never did the country any real injury. The degree to which he aroused public opinion when in office was in certain respects commendable.

It is true that public reception of his methods sometimes caused slight fluctuations in our national credit, and checked the spread of capital at home; it is true that his tact for personal advertising generally had the effect of shadowing our great men and great questions. These, however, were only temporary and the country would soon have lived them down. But not so with his petty assault on his country's judicial system. Mr. Roosevelt's popularity is with that great mass of people that delights in seeing power attacked, ridiculed, and, if possible, torn down; he has become so ravenous for applause that he strikes at any object which is large and strong, no matter whether that be lawful or unlawful, necessary or unnecessary; his public no longer demands proof of what he says; the fact that he said it is enough.

The one great effect of Mr. Roosevelt's latest Western trip is that his millions of Western admirers believe that all power is attained by unlawful means, and that practically all of our prominent public men will give and take bribes. Consequently, his court speech has been interpreted to mean that the courts are corrupt and the only thing that will purify them is the fear of a popular verdict.

By this attack on its judicial system the American republic received its worst blow since two generations. This government is based on the supposition that something is right and that something else is wrong; and that laws would be made stating what would be right and what wrong; a department was created whose duty it would be to interpret these laws and whose authority to do so would be absolute and final.

Such a department was created, and its decisions were never questioned, nor was the possibility of corruption ever thought of until Chief-Justice Taney and his associates wrote their decisions in the Dred Scott case in 1857. Ambassador Bryce said that by those decisions the Supreme Court received a blow from which it never recovered; the fiction that the Supreme Court was above political influence was destroyed. The court has been gradually winning back its old prestige of non-partisanship, but now, thanks to Mr. Roosevelt, it is laboring under a much heavier charge, and one from which it will not recover so long as the admirers of Theodore Roosevelt live. In the West, at least, his "court speech" has had the effect of accusing the judges, not of yielding to political pressure, but of that viler crime of selling their opinions. His great host of followers believe this because they think he said it, and they will continue to believe it until Theodore Roosevelt denies it, which means, not during the present *régime*.

The germ of revolution begins to grow in people's minds when they begin to believe that their courts are not giving them justice. The germ is growing fast here in the West, though the people do not realize it yet.

Theodore Roosevelt not only started this germ to growing, but he suggests a final method of settlement, namely, by letting the public control the decisions of the courts.

This man would make the polls (which he hopes to control) the court, and the judges mere instruments.

I am, sir,
A Reader.

"TAFT DID IT"

On Train, November 9th.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Murphy is boss in New York, and Taft did it more than any other man. Taft inherited a united party, broke party pledges and wrecked things in less than two years. Reflection may help him, but I surmise he's too old.

Without Roosevelt New York would have gone 150,000 for Dix. Let's see if Taft can curb the big interests and keep them under legal restraint. If he can—here's to him. I fear a man like Taft far more than Roosevelt. The urbane, good-hearted, indolent-minded gentleman is not the safe leader in these days.

I am, sir,
X.

COTTON AND "COTTON GAMBLING"

Canton, Miss., September 25, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In your paper of September 10, 1910, your article headed "Cotton Gambling," you state that cotton sold at twenty cents last week. It does not appear that any farmer who grows cotton got the price. "The situation is serious and ought to lead to a closer study than we have yet made of the effects of speculation—that is to say, gambling." It ought to be possible to do something about it. "In fact, something will have to be done about it."

Isn't it a fact that the same power which sent cotton to twenty cents enabled the farmer to obtain fourteen and one-half to fifteen and one-half cents during marketing season, and the same power that had previously done a more criminal act in selling a commodity they did not have were the ones who had to pay the penalty for their crime? How many years prior to this one have the same clique by a superiority of money, kept cotton under its legitimate value and to-day are working hard at the same attempt? All these years, however, this latter force went unmolested. If you will study the situation, cotton is attaining a higher basic value, whereas it takes the greatest efforts of the farmer of the South to produce over eleven and one-half to twelve and one-half million bales, and the consumption of American cotton is around or above the thirteen-million mark.

Again, reflecting on the high cost of living and increased cost of production, the cotton-raisers were left in a more unprofitable condition in the past two seasons than they had been in years prior thereto. In the many years prior to the last five or six past, the bear speculators, taking advantage of the deficient capital of the South, manipulated the market to suit themselves, but now that they are opposed in their attacks comes the hue and cry. The writer, however, agrees with you that it would be beneficial to all concerned if this overspeculation was stopped. At all events, in stopping this evil, why doesn't some good American paper or journal attack a still greater one and agitate a governmental pure-food law to be gotten out of the stock-market, and accordingly ask a governmental exposé of the many worthless stocks being quoted at fictitious values on the stock-exchanges? Can't this be done by expert investigation as to the intrinsic value of each stock thus quoted? We at all times know that a bale of cotton has a present intrinsic value, but do we know this about many of the common stocks in circulation?

I am, sir,
Observer.

BRITISH *VERSUS* AMERICAN ENGLISH

Worcester, Eng.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—One gets rather tired of the arbitrary and futile bickerings, based on prejudice rather than reason, concerning the respective merits of our common language as spoken in England and Usona respectively. To begin with, the differences are greatly exaggerated by superficial quibblers, while, secondly, there is far more similarity between the dictions of the average speaker in the two countries than between the dialects, say, of a Northumbrian and a Cockney, who, with his stilted vocabulary and affected simper, by no means represents the standard speech of the nation. As regards the particular expressions which are regularly trotted out as butts for international ridicule, in some cases American usage is the more correct or suitable, in others the British. Thus your words "treck," "sidewalk," "ballast," "tie," "dump," "slump," "boss," "guess," "masher," "combine," etc., are concise and convenient, and are largely adopted here, while on the other hand "shunt," "stoke," "lift," "tram," "pram," "van," "lolly," etc., are useful and handy words which you might well popularize. Indeed "tramway" has been bodily taken over by nearly every European language. Our "return ticket" is shorter and more correct than your "round trip," which rather suggests a circular tour. Failing "trow," which, if it could be revived, would supply an urgent want, the old Chaucerian "guess" is decidedly superior to the usual British substitutes, especially the much-abused "expect," which can only properly be used of future events; while "roil," unfortunately only known in its corrupt form "rile," is much better than the vulgar British expression "to make cross."

Considering the almost universal misuse of the aspirate in England, the pronunciation of "ng" as "ngg" and "ngk," and other hideous barbarisms, we have little right to complain of the much rarer blunders of Americans, but one cannot but deplore the vocal degeneration caused by slovenly, often purposely so, enunciation, and especially that of "r" from its original trill into a mere grunt. It is not only the English who follow more closely than you the spelling of such words as "America," "Missouri." other nations say them even more purely, whereas with you they are often "Ummurrekuh," "Mussooruh," while "water" becomes "warrer" or "woar." The Usonan universities and colleges should endeavor to combat this evil tendency.

On the whole, the wonder is not that British, American, and Australasian usages are so diverse, but that they are so alike, even in their solecisms.

I am, sir,
Evacustes A. Phipson.

OKLAHOMA'S "GRANDFATHER LAW"

Kansas City, Kan.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—A news item dated Guthrie, October 20th says: "The Supreme Court to-day, in an opinion by Justice Williams, sustained in every detail the validity of the 'grandfather clause' amendment to the Constitution, and also the law passed at the special session last spring providing a special procedure for this purpose, *under which all ballots not specifically cast against the proposition are counted for it*. The opinion is concurred in by all the justices, except Justice Kane, who dissents from the holding as to the enabling act, but concurs in the general conclusion."

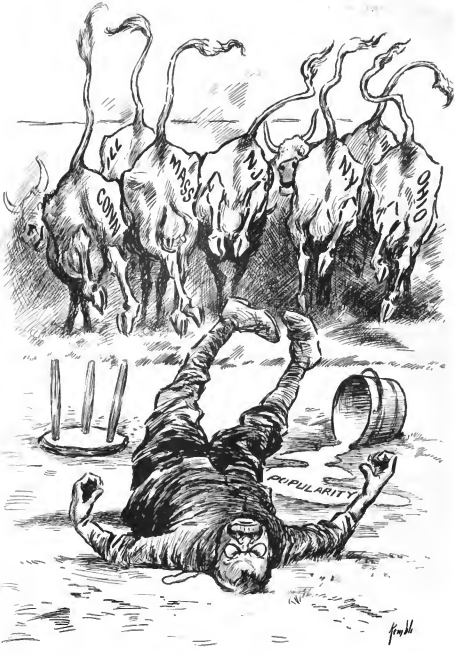
There is no case on record where the Democratic party has ever enacted legislation intended to insure "free ballot and a fair count." This decision of the Oklahoma court is the climax perhaps of its efforts to prevent fairness and decency. While in this case they pretend to be trying to eliminate the illiterate negro there, at the same time, and the decision so holds, practically all the Indians in the State can vote, although many of them cannot even speak English, let alone read or write it.

There is not the poor excuse, the fear of negro domination, in Oklahoma urged in some of the other Southern States as an excuse for this sort of thing, as there is less than eight per cent. of the population of Oklahoma colored, or one vote in fourteen.

In the South generally not only have they disfranchised the colored vote, but *a majority of the whites* as well.

Certainly here is something that should challenge the attention of thoughtful men.

I am, sir,
D. O. Campbell.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Kemble

THE BOSS AMONG THE BOSSIES

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

Woodrow Wilson's First Political Triumph

It seems worth while, therefore, to invite consideration of some of the reasons that might properly be adduced in support of the proposal to nominate Woodrow Wilson for President. (1) Mr. Wilson is, as stated, more than the accomplished scholar, the practical educator, the competent executive he has proven himself to be; he is, in truth, a statesman of breadth, depth, and exceptional sagacity. (2) He is an idealist, yet notably sane. (3) He is a genuine orator whose words ring true and bear conviction. (4) He stands for everything that is sound and progressive. (5) He holds the respect of every one with whom he has come in contact, and the admiration particularly of all college bred men. (6) His fidelity to the interests of the whole people is as unquestioned as his integrity. (7) He represents no class, no creed, no hobby, no vain imaginings. (8) He is at the fulness of his powers in age and experience. (9) He has profound convictions from instinct and learning and the courage of fearless expression. (10) He has no enemies—his is a clean slate. (11) He possesses to a degree unequalled since the days of Blaine that indefinable quality known as personal magnetism. (12) He is not only high-minded, but broad-minded and strong-minded. (13) He was born in Virginia and hails from New Jersey. His nomination would be a recognition of the South which the South nobly deserves. His election would be an everlasting pledge of a country united in fact, in determination to solve all besetting problems, in inspiration to fulfil America's highest destiny. Such is the man, and such a man is needed by the country, from whatever political party he may spring. We have no hesitancy, therefore, in inviting serious consideration of the suggestion.—*Harper's Weekly of March 10, 1906.*

PREDESTINATION

The most attractive of the political creations of yesterday is obviously Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey. Long known as a capable thinker concerning politics and government, he proved himself on the stump a candidate, and yesterday he demonstrated himself to be a vote-getter of great power.

Except George B. McClellan, whose residence in the State was nominal, Jersey has never had a Presidential candidate. There is fair prospect that the reproach, if it be such, is not unlikely to be removed. All over the country Democratic thought will turn to-day to Dr. Wilson as the appointed one for 1912. His probable rival, Governor Harmon, of Ohio, was a member of Cleveland's cabinet and conspicuously bolted Bryan, and thus furnishes an argument against his availability. In his cooler academic retreats Dr. Wilson has been identified with neither Democratic faction.

Dr. Wilson, besides being a Jerseyite, is a Southerner born—if nominated, will be the first Presidential candidate of Southern birth since Lincoln. When it comes to rounding up delegates to the national Democratic convention, it will not hurt him south of Mason and Dixon's line that he is able to sing *Dixie*. A progressive Democrat who is able to escape the anger of the conservative Democrats, and a Southern man who has lifted himself out of sectional strife, Dr. Wilson is plainly being chosen by destiny.—*New York Globe.*

DEMOCRACY'S GREATEST ACT

The greatest act of the Democratic party in the elections of this year was the nomination for Governor of New Jersey of Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University.

The national significance of Woodrow Wilson's established reputation as a vote-getter can hardly be overestimated. He looms up at once as a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination, a possible figure on which the conservative interests of the East, the radicals of the West, and the unvarying Democrats of the South may easily unite in the mutual conviction that fairness and justice from him could be depended on. He is a native of the Sunny South, born in Staunton, Virginia, the State of Washington and Jefferson and Lee, nursed in the bosom of the Mother of Presidents; he learned law in the University of Virginia; he practised law for two years in Atlanta, Georgia, before he became a college professor. He knows the feelings of the South as few men prominent in the North know them. This is a matter of importance in a President's administration. It is a matter of even greater importance in a national convention where the South as a safe Democratic section must hold the balance of power.

It is entirely possible that New Jersey's election of a Governor has given to the national Democracy a suggestion of the open door to triumph in 1912. That is a gratifying reflection to Democrats in every State in the Union.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A SAMPLE FROM THE SOUTH

The fact seems to be that, since the repudiation by the Democratic party of Grover Cleveland, Wilson is the one man available for the Democratic nomination who can command the respect and confidence of the safe and sane element without which Bryan has three times essayed to be President and three times met contemptuous rejection. Wilson seems to be thoroughly sound on the basic principles of Democracy and tainted with none of the populistic vagaries Bryan and his crowd fastened upon the Democratic machine, to the disgust and driving away of every State and section that was Democratic except the South, where there is no choice. He seems to be imbued with a noble idea of liberty and individual independence, absolutely honest and reliable, as safe from the wildisms and fanatical doctrines of Roosevelt and Bryan, on the one hand, as from the selfishness, and partisanship, and treachery, and sycophancy of Taft on the other hand.

Well, it suits us.

We believe all the signs of the times point to the nomination of Wilson by the Democrats in 1912 and his triumphant election, and we believe it will be a complete turning-point in American history, the casting out of all the small breed of swindlers, opportunists, demagogues, and riders of the wave of specious popular feeling of the hour, and a return to the simplicity of first principles.—*Greenville (South Carolina) News.*

FIRST IN THE LINE

It is obvious that his impressive victory, due in great part to his candid canvass, to the sympathy he has shown with the current of opinion, and to the grasp and command he has also shown of the essential elements of the national situation, must put him in the front rank of the new leaders and in the line of promotion to the highest national honors.—*New York Times.*

WATCH AND WAIT

The victory which Woodrow Wilson has won in New Jersey is not wholly one of personal conquest of the men who have voted for him. It consists more in the choice by the people of one of the oldest of the commonwealths, as their leader in dealing with the large issues of the hour, of a man whose life has been dedicated to a profound study of political institutions, whose books, orations, and speeches have shown him competent to deal in a large-minded and dispassionate way with the task of governmental reconstruction which lies ahead. His election brings him before the people of the nation as a man whose convictions and temper fit him peculiarly for shaping new laws; and if he succeeds as well while Governor as he has as a pleader for the opportunity to serve in that capacity he will become a formidable candidate for the nomination to the Presidency in 1912. And this is the more inevitable in view of his peculiar appeal to the South, where he was born and in part educated. Its purposes he would appreciate as would no other Northern man. Should his record as Governor lead to discussion of his name as a Presidential candidate, he would be especially strong as nominee because of the powerful appeal he could make on the platform. How practical and efficient Governor Wilson will prove to be under the stress of actual conditions at Trenton remains to be seen. Those who have known him longest and who have studied his method of approach to the voters during his remarkable recent tour of the State are confident that he will not be disappointing. The practical politicians of both parties have had notice served on them that nothing will be hid, but that everything will be done on the assumption that once the people knew the facts they will force right action. Watch Wilson: that's all.—*Boston Herald.*

IN THE MINDS OF DEMOCRATS

Mr. Woodrow Wilson is yet to be tried. His campaign in New Jersey is the subject of wide comment. The present Governor, a Republican, was elected by a majority of about 8,000. Mr. Wilson overthrew that majority and won his election by a majority that is between 40,000 and 50,000. If he makes good as Governor higher political honors await him.

Governor Harmon and Governor-elect Wilson are already being spoken of for the Democratic nomination for President. Governor Harmon has the advantage because he carried his State by a larger majority than Mr. Wilson did, and also because he has a record as an administrator that invites confidence. But both are the sort of men to whom Mr. Wilson called attention in his Princeton address. They are the sort of men the people are looking for. They are certain to put the public interests before their own political advancement. Neither may be nominated in 1912 for President, but at this time both are in the minds of the Democratic masses for the nomination to that high office.—*Savannah News.*

JOSEPHUS DANIEL'S JUDGMENT

The country is turning away from the charlatans like Roosevelt, no matter how brilliant; the Smooth-it-aways like Taft, no matter how personally amiable; the barterers in legislation like Aldrich, no matter how able. They are looking for men to lead who will serve the true welfare of all the people, owe no obligations to special interests, and whose ability and character fit them for leadership. Machine politicians and noisy demagogues have palled on the public. They wish sincere and capable men who will make war on monopoly while conserving all business, large and small.

New Jersey has sounded all the depths of machine politics, subservience to trusts, obedience to railroad dictation, the making merchandise of office and of legislation. Its Senators are small editions of Aldrich and Cannon. One is the quick and zealous tool of all trusts, the other has used his high office to try to secure favorable legislation for his own business. There has not been a Congressman of the first order of ability from New Jersey in twenty-five years. The men who have led both parties have been trusted friends of the trusts, and the people have had no representatives.

This was the set year for New Jersey to repudiate bossism and trust favoritism. The Democrats turned to Princeton and selected Woodrow Wilson as their candidate. He is the foremost American college president, and his books on government are authorities in this country and abroad. He is a man of letters who has "mixed with men and prospered." He knows books, but he knows men also and the vital problems that must be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a speaker of uncommon ability and was as popular with the "boys" in the shops as the scholars in the universities. Business men saw he was no dreamer, but a practical man of affairs. He made few promises, but impressed men of all parties that he would regard public office as a public trust. And that, together with the trend against Republicanism, assured his election.

The people of North Carolina take deep interest in Mr. Wilson and his career. When his father was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Wilmington Mr. Wilson was for a time a resident of this State. His nephew is Professor of Latin in the University of North Carolina, and last year he charmed the State by his oration on Lee at the University of North Carolina. The whole Legislature went to Chapel Hill to hear him and never did an orator so completely captivate an audience. When Mr. Wilson was nominated for Governor of New Jersey all who heard him at Chapel Hill felt like congratulating the voters of that State upon the treat in store for them. His campaign was a revelation to those who expected learned and dry scholastic essays. His success is a matter for national congratulation.—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

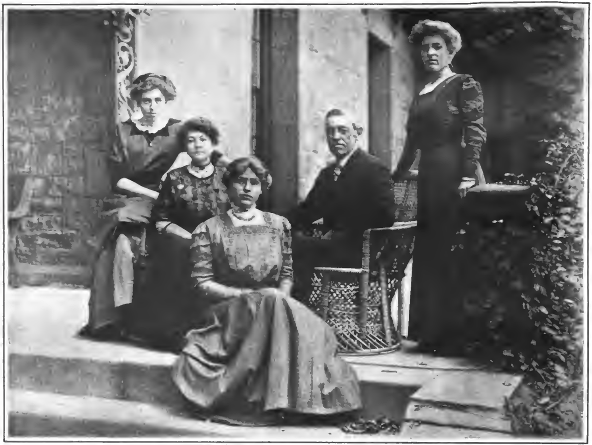
A SOLITARY "IF"

New Jersey needs at this juncture a strong progressive leader. It is the home of many great corporations which wield a power in and far beyond that commonwealth. If Woodrow Wilson can live up to his reputation as a prophet of better things and establish himself as an efficient champion of the people, he will be in line for higher honors if his party should have the good fortune to regain supremacy in national affairs.—*Springfield Union.*

TO BE RECKONED WITH

Probably the most remarkable victory won Tuesday is that of Woodrow Wilson, who was elected Governor of New Jersey by the surprising plurality of 46,000. It was at first thought that the plurality would not be more than 25,000 at the outside. But it has been steadily growing until it has reached 46,000. This is almost unprecedented. Only three times, and then on the vote for President and in extraordinary years, has this plurality been exceeded. Except in those years it has hardly been approached. Mr. Wilson's remarkable victory carries with it the control of the Legislature, and that means the retirement of Senator Kean, who will give place to a Democrat. Of course every one is now talking of this new personality. Mr. Wilson has shown, not simply that he is a thoroughly well-informed man on public questions, but that he is a most effective campaigner and a man of the people in the best sense. In his speeches he was able to discuss the most profound subjects in such a way as to bring them home to the average man who, perhaps, had never thought much about them before.

Mr. Wilson made the most favorable impression on all who heard him. He has made a favorable impression on the country at large. He is, as all know, a man of the highest character. Of his intellectual power there can be no doubt. He is a student and a scholar deeply read in the nation's history. In him we have a revival of the old type which was once so popular in America. There has been much fun poked at the scholar in politics, and it has not always been misdirected. But here is a man who is a scholar and who has shown a wisdom in politics that many a boss might envy. What the future may hold for Woodrow Wilson is, of course, a mere matter of speculation. He has to go through another test—namely, that of administering public office. In that he may fail; but the probability is that those qualities which have brought him success thus far—knowledge, wisdom, poise, and ability to act with other men—will serve him well in his new position. There is no more interesting personality now before the people than Woodrow Wilson. A man who can carry the doubtful State of New Jersey by a plurality of 46,000 is to be reckoned with.—*Indianapolis News.*



Margaret Wilson   Mrs. Woodrow Wilson   Jessie Woodrow Wilson   Woodrow Wilson   Eleanor Randolph Wilson

GOVERNOR-ELECT WOODROW WILSON AND HIS FAMILY

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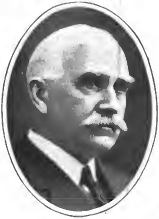
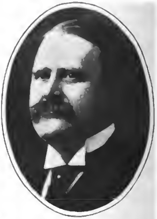
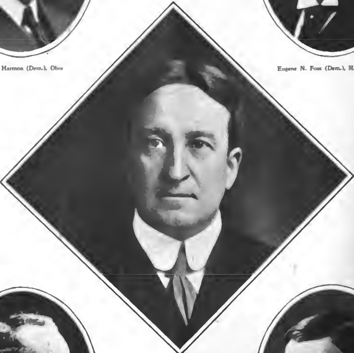


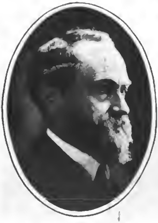
Judson Harmon (Dem.), Ohio



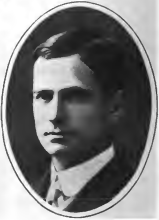
Eugene N. Foss (Dem.), Massachusetts



John A. Dix (Dem.), New York



Simeon E. Baldwin (Dem.), Connecticut



Robert P. Bass (Rep.), New Hampshire

THE GOVERNORS-ELECT OF FIVE GREAT STATES

THE SUCCESSFUL GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES IN OHIO, MASSACHUSETTS, NEW YORK, CONNECTICUT, AND NEW HAMPSHIRE

Outdoors in New York

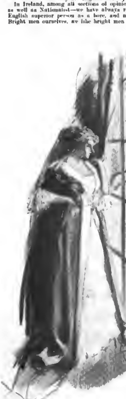
AN IRISHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE SPIRIT AND TEMPER OF THE METROPOLIS

By J. B. Yeats

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

AMERICA is the happy hunting-ground of the superior person, and England is his home. Many superior persons come to this country; they cannot keep away. Latterly, indeed, the men have dropped off, and it is mostly some lady novelists who come, desirous to assure Americans that they are English and superior.

In Ireland, among all sections of opinion—Loyalist as well as Nationalist—we have always regarded the English superior person as a bore, and nothing else. Bright men ourselves, we like bright men and dislike dull men; and when we go outside our own country for advice, example, and guidance, we come westward to the bright Americans, who seem to us to manage their affairs in an original and amusing way; in short, to be men of genius and insight, which is quite the contrary to being superior persons.



Sunshine out of a sapphire sky streams through the windows

Nearly three years ago I left Ireland and turned my back on English folly (mostly folly, but always united with strong and tenacious selfishness, which is neither wisdom nor folly), and came to New York. It has been a long holiday; and for holiday task I have studied the people and their ways; and, unlike the schoolboy, I have found the task the better part of the holiday. Many years ago I learned my radicalism from John S. Mill, and what he taught in grave abstract speech I find here everywhere in rich fruitage—glowing to the eye, and sweet to the taste, and by its fragrance attracting round it many humming bees. This article is the result of my studies in seeking to find an answer to the question which I have often asked myself: why is it pleasant to live in New York? Why, also, is it instructive?

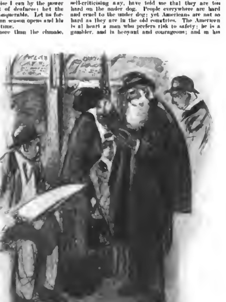
First of all, there is the wonderful climate—it is too hot in summer and too cold in winter; nevertheless it is wonderful because of the sunshine. In Ireland and England sunshine is as rare as clouds in New York; and as for the winter cold, against this there is ample provision in the summer heat of the houses, kept warm by artificial means. If outside it is winter, inside it is always pleasant summer, while sunshine out of a sapphire sky streams through the windows. In the old countries it is within the house and along the draughty passages that you get your shivering sensation of winter. In the New York spring the cold disappears; and in the long autumn, from late August to November, the temperature is a dream of comfort. The body is so comfortable that the spirit can forget its existence and, as it were, become disembodied; while the city is draped in a blue haze of sunshine, with its harsh and angular and too mathematical features veiled in mystery. At such times along Fifth Avenue and Broadway there is a visible slackening in the pace of pedestrians; people linger and look and hail one another in enjoyment of the place and the season. I, myself, when at that season I have any work to do, keep indoors, knowing how hard it is to leave the streets. On a dewy morning, when few people are about, the Avenue, with its high buildings casting long shadows, is like a forest glade, so quiet that you hear nothing except the echoes of your own footsteps. Ordinarily New York is not a city to awaken affection—it is too regular and in so many places too brand new, while in others too slattern and too squalid and too much like Edgeware Road in London; and for the rest it is entirely without those nooks and corners and queer labyrinths and ancient memorials mouldering in picturesque decay which in old cities kindle the imagination and touch the heart. But in the autumn here, blue under the blue sky, it acquires a new character, and your eyes can travel along the straight streets into an infinite distance.

There are, however, two things in New York which cannot be explained away. There are the noise and the mosquitoes. As regards the noise I can by the power of abstraction cultivate a sort of deafness; but the mosquito is intolerable and unconquerable. Let us forget him; he dies when the autumn season opens and his reign is over, at any rate for a time.

Next to the climate, and more than the climate, come the faces of the people. One hears from time to time that Sargent has grown tired of the society faces of London and Paris. In the name of good art and good sense why not come here and paint the faces of his own people, and be a Hogarth not to satirize, but to celebrate the looks and the manners of his countrymen? "Give me faces, give me the streets of Manhattan," said Walt Whitman. And never since people came together in great cities was there collected a handsomer people. If it be a defect of the city to be new, this is not a defect in the people. It is the handsome Irishman, the handsome Italian, and the handsome German that come here. The ugly and the halt and the maimed stay at home, for these belong to the middle and upper classes and to people generally who do not emigrate; among whom it is the feeble individual who is taken care of and who takes care of himself with a whole army of doctors and nurses to help him to transmit his damaged offspring; while the strong break loose and either do not marry or die young. New York and America have gathered their millions from the peasant races, and if they would only shake off and forever get rid of the false and foolish and worm-eaten traditions of Europe, long since condemned by reason and common sense, they might start peerages of their own in which peasant pedigrees would be diligently inquired for, and people pride themselves on an ancestor who held a plough or was a blacksmith or sailor before the mast, or a small farmer who had wrung his living from a mountainside. Here in New York along the streets or gathered in the hotels are a people who are a joy to a painter's eyes; unlike the English in this, that there is scarcely a round shoulder among them or a round back or high shoulders, or bandy legs, or that dull gaze so associated in my mind with the third-class carriages in English manufacturing towns and back streets in London. These people are alive, their vitality is at its highest, a sort of revolutionary energy, almost an over-ripeness of power, in every movement of the strong muscular bodies of both women and of men. These people and their forefathers have not come from the slums of European cities. In those foreign fetid dens, people are too well paid to want to leave; even though disease devours them and degeneracy awaits them. They are here from the agricultural districts, where, though life is hard, so that it kills off the weaklings, the conditions carry health to the vigorous that can stand the hard open-air work. In the slums the work is not hard, though the conditions are poisonous.

I think there is nothing in New York which helps so much to make it a pleasant place to live in, as this abounding vitality; for because of it the moral atmosphere is charged with impulse and courage and adventure so that the most long-lived convention freshly imported by some newly arrived European or Englishman dies on the instant; and though at first the poor immigrant feel as lonely and ashamed as if he had been stripped to the skin, this convention and a few others equally ancient being perhaps his sole equipment for life, yet, if he be of the right stuff, he soon recovers, catches the American spirit, and finds the new better than the old, and hope sweeter than memory, and making history more enlivening than poring over its cruel records.

Americans themselves, in their naive self-condemning, self-criticising way, have told me that they are too hard on the under dog. People everywhere are hard and cruel to the under dog; yet Americans are not so hard as they are in the old countries. The American is at heart a man who prefers risk to safety; he is a gambler, and is buoyant and courageous; and in his

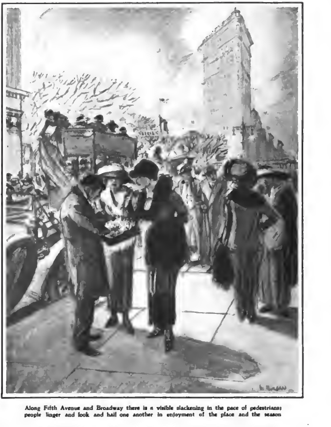


I cannot be two seconds standing without some one rising to make way for me, and very often it has been a young girl calculations he includes the chance of being some day an under dog. Lady Fortune rolls her wheel at such high velocity and down so steep a hill that every one awaits his turn to be either over dog or under dog. In an old and settled country it is disgraceful to be beaten. Here, since it may be any man's fate at any moment, if you fall, a hundred hands will be held out to help you to your feet. Such is my reading of things here and my interpretation of Americanus modus; and certainly if this be a city for the young, be he successful or unsuccessful, it is the old man's paradise—the old man who is always an under dog. Here not only does he catch, by an infection he cannot resist, some of the vivacity of youth, but he comes in time to fancy himself almost young and a sharer in his neighbor's hopes. And then the people are so good to him; I have travelled constantly in London's trains and trams and I do not remember anybody ever offering me a seat. Here I cannot be two seconds standing without some one rising to make way for me, and very often it has been a young girl. Indeed, the only mortification that can visit an old man among this tender-hearted race is to find out how unerringly they will pierce through all disguises and affectations to find out that he is old. Let the old man who can, tell, if he will, about the streets of London and his experiences of its rebuildings, if the tale be not too disconcerting, too humiliating. No! if I am a predestinate under dog, young or old, let me live in America among this kind and imaginative people, whom I must praise since they do not know how to praise themselves (their boasting is not praise, only the crude exultation of youthful spirits), and who are so busy making poetry that they have not had time to write it; and as to their American humor, which has become so rank and abundant that it threatens to be a choking weed, what is it but the effort of a people intoxicated by their new hopes and the possibilities of their enfranchised existence to keep their judgment cool and not lose all sense of proportion?

We are most of us familiar with the kind of man who is best described as of low vitality. He is possibly, nay probably, of good brain and of high moral character, he may be physically strong and good looking and successful in life, but his spirits are poor. Such a man will set about things cautiously and methodically, and all his impressions, coming to him with difficulty and coming slowly, will remain, so that he is a man to be trusted. He will awaken affection also in those much with him, and for various reasons, but chiefly because of a gift of humor in which will be an adorable patience. We say of him that he is of low vitality because in all his pleasures there will be some alloy of pain and ache and dejection. His friendships also will be touched a little with distrust; and any real approbation, whether of himself or others, will be a visible effort; while, his recuperative powers being slight, he does not easily forgive if once offended. He is like some country where, though the season of spring may come, it never ripens into full summer. His humor will not in the least resemble American humor—in fact, it is quite the contrary. American humor is energy extravagantly recoiling from its own extravagance, while here is a man who smells mortality everywhere and regards the scheme of things with convinced despondency. To be angry would be contrary to his settled habits, besides that it would exhaust his strength. The alternative is a kind of sorrowful mirth which wins us by its hopeless kindness and deep sincerity. His only unamiable trait is a mild self-complacency, inevitable in a man who thinks everybody wrong, and that he alone is aware of it.

I have been thus particular in describing the man of low vitality because, in comparison with the New-Yorker and the American, the Englishman is such a man. Indeed, in this comparison the whole European intellect seems to me a little invalidish and of low vitality. Like an invalid, it dislikes change and variety, except such as are very slight, like the going from one room into another; yet as regards these slight changes, its demands and caprices and longings are incessant and feverish; while the American habit of bold innovation and effectual challenge to everything and anything is shocking, like a strong illumination to sick eyes. It is like an invalid also in its preference for pessimistic philosophy of the sort Nietzsche has provided, which resembles nothing so much as the visit of a courtly physician who ministers to the patient's distorted vanity by finding all his symptoms dark and desperate, and yet has words of balm for the patient's self conceit and exaggerated notion of his own importance. As to this sudden craze for empire-building with which Europe is at present so troubled and perplexed, what is it but a sick man's timid acquiescence in the obstreperous energy of some masterful relation who, full of health, bursts into his sick-room and carries him off he knows not where, and is too timid to ask! It is only a sick Europe which would permit the reaping-hooks of knowledge, art, and science to be turned into the bayonets and rifled cannon of empire and war; and the "over-man" into a sergeant of dragoons.

These ancient peoples have ceased to feel strongly. Their youthful period of power and passion has departed, and the blood waits upon the judgment. The departure of youth and the chilling of the blood mean that the senses have become too active, so that art has retreated to its last citadel, which is sensuality with its languors, fatigues, and disgusts, its cynicism and its melancholy. In the various kinds of art, there being no inspiration of strong feeling, no "thus saith the Lord," as Spurgeon would have put it, the interest is in technique and in the application of ingenious theories of technique, questioning everything and weighing it in the critical scales of learned judgment, the famous "art for art's sake" being little better than change for change's sake, like dandies artistically substituting one fashionable affectation for another. Exhibitions in Paris or London (inaccessible to the frankly sensual art) are a weariness, such quantities of technique amounting to nothing, so much diligence, and yet it is not worth doing—the technique remarkable and yet always too big for the artist. On the other hand, to go into the National Gallery of London and see the old masters is to make acquaintance with pictures where the artist is too big for his technique; Turner continually striving to do things which he could not do, which perhaps no painter could do at any time; in a lesser degree it is the same with Hogarth, whose technique would make a Paris art student smile; and as to Michael Angelo's "energy," what are these convulsive strainings in marble but the defeat of the infinite man striving to express himself in a finite medium? The second-rate artists like Alma Tadema, Bouguereau, etc., surprise the world with miracles of perfect skill. It is the great artists who shock us by their deficiency—the man always greater than the artist. These men having undergone canonization, we no longer criticise them; yet it is there, nevertheless: the fault of an inadequate technique. A perfect technique means an inferior artist. Great energies are imperfect in their form. They have not the patience or the time to make it otherwise. Flaubert himself has said that it was only because he was second-rate that he bestowed so much labor on "style." I never look twice at a picture with a flawless technique.


Along Fifth Avenue and Broadway there is a visible slackening in the pace of pedestrians; people linger and look and hail one another in enjoyment of the place and the season

High authorities have said that life in America is the old perennial struggle between Puritanism and luxury, old as civilization. It does not seem so to me. Luxury there is, and there is Puritanism; and these two rivals for our good opinion make ugly faces at each other. But there is in America something stronger than either; it is ideality and the passion of the future, which, like a great sea, has invaded the soul of America. Revolution is domiciled in the country. England is as a weary dividend-devouring Colossus something the worse for wear, or at any rate surrounded by enemies that have grown too strong for him, stumbling along under the weight of his many sins and trespasses in India, Ireland, and elsewhere, and distinctly anxious as he makes each onward step. America, on the contrary, is like the sons of the morning or like the winged Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. England is stern because she is timid and would run no risks—her pride is in her past. America would run all risks and make any experiment—a bridegroom who has given his troth to the future and is impatient for the wedding day.

"Me this unchartered freedom tires:
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name;
I long for a repose that ever is the same."

In these lines we have chanted for us the whole technique of English life. Order for order's sake changing everything to its stony image; underneath it, human dulness and mechanical submission. Let us be sorry for the Englishman. He is quite as dull as he looks and as he wishes to be. Of course all England is not this wilderness of order. Here and there are oases kept green with natural feeling—little gardens and shady dells where eccentric persons, artists or wild poets or literary men, hermits, solitaries, and bohemians, cultivate the shy flowers of natural feeling which in England are now exotic, imported mostly from France and sometimes from Ireland. But outside these "happy spots" England is like a picture by Bouguereau or Lord Leighton or Alma Tadema, which a single outbreak of spontaneity and real feeling would have laid all in ruins, though mostly without the decorative quality which these masters impart to their work.

Not in America nor anywhere else is there an approach to this smoothness of English life: and it fascinates the travelled American. Yet do not let him forget the price at which it has been obtained, which is nothing less than the sacrifice of human nature. In art as in life an absolutely perfect technique means a dwindled humanity. In England at the present moment it means death, by slow strangulation, of imagination, of poetry, and of the arts. Here in America, beneath a surface rough as their country roads and their ill-paved streets, are wells of feeling which easily become fountains of desire and well-springs of enthusiasm and ideality. It is this ideality, this inspired hopefulness, that, vibrating in the air, has imparted to the New York faces the New York look of expectation and holiday.

I have heard an Englishman in London talk lovingly of Italy till his voice broke. My friend was a poet enamored of beauty; yet it is my belief, and I do not think it a paradox to say so, that Shelley living in these days would have preferred New York to Rome. The "æsthetic," the "artistic" person will mock at this, but such people do not know the sincerity, sense of fact, power of belief, and hard energy of desire that mark the real poet and distinguish him from the languid æsthete and the self-conscious minor poet. The poet is a serious person, as serious as Oliver Cromwell or as Luther or as John Knox; he is, indeed, of all men the most serious, though he coerce no man's will. Let us not forget that the prophets of Israel were the poets of Israel.

Shadows of the Stage

By William Winter

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY*

This is the fifth of a new series of articles by the veteran critic, relative to the drama and theatrical affairs, which will from now on appear in each week's issue of "Harper's Weekly." The articles by Mr. Winter have, from the first, formed a widely quoted feature of "Harper's Weekly"

"They might have praise, confined to farce alone,
Full well they grin, they should not try to groan."
—Crabbe

"Smith" and Mr. Drew

As all the plays by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham which have been presented on the New York stage are farces,—the element of farce being, in each of them, pushed to extremity,—it is not easy to understand why they should be designated as comedies. Perhaps it is thought that authors and actors who concern themselves with farce make thereby some sacrifice of dignity. If so the thought is mistaken. A good farce is a joy, and good acting in farce,—such as that which veterans have seen who remember Burton in *The Wandering Minstrel*, Warren as O'Callaghan, in *His Last Legs*, Jefferson as Mazeppa or as Golightly, Owens in *The Happiest Day of His Life*, and Davidge in *Poor Pillicoddy*,—is, in a special sense, fine art. No dramatist who writes a good farce has any reason to be ashamed of it, and no actor who can make a farce part effective has any reason to suppose that he degrades his talents. In Mr. Maugham's *Smith*, now current at the Empire Theatre, with Mr. John Drew and his clever professional associates as the eight persons implicated in the colloquy, the farcical tone is almost continuously predominant, and only as a farce can the composition be viewed as possessing any claim to be considered a work of art. Slight touches of comedy, indeed, are occasionally made in it, and at one point an attempt at serious climax occurs, in allusion to the death of an infant, the child of one of the characters, but those serious touches are forced, are inappropriate, are discordant, and they count for nothing. The dramatist appears to have intended a satire on the selfishness and frivolity of women of "the smart set" in the fashionable life of London, and to have been indeterminate whether to laugh at those vices or to lash them, or else to have lacked the faculty of clearly and consistently doing either the one or the other. His protagonist is a good fellow who, having failed in London, migrated to South Africa and made a fortune there, has returned to his English home, to find his sister married to a complaisant nonentity and associated with a group of social noodles. The endeavor that he makes to rescue her from frivolous companions and likewise to win a wife for himself is the theme of the play. There was, obviously, an opportunity to treat a very serious subject seriously, skilfully, artistically, and to portray a gradual rectification of wrong circumstance and conduct, wrought by rational, delicate means. The method into use of which the dramatist drifted,—whatever may have been his original design,—is that of abrupt artifice, the contrivance of a series of situations either farcical or preposterous, terminating with the betrothal of the hero to his sister's parlor maid, a pretty girl named Smith.

Mr. Drew's impersonation of Thomas Freeman is the expert, definite, seemingly spontaneous presentment of an amiable, breezy, humorous man of the world, purposely a little coarsened by "roughing it" in farm life in a wild, lonely country, and for the purpose of blunt contact with shallow, trivial persons, in an artificial sphere of society. To a comedian of his large experience,—for Mr. Drew has been in active practice of his profession for thirty-seven years,—the part does not present the slightest difficulty, even though Freeman is made to assume bovine attitudes and is not provided with words of any especial wit, or pungency, or weight. The actor supplies what the author has either omitted or but faintly indicated,—a winning personality, a droll demeanor, a blithe spirit, and a kind heart,—and although Freeman interferes in his sister's affairs in a meddlesome, intrusive, blundering manner, the actor contrives to carry sympathy with him, all the way. Every pretext is quickly and cleverly seized, for comic grimace, piquant speech, quizzical facial expression, droll movement, or still more droll pose, and the abounding vitality of the performance, all the while, is generally diffusive of mirth. Back of the assumption, indeed, a close observer can discern a somewhat bored, wearied, tolerantly contemptuous actor, conscientiously fulfilling his professional duty, but not possessed of any illusion as to the artistic value of what he is doing. To see John Drew in this farce, remembering his brilliant achievement in many characters of signal substance, throughout a period of many years, and to think that his performance of this flimsy part has been widely designated the best of his career, is to be a little saddened by perception of a very prevalent forgetfulness or ignorance. Mr. Drew has played Petruchio, Orlando, Mirabel, Charles Surface, Henri Beauclerc, Captain Plume, Ford, Demetrius, Belleville, Robin Hood, Sir Jasper Thorndyke and Major Christopher Bingham; he is the leading representative American light comedian of the day; and, although not possessed of his confidence, an old observer of theatrical affairs can venture the opinion that his ambition to act great parts,—such, for example, as Benedick, in *Much Ado About Nothing*,—has not yet been extinguished. It can also rightly be remarked that the persons who claim to possess leadership of theatrical management in our city,—and, for that matter, all over our country,—would not do amiss if they were to present one of the most experienced and accomplished of comedians in one of the greatest of all light comedy parts. Meanwhile Mr. Drew continues to act in Mr. Maugham's farce of *Smith*. Among the auxiliar performances in that farce the best is that of the parlor maid, by Miss Mary Boland, whose placid, demure beauty and even, consistent identification with, and complete sustainment of, the character of an upper servant (who is also a sensible, kind, winning woman), in an English fashionable dwelling, are facts to be observed, admired, and remembered. A complete impersonation of a parasitical puppy, the quintessence of contemptible sycophancy, by name Algernon Peppercorn, is given by Mr. Hazzard Short, while Miss Isabell Irving, in a strain of exuberant and monotonous artificiality, and with explosive elocution, makes very odious the grossly exaggerated character of Mrs. Dallas-Baker,—a woman who can treat the incident of a sudden death as a tiresome interruption to her game of bridge.

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John Drew and Mary Boland in Maugham's comedy, "Smith," at the Empire

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

The design in the play of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, now current at the Republic Theatre and likely long to remain so, is worthy of all praise, because it is the design to illustrate, in action, a pure, simple, healthful story of domestic life, and to impart a salutary suggestion of the effect that can be caused by artless goodness involuntarily operant upon harsh circumstances and upon various opposed or contrasted phases of character; but the design has not been executed as well as it ought to have been and as it might have been, with a view to the avoidance of insipidity. There is a sharp distinction between goodness and "goodiness," and it is one that should be sharply marked. Evil is incessantly active. Good is, comparatively, supine. Hence it follows that the construction of drama effectively and impressively relative to evil is easier than the construction of drama effectively and impressively relative to good. A peculiar and exceptional felicity of art is required to make an exposition of virtue theatrically authentic—as it is, for instance, in *Olivia* and in *The Professor's Love Story*. Seeing *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* the spectator sees a pretty child, whose temperament is vivacious, whose demeanor is ingenuous, whose nature is impulsive, and whose presence,—because she is sweet, gentle, merry, and loving,—pleases all persons with whom she is brought into contact, and evokes sympathy. There is, however, a lack of piquancy in her personality, and an almost total lack of dramatic substance,—meaning action and interest,—in her circumstances, which make her somewhat monotonous and tame, and which suffuse the play with an atmosphere of mawkish commonplace. The character of Rebecca, nevertheless, comprises some elements of authentic loveliness; the feeling that permeates the play is pure and kindly; a few of the incidents are displayed in a way to cause a fleeting, momentary effect of pathos; and, in point of suggestion, the fabric is diffusive of a genial influence. Plays of this order, plays that foster benevolence and appeal to the affections, are desirable, for the public welfare, and it is a pleasure to record their success. All the same, the critical comment is essential, that a good influence ought not to be weakened by defective art in the exposition of it. In this particular instance there is a tedious triviality combined with an affectation of prettiness, and those are serious imperfections. The conspicuous merit of the play is found in two characters,—Miranda Sawyer, a crabbed old maiden aunt, and Abner Simpson, a breezy vagabond, and, in the representation, those characters are indebted for their strong effect more to the actors of them than to the writers of the play. Miss Marie L. Day's impersonation of Miranda Sawyer should be seen by all persons who care for fine acting. The physical and mental condition of the strait-laced, narrow-minded, severe, censorious old maid, the regulator, keen, acrid, saturnine, resolute, grudgingly just, in whose nature the springs of affection, maternity, and kindness lie dormant, could not be better expressed than it is by this actress. Mr. "Sam" Coit's assumption of the good-natured vagrant, Abner Simpson, the "rolling stone," the reckless good fellow, a little knavish, not yet awakened to a sense of right and duty, but readily amenable to the sweet influence of absolute, unmistakable goodness, is remarkable for its fidelity to life and for its fluent, clear, vigorous expression. Miss Edith Taliaferro, who plays Rebecca, possesses personal charm, particularly fine eyes, and the ability to play the kitten, but, because of inexperience, she mars her performance by anticipation, and, from lack of judgment as to effect, she keeps her voice almost constantly on the dead level of a continuous whine or lackadaisical whimper, exceedingly detrimental to her purposed alluring revealment of childish simplicity. The play has been mounted at, seemingly, considerable cost, but not with much discretion. The imitation of a sudden tempest of rain results in a semblance of a cataract. The scenery, particularly in the second act,—an exterior with landscape,—exhibits the frequent defect of American painted scenery, showing the painful rawness of being obviously new; there is neither mellowness of tone nor blending of colors. There are denotements of a lax stage management. Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, however, have done well to turn their attention,—as shown in their production of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*,—to purity and truth, deflecting their industry from tawdry vulgarity and vicious sophistication, and their amendment is recorded as "a blessed relief for all."

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Views

"Say as you think, and speak it from your souls."
—Shakespeare.

The desire of all lovers of the Theatre, no matter how widely they may differ in opinion as to questions of taste and of managerial method, is essentially the same,—that the Art of Acting should be developed to the highest possible point of excellence, that the Theatre should be made to exert a great and ever-growing influence for the good of society, and that the worth and dignity of it should be universally recognized and appreciated. Favor and encouragement are due to every good endeavor, and toward every such endeavor on the contemporary stage they have been liberally accorded. Good, however, cannot be accomplished by disparagement of the Past, in compliment to the Present, any more than it could be accomplished by discredit of the Present, in glorification of the Past. Nothing is gained by a vaunt of progress which cannot be sustained by facts. The essential basis of valuable opinion is truth. Each succeeding age, in the history of civilized mankind, has plumed itself on its superiority. That is the propensity of human nature. In Pinero's capital farce of *The Magistrate*, Mr. Posket, finding himself disparaged, in comparison with his wife's first husband, deceased, tersely expresses the advantage of the Present: "I'm so *different* from her first husband, am I? Well—I am. I'm *alive*, for one thing!" That advantage in the world of To-day is incontestible, but the world of To-day runs wild in some ways,—as did the world of Yesterday,—and it could profit more than it does, in some ways, by a reasonably heedful consideration of the experience of the days that are gone. The welfare of society is not promoted by celebration of everything that the contemporary multitude approves, regardless of reason.

A publicist who flatters the vanity of the people by continually telling them that they are perfect, that all their ways are ways of pleasantness and all their institutions fine, is not contributing to their benefit, however much he may encourage their complacent self-approval. A judicious censor of their faults is more likely to accelerate their progress in the right direction. In the contemporary Theatre there is much to admire, but that institution is not only far from being perfect, but far from being as meritorious as it might be, and an indiscriminative laudation of it, as superior, in *all respects*, to the Theatre of earlier times, not only misstates material fact, but leads to distrust necessary and highly desirable improvement. When, for example, such an authority as the accomplished and distinguished actor, Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson, publishes assurance that the actors of 1910, as a class, are better than those of any earlier time and that the Stage, in this vitally important respect, has made a signal advance, a considerable harm is done, because the statement is not correct, and because, coming from a source entitled to high consideration, it will certainly be seized upon and quoted (in fact it has already been

(Continued on page 18)

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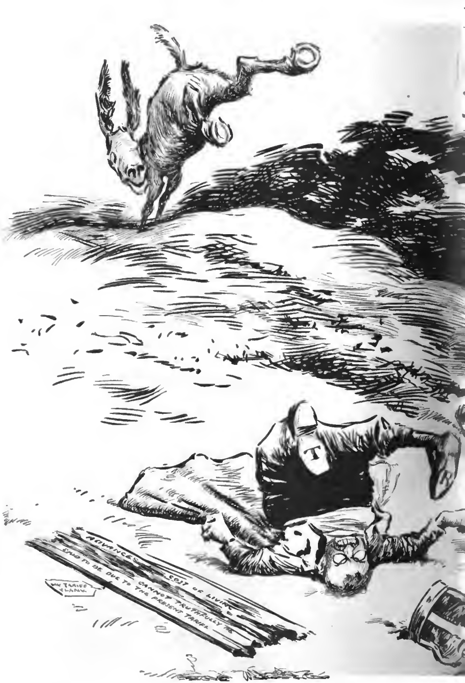
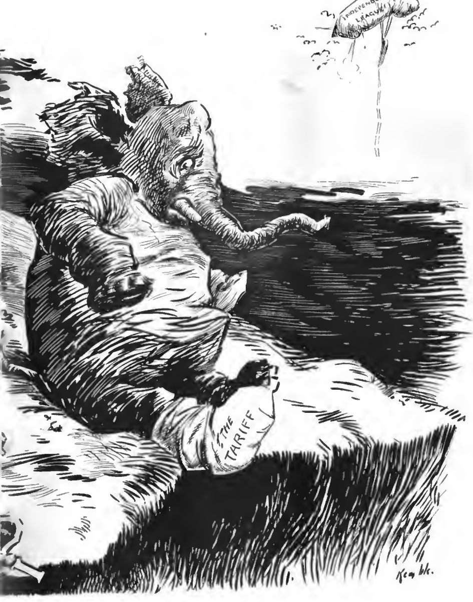

T
ADVANCES
COST OF LIVING
CANNOT TRUTHFULLY BE
SAID TO BE DUE TO THE PRESENT TARIFF
MY TARIFF PLANK

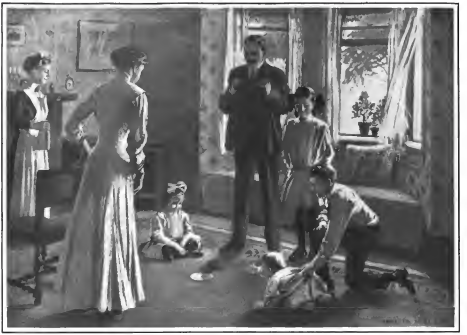
THE DONKEY: "AND DON'T FORGET THERE'S ANOTH

DRAWN BY


INDEPENDENCE LEAGUE
THE TARIFF
Kemble.

ER ONE COMING TO YOU TWO YEARS FROM NOW"

W. KEMBLE



THE NEW KITTEN

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR

NOW Thanksgiving Day we see
And we all should thankful be
If you do not know just what
Are the blessings you have got,
Let us mention just a few
Which maybe pertain to you:

That your girls are not boys, and are not, therefore, filled with a consuming ambition to play football.

That your boys are not girls, and will not, therefore, tax your digestion later with the nice little things they have learned to make at cooking school.

That up to date none of the aviators has fallen down through your chimney flue, filling your drawing-room with yells and soot.

That you are not a King of Portugal thrown upon a cold and heartless world and reduced to the necessity of looking for a job.

That the elections are all over and that you therefore know the worst, and in case you have bet the wrong way your last year's tile is in a pretty good condition, anyhow.

That, thanks to the butcher's having refused you a further extension of credit, that particular bill won't grow any bigger.

That, having during the last year lost the last remnant of your hair, your capillary attractions have at last ceased to fall out.

That, your joy-riding chauffeur having reduced your two-thousand-dollar car to scrap-iron, you are relieved of a three-thousand-dollar annual expense in maintaining him and it.

That, whatever else happens in the way of denuding your pocket-book, you won't have to draw a check for the payment of your own funeral expenses.

That your well-beloved wife considers her new winter hat a dream—only tread softly lest you both wake up when the first of the month brings the whistling postman to your door with sundry requests from the little milliner.

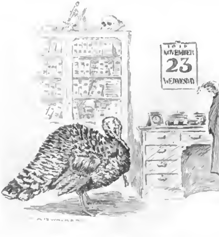
That, having remained a poor, obscure nonentity all your days, there is no temptation for any mean-spirited, envious person to try to pull you down off your pedestal and prove to posterity that you didn't know a bean when you met one.

That, not being a woman, you don't have to wear a hobble-skirt to trip you up when you go walking in public, or carry your car fare in a small porte-monnaie inside a pocket-book, inside a wallet, wrapped up in a handkerchief, inside a chain-bag, inside your muff.

That, not being a man, you don't have to smoke cheap cigars, pretending that you like them better than those made of real tobacco, or think up foolishly transparent explanations for having stayed at the club until four o'clock in the morning.

AS TO TEA

THE Connoisseur recommends:
For lovers—propinqui-tea.
For the wedded—fideli-tea.
For the scientist—curiosi-tea.
For the American—liber-tea.
For the priest—austeri-tea.
For the politician—rapaci-tea.
For the philanthropist—generosi-tea.
For the business man—integri-tea.
For the maiden—modes-tea.
For the statesman—authori-tea.
For the wit—brevi-tea.
For the juggler—dexteri-tea.
For the preacher—digni-tea.
For the newly wed—felici-tea.
For the man in trouble—equanimi-tea.
For the farmer—fertili-tea.
For the extravagant—frugali-tea.
For the sage—gravi-tea.
For the jockey—celeri-tea.
For the proud—humili-tea.
For the sinner—morali-tea.
For the guilty—immuni-tea.
For the judge—impartiali-tea.
For the servant—civili-tea.
For the damaged—indemni-tea.
For the just—inflexibili-tea.
For the warring—stabili-tea.
For the solemn—jolli-tea.
For the victor—magnanimi-tea.
For the candidate—majori-tea.
For the fictionist—probabili-tea.
For the bibliomaniac—rari-tea.
For the foolish—sagaci-tea.
For the banker—securi-tea.
For the aeronaut—intrepidi-tea.
For the aged—tranquilli-tea.
For the fortune-hunter—opportuni-tea.
For everybody—prosperi-tea.



THE VERDICT
DOCTOR: "YOUR CASE IS HOPELESS. YOU HAVE BUT A SHORT TIME TO LIVE."

COULDN'T BE HURRIED

HE was a masterful person, and when he gave an order there was that in his voice that showed that he meant to be obeyed. He was one of the old régime, and consequently he knew exactly how to treat a "nigger," a fact of which Sambo and Dinah and the rest of the help at the little wayside inn took notice the minute his motor car stopped before its doors and he began to roar out his commands.

"Sorter sounds like de ole days is come ag'in," said Sambo, his broad smile spreading over his ebony countenance like the buckwheat batter on a hot griddle.

Of course the condition of the roads might have had something to do with this masterful impression made upon the servitors of the inn as the Colonel descended from his car. It often happens that an aroused temper, or one that is keenly on edge and ready to emerge from quiescence into volcanic action on the slightest pretext, creates in the beholder's eyes an atmosphere of force. Certainly the condition of the car, bespattered as it was with mud, and its wheels almost completely clogged with ooze and clay, showed that the new arrival had passed over very few well-ordered boulevards that day, and the storm that was certainly impending gave little promise of better things on the morrow. Under such conditions surely the Colonel was no person to trifle with, and feet stepped lively that evening that had not known haste for many a weary moon.

Nevertheless, there were no violent ebullitions from the Colonel, other than a short, sharp decisive manner of making his wishes known that night. The servants stepped about deftly and yet as gingerly as though treading on eggs, but when morning came and the rain was pouring down in torrents, the violent jingling of the bell connected by wire with the Colonel's room gave notice that his humor was none of the best. Sambo responded to its summons with a trembling alacrity.

"Yassuh, Colonel? Anyt'ing I can do fo' yo', suh?" he said, poking his head cautiously in at the door.

"I want my breakfast, you black rascal," replied the Colonel. "Three boiled eggs and a cup of coffee, and, mind you, I want the eggs fresh. Do you understand?"

"Yassuh, Colonel," said Sambo, meekly. "Yo' want 'em fresh, suh."

"That's it—*fresh*," returned the Colonel. "If you bring me any of your old cold-storage eggs I'll ram 'em down your throat, shells and all. Understand?"

"Yassuh, Colonel," said Sambo. "If dey ain't fresh I gotter eat de shells."

"Have 'em ready at nine o'clock sharp," continued the Colonel. "If you're late I'll—"

"Yassuh, Colonel," said Sambo, without waiting for the Colonel to finish, fully aware of the threat of broken bones in the balance of the formula.

At nine o'clock the coffee and one egg were laid promptly before the masterful one. He glanced at the latter, and then he turned and fixed Sambo with a steely and ominous glare.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted three eggs, you son of a thunder-storm?" he said, icily.

"Y-Y-Y Yassuh, Colonel," shivered Sambo, edging off toward the door. "De-de-de udder two aigs is a-comin', suh. Yassuh, dey's a-comin' right along, suh."

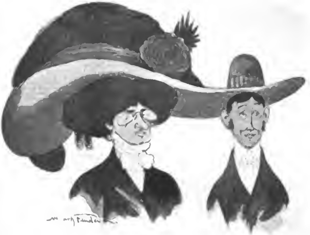
The masterful one, with a warning shake of his head, turned to the single egg and ate it. Then he waited. He waited five minutes. The five minutes spread out to ten, and still he waited. Finally, twenty minutes having passed, the volcano began to rumble.

"Sambo!" he roared.

"Y-Y Yassuh, Colonel?" came the trembling voice from without.

"Where are those other two eggs?" demanded the Colonel, tapping his foot ominously on the floor.

"Dey's a-comin', Massa Colonel. Yassuh, dey's a-comin'," quavered Sambo.



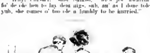
A UNION HAT

"Well, why in the name of the black abyss from whence you sprang aren't they here now? Does it take six days to boil an egg two minutes in this town?" cried the Colonel.

"Why, Colonel," said Sambo, with an ingratiating smile, as he entered the door and sidled up to the Colonel, taking mighty good care to keep not less than two tables between them, "yo' done tole me de aigs must be fresh, suh, an' we-we-we hain't hurry dat ole hen, Colonel. She's so sot in her ways—"

"Old hen!" roared the Colonel, thoroughly aroused. "What old hen? What in thunderation has the old hen got to do with it?"

"Why, Colonel," said Sambo, "we's jes' awaitin' fo' de ole hen to lay dem aigs, suh, an' as I done tole yuh, she comes o' too ole a fambly to be hurried."



AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

DAN CUPID: "I CAN'T SEE THAT THESE NEW RULES CHANGE THE GAME VERY MUCH."

A STRANGE SITUATION

"Humor is a funny thing," said Binks.

"It ought to be," said the Philosopher.

"Oh, I don't mean that way," said Binks. "I mean that it is a strange thing. Now, I can't speak French, but I can always understand a French joke; and I can speak English, but I'm blest if I can see an English joke."

"Most people are," said the Philosopher.

"Are what?" said Binks.

"Blest if they can see an English joke," said the Philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."

SPORT

"WELL, Bill," said Dawson, as he met Holloway on the Avenue, "did you get any good hunting up in Maine?"

"Fine," said Holloway.

"How did that new dog Wilkins gave you work?" asked Dawson.

"Splendid," said Holloway. "Fact is, if it hadn't been for him we wouldn't have had any hunting at all. He ran away at the first shot, and we spent four days looking for him."

THANKSGIVING

I meet my Pa to our front door
'Cause I mus' open it, you see,
An' let my Grampa in. He's come
To pick a turkey-bone wi' me.
Is w'at he says, an' w'en he gets
His muffler off, an' overcoat,
W'y I can climb up on his knee—
(A Grampa talks 'way down his throat!).

Th' cushion underneath his feet
It makes a better lap, you know,
An' Grampa's they get nice an' fat
Fum laffin' lots,—he told me so.
My Grampa's got a memory
That he can make turn round an' look
Away, 'way back at lots of things—
Some of um's in th' history book.

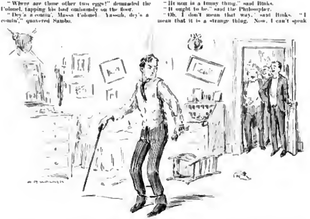
He knows jus' how you feel inside
Around Thanksgiving time, you see,
He *likes* to 'member w'en he was
A "little shaver," same as me!
He can't remember all the times
'At *he* has had to sit an' wait
Till all th' grown-up folks was "helped"
An' it was time to fill *his* plate.

My Grampa 'spects if I could see
Th' dinners he has "set down to,"
My two blue eyes they'd get so big
They wouldn't know jus' w'at to do!
If he piled up th' pumpkin pies
An' roasted turkeys on th' top,
An' cranberries, an' ever'thing,
They'd reach a mile, an' never stop

Till they jus' had to—it 'u'd be
A mountain 'way up in th' sky,
'N' folks can't climb it 'cause there ain't
No mountain in th' world so high!
An' w'en they got thro' "toppin' off"
Wif nuts an' oranges an' such,
An' snapped th' wish-bone, Grampa "wished"
He hadn't gone an' et so much!

Right thro' our kitchen door there is
A goodier an' a goodier smell,
All time I'm "entertainin'" him.
Till—Goody! There's th' dinner-bell!
'N'en Grampa jumps up on his feet
An' asks me won't I please to get
His cane, an' hand him,—'cause he can
"Step to *that* kind of music yet!"

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS



AT THE CLUB

NO, HE'S NOT INSANE, BUT HIS FIANCÉE HAS GOT A NEW HOBBLE SKIRT AND HE THOUGHT A LITTLE PRACTICE WOULD ENABLE HIM TO WALK WITH HER MORE EASILY

SHADOWS OF THE STAGE

(Continued from page 11)

so cited and employed),—to the detriment of truth and of the reformation of theatrical abuses: and, as Mr. Robertson, in his decisive expression of his interesting opinions, does not hesitate to designate dissentient views as "folly," he surely will not be offended to find his statement controverted with a precision as explicit as his own.

The imperative need of the contemporary Theatre is the resuscitation of the old stock-company system, rationally adapted to modern conditions. No system so good has ever been provided for the education of actors. Yet Mr. Robertson, an actor of exceptional ability and ample experience, condemns it, and that influential paper, *The Literary Digest*, for some inscrutable reason, eagerly accepts and endorses his condemnatory deliverance, as follows:

"The alleged degeneration in the art of acting is often charged to the disappearance of the old stock-companies. In days when stock-companies flourished men were *supposed* to acquire versatility in expressing all sorts of emotions through a constant round of parts. *Mr. Forbes-Robertson strips the mask from this misapprehension.*"

The work of stripping off masks, when performed at all, ought to be performed thoroughly. If Mr. Robertson had remembered this he probably would not, in his "stripping" remarks, have provided a direct contradiction of opinion. These are his words, both citations being made from the same paragraph:

> "Those who think that the art of acting has degenerated think it is *due to the disappearance of the old stock-company time.* I recall the stock-company time. *It was a rough and tumble school, little cultivation, little education. What sort of education was it for me, for instance, to play five or six different parts in a week? It was a mere floundering about.* . . . It was a very doubtful advantage."

> ". . . There are many ways, in these days, in which an actor, if he or she chooses, and is in earnest about the art, can get tuition and preparation for the stage. *There are still several good stock-companies that play a variety of plays at reasonable intervals.* . . ."

"*There are still some good stock-companies that play a variety of plays at reasonable intervals.*" Perhaps: but a public service would be performed if either the confident actor or his exultant editor would designate the local habitations of them in America. Meantime, no one advocates the organization of *bad* stock-companies. The consummation desired is the establishment of a stock-company system incorporative of all the old methods that were proved good and all the new methods that are worthy of acceptance. As to Mr. Robertson's question, "What kind of training was it for me?" his career and his well-earned eminence furnish an explicit and decisive answer. It was the best possible training for him. It helped to develop his natural abilities, to mature his uncommonly fine mind, to fortify his gentle, winning personality, to endow him with experience, to provide him with a facile command of the varied implements and resources of histrionic art, and thus to enable him to win an honored place in the front rank of living actors. There is an instructive remark in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*: "At last, after great preparation, he disclosed to me that true experience consists precisely in experiencing what an experienced man experiences in experiencing his experience."

"If," says Mr. Robertson, "I could place before an audience a play as it was done years ago, and as done to-day, presenting it in quick succession—1870–1910—they [*sic*] would not believe their eyes." Again, Perhaps: but what aspect of the contrast thus presented would cause the spectator's incredulity? Mr. Robertson apparently means that the audience of To-day would not believe that such imperfect theatrical productions as were made in our Theatre forty years ago could have been accepted. Great improvement, undoubtedly, has been accomplished in stage mechanism and in the appointments of the Theatre: the pen that writes these words was the first to point out that the Stage which once lived in a ramp now lives in a palace: but advancement in the utilization of mechanical aids does not imply advancement in the art of acting. It happens to be a fact, furthermore, that productions of Shakespearian plays, and of other standard legitimate dramas, were made in New York about forty years ago, 1869–70–71, particularly by Edwin Booth, as elaborate and magnificent as any that have anywhere been made since that time. The more important contention set forth by Mr. Robertson, however, relates to the subject of Acting. The actors of forty years ago, he declares, were inferior to the actors of the present time,—"two or three pinnacles, so to speak," excepted. His "Talk About the Theatre" was published in *The Outlook*, September 24, 1910. It will be instructive to glance at the New York Stage of September, 1870.

On September 26, 1870, Wallack's Theatre, then at the northeast corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, was opened, for the regular season, with *The Rivals*, John Gilbert appearing as Sir Anthony Absolute, George Clarke as Captain Absolute, John Brougham as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, J. H. Stoddart as Acres, B. T. Ringgold as Falkland, Madeleine Henriques as Lydia Languish, Emily Mestayer as Mrs. Malaprop, E. M. Holland as Fag, and J. C. Williamson as David. Mr. Robertson knows the biography of his profession, and he does not need information as to the ability of those actors,—all of them members of a *stock-company*. When the late Joseph Jefferson, in 1896, presented *The Rivals*, with a cast which, as a whole, was not nearly as strong as the one thus provided by Lester Wallack, he advertised his production as made with an "*all star cast*," and as such, it was munificently accepted.

In September, 1870, the noble tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* was current at Niblo's Garden, with a cast that comprised E. L. Davenport as Brutus, Lawrence Barrett as Cassius, Walter Montgomery as Antony, Mark Smith as Casca, Frank C. Bangs as Cæsar, Mme. Ponisi as Portia, and Louisa Moore as Calphurnia. In the same month Joseph Jefferson, in association with members of Booth's stock-company, was acting at Booth's Theatre, in *Rip Van Winkle*, and he continued to perform there, to crowded houses, till January 7th of the following year. Booth, at that time, was preparing his splendid production of *Richelieu*,—which he accomplished on January 9, 1871, his stock-company then including, among many other actors, Lawrence Barrett, William E. Sheridan, Daniel W. Waller, David H. Anderson, Augustus W. Fenno, Augustus Pitou, Robert Pateman, Bella Pateman, Blanche DeBar, and Mary Wells.

On September 13, 1870, Augustin Daly began his second season at his Fifth Avenue Theatre,—then in Twenty-fourth Street,—where he had assembled a stock company of exceeding merit, comprising, among others, James Lewis, George Holland (the elder), William P. Davidge, George De Vere, J. B. Polk, J. K. Mortimer, Arthur Matthison, George Parkes, Daniel H. Harkins, Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, Agnes Ethel, Kate Newton, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Linda Dietz, Kate Claxton, and Gertrude Kellogg.

At various theatres of New York, in September and October of the year 1870, the public saw performances in which *some* of the stock participants were Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Frederick C. P. Robinson, Mark Smith (the elder), J. H. Studley, Milnes Levick, Louis J. Mestayer, Edward Lamb, Stuart Robson, Harry Beckett, Charles Fisher, James W. Wallack, Jr., W. R. Floyd, Vining Bowers, Charles Leclercq, Thomas J. Hind, McKee Rankin, Thomas Whiffen, H. F. Daly, A. H. Davenport, Owen Marlowe, George Eyer, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Sefton, Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Chanfrau, Henrietta Irving, Effie Germon, Mary Gannon, Virginia Buchanan, and Alice Oates.

Among the stars then visible in New York were Marie Seebach, Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Christine Nilsson, little Lotta, Fanny Janauschek, George Vandenhoff, Mrs. Lander, Lina Edwin, and George L. Fox,—unequalled as a pantomimist, since the best days of the famous Ravel troup. Other stars, seen there later in that season were George Vandenhoff, Edwin Adams, Jean Davenport Lander, Miss Farren, Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack, Laura Keane, Charles Fechter, and so following. In Boston, in the fall of 1870, a remarkably strong company was performing at the Globe Theatre, in co-operation with Charles Fechter, and at the Boston Museum the stock-company included William Warren (one of the greatest comedians of his time, or of any time), Charles Barron, W. H. Crisp, Annie Clark, and Mrs. J. R. Vincent. The list could be largely augmented.

"It is idle to say," declares Mr. Robertson, "that the decadence of drama is shown by the enormous popularity of the Music Hall entertainment and the musical comedies, *for these things have nothing to do with the question. . . . It is folly to say that the drama is declining because the Circuses and Music Halls are more numerous and better frequented than the theatres.*"

Why is it "idle" and why is it "folly" to state a fact which every day's report abundantly sustains? The Music Halls, as a rule, address their performances to the lower order of public taste, and by numerous expedients of grossly sensual ministration they allure the multitude, diverting its attention from such forms of entertainment as are calculated to improve judgment, clarify mentality, and elevate the general tone of popular thought and feeling. The lower order of taste is the easiest to please. The Music Halls attract the larger crowds. The competition of the Vaudeville Theatres, which are Music Halls under another name, has radically modified the managerial policy of the money-grubbers who now possess almost exclusive control of the Regular Stage, causing them to introduce Music Hall performances, under various names upon the regular stage, instead of the veritable, essential drama to which it ought ever to be scrupulously devoted. Not that the Regular Stage should be inhibited from presenting light, cheerful entertainment. Good farce, good burlesque, good extravaganza, musical and verbal, come legitimately within the province of the Theatre. But if there were no Music Halls, to provide gaudy shows, trash, vulgarity, tinkle and prattle, and if there were no Dolphins to vulgarize the Stage by substituting for the drama such stuff as *The Moulin Rouge* and *The Lady from Lobster Square*, the people, for the most part, would seek the Regular Theatre for their "amusement," and they would seek that Theatre to the advantage of the institution and to their own benefit. As matters now stand the Vaudeville Theatre is largely prevalent and very prosperous, and almost every week brings information of resort to the Music Hall, as a means of livelihood, of able and distinguished members of the dramatic profession, hitherto long identified with the Regular Stage. Under these circumstances,—the Music Hall growing stronger and the Theatre growing weaker,—it would seem to be both "idle" and "folly" to affirm that "the enormous popularity of the Music Hall entertainment and the musical comedies have nothing to do with decadence of the drama." At the time of this writing, Mr. Robertson, by reference to the Sunday newspapers, could see that a current performance at one of the leading regular theatres of America, the Lyric, in New York, a theatre controlled by one of the two dominant Syndicates of this country, is advertised, and without a word of protest from actors against the vulgarity, as "*Naughty but Nice.*"

Incidentally Mr. Robertson coincides in judgment with those censors who depreciate the English Stage as compared with the French, saying that in Paris "they reached an advanced state in regard to the drama long before any of the Anglo-Saxon races." That opinion is not uncommon. Indeed, its parrot-like repetition has been so often made that at last it seems to have been largely accepted as axiomatic. The French, however, possess no such drama as that of Shakespeare. French actors, even at the Theatre Français, have not yet ceased to play directly to the audience, acknowledging its presence and thus frequently destroying all illusion. One of the most scholarly of French dramatic teachers, Delsarte, declared the English actors to be the best extant; and, in the past period of the American Stage, which Mr. Robertson so strangely undervalues, when a company of American comedians appeared in Paris, a high critical authority, writing in a French journal, bore this testimony: "The American artists give to the spectator *absolutely the illusion of reality. In this respect the comedians of Mr. Daly go very much farther than our French artists.* . . . If all Americans play like these that we have seen, they have a right to say that *the American Theatre is the natural one.* . . . The rose of entering, making exits, taking their chairs, seating themselves, etc., is the image of an every-day life. In our theatres there is always a little conventionalism in the manœuvres of the personages. If I may judge from what I have seen of these Americans, the domain of realism is *theirs exclusively.*"

"The general level of all theatrical work," says Mr. Robertson, "is far higher now than formerly it was. The support of the leading character or characters (that is, the minor parts) is far higher." That somewhat sweeping assertion might seem more authentic if it were known to have been based upon a wider observation. Mr. Robertson, aside from having acted here with Mary Anderson in 1885, has made four professional tours in America, arriving, on each occasion, a little before beginning to act, and leaving a little time after closing his season, and during his several engagements he has performed every night and on the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and on the afternoons of special holidays,—according to the established custom. It would not seem that he can have had much opportunity to study the state of acting in the generality of American theatres. The fact is that, even in theatres of the highest pretension, the subsidiary parts have often been, and still are, execrably acted, and that in two vital particulars, utterance and demeanor, the average of merit to-day is much lower than it used to be and than it ought to be. Distinction of carriage is seldom seen, and use of the voice,—to say nothing of the dreadful quality of many voices that are heard in our theatres,—is notoriously bad. There is no American-born or trained actor now on the stage who can equal Mr. Robertson in either sweetness of quality or expertness of use of the voice, and there should be many. Much annoyance has been inflicted on sensitive ears by an influx of ill-equipped recruits, provided with nasal, inflexible, untrained, or badly trained voices, from the so-called "schools of acting."

Upon the jaunty, unhesitant manner in which Mr. Robertson dismisses former executants of Music, Painting, and Sculpture, as compared with those of the present period, it is not pertinent here to make particular remark. Ronconi, Brignoli, Susini, Amodio, Stigelli, Patti, Nilsson (who was singing in New York in September, 1870), Fabbri, Frezzolini, Cortesi, Gassaniga, Adelaide Phillips, La Grange, Page, Bierstadt, Gifford, Hunt, Church, Kensett, Coleman, Boughton, Thompson, Vedder, Homer, Read, Abbey, Greenough, Harriet Hosmer, Crawford, Ball, Ward, Power, Gould, Story, and Jackson, for example, were not precisely tyros, and they are not entirely forgotten.

A conclusive proof of the loss that the American stage has sustained because of the lack of a right training school for actors,—meaning the old stock-company system, which went out with the incoming of the commercial speculator,—is the conspicuous and ever-growing presence and prevalence on our stage of English actors, occupying positions of high responsibility and ample emolument,—such actors, for example, as George Arliss, Charles Calvert, Cooper Cliffe, Charles Cartwright, William Faversham, Sidney Herbert, G. P. Huntley, H. B. Warner, Ernest Lawford, Fuller Mellish, A. E. Mathews, Bruce McRae, Mary Mannering, Edith Wynne Matheson, Ian Robertson, Ernest Stallard, Hilda Spong, and Cecil Yapp. These foreign actors are welcome to our Stage. The public has cordially welcomed them and the press has voiced the welcome. Every foreign actor of ability is entitled to such recognition and remuneration as his talents and services merit. Let us have Free Trade in Art,—as well as in everything else. It is, however, pertinent to remark that if the old stock-company system of training actors had been maintained on the American stage, the places of high responsibility now occupied in our Theatre by foreign actors would not be occupied by them, but by American actors of equal professional training and equipment, and certainly of as good natural qualifications.

Writers who, conscientiously and intelligently, direct attention to the defects of the contemporary Theatre do so for the purpose of stimulating the eradication of faults and the consequent ascendancy of merits. The public, ordinarily busied with many other matters, is served by the provision of a just perspective, and that public is interested in knowing whether it receives an adequate return for the liberal support which it extends to the Theatre. It does not, except as a basis of knowledge and judgment, particularly signify to the community of To-day whether the acting of Yesterday was good or bad. It *does* signify to it, vitally, that the acting of To-day is not, as an average, as good as it ought to be or as it easily might be: and acting will not be fostered by either encomium that is not deserved or sustainment of managerial systems that dishearten ambition, discourage emulation, and convert a great art into a huckstering trade.

The Dago

By Jack Fletcher Cobb

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"We are sure to have trouble unless we make a change. It's better to take the Italian out of the gang for a while than to have a strike on our hands."

The young foreman, who had grown up in the foundry, spoke seriously to the office superintendent, who sat drumming his nicely manicured nails upon the polished desk.

"Nonsense!" the other said, with a laugh. "At times, Mason, your imagination gets the better of your judgment." His manner, as he finished speaking, was almost sneering.

The foreman's jaw set a little harder, but he had grown up in too stern a field to let his temper be aroused easily. "I don't believe I'm wrong in this case, Mr. Gunter," he said, coldly, "and I haven't forgotten the riots of two years ago."

"Oh! that strike!" said the superintendent, loftily. "If a different man than old Banford had been in charge at the time, things would have gone very differently."

The foreman got up and went out quickly; he did not dare trust himself longer with this conceited fanfaron.

Standing on the polished granite steps of the elegant office-building, he looked across the foundry yard with its long, ragged rows of pig iron, enormous heaps of coke, and littered maze of truck tracks, at the gloomy foundry, its smoke-stained, staring windows flashing back the glare from the setting sun. He shook his head doubtfully as he went down the steps and out of the gate in the high, spike-topped fence that surrounded the works. He would have a talk with Big Mike in the morning and give him a warning; possibly he might quit of his own accord, but the foreman didn't think he would.

In the semi-gloom of the late afternoon the motionless steel cranes, like watchful sentinels, stood silent guard over the gaping pipe-pits. On top of the ugly brick ovens the sheet steel covers warped in bulging rolls from the intense heat of the fires. In front of the ramming-machines, from long heaps of crumbly gray sand, hot from the last shake-out, steamed clouds of white vapor tinged with red from the clay of the mixing water. The air was heavy with odors of burning sand and cooling castings, and throat smarty from the acrid fumes of coal gas pouring from under the loose-fitting oven covers. Over all, like a living, crushing weight, pressed a heavy, expectant silence.

It was the brooding silence of a tired giant resting after the day's maddening rush of struggling, half-naked men, who strove with the fury of demons, uttering hard, gasping curses against inanimate things as they toiled and struggled with the massive moulds, or fought as living beings the fifty-ton, crane-swung ladles of molten metal; raging in impotent wrath against the unwieldy mass, yet crouching to shield their faces from the shriveling heat.

From under the side-roof at the east end of the foundry came the sound of voices as the six-inch-core gang hurried and sweated in feverish haste to finish the day's work.

Three of the gang worked on one side of a moulding-board running the length of the twelve-foot core. Facing them on the opposite side worked the "mudder-up," a big-boned, swarthy Italian, his face and shiny black hair spattered with flecks of brown core-mud so that little of flesh or hair was visible.

The three Irish coremakers talked and laughed as they worked, but always among themselves, ignoring the big Italian who labored in sullen silence, swinging with ease the big scoop-shovels of mud upon the moulding-board; cunning it along, handling the heavy, dragging weight as if it were a toy.

"Hello, Mike!" A handsome, merry son of Italy stuck his head inside the door and grinned at the perspiring men.

"Hello-a, Tony!" answered the big Italian, glancing up with a grin.

"What's da matter da gang late to-day? You maka-a da bum fire, hey, Mike?" The big Italian did not answer, but ran to the end of the moulding-board, and, thrusting an iron bar in the hollow spindle, swung the core over his head.

He handled the heavy weight easily, the muscles rippling under his brown skin, standing out in knotty ridges and lumps on his enormous shoulders. The two coremakers carrying the other end heaved and grunted from the strain, the blood rushing to their faces as they lifted the core to its place on the oven-car. The other coremaker should have helped the Italian, but it was part of the gang's plan to put as much work as possible on the "dago."

The man in the doorway watched the magnificent strength of his countryman with excitable admiration.

"Ah!" he cried, enthusiastically, "that-a Mike; he one great-a, big-a man, ever strong-a like—like-a two small-a mans," and his dancing eyes mocked the boss coremaker, a slightly built, petulant individual.

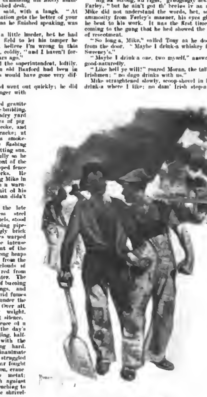
"Big an' strong, all right," grudgingly acknowledged Farley, "but he ain't got th' brains iv an ass." Big Mike did not understand the words, but, sensing the animosity from Farley's manner, his eyes glittered as he bent to his work. It was the first time since his coming to the gang that he had showed the least sign of resentment.

"So long-a, Mike," called Tony as he dodged back from the door. "Maybe I drink-a whiskey for you at Sweeney's."

"Maybe I drink-a one, two myself," answered Mike, good-naturedly.

"Like hell ye will!" roared Moran, the tallest of the Irishmen; "no dago drinks with us."

Mike straightened slowly, scoop-shovel in hand. "I drink-a where I like; no dam' Irish stop-a for me," and the two raged across the moulding-board like wild beasts.



"What's da matter, you no speak-a for me?"

"Cut it out an' git t' waurk, all of yez," rasped the boss coremaker, and as he shoved Moran back he whispered, fiercely, "Don't be a dam fool; this ain't th' time."

Moran hesitated, rebelliously shoving back Farley, his militant Irish temperament demanding an immediate issue. The Italian, with his Old World training of inherent submission to authority, swung his shovel and bent to his work, his hearty, good-natured laugh echoing into the gloom of the rafters.

Big Mike was the first Italian to be employed in the foundry and hold his job for any length of time, and he bid fair to stay on and break down the prejudiced animosity against his race. Only shortly arrived from his native country, he was slow to understand the petty spites and shop sectionalism, and persisted blunderingly in his efforts to make friends with his fellow workers. Openly repulsed and frowned upon, he ignored the insults, passing them by with the broadness of a big, good-natured disposition, while with his prodigious strength he tried to compel friendly recognition by doing the greater part of the gang's work, unknowing that he violated the strictest code of the laborer in doing more than his share.

But as dripping water wears into stone, the repeated insults, snubs, and sneers, and the manner of the foundrymen in turning their backs whenever he approached a group, gradually bored into his dull intellect. He began to understand that he was not wanted, and that, regardless of his overtures, or of what he might do, as long as he stayed they would treat him the same.

"We're th' first on th' mud in the marnin'; git here airly," ordered Farley as the coremakers were leaving that evening; and Mike leaned on his shovel-handle, watching the three go out together, a sense of loneliness in his heart, in his eyes the dull, hurt expression of a St. Bernard that has been chained for boisterous romping.

It was a half-hour later when Mike finished his work and, stripping, plunged into the big water-tank, splashing and playing like a schoolboy in a summer pool. As he climbed out, and stood up to dress, the splendid health of his magnificent body glowed in the foundry gloom.

He was humming happily to himself as he dropped his time-check at the gate, when the timekeeper cursed him for being late, slammed his office window, and hurried out up the street. Mike looked after the young clerk, a puzzled expression on his face as he wondered what was the cause of his resentment. Glancing slowly over his big hands and body, he shook his head uncomprehendingly and went his way.

Hands deep in his trousers pockets, his eyes on the sidewalk, he did not look up as he passed Sweeney's saloon; he had forgotten his boast, and did not see the glittering eyes that watched him go by, or know of the preparations that had been made for his reception should he dare to enter.

Mike was thinking, trying to fathom the reason that these men had for hating him, when he was so willing to serve them. What would he not do for them if they would only speak to him, smile and be friends? That night for the first time in his life he tossed restlessly on his bed, unable to sleep.

It was after midnight when Farley pressed the button at the foundry gate that rang an electric bell in the engine-room.

"Hello, Kelly!" bawled Moran's hoarse voice, and the little round-shouldered watchman hurried out, carrying a lantern.

"What's th' matter, b'ys—don't the dago keep yer fires in shape?"

Moran's lurid answer was convincing, and the old watchman nodded understandingly as he locked the gate after them.

"Why don't th' give us a white mon on th' job? There's Keegan ain't had a day's waurk for a month," rasped Farley, thickly.

"What's th' place comin' to, annyway?" complained the watchman, sadly. "It's aisy to see that ye b'ys 'r' nawthin' like yer fathers before yez," and he followed them into the foundry, his little eyes glittering in the swinging lantern-light from the seamed mask of his bronzed face.

The ventilators were closed and the air was heavy and dense from the all-night burning of the fire-gases. Moran coughed, and, cursing, grabbed the lantern from the watchman and led the way.

The melancholic, brooding silence of the interior was like the midnight gloom of a graveyard; the men's voices, booming hollow among the high steel roof-girders, were flung back along the big columns in ghostly whispers.

"Dom ut," said Farley, coming to a stop, and he shivered as he glanced superstitiously about him. "th' place gives a man th' shivers, ut's that dom clammy like."

"Shut yer gab, with yer ould-country banshee talk," ordered Moran, turning and shaking his fist under Farley's nose, and old Kelly chuckled to himself as he watched the uneasy side-stepping of the boss coremaker when they skirted the edges of the pits.

On the side wall back of the core gangs was a narrow iron car-track running the length of the foundry. It was set high on the wall, supported on top of the box-like core-ovens, and held up between them by trussed steel brackets fastened to the foundry wall. A sheet-steel box-truck, drawn by an endless cable, travelled back and forth on the track, carrying the mixture for the cores. The big shive-wheels at either end of the foundry over which the cable passed were driven by an electric motor, its control being in the hands of the men who worked at the mud-mixing machine.

"We're goin' to git th' mud ready for the mornin', so yer needn't wait," said Moran to the watchman, as they stopped at the six-inch gang and lit two coal-oil torches.

The watchman did not heed the remark, but followed them to the mud-mixer and watched them fill the car. Then Farley went back to his gang, and Moran climbed on the wooden platform and threw the switch. The motor hummed, the big shive-wheel clanked, and the steel cable whipped and tightened with a menacing snap as the car started and rumbled along the track. When it reached the six-inch gang, Farley pressed the button, the bell above Moran's head rang sharp and clear; he pulled the switch and stepped down.

"Maybe I kin lend ye a hand, Tom," said the watchman, eagerly. "Ye know I ain't allowed t' leave ye alone here."

"Come on, then," said the coremaker, roughly; and when they came to where Farley was standing under the track looking closely at the truck, he said to him, "Might as well tell Kelly about ut; he's got t' know, anyway."

"Yes, I'll tell ye, Kelly," said Farley, confidently. "We're goin' t' put a crimp in th' dago, or the gang 'll strike on pay-day, an' what's th' likes of him t' throw honest men out of waurk?"

"Right ye are, me b'y," said the watchman heartily, "yer th' brains of th' gang. I'll be after goin' back t' th' gate an' keep an eye out for any one that might be comin' along," and he shuffled off, chuckling to himself as he thought of what was going to happen to the "dago."

When Moran and Farley got through, there was a half-inch Manila rope tied to the mud-car, the other end noosed, and laid across the open track in such a way that it would drop when the car started. The noose was spread directly above where a man would stand to pull the slide-door in the bottom of the car, to empty the core-mixture into a concrete tub underneath the track.

After testing it several times until it worked to the exacting Farley's satisfaction, they left the foundry, hiding their coal-oil torches near the door as they went out.

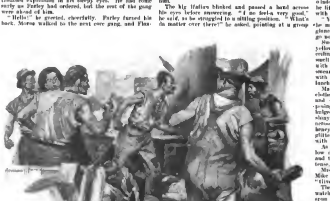
"Mind ye hould yer mouth shut," warned Moran, as the watchman opened the gate for them.

"That I will, me b'y," assured the old man.

"We will be after sendin' one of the b'ys down t' ye with a drop of the crature," said Farley. "It's a cowld night," he added, shivering as he glanced back at the gloomy foundry; and they went back to Sweeney's saloon.

Unsuspicious of treachery or danger, Big Mike lumbered his way through the foundry to his gang, a troubled expression in his sleepy eyes. He had come early as Farley had ordered, but the rest of the gang were ahead of him.

"Hello!" he greeted, cheerfully. Farley turned his back. Moran walked to the next core gang, and Flannigan, the other coremaker, hurried to the mud mixer and climbed on the switch platform, where he was out of sight of the six-inch gang.



The lust of the killer upon him, he lunged at the dodging Farley

"What's da matter, you no speak-a for me?" the "dago" asked.

Farley leaped away at the touch of the Italian's hand on his shoulder. He ripped out a string of oaths. "I don't care t' spake t' yez. Do yee waark, that's what yer here for. Yer late," he snapped. "Th' gang's been waitin' fer ye. Git t' waark." He walked around the moulding board, putting it between himself and the big Italian.

With a puzzled frown deepening his forehead and the hurt of unjust abuse dulling his eyes, Mike hung up his coat and, without suspicion, picked up the iron hook for pulling the slide-door on the mud-car.

It was too early for the pit gangs, and what few men were in the foundry went softly about their work, while furtively watching what was happening on the six-inch gang.

As Mike raised the hook Farley's eyes glittered, and he rasped, hoarsely: "Come on, men; here's th' dago. Let's git t' waark."

It was the signal agreed upon. Moran pressed the button, the electric bell rang clear. Flannigan shoved home the knife-blade switch, there was a buzz-rrr, a flash of blue flame, and a whine from the motor as it started. The mud-car jerked clumsily forward, and the noose dropped over the Italian's head, pinning one arm to his side as it jerked him off his feet.

With a snort of surprise Mike caught his feet on the second bound, grasped the rope with his free hand, and, as he was dragged upward, braced his feet against the side of the core-oven, throwing himself back in an effort to hold the car. After the first surprise, not a cry nor sound did he utter.

The muscles stood out on his legs like those of a truck horse, a swelling ridge of flesh bulged around the rope as it sank into his body, the blood rushed to his face, and his staring eyes seemed about to pop out from the purple flesh under the terrible strain.

The motor whined and spat crackling blue flame, the shive-wheels clanked and growled to silence as they settled on the bearings, the steel cable became taut as a bow string, throwing off a fine oil spray, like a tug-boat's hawser. Slowly, inch by inch, as all parts of the machinery settled for the pull, Mike was being drawn up to what was certain death if he were dragged across the oven-top and caught in one of the spreader irons that braced the track.

With a last desperate effort he eased up suddenly, then, as he caught the slack, swung his body back with all his strength. With a snapping rend like the report of a rifle the cable parted at a splice, and Mike fell back into the mud-box, his head striking the edge, gashing his scalp.

The free end of the cable whipped back to the shive like a flash of light, its snaky coils wrapping themselves about Flannigan and the motor. Knocked from the switch-platform, the coremaker, to save himself, grasped at the copper blades of the switch. There was a blinding sheet of blue flame, and a scream of agony rang through the foundry, and in the death-like silence that followed, the whispering echoes and the whine of the wind through the cupola seemed to mock the body that swung back and forth from the big shive-wheel, wrapped in the steel cable.

The cool, calculating shrewdness of Farley saw the possibilities of the accident, and he quickly cut the rope from about Mike's breast and removed all traces of it from the cable; then he hurried to join the group about the mud-mixer.

A shuddering sigh passed through his big frame and Mike opened his eyes.

"How you feel-a now?" asked Tony, bending over him.

The big Italian blinked and passed a hand across his eyes before answering. "I no feel-a very good," he said, as he struggled to a sitting position. "What's da matter over there?" he asked, pointing at a group of coremakers gathered about an object on a pile of straw, covered with a strip of burlap bagging.

Talking in his native tongue, Tony explained what he knew of the accident as told by Farley. Mike watched him closely while he was speaking, and when he finished he shook his head doubtfully.

"I don'no'," he said, his dull eyes watching the group at his right. "I get-a caught in da rope." He looked at Tony. "Yo' know how I get-a caught?"

Tony shook his head.

"I don'no'," said the Italian again, and Mike's big hand felt the welted ridge of raw flesh where the rope had burned.

The foreman came out of the foundry while they were talking. He had just come from an examination of the cable and mud-car, and despite the plausible story of the accidental parting of the cable, as told by the coremakers, he had his suspicions.

"Does he know what happened?" Mason asked Tony, who translated.

Mike shook his head and got upon his feet. "I don'no'," he said, and he showed the foreman the rope marks.

"Tell him he'd better quit, Tony. I'll give him a job in the yard. They'll kill him if he stays in there."

Mike understood without the translation. "No, no, I no quit-a da core gang." He started for the door, stopped and came back. "I like-a you," he said, reaching out a big paw and shaking hands with the foreman. He turned and went decisively into the foundry.

The coremakers bunched together as Mike came back to the gang, but he gave them hardly a glance as he picked up his scoop-shovel and went to work.

The cable was quickly repaired, and soon the clash of the machinery hummed and roared with the rush of the day's work. Sudden death—coming, as it often did, to the foundry—occupied but a few moments of the men's time. The crushing grind of the work demanded their undivided attention; a lack of vigilance, a moment's thoughtlessness, might mean the snuffing out of their own lives.

The superintendent, wearing a linen duster to protect his clothes, was met by the foreman as he came into the foundry. He listened in doubtful silence to the foreman's suspicions.

"And you really think they roped him to the cable, and he broke it by main strength?"

"I certainly believe it, although I have no means of proving it," answered the foreman, stoutly.

"Impossible, man; impossible. Why, there isn't a human being living that could do that!" and the superintendent went his way, leaving the foreman biting his lip in chagrin.

All day as Mike worked the constant rasp of his clothes against his rope-burned flesh kept the idea constantly before him that these men with whom he tried to be friends had planned and attempted to kill him. For what reason he did not know, or how it was done, for it had all happened so quickly that he did not remember whether it was Manila hemp or steel rope that had wrapped itself about his body, but he had a growing belief that they were responsible.

The coremakers soon began to sense a portent of danger in the change that came over the demeanor of the Italian. It caused them to walk warily and leave him alone. Even Moran forgot to sneer, and dropped his eyes and looked away whenever Mike glanced in his direction. But during the noon hour there was a gathering of the gangs on the canal bank, and much planning and low talk while they ate their lunch.

The six-inch-core gang was late again that night, and as Mike dropped his check at the gate the time-clerk cursed him without looking up from his desk. Like a flash the big Italian's arm reached through the window and caught the young fellow by the throat; he lifted him up and jammed him back into his chair with a force that made his teeth rattle.

"You-a too fresh; nex'-a time I break-a you neck," he said. Then, giving a hitch to his trousers, Mike glanced up the street at the saloon sign. "I guess I go now, drink-a for whiskey, at Sweeney's."

Sweeney's saloon occupied the front parlor of a dirty yellow house two blocks from the foundry. The low-ceilinged room, with its short bar, reeked with the smell of cheap beer and vile whiskey, the air was heavy with tobacco smoke, the sawdust-covered floor was smeared and stained with tobacco juice and littered with bread crusts and bologna skins from the free-lunch.

Many men were crowded there, mostly big men, clothed in coarse woollen trousers, belted at the waist and sleeveless undershirts open at the throat, exposing broad, hairy chests; the hard, knotty muscles bulged through the flesh; the skin on their faces was shiny from the scorch of the fires, and drawn tight across the cheek bones, from lifting and straining at heavy weights. They were hard-faced, frowning, glittery-eyed men, who talked in short syllables colored with hard explosive oaths.

As the unexpected bulk of Mike shoved through the low doorway, the loud-voiced talk suddenly silenced and the men glared at him, raising on toes, muscles tense, waiting for the first move.

Mistaking the ominous silence for fear or friendship, Mike smiled as he stepped to the bar and said, softly, "Give-a da whiskey, please?"

The short bullet-headed man back of the bar watched him closely as he set out a brown bottle and spun a glass over to him. Not a move or a sound was there as Mike filled and raised his glass.

As his lips touched the liquor the door was slammed shut, the glass was knocked from his hand, and he staggered sidewise from a blow on the neck. Before he could recover himself they were upon him.

Two of them he caught in his great hands and flung crashing against the mirror. But they were too many for him; fierce, brutal fighters, they swarmed over him like a pack of wolves, battered and bore him to the floor amid the wreck of the bar and fixtures.

He fell fighting, his back against the overturned bar. A hoarse voice called a harsh command, and the man clinging to his throat loosened his hold and was dragged back. At the same time a boot-heel raked Mike's forehead, sending the blood streaming into his eyes. Pulling his head forward to avoid the next kick, he jerked his right arm free and slid his hand down inside his wide old-country belt. His hand came out with an upward twist, and the man on his waist, striking him foul, groaned and rolled limply back, giving Mike free swing with his arm. Again he dodged the boot-heel, at the same time jabbing upward with his hand. A scream of agony from Moran, who had kicked, and he doubled back on the floor, trying to close with his hands the gaping knife-wound.

Slashing right and left, Mike regained his feet, roaring for vengeance. The lust of the killer upon him, he lunged at the dodging Farley, missed, and went crashing through the flimsy door into the street.

On the sidewalk he paused to wipe his eyes clear and looked wildly about him. From the saloon came cries, curses, and groans; a bullet whizzed close to his head, another seared a red streak across his throat, and he began running toward the canal.

Children scattered and bawled, women screamed, dogs howled and followed, snapping and barking at his heels. Of these things he took no heed. His one thought was to run, to get away as far as possible from what he had done, and, as he ran, he sobbed and cried, calling on the Virgin to help him.

Behind him the sound of pursuers swelled, and grew into the surly roar of a mob thirsting for blood.

Timothy O'Rourke, newly appointed policeman, resplendent in blue uniform and brass buttons, his soul burning for an opportunity to achieve a reputation, was standing at the far end of the canal bridge when he saw Mike. Drawing his pistol, he stepped behind a truss beam and waited.

As the big Italian reached the bridge, O'Rourke stepped out and commanded him to stop. Mike did not seem to see or hear, but, knife in hand, blood-spattered, he rushed straight on.

Suddenly, near the centre of the bridge, he stopped, and flung out his arm, sending the knife spinning. One hand clutched at his breast, the other was extended pleading toward O'Rourke's smoking pistol.

"Please-a, I no hurt somebody; they—they, try for—for kill-a me." A great, broken-hearted sob heaved his shoulders, his arm dropped, and, like a forest giant, he reeled, half turned, and fell crashing to the bridge, hung for a moment on the edge, overbalanced, and plunged to the slow-moving, greasy waters of the canal.

Charles Parsons

By HENRY MILLS ALDEN

CHARLES PARSONS, formerly art superintendent of Harper & Brothers' periodical publications, died in Brooklyn, New York, November 9th, in his ninetieth year. He was of English birth and parentage, coming to this city in early boyhood. He became an art student of the National Academy, and was intimately associated with the earliest illustrated weekly journalism in New York, at an age when boys are usually still in college, gaining at the same time exceptional proficiency as a water colorist, though having scant leisure to devote to the art which was the supreme passion of his life. Exigency compelled him to cherish and guide the artistic efforts of others. For competence in this kind of service he may be said to have been graduated in Frank Leslie's establishment, when, in the winter of 1861-2 he succeeded John Chapin as art superintendent at Harper's.

Charles Parsons, one of America's oldest artists, who died recently at the age of eighty-nine. He was director of the art department of Harper & Brothers from 1861 until 1889

That was in the very heat of war-time, when the war correspondents of HARPER'S WEEKLY were in every camp and on every battlefield. It was the romance of journalism—a season that I vividly remember, as I became associated with the WEEKLY editorially shortly after Mr. Parsons assumed the art superintendency. I remember, too, the spacious room adjoining the editorial offices, occupied by a dozen or more of the artists under Mr. Parsons's direction, busy ever, drawing directly on the wood, never at that early day employing models, and jolly as artists always are, jollier than ever editors dare to be. There were Stephens, Jewett (drawer of portraits), Eytinge, Nast, Hush, and, when not following our armies, Davis and the Wauds. There was a shop for engravers as there was also one for the artists.

But that day soon passed, and the shops were emptied, the engravers' wholly, and the art department of all but the superintendent and his immediate assistants. Then came the golden age of wood-engraving and a new age of artists—young men like Abbey, Reinhart, Alexander, and Du Mond, who had begun in the old shops, and others like Pyle, Remington, and Smedley, who had begun outside of it. Finally almost entirely the wood block disappeared and the half-tone process took its place, reproducing with absolute fidelity the original sketch or painting of the artist. In all these mutations Mr. Parsons was still director and guide of the artists engaged on the WEEKLY and the MAGAZINE. Some of these have passed away, but happily some of the most eminent of them remain; and by all of these Mr. Parsons's memory is cherished as that of a friend, inspirer, and comrade. That quarter of a century of his association with them and during which he was my comrade, too, in daily and fondly remembered companionship, was closed twenty years ago by his retirement from official labor, when he had already reached an advanced age, but seemed still as young and buoyant as when I first saw him, nearly fifty years ago. As a painter, especially in water-color, he had won rare distinction. As a man he was most lovable, guileless, and as sensitively delicate and pure hearted as any woman.

The Gentler View

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRESENTS

By Florida Pier

It may be that there is always so much to be said on the subject of presents because politeness has long forbidden the saying of what one truly feels, or else it is a field of involved psychology long ignored because of its apparent pettiness. What one feels principally about presents, apart from the rudimentary emotions of pleasure, surprise, and consternation, is avid curiosity to know how the giver started out with the thought of the recipient in his mind and finally arrived at the gift given. The connection, the sequence—if one could only know it, if the result of wondering did not always turn out to be a conviction that the giver had suffered a break in his mental processes, that a gap of some kind which must have been uncomfortable, and might have been dangerous, had been experienced, and that, when he recovered himself, it was in a frantic posture prostrate on the present! Such a conclusion makes the recipient very tender and sympathetic in his thanks, and he treads softly among the adjectives, anxious not to jar the supposedly shattered nerves of his benefactor, a little awed himself at what the dimensions of the gap must positively have been.

It is a common thing, and one that always seems so refreshingly honest and sensible, to ask just what the prospective recipient would like. Frankness is demanded, insisted upon, and finally, when it really seems that frankness is meant, it comes, and a definite description of the precise kind of lamp needed is given, listened to, and a glow of pleasure undergone that at last such things are to be managed sanely. Then—and no matter how many times it happens, the shock is always as keen—instead of a lamp coming, a clock or a carving-set is sent, but sent with a flourish as though the more to point out its amazing likeness to the description given. This is very embarrassing to the recipient, who is uncertain as to whether the giver thinks the carving-set a lamp, as in that case the thanks must be applicable to both. It requires great agility to say that a carving-set is the very thing you needed, when you had but yesterday said that a lamp was; but if the giver is capable of these flying leaps you must not be behind; and when she, by those routes that so tantalize you, arrives at the carving-set, it is imperative that you come up a second later with never an intimation in your eye that the country is strange to both of you.

The times when we are the givers ought to help us to understand what happens in the mind during present purchasing, but it aids not a whit, for we never like to inquire how we explained to ourselves that, as we wanted a set of Thoreau, our pleasure in buying it, in knowing that some one was going to have it even if we were not, somehow translated itself into what we pictured as the pleasure of the other person in receiving it. We become very much entangled in wondering what the other person wanted, in disbelieving that she could possibly want what she said she did, in insisting silently to ourself that there is nothing innately indelicate or rude in a check, in a desire to buy what the salesman wants us to buy, as that would be one person at least well satisfied, and in a wholly wanton tendency to pretend that the present is for us and choose something that will match our drawing-room. This morass is so shameful that no one is willing to watch his own progress through it, much less take note of the inconsequent spot where he came out, so that one's own experience teaches one nothing of the vagaries of others, but implants a protecting instinct which says that these are matters it is well not to inquire into. Just mind your manners and remember that we are all human.

The editorial "we" has grown of late years. It used to be weighty because of the vague combination it suggested, and had something of the effect of a pompous "ahem" at the beginning of each sentence. It made the reader at once respectful and combative, putting him, as it daily did, in a rather lonely unarmed minority, and making him feel just how snugly ensconced in the right those "we's" felt themselves to be. Now the "we" is the claimed prerogative of every young writer, and its sociability knows no bounds. It stands for us all. It means humans in general and there is a cozy comprehensiveness about it.

We are all more or less alike—the "we" admits it; but then we are so absorbing individually and collectively that the height of the standard makes the resemblance not entirely disgracing. And when we are not alike, when the author dilates on exquisite appreciations and shadowed moods, we fear we are too bluntly unperceptive ever to feel we still appreciate the delicate tact of his "we," and are grateful for his kindliness and good breeding in having permitted us to share, if only vicariously, the charm we gladly call his, as he so handsomely did not deny it to us.

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Finance

THE REGENERATION OF THE ERIE

By Franklin Escher

IN the history of the Erie—and more than any other American line the Erie *has* a history—the reorganization of 1895 stands as a dividing line between the new and the old. The "old" was the time of Jay Gould and Jim Fiske *et al.*, who used to carry the offices of the road around in their pockets, and of old Dan Drew, whose printing-presses used to be run overtime turning out uncounted reams of stock. The "new" is the time of the sober operation of the company by a group of highly efficient traffic men, handicapped, it is true, by their legacy of mismanagement and overcapitalization, but striving with all the power that is in them to make their great property what it ought to be.

When the present management came in, a few years after the reorganization, it was a tremendous task with which they found themselves faced. On its record, people had no faith in the Erie. Its credit was gone. Its equipment and its road-bed were in lamentable condition. Worse than that the new management soon enough came to find how difficult was economical operation of a line whose rails had been laid along the route offering the largest subscriptions instead of the least grade resistance. To build the necessary cut-offs, and to eliminate the killing grades on this up-hill and down-dale route was possible enough, but required money—lots of it. That the company did not have and could not borrow. Capitalization and capital are two mighty different things. The company had plenty of the former, but lack of the latter on more than one occasion during those early years of the reorganization came perilously near sending the whole property back into bankruptcy.

As lately as only three years ago, indeed, lack of working capital came near bringing to naught all that the new management has done for the property and throwing it into receiver's hands. The panic hit the Erie particularly hard. Gross earnings fell off tremendously while expenses increased. Between that upper and nether millstone, net revenues, which had been $15,171,000 in 1907, fell off to $10,277,000 in 1908. With a big issue of short-term notes coming due, it looked very squally for a time. But at the very moment of danger, strong financial interests stepped in and provided the necessary cash.

How well justified they were in their judgment that the road ought to be pulled through is seen in the remarkable earnings shown since that time. Probably there is not another road in the country that can show so complete a right-about-face in condition and outlook during the past couple of years as can the Erie. For the year ending June, 1908, there had been a deficit of $2,200,000. During the next twelve months gross earnings were so increased and expenses were so cut down that instead of a deficit the road had a surplus of $2,566,000. And during the next fiscal year, ending June, 1910, the recovery was carried still further. Gross earnings reached the surprising total of $54,866,000, while operating expenses were only very slightly increased. The result was that total net income exceeded twenty million dollars as against less than twelve million in 1908, and that the year's operations ended in the addition to surplus of the tidy sum of $5,069,457.

By such a demonstration of earning power during a time when all was by no means sunshine for the other roads, the question is squarely raised as to whether the Erie has not turned a corner and entered a new phase in its existence. Handicapped, it is true, have been its managers by the lack of working capital, but by stripping clean every bone and making every dollar do one h[illegible]f cents' worth of work, that difficulty has been largely overcome and improvements effected which, under the circumstances, are little short of marvelous. Judging from the way earnings have been running during the past few years, the back of the difficulty has been broken, and what has been done for the property is about to bear fruit.

In deciding whether or not that is so, there must be continually kept in mind the fact that there are, so to speak, two Eries—the physical Erie, whose strides forward during the past couple of years are recognized throughout the railroad world; and the financial Erie, which still remains a serious handicap to every member of the operating staff from the top to the bottom.

Considering first the physical Erie, a glance at what has been done during the past few years, in the way of building cut-offs and bringing about grade reductions, is all that is necessary to see how alive the management is to the necessity of striking at the very root of the difficulty by which they have been all along beset. Competition on even terms with such roads as New York Central and Lehigh Valley, it was realized, was impossible as long as such grades as existed at several places on the main line remained to block traffic and increase expenses. On the direct line from New York to Buffalo some of these grades ran as high as one and one-half per cent. The most powerful Mallet engines ever built were necessary to haul coal trains over the hills at Port Jervis and Susquehanna, and at that less than fifty cars per train could be handled. To eliminate these grades, or at least to reduce them to something like an equality with grades on competitive lines, was a tremendous undertaking, but one which the management realized from the start was the *sine qua non* for successful operation of the property. The work, therefore, was undertaken with a will; and, while much still remains to be done, some really remarkable results have already been achieved.

Most important of these great works, perhaps, is the Guymard cut-off, which leaves the main line half-way between Middletown and Port Jervis and reaches the Newburg branch at Highland Mills. Piercing the mountains at one point with a mile-long tunnel, and built according to the most modern ideas, this piece of double-track road is making a big difference in Erie's operations. Eastbound its grade is 2/10 per cent. as against 1.28 per cent. on the main line; westbound it is 6/10 per cent. as against a former grade of 1.12 per cent. As a result of this grade reduction, the eastbound trainload has been increased from 2,000 tons to 3,720 tons, and the westbound trainload from 1,000 tons to 1,500 tons. To put it differently, where the former limit was fifty cars to a train, eighty-five and ninety car trains are now possible.

The same sort of thing has been accomplished by the building of the Genesee cut-off out in the western part of the State, where the so-called Cuba Hill Summit and the Tip Top, long an effective bar to economical operation, have been eliminated. Study of the figures here again shows how the cutting out of these impossible grades has jumped the trainload. By the completion of this bit of line, indeed, a big step forward is made in the main Erie project for a low-grade line across the State and, eventually, into Chicago.

Mention of the big improvement works accomplished during the past few years is bound to include the cut through Bergen Hill, just outside of Jersey City, by which terminal facilities have been so immensely improved. Whereas formerly both the freight and passenger traffic of the entire system had to be put through the tunnel, with the inevitable result of frequent congestion, passenger traffic now goes through the open cut. That leaves the tunnel for freight traffic and has already made a very great difference in the cost of handling business at the terminal.

By reason of the putting into operation of these various improvements, the Erie has lately been showing some operating results necessitating a good deal of revision of ideas formed during the old days of waste and inefficiency. The way in which the trainload (the average number of tons of freight in each train) has been increasing is perhaps the plainest evidence of how the new improvements are affecting operation. Five years ago, Erie's trainload was 412 tons. For the year ending June, 1909, it was 460 tons, and for last year 495 tons—greater than Delaware and Hudson's or New York Central's trainload, and almost up to the standard set by Lehigh Valley and Lackawanna. When it is considered how much less Erie's traffic density is than that of these other roads, this improvement is all the more remarkable. There seems to be good ground for the management's belief that eventually Erie will be bringing 3,500 ton trains unbroken from its western terminus into Jersey City.

Another important result of the physical improvements effected is the greater punctuality of trains, both passenger and freight. The comic papers used to give a lot of space to the Erie commuter and his troubles, but all that is a thing of the past—the Public Service records show a smaller percentage of delayed trains on that road than on any other coming into Jersey City. Last June, of the two hundred and eighty five fast freights operated, just four failed to make connections or arrive on time. Efficiency of operation of that sort is what accounts for such a fact as that the Erie is handling over three-quarters of the fruit traffic between New York and Chicago. Such business exacts superior service.

In a number of other ways it might be shown how the money which has been spent on Erie during the past few years has resulted in increased efficiency of operation but enough has been said to suggest the solid character of the improvement which has been going on. By every one who has studied the property it is recognized and admitted. Regarding the future of Erie there is no question, from a traffic standpoint, of the ability of the present management to build the road up to a high state of efficiency. The question, if there is any, is strictly as to the money side of the proposition.

Admitting that with credit not of the best, and with but a slender surplus, Erie is nearing the time when heavy obligations fall due, it is hard to see any real ground for uneasiness. Early in 1908 when the road was very much in need of money, capital to finance its requirements was forthcoming even in spite of the deplorable state of earnings. Since then, as has been shown, conditions have entirely changed, earnings not only having been largely increased, but an efficiency of operation developed which speaks well of the road's future earning power. If, when things were as black as they were in 1908, the road was able to finance its requirements, how much better able will it be, under present conditions, to raise whatever money it may need.

And as to the longer-range view, it is to be noted that completion of the Guymard and Genesee cut-offs and of the Bergen cut, disposes pretty well of those undertakings which have been making such heavy demands on Erie's available capital supply. A good deal of money could still be profitably spent on the property, but as it stands now the plant is of sufficient capacity and in good enough working order to enable it to work along for a good while without more money being spent on it.

The future seems to be largely a question of the maintenance of earnings. If the Erie can go on for a while earning at the present rate, there is no reason why the property should not be developed to a higher and higher state of efficiency. To get the most out of the road as it stands, a good deal of money will have continually to be spent on it, but present earnings are sufficient to take care of that. And, of course, with things as they are going along now, the road's credit is getting better all the time.

Will earnings continue at the present rate? That depends largely on the general state of business. But it depends, too, on the solidity of the progress which the road has made. With its greatly increased efficiency of operation, Erie can to-day earn a great deal more net out of a given amount of gross than it could have earned before the corner was turned.

Whenever total loans of the New York banks run ahead of the deposits they hold, a sigh of relief that there is at last something to write about goes up from the money-market "experts," and straightway we begin to hear about "an extended position," "over-expansion of credits," and all sorts of fearful things. Times of disturbance in the past have usually come when loans were in excess of deposits, we are told, and so what can be simpler than that an excess of loans means that a time of disturbance is coming along?

As a matter of fact, the past few years' very great increase in the capital and surplus of the banks of New York City has brought about an important change in the proper relation of loans to deposits. In former years, when loans began to run above deposits, it was a real evidence of strain. Nowadays it isn't. Capital and surplus of the banks have been so increased that after deposits have all been loaned out there is still a fund of over three hundred million dollars available. At the time of writing, this fund has been drawn upon to the extent of about forty millions. Analysis of the figures, moreover, shows that three or four of the biggest banks, the increase in whose capitalization has been most striking, are responsible for most of the excess of loans over deposits. *Mirabile dictu*, it may be for the very reason that these banks wanted to be able to expand their loans, that they *did* increase their capital.

There is nothing weak about the bank position. Surplus reserves have been steadily falling, it is true, but then this is the time when that regularly happens. Considering the loan position of the banks out through the country as shown in the Comptroller's statement, the only wonder is that the reserve banks here in the East have been able to stand the gaff as well as they have. They have been called upon to send a lot of currency westward this season, but they have had no trouble finding the money.

The reason for that is to be found in the extraordinary preparations which were made all through the summer. On account of the general state of things, and more particularly the speculation in Western lands, the Eastern banks realized that unless they got themselves into strong shape, crop-moving time was bound to bring serious trouble. The beginning of crop-moving found them in strong shape. Surplus has run down under the strain, to be sure, but, then, crop-moving is almost over.

Money rates are not low—with such a currency system as ours it would be a miracle if they were at a time like this—but the preparations made by the banks seem to have been effective in preventing anything like a money stringency.

Strong opposition has naturally been encountered by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its effort to get from the railroads the facts regarding arrangements made and commissions paid for floating issues of stocks and bonds. Such matters, the railroads claim, are business secrets of a most private nature.

Between honest corporation publicity and the laying bare of the inmost details of how a corporation does its business there is, it must be admitted, a very great difference. To a full and honest report on his company's business the shareholder is certainly entitled, but that is very far from saying that the management is bound to hand out, for the use of its competitors, detailed information regarding the policy under which business is being done. It might be good policy and sound business, for instance, for a strong company wanting money at a time when money is hard to borrow, to pay a good high price for it. Yet, general knowledge of the terms of the loan would very possibly lead to misrepresentation of the facts and not improbably to impairment of the company's credit. In every large corporation there is bound to be a good deal of business done, which, while perfectly honest and aboveboard, should no more be made public than the price it pays for its supplies, or any other of its trade secrets.

It would be interesting to know whether all the talk which has been going the rounds regarding the price Michigan Central had to accept for the short-term notes recently sold in France had anything to do with hastening the action of the Commerce Commission in demanding this information from the railroads. Ever since the sale of the notes was announced, Rumor has wagged all her thousand tongues in varying report as to what discount the railroad had to allow on the issue.

When the railroad law was being concocted last spring, Federal regulation of the security issues of corporations engaged in interstate commerce was proposed, thrashed out—and rejected. At some time in the future we may get it, but we haven't got it now. Until then, or at least until Dr. Hadley's committee makes its report, it seems as though the Commerce Commission might well leave the railroads alone on this score of the issue of new securities. They don't seem to be showing much of a disposition to overdo things.

Echoes

A Palm from New Jersey

Col. George Harvey is entitled to the palm. He predicted that New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Connecticut would go Democratic and that Democrats would succeed Chauncey M. Depew, John Kean, and Beveridge in the United States Senate. Colonel Harvey was mistaken as to high majorities in only one instance. He predicted that New York would give Dix 100,000. In the other States his estimates were below the mark.—*Jersey Journal.*

A Cup from New York

To the Editor of The New York Times:

In the light of what has just happened, a consideration of "Col. Harvey's Guess," recently reprinted by you from Harper's Weekly, should be interesting. The Colonel said Roosevelt would lose New York by 100,000. He lost by about 110,000. That Wilson would carry New Jersey by 40,000; he did it by about 44,000. That Baldwin would carry Connecticut by 5,000; he squeezed through with something like 3,600. That Harmon would carry Ohio by 25,000; he did by over twice that. That the results in Massachusetts and New Hampshire would be close, with the chances in favor of Foss and Bass. Both got there, apparently, the former with a liberal margin. That Beveridge would be beaten; he was, it seems. That the Democrats would have a majority of 40 in the next House; they show 49.

And, consequently, the Colonel's prediction that Democrats will succeed the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew and the Hon. John Kean in the United States Senate appears a pretty safe one.

The Colonel, as he says, may not be a "real prophet," but as a guesser he is entitled to the cup on the third win.

New York, Nov. 9, 1910. J. W. E.

—*New York Times.*

Wise Democrats

Vivian M. Lewis will serve out his term as Banking and Insurance Commissioner until 1912. In a statement issued last night at his home in Paterson, Mr. Lewis said:

"I attribute my defeat to the landslide which swept the Eastern States and to the wisdom of the Democratic party in selecting a candidate of the calibre of Dr. Wilson."—*The World.*

A Year of Wonders

Col. Harvey, of Harper's Weekly, the *North American Review*, and many other enterprises, is a man of exuberant spirits, whose prophecies are frequent, and, as frequent prophecies are apt to be, uncertain. Occasionally he hits the mark. He is so likable a person that we are glad to give emphatic credit to this successful hit. He calls it not a prophecy, but a guess, saying that he is a better guesser than prophet. This may be merely mock modesty. These are the results which he declared before election would be decided by it:

That Roosevelt will lose New York by 100,000.

That Woodrow Wilson will carry New Jersey by 40,000.

That Baldwin will carry Connecticut by 5,000.

That Harmon will carry Ohio by 25,000.

That the results in Massachusetts and New Hampshire will be close, with the chances in favor of Foss and Bass.

That Beveridge will be beaten.

That the Democrats will have a majority of 40 in the next House of Representatives.

That Democrats will succeed the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew and the Hon. John Kean in the United States Senate.

Amen! So be it!

Every one of them is near enough right to be called a success. Roosevelt was beaten. Wilson, Baldwin and Harmon elected. He even hit Foss and Bass right, though many would have hedged on both. He was sure about Beveridge, though it took two days to decide that he was beaten. Depew and Kean have gone down in the flood. The Democratic majority in the House, which he names, is close enough to have been the work of divination. All the other majorities are near enough. Col. Harvey is a wonder—this year.—*Waterbury American.*

Returning Amiability

Harper's Weekly these days is more like its old self. We were beginning to fear that Theodore had eternally curdled its milk of human kindness, but now that Colonel George is running a man of his own choice for office, things look rosier. One touch of nature.—*Louisville Herald.*

Due Appreciation

Among the many publications of the day Harper's Weekly stands out as a strong factor in forming public opinion. It is a strongly edited, finely illustrated, and informational periodical, not only up to date, but often considerably ahead of the times. Its characterizations of men and measures are many times amusing and sometimes convincing. Each number contains several articles by first-class writers of unusual vigor and interest. It stands fifty-two times a year for national and individual sanity and plain, every-day good sense as applied to the affairs of life.—*Woman's Home Missions.*

No Shooting, Please

After yesterday's work in New York State, the Colonel will probably need some sort of extraordinary excitement to keep him in condition, and we would suggest that he shoot it out with Dix. Of course, if he should kill Dix, that would not settle the issue of veracity raised by Dix, but at least it would keep Dix quiet and make other men—such men as George Harvey, for example—a little more careful about charging "The Gift of God" with the sin of prevarication.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Heaven Forbid

"We fear Colonel Harvey, Colonel Roosevelt, and Colonel Bryan will never get together in this world," says the Washington *Herald*. Will any one take a throw at the next?—*Omaha Bee.*

From Suspicion Freed

Harper's Weekly insists on having Woodrow Wilson for the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. This tends to remove the suspicion that Harper's Weekly is still voting for Andrew Jackson.—*Manchester Union.*

Turn About, Etc.

Just think of it. Some one is proposing to make Mr. Roosevelt president of the University of Michigan. The only excuse for this proposition is that Harper's Weekly keeps talking of the president of Princeton as the Democratic nominee for President.—*Birmingham Ledger.*

Explore the Lion's Mouth

Colonel Harvey, in the current issue of Harper's Weekly, finds the only fitting counterpart of the Mendacious Egotist to have been the late showman Van Amburgh. Comparisons with Barnum and Forepaugh failed to give all-around satisfaction.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Rejoicing

Colonel George Harvey announces that the Republic will live. Let us all join in singing the "Star-spangled Banner."—*Toledo Blade.*

A Converted State

Colonel George Harvey should have gone into the ministry. He is a sure-enough wonder at making converts.—*Trenton Times.*

End of the Concert

With President Woodrow Wilson the Democratic nominee for Governor of New Jersey, life on the editorial page of Colonel Harvey's Harper's Weekly should, indeed, be "one grand, sweet song," again.—*Detroit Journal.*

Answered with a Thump

Events in New York State seem to be framing an answer to Colonel Harvey's question. Possibly by November 8th it will be known whether Mr. Roosevelt is an asset or a liability of the Republican party.—*St. Louis Republic.*

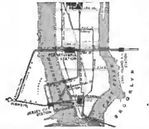
Predictions

The editor of Harper's Weekly has two ways of reminding them that he told them so. One is the usual way; the other is novel. It's simply to reproduce in his paper, when the time comes, the predictions made by him in the pages of the other publication he edits—the *North American Review*. One of the times came when the New Jersey Democrats nominated Dr. Woodrow Wilson for Governor; the prediction reproduced from the August number of the *Review* was that, "as ever hitherto in a crisis of the Republic, a man will emerge from comparative political obscurity, capable of holding high the torch of personal liberty, that all the people may see the clear light and revert gladly to the pristine standard of individual and industrial progress which, despite temporary retrogression, is the glory of the nation." Wasn't Dr. Wilson in comparative political obscurity, and hasn't he emerged for fair, and isn't he the dandy torch-holder? The heart of Editor Harvey sings with joy. With Editor McKelway, of the Borough of Brooklyn, he acclaims Dr. Wilson as "the foremost American Democrat." Do you hear that, Mr. Bryan? Are you listening, Governor Harmon?—*Hartford Courant.*

INTO THE HEART
OF
NEW YORK CITY

Only One Block from Broadway

Center of the Hotel and Retail District



BEGINNING NOVEMBER 27
TRAINS OF THE
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Connection will be made at Manhattan Transfer (near Newark) with local trains to downtown stations by way of Jersey City, so that downtown New York Passengers may use the Hudson Terminal station of the Hudson & Manhattan Tubes, or the Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets Stations of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Connections will be made in Pennsylvania Station with trains of the Long Island Railroad to Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.

TWO GRAND CRUISES "AROUND THE WORLD"

Arrangements are now being completed for two cruises of about three and one-half months' duration each "*Around the World*," the first to leave from New York on November 1, 1911, and the second from San Francisco on February 17, 1912, by the large, new transatlantic steamship **Cleveland** (17,000 tons). **$650** *Including all necessary expenses aboard and ashore.* *Duration* **110 Days.**

CRUISES TO THE WEST INDIES Three Grand Cruises have been arranged to the *West Indies*. Magnificent steamship *Moltke* (12,500 tons). Cruises of 28 days duration each, leaving January 24 and February 25. Cost, **$150** and up. Cruise of 16 days duration, leaving on March 28. Cost, **$85** and up.

ORIENT *Egypt, Holy Land, Nile.* **January 28 by the S.S. Cleveland** (17,000 tons). 80 days **$325** and up. Finest trip ever planned. Strictly first-class. Nile trips by the Hamburg and Anglo-American Nile Co.'s superb steamers.

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Columbia, S. C.
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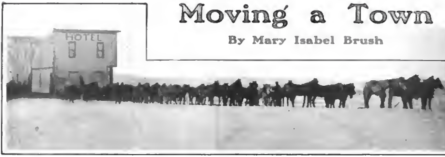
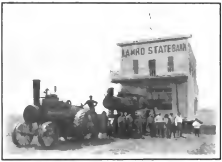
Moving a Town

By Mary Isabel Brush



Moving the Lamro Hotel two miles across the prairies to Winner, South Dakota. Seventy-two horses were employed in this operation

LAMRO, a thriving town in that part of the Rosebud country, South Dakota, which was opened for settlement recently, has just moved over to Winner, another town two miles away. Lamro is named after a quarter-breed Indian, who, convinced that the new Northwestern Railroad would pass through his land, persuaded some seven hundred friends of his to join him in establishing a town. When the survey was completed it was found that the railroad would pass two miles away. So Lamro was moved. More than fifty substantial buildings, some of them as large as fifty by ninety feet, were dragged across the prairie, among this number being a bank and a hotel and about one hundred private residences. Seventy-two horses were used to move the hotel, and two steam engines were used for others of the buildings. The transplanting of Lamro is said to be the most pretentious piece of work of the kind ever attempted.



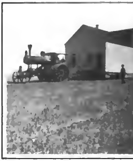
Two engines dragged the Lamro State Bank to its new home

It was a startling experience at first to hear a whistle like that of an approaching train on those unbroken prairies, and the next instant to see a house, towed by an engine, appear over the brow of a hill. The seventy-two horses that moved the hotel were all skilled at their tasks. They were hitched four abreast, and each line of them had its driver. Their movements were as uniform as those of an army.

Ever since the railroad announced its route, activities in Tripp County have been intense. Lumber has been sent from Dallas, a distance of forty-five miles, to the town of Carter, at a cost of $1 per hundred pounds. Besides the buildings that have been moved, hotels and banks and stores have been put up in Winner and Carter at a cost of thousands of dollars.

The accompanying pictures are interesting as showing the development in the facilities for moving large loads. At one time oxen were used almost exclusively. Until a few years ago horses did practically all of it. And now the greater part of the work can be done most expeditiously with engines, which are used later in breaking land.

The town of Winner, showing the Lamro State Bank in its new quarters



One engine sufficed to move a small house

The Little Toy-dog

By John Kendrick Bangs

My little toy-dog is covered with dust,
  Like the dog in the dear Poet's song
My little steel-cars are covered with rust—
  They've lain in the garret so long!
The marbles are there, and the soldiers of tin,
  Lie hid in the old oaken chest,
And there is the drum, and the trumpets whose din
  I loved in the ages at rest.

Each rare little toy, as it comes to my hand—
  My hand that is withered with years,
Brings back to my spirit that beautiful land
  Now veiled in the mist of my tears,
The beautiful Land of the Long, Long Ago
  The scenes of the playtime of yore,
When deep in my soul with its radiant glow
  Shone the sunlight of days now no more.

The little toy-dog! Stop, stranger, and hark!
  What cherished remembrance it brings!
My Daddy—dear Daddy—ah, how he could bark!
  What laughter that memory brings!
It echoes, re-echoes, it sounds in my heart,
  That bark, and those yelpings of glee,
When Daddy came home from his toil on the mart,
  And played with my doggie and me!

The little steel-cars! Yes, they ran, I recall,
  With rumble and racket and roar,
From Daddy's big desk, thence out through the hall,
  All over the library floor.
And he was the brakeman, conductor, and crew,
  And passengers dusty and mad,
And I was the engineer, hurrying through
  To the glorious City of Dad!

The trumpet and drum! Now how silent their cry,
  Whose music, once thrillingly sweet
When I and my Daddy went noisily by,
  Lent vim to our scurrying feet!
The soldiers of tin—I was Colonel, and he
  Came limping along at the rear,
And carried the flag of the Army of Me,
  And led all "the people" in cheer!

Ah, little toy-dog! Ah, little steel-car!
  I've treasures of mind and of soul,
But 'mid all my prizes, too many by far
  To reckon the sum of their whole,
Not one of them all would I take for the joy
  That now through my memory comes
Of days that are past, when each little toy,
  And I, and my Daddy, were chums!

Echoes

No Longer Necessary

Is it not the "psychological moment" for Colonel George Harvey, who guides the Harpers' series of prints, to reiterate his characterization of Colonel Roosevelt, made three years ago, as "a marvellous spectacle of blatant probity yawping from the pinnacle of self-appreciation"?—*Sioux City Tribune.*

Republican Judgment

Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and a militant Democrat, of the old-time battling school, has wielded his powerful and brilliant pen to no small effect in making Dr. Wilson's candidacy possible. Colonel Harvey believes that a party which is represented in Ohio by a Harmon, and in New York by a Gaynor, is worthy of a Wilson in New Jersey. Even Republicans must admit that the meeting of such worthy foemen in the field is a tonic which must ultimately be wholesome to the best principles of their own cause. A weak and decayed Democracy clinging to ancient and abandoned issues is a menace. An awakened Democracy, standing as Dr. Wilson does on a platform of equalization in taxation, regulation of corporations and economy in administration, is an inspiration.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

Still Civilizing

HARPER'S WEEKLY under George Harvey's management is still a "journal of civilization." It was largely instrumental in giving the Jersey Democracy a leader to lift it to higher political levels.—*Trenton Advertiser.*

All Forgiven

As we understand it, Colonel George Harvey is now about to forgive the Democratic party and bestow upon it the gleaming honor of his approving smiles.—*Houston Post.*

Looking Ahead

Well, if Colonel Harvey isn't the prophet himself, he must be one of the Colonel's contributing editors. When we are looking for a political "hunch" hereafter, we shall go straight to Franklin Square.—*Trenton True American.*

Invited to Dinner

For the third time Colonel George Harvey has hit the nail on the head, hit it hard and right in the middle. HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 5th of November, printed quite a week before the day of election, contains the complete results.

Good! We declare you in with that dinner which Joseph Pulitzer is going to give another prophet the first Monday in December, 1911. And the star-spangled ban—!—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A City of Small Halls

All the papers are talking about George Harvey's guess about the result of the elections in the pivotal States this year and how nearly he hit it. Says the Waterbury *American*: "Colonel Harvey is a wonder—this year." Colonel Harvey is a wonder every year, and the older he gets and the more guesses he makes the more wonderful he seems. It is now the intention of the Equal Suffrage people of Richmond to have him speak here before the season is over about the rights of women, and the hall will not be big enough to hold the people who will want to hear him.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Oh, Very Well!

George Harvey didn't do it all, but he did some, and some helps a lot.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

Cheeky Charleston

George Harvey predicted the result absolutely, following us in that.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

Chloroforming Flowers

THE modern horticulturist is forced to multiply the production of flowers to satisfy the market demands. The anæsthesia of plants is a recent discovery which largely aids him in this endeavor. Dr. Johannsen, of Copenhagen, has found by his experiments that chloroform and ether have an excellent effect upon vegetable growth, and that plants subjected to the action of either chloroform or ether grow much faster than when in their normal state. This discovery has been applied to lilacs, azaleas, lilies, and different bulbs whose blooms have been of wonderful beauty.

In France lilacs are cultivated by anæsthesia on a large scale. The forcing method is simple. When the plants are in perfect condition (especially their roots) they are put in a tightly closing tin box. Into the cover of the box, before the box is closed, is fitted a little vessel in which chloroform or ether is poured. Then the box is hermetically sealed, and watched so that the temperature never falls below 17 degrees Centigrade. As the vapor of the anæsthetic is heavier than the air, it falls to the bottom of the box and impregnates the roots. The plants are imprisoned in the closed box for forty-eight hours, then they are released and exposed gradually and moderately to the light. They begin to evince their vitality at once; their buds open, their leaves unfold and, much sooner than in cases where the plants are not so treated, their flowers appear.

This system is a great time-saver. Lilacs that have been chloroformed have blossomed fifteen days after they came from the box. Azaleas that were taken from the chloroform on February 25th blossomed on March 5th.

Ether is most serviceable in the case of lilacs; azaleas are at their best when treated with chloroform. But the amateur gardener, like all who use chloroform or ether, must take precautions. Both anæsthetics are volatile and very inflammable.

The Camel's Prejudices

A PECULIARITY of the camel is his dislikes—likes he has none, save for the mimosa thorn and, perhaps, for dying. He hates red, and when, years ago, some genius of the British army equipped the squadrons of the camel corps with bright crimson saddles, the animals so resented the outrage that numbers of them gave up the ghost in pure disgust.

The camel always, of course, hates man, and sometimes displays his vindictiveness in no uncertain manner. A dignified and elderly British officer has been seen to foot it all round the camp in blue silk pajamas, with one slipper and a shaving brush, closely pursued by his own animal with its long neck stretched to the utmost and its savage mouth much too near that sleeping suit to be pleasant. At length a fatigue party was summoned, who, with telegraph-poles, young trees, railway ties, and such cajoleries prevailed upon the beast to desist.

As a mount the camel is said to possess distinct advantages. His gait is comfortable when one has learned to ride him, and for really long journeys, which must perforce be made at a slow pace, he is much less tiring than a horse. Besides, he carries with him all manner of things the rider is likely to need en route—canvas buckets of water, in which bottles stand to cool, a writing-desk (not necessarily of the office type), but still an efficient substitute, a luncheon basket, rifles, telescopes, a mountain gun, if required, and other needful articles.

The Elusive Vacuum

THE space above the mercury in a thermometer is not a perfect vacuum, there is not infrequently a small amount of air left in such space, and there is always an atmosphere of the vapor of mercury. It is perhaps impossible to procure a vacuum. It is most likely that, even if a real vacuum could be obtained for an instant, air or other vapor would at once begin to be disseminated from the sides of the vessel in which it was made, and it would thus instantly cease to exist. High authority has denied the possibility of a vacuum. If a vacuum could be effected, the sides of the vessel would probably be pressed into contact.

A Safety Envelope

AN ingenious Frenchman has perfected an envelope that is said to be proof against the thief or the meddler who opens a letter to extract or to read its contents.

The French contrivance is really two envelopes. Each is of thin paper, one a pronounced blue the other lighter in color and different in texture. Both have gummed flaps.

The letter is first placed in the blue envelope, which is slightly smaller than the other. Instead of being sealed, this is placed in the outer envelope and the inner flap is brought outside and gummed down upon the larger envelope.

The outer flap is still unsealed. It is much larger than the inner flap and reaches down to a good-sized star-shaped opening which shows through to the inner envelope, so that when the outer flap is sealed it sticks not only to the outer envelope, but also through this opening to the inner one. The letter is thus practically locked and double locked.

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Just Observe for Yourself—Pronounced Individuality and a Flavor more satisfying than mere words can describe, are Blatz exclusive characteristics—so declare those who really appreciate character and quality in table beer.

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Best remedy for
CONSTIPATION
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Thanksgiving Day

Here's Thanksgivin' come again,
And we've got to reckon up
How much pleasure, how much pain.
We've been drinkin' from life's cup.
I ain't sure which I've had most—
Songs to sing or tears to shed,
How much won or how much lost,
How much joy or how much dread—
All the same, I can't deny
That's a blamed good punkin pie!

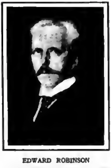
Back in March I bought some stock
In a first-class silver-mine.
Then I got a fearful shock—
Found the hull thing was a shine.
Lost— Oh well, I can't say now
What I lost in that there spec.
But I'll tell ye, anyhow,
That I got it in the neck—
All the same, I can't help say
That old turkey's just O.K.

Roof's a leakin' like the deuce;
Hain't got cash enough to spare
For to keep old nature's juice
From a-pourin' in up there.
Plumbin's kind o' high this year—
Charge ten dollars just to look.
Gives a tired atmosphere
To my poor old pocket-book—
All the same, it seems to me
That's gol-derned good cranberry!

Everything's ris up a mile,
Higher than the pyramids.
Can't afford to buy a tile;
Can't afford to dress the kids.
Costs a mint to keep the wife
In the style "accustomed to,"
With the needed things of life
Bumpin' 'gainst the heavenly blue—
All the same, that gravy there
Strikes my stomach pretty fair!

Party's sort of gone to pot,
Ain't no statesmen like they was;
Lots o' fellers talkin' rot
'Bout what other fellers does.
Country's kind of on the blink,
Things ain't runnin' very smooth.
Sort of like a kid, I think,
Cuttin' of his wisdom-tooth—
All the same, I'm full o' cheer.
Sairy, slide them muffins here.
While there's fodder in the tin
What's the use o' grumblin'?

HORACE DODD GASTIT.



EDWARD ROBINSON

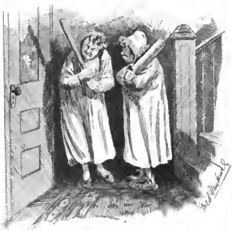
EDWARD ROBINSON, WHO HAS BEEN ELECTED TO SUCCEED SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE AS HEAD OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. HE WAS FORMERLY DIRECTOR OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS AND LECTURER AT HARVARD AND COLUMBIA.

Lawmakers without Law

THE British House of Commons is perhaps the most rigidly governed body of legislators in the world. Indeed, it is said that few members ever master the rules of order, and even the best speakers have committed humorous and embarrassing blunders.

On the other hand, the House of Lords may be said to have no rules of procedure except such as would govern gentlemen met together in a drawing-room. For although there are customs and regular methods of business, yet there is no authority to enforce rules and to maintain order.

The presiding officer of the House of Lords is the Lord Chancellor, who sits on the woolsack and puts motions, and who also engages in the debates when so minded. But he cannot call one of his fellow peers to order, and he does not even decide who is to speak.



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Cyclone, Tornado, and Hurricane

THERE is a confused notion in the popular mind as to the difference between a cyclone and a tornado. As a matter of fact, the ordinary land cyclone is usually quite harmless, and only a mistaken use of the term has led to its association with those terrifying storms properly called tornadoes.

It is, perhaps, hard to account for the bad reputation of the cyclone, inasmuch as, instead of being dangerous and destructive, it is really the chief source of rain in the spring and autumn, and doubtless responsible for much of the snow that adds to the picturesqueness of our northern winters. Cyclones cover a large extent of territory, and on an average they follow one another across the country from west to east at intervals of three days.

On the other hand a tornado often does great damage. It may be recognized by its funnel-shaped cloud that bounds and bounces along, now high in the air, now touching the ground. At places where it skims along the ground the havoc is greatest, and the stoutest structures erected by man are crushed in an instant before the awful winds let loose from every direction. A curious feature of the tornado is that the air seems possessed of an explosive force that causes buildings to fall outward instead of inward. In such a storm no place offers absolute safety, but it is said that the southwest corner of a cellar affords the best protection obtainable.

The surface winds rush spirally upward into the funnel-shaped cloud, carrying with them many articles that afterward are dropped some distance away. The danger zone is confined to a path less than half a mile in width and one hundred miles in length. These storms occur only on land.

The ocean is the birthplace of the true hurricane. On the tropic seas it marshals its forces of wind and wave before which the stoutest vessel is helpless. Islands are laid waste by it; and even the sturdy mainland trembles under its castigation.

Hurricanes last much longer than tornadoes, cover more territory, and cause more damage. The West Indies are frequently scourged by these fearful visitations, and our own Atlantic coast sometimes feels the effects.

But the hurricane and the tornado are rare. The former seldom extends far inland and usually occurs in the late summer or autumn. Tornadoes are products of the South and West, and are for the most part confined to the spring and early summer months. The cyclone is a storm that travels over land and sea in and out of season.

A Gluttonous Starfish

FIGHTS to the death are common between sea-urchins and starfish. The starfish, when ready for battle, raises one of his arms toward the sea-urchin. The urchin shoots out all his bristling spines, or needles, and, in addition to his always visible arms, brings out an arm that is never seen unless it is needed for active use. This usually invisible weapon is a sort of nipper edged with teeth. During one fight between a sea-urchin and a starfish, the starfish, with a sudden movement, broke off the pincers of the urchin.

The pincers remained imbedded in the flesh of the starfish. Finding his chief weapon gone, the urchin drove all his needles into the back of the starfish, not all together, but one after another, with all the method of calculated action. As the needles entered the back of the starfish, the starfish broke them, one by one. The urchin, rendered powerless by the loss of his needles, made a few mechanical movements in self-defence, and then lay motionless and powerless on the water. After a few minutes' hesitation, and a close scrutiny of his subject, the star approached the urchin and prepared to devour him. But, as the urchin was six times larger than his mouth, he turned out his stomach in the manner noted by naturalists as a common manœuvre of certain animals, and, having rejected his stomach lining, inserted the urchin's carcass, spines and all. During the time consumed by him in the struggle of digestion he was closely observed. Having writhed in agony for some days, he began to show a change of appearance. The distention of his middle decreased and his movements lost their spasmodic character. Later he was seen to move with more activity. One morning, warmed up for action by the power of the sun's heat, he moved his stomach rapidly from side to side and from top to bottom, and rejected the spines, fins, bone-plates, jaws, everything that had not disappeared during the process of digestion. The elimination accomplished and his appetite satisfied, the starfish replaced his stomach in its normal position and resumed the even tenor of his life.

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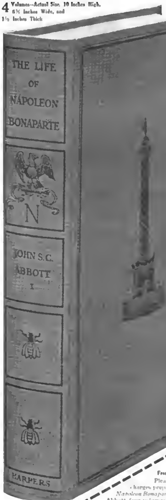
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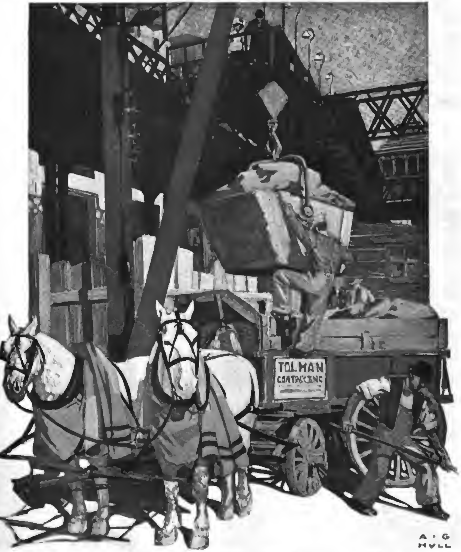
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BEGINNING WITH THE DECEMBER NUMBER

The changes here announced will come with the number for December, to be published November 30th, which begins the ninety-seventh year of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIV New York, November 26, 1910 No 2814

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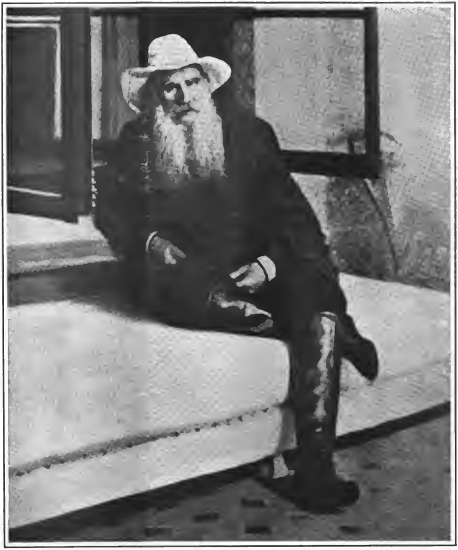

TOLSTOI, THE TRAGIC PHILOSOPHER

The venerable and famous novelist, philosopher, and zealot who left home and family and went secretly into the wilderness to die as a hermit, but was found and succored by friends. He died in a rude hut at Astapova on November 20th

HARPER'S WEEKLY
Vol. LIV No. 2814

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES
NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 26, 1910

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Comment

Tariff Forecasts

Talk of tariff action by the next Congress is interesting, particularly when it comes from Representative Champ Clark, who will probably be the Speaker, and from Representative Oscar Underwood, of Alabama, who will probably be floor leader of the majority. Both gentlemen are in favor of taking up the subject at once, without waiting for a Democratic Senate and President. But the possibility of getting anything done before 1912 depends, after all, upon the disposition of the Senate and of President Taft. It is quite likely that there will be in the Senate enough insurgents to make a majority, with the Democrats, for certain reductions of duties, and it is not improbable that President Taft will approve any reductions which the Tariff Commission may have previously recommended. It is clear, however, that whatever may be accomplished before 1913 must be accomplished on the piecemeal plan. We confess that we do not find this a thing to grieve over. Until we get a line on the quality of the new Congress, we shall be quite content with a situation which shuts off entirely the temptation to log-rolling that always arises when a general revision of the tariff is attempted. In fact, we should be highly pleased if, even in case of a Democratic victory in 1912, the piecemeal plan should still be adhered to.

Insurgency and the Elections

The future of Republican insurgency was one of the main things the election was expected to determine. The preliminary campaign, the campaign for Republican nominations and for the control of Republican conventions in the various States and Congressional districts, had already shown that they could more than hold their own when the issue was solely between them and their conservative opponents within the party. It was left for the election to show how well they stood with the country and whether they or the conservatives could make the better showing against the Democrats.

On the whole, the outcome is plainly encouraging to the insurgents. They have done far better than the stand-patters. Those States of the West and the far West in which they controlled showed fewer Republican losses than those States, such as Ohio, for instance, where they failed to get control. Indiana is not much of an exception, for Indiana already had a Democratic Governor and Legislature and a big preponderance of Democrats in Congress. In the East also the victory of the progressive Bass in New Hampshire stands out very clearly in contrast with the stand-patter Waterloo in Maine and Massachusetts and Connecticut and New Jersey. It may be urged that the lesson of New York is all the other way; but that will not be the view of Simon-pure insurgents like Cummins and La Follette. Those gentlemen have already vigorously protested—they were, in fact, protesting before election—that the Roosevelt platform and programme did not represent true progressive Republicanism. They have refused to confound their policy with the New Nationalism, or to turn over their cause to Colonel Roosevelt's management. They are right. The strength of insurgency with the people has been demonstrated; but its immediate danger is also revealed—the danger that it may be confounded with the ideas, and subordinated to the ambition, of Colonel Roosevelt.

A Crusher

It is entirely in order for Democrats to attribute the lower prices of meat to the election. If it hadn't been for the Colonel's speeches, the Republicans would certainly have said that stocks were coming down because we are going to have a Democratic House a year from next month. They have said about the same thing heretofore when the Democrats have won. But this is the first time the Democrats ever had a chance to point out the close connection between the doctrine of State rights and the supply of beef. They ought to make the most of it.

The Southern Republicans

That the one State gained by the Republicans last week should be a Southern State is interesting—but not as significant as even some Democrats might be willing to find it. Tennessee chose a Republican Governor, but for reasons of a temporary nature, and which have little bearing on the movement to build up a strong and permanent Republican opposition in the South. That movement has been strongest in North Carolina, and the three Republican Congressmen from that State all went down in the general Republican slump. That is almost the sole feature of the Democratic victory which is regrettable, for the Republicans of North Carolina have recently had a house-cleaning, and their failure to get prompt profits from trying to do better may prove discouraging to similar commendable efforts. We trust, however, that Congressman **Morehead** and his associates will not lose heart. Had their fight been made in a year when their party was in better favor with the country, the outcome would have been different. They were handicapped, moreover, by the obtrusive alliance of former Senator Marion Butler, a discredited turncoat, whose activity was eagerly seized upon by the Democratic papers and speakers and treated as the main feature of the campaign. Better allies and better luck next time!

Quizzing the Railroads

Some time ago it became apparent that the Tariff Commission might fail to do what it was meant to do from the lack of authority to compel producers to furnish the information required. Now it appears that the new Stock and Bond Commission, at the very outset of its labors, has found itself baffled by the same weakness. When it applied to railroad heads for information it wanted, it met with refusals, and it had no power to compel compliance with its demands. But a long and highly significant despatch from Washington indicates that a way out of the difficulty has been found. Under the new railroad law the Interstate Commerce Commissioners have the kind of power denied to their fellows of the Stock and Bond Commission. They have the means to secure from the railroads any information which they find pertinent to their task of passing on the reasonableness of rates, and some of the information which they have demanded will also be decidedly useful to President Hadley and his associates, who are trying to find out about the railroads' issues of securities. The railroads are called on to tell practically all the facts concerning their borrowings and lendings of all descriptions. More than that: the Interstate Commerce Commission has further held that it is pertinent to the question of rates to inquire minutely into the capitalization and expenditures of the interstate railroads for several years past, and that inquiry, in the form which the commission has given it, looks extremely like a physical valuation of the railroads' property. It remains to be seen whether the railroads will endeavor, and will find a way, to avoid the probe. If they do not, then the government will soon know a lot more about their affairs than it has ever known before.

Railroad Economies to be Discussed

Under the lead of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, of Boston, the lawyer who was counsel for Glavis in the Ballinger investigation, there will be put forth this week before the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington the objections of the shippers of the Atlantic seaboard from Bangor to Baltimore to the increase in rates proposed by the railroads that handle their business. The increase, if it goes through, will cost the expostulating industries about twenty-seven million dollars a year. There have been several other like hearings. The Southern shippers have protested and the commission has dismissed their objections. The shippers of the far Northwest have protested and won. In the proceeding brought by the shippers of the Middle West all the testimony is in, but a decision has not been reached yet. In this proceeding of the Eastern shippers the railroads have given their testimony, and now it is the shippers' turn.

Mr. Brandeis's management of their case promises to be worth watching because of the novelty of his aspirations. According to the Boston *Transcript*, he will not base his objections either on the claim that the shippers cannot afford the increased rate or that the railroads do not need the money—one or both of which claims have been the basis of most rate inquiries. He proposes to show that the railroads can get the money they need in a better way than by raising rates, to wit, by introducing new and important economies in construction and operation. It looks rash for a lawyer, not himself a railroad expert, to be telling the men of the Pennsylvania, the Lackawanna, the New York Central, and the New Haven that they are not abreast of the times in their management of their roads; but it seems that Mr. Brandeis has been looking into the work of the new profession of industrial engineering as it has been developed in the last ten years, and he thinks he has learned some points about economy in processes which, being new and not yet much advertised, the busy railroad men have overlooked.

The Cunningham Claims Again

The Messrs. Pinchot, who wrote to the President and requested him not to let the Cunningham claims be patented without himself passing on their merits, and who also asked permission to submit a brief against them, got a prompt reply. According to Mr. Norton, who wrote it by direction of the President, Secretary Ballinger had himself requested the President, as long ago as last June, to take such measures as would insure his having an opportunity to review the findings of the Land Office on the claims; and the necessary orders to that effect had accordingly been issued by the President and the Commissioner of the Land Office. Mr. Norton also assures the Messrs. Pinchot that they may submit their brief, and advises them to have it ready by the first of December. It appears, therefore, that the President proposes to be fully cognizant of whatever final action may be taken on these famous claims, which the Messrs. Pinchot regard as also entirely infamous. At any rate, they will not be sneaked through in the dark; and they are pretty sure of a place in the history books.

Scholars and Bankers on Financial Reform

Senator Aldrich is still non-committal, both for himself and the Monetary Commission. The commission, he declares, is still seeking counsel from bankers and business men, still appealing to public opinion for guidance. It has completed its first task, that of examining and presenting the financial systems of other countries, many of which it finds clearly superior to our own; but it has not yet decided on any plan to present to Congress. Non-committalism, however, was not the note of the other speeches at the meeting in New York of the Academy of Political Science, which was devoted entirely to the subject of monetary reform. Bankers and professors alike showed, on the contrary, that they were not afraid to express positive views, and in the views they presented there was an impressive amount of unanimity. Practically all agreed not merely that our present arrangements both for note issues and for credit control are clumsy and unwise, involving a constant menace to business and industry, but that the main features of the needed reform are now fairly plain. According to both classes of experts, it is essential that in whatever system is adopted there shall be a great central reserve of cash, instantly available in crises, subject to a control that shall be neither political in character nor yet affected by great special interests of any kind; that the same control shall be extended, by a system of rediscounts such as Europe employs, to the regulation of credits, and that the power of issuing notes must go with it. That, substantially, is the consensus of scholarship and banking experience. Whether the central establishment should be of the general nature of a bank or rather of a clearing-house is not so clear; but it seemed also to be the prevailing opinion that it should be based on our existing banks and banking arrangements.

Sooner or later Congress and the country will have to pass on a proposal of this general character. Senator Aldrich pleads earnestly that parties ought not to enter into the consideration of it. Doubtless they will, and that will make a wise solving of the problem difficult. But the American people have of late been giving so many signs of intelligence and independence that one hesitates to believe that politics can be played indefinitely in a matter of such vital importance to their welfare.

In fact, it is now announced from Washington that Senator Aldrich or some other member of the Monetary Commission will introduce during the coming short session a bill embodying the commission's conclusions, and there can hardly be a doubt that its main feature will be a central establishment of some sort. If the issue is thus brought squarely to the front at once, it will probably rival the tariff—and it ought to—for the first place in the public mind. The commission's proposals cannot be judged in advance, but this much can be said: That party will be wrong, and will deserve and doubtless get the reprobation of the country, which shall fail to deal with them on their merits. In the long run it will be the best politics to disregard altogether, in considering this subject, the merely partisan point of view.

Good for Colonel Goethals—and for West Point

That the Panama Canal will be finished more than a year ahead of the date fixed for the opening, and that no more money will be spent than has already been authorized—these announcements sound almost too good to be true. We have been so long accustomed to seeing every job done for the government costing more than the estimated amount of money and consuming more than the estimated amount of time, that Colonel Goethals's assurances are likely to give some of us a dangerous shock. But Colonel Goethals, with his professional reputation at stake, would hardly make such predictions unless he felt very sure indeed. No wonder the President is "delighted." And so ought we all to be. Once again, West Point seems to be proving itself a good investment.

Pensions

Mr. William Bayard Hale's articles in the *World's Work* about pensions are pretty doleful reading. Hardly any one questions that pensions have been shockingly overdone and that our pension system is honeycombed with politics and fraud, and that the great extensions have been planned and carried through with too little purpose to afford relief to veterans and their dependents who deserve and need it, and too much desire to keep up a vast expenditure to enrich pension agents, to rivet high protection upon the country, and to hold the old-soldier vote to the Republican party. Pensions this year will cost the people about 157 millions. The laws under which these pensions are paid will stand. To repeal any of them is not suggested. The sums paid out under them will fall off rapidly in the course of the next ten years provided no wholesale new pension legislation is enacted. What is to be done is to induce a critical attitude on the part of Congress and the administration and all future administrations toward pension legislation. It ought to be dammed, strong and tight. Further than that, it may be possible, if the inspiration is strong enough, to overhaul the pension list and excise from it the swindlers, of whom there must be an enormous number. No merited pension is grudged, no lawful pension under existing laws, good or bad, is in any danger of attack; but the list might very properly be examined, and further reckless legislation should be stopped. The pension-jobbers doubtless feel that they and their clients have now a vested right in about $150,000,000 of the taxpayers' money, and that the rate of increase must march with diminishing numbers. For that idea they are likely to find plenty of backing, though there is encouragement in the recollection that the next Pension Committee in the House will not be named by Uncle Joe.

Mr. Blount of Florida

William A. Blount, of Florida, has offered himself as candidate for the United States Senate, to succeed the late Senator-elect Broward. He has issued a "platform and statement" in which he sets forth his political opinions and position with lucidity and candor. When he was a candidate for this same office last spring, people spoke of him as having mental resemblances to our Senator Root. He is a lawyer of high standing.

There should be no chance lost this year to send to Congress Democrats of brains, training, character, and judgment. What we hear of Mr. Blount makes us hope that Florida may send him to Washington.

The Situation in Great Britain

And now it is Great Britain's turn to go through a general election. People on the other side seem to have been watching ours with unusual interest, partly because of their recent experience with the Colonel, but chiefly because of their concern about our securities. The outcome of it will undoubtedly have an effect on the campaign now beginning in England. Last year the English protectionists made much of America's adherence to protection. This year the Liberals will not fail to make much of our revolt against protection.

That is not the only advantage the Liberals will have. The failure of the long conference between the leaders of the two sides on the constitutional issue will work, on the whole, more benefit to them than to their opponents; for it seems to be generally understood that what made a compromise impossible was the refusal of the ultra-Tory element among the Conservatives to accept an arrangement to which Mr. Balfour would have consented. The Lloyd-George budget, moreover, is working well, and there are signs that it is gaining rather than losing popularity. The feeling against home rule will, no doubt, be worked for all it is worth, but that issue will probably be a trifle less valuable to the Conservatives than it was last time, for the reason that certain Conservatives have themselves been flirting with the home-rule idea. What is still more unfortunate for the Opposition, the country is more prosperous than it was a year ago. The prospects of beating the Asquith government are not good.

A Southern College

The inauguration last week of Dr. William Preston Few, the new president of Trinity College, North Carolina, brought together an extraordinary group of scholars, headed by President Lowell of Harvard, bent on demonstrating their keen interest in the South's rapid progress in education. They found themselves in an inspiring atmosphere and heard an unusual sort of inaugural address. For the new president faced very candidly indeed the real nature of his and his fellows' problem. At the very outset he addressed himself to the matter of Southern public opinion, and he declared:

> In a democracy where everything is determined by majorities every intelligent man should carefully inquire into the merits of all questions upon which he is to cast his ballot and should vote his matured convictions, rather than settle these questions as if they were matters of course, offhand and in obedience to ancient sentiment.

He could, he felt, announce that in the part of the South with which Trinity is immediately concerned "freedom of speech and freedom of action in politics are to-day complete," but he added:

> Here perhaps more than elsewhere in America we need the courage and moral energy which compel a man to speak the thoughts that are in him and, when the time comes, to stand up and be counted, whether girt by friend or foe.

This is truly the kind of intellectual leadership that the South most needs; and it is accompanied with an equal straightforwardness concerning matters purely academic. The heavy handicap under which the Southern colleges have been struggling, from poverty, and from the peculiar situation which necessitates a double educational system, is freely admitted. But the spirit of the address is a spirit of hopefulness and courage, and one feels that it sounds the note of real and heightening achievement in a very excellent kind.

Southern Discourtesy

> Geraldine Farrar, the American opera-singer, denies with emphasis that she is engaged to be married to a foreign grandee. "Not a word of truth in it," said Miss Farrar to an interviewer. "Dukes? Why, I've met a lot of dukes on the other side, but, believe me, taking them individually and collectively, I have never seen one that was worth a ding."—*Savannah News.*

She didn't say ding. She said damn. It is not polite to misquote a lady.

To Remember Mark Twain

In honor of the memory of Mark Twain a memorial ceremony (devoid of the conventional funeral trappings) will be observed at Carnegie Hall at eight o'clock Wednesday evening, November 30th. The great auditorium will be filled with friends and admirers of the genial philosopher whose humor has made lighter the burden of so many lives. They will gather to assist at a celebration absolutely free from anything of a formal mourning nature, which will be rather the loving tribute of those who knew best a real friend of humankind.

The meeting will be held under the auspices of the Mark Twain Memorial Committee of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. William Dean Howells, for many years the most intimate friend of Mark Twain, will preside. The members of the committee are: Executive Committee—William Dean Howells; William Milligan Sloane; Robert Underwood Johnson, Secretary. Committee—Edwin Austin Abbey, Henry Mills Alden, John White Alexander, John Bigelow, Arthur Twining Hadley, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Thomas Hastings, Henry James, Henry Cabot Lodge, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Alfred Thayer Mahan, Brander Matthews, Bliss Perry, James Ford Rhodes, Henry van Dyke, Woodrow Wilson.

The friends of Mark Twain who will tell of personal experiences with him are the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, William Dean Howells, the Rev. Joseph Hopkins Twichell, the Hon. Champ Clark, the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Colonel Henry Watterson, and the Rev. Henry van Dyke, who will read a poem.

Congratulations

To Senator Depew—that his successor will be a Democrat; that he comes back at seventy-seven with so blithe an energy to business life. In many details of life he has been a wise man. Lately, in the course of some newspaper remarks, he said:

> Years ago I was told that I would never succeed in public life if I did not hit back; but hitting back never did seem to me worth all the rancor and bitterness that it entailed. The time that you spend in getting a man down, after all, is a waste of energy—and even health.

If the Senator has leisure to look for it, he can find support for his feelings about hitting back in the New Testament. As a mere personal indulgence hitting back doesn't pay. As part of a fight for a principle it may be necessary and warrantable.

Mr. Shepard for the Senate

The exceptionally efficient mental apparatus of Mr. Edward M. Shepard makes many Democrats want to see him sent to Washington to keep company with Mr. Root as a representative of New York in the United States Senate. Mayor Gaynor has come out with a strong recommendation of Mr. Shepard as Senator. Mr. Thomas M. Osborne, of Auburn, being suggested as a fit person to be Senator, has replied that Mr. Shepard is his candidate for that office. Mr. William B. Hornblower is spoken of as a qualified man to be Mr. Root's colleague, and so he is, but Mr. Shepard is favorite in the race at this writing.

Mr. La Farge

Mr. John La Farge used to relate that when he was still on the threshold of life's activities, he went to Yale College in search of such training as might assist him. But for some reason, apparently because he did not apply himself successfully to his studies, Yale excused herself from training him, and sent him home in the course of his Freshman year or at the close of it. Mr. Depew must have been a student at Yale at that time, and possibly the powers of the institution were concentrated on his preparation for the corruscating achievements that awaited him. The late Senator Platt, too, was either there or had just left because of infirmity of health.

It is to smile at the thought of any great institution for the cultivation of the mind having had a chance at John La Farge and let him escape unimproved. But of course that might easily happen in any college. La Farge, rejected of Yale, went to Fordham, and there fell in with a Jesuit priest who had lived in Japan, and who opened his arms to an interesting young mind, and gave it a steer in the direction in which it was meant to go.

Mr. La Farge is not to be estimated in a paragraph. Beyond any American of his time he was saturated with civilization, culture, and art. He lived to be the dean of American painters and the leader of them all. Even at seventy-six he is prematurely dead, for, except for bodily infirmities, he had abundance of work still left in him, and his powers were so preponderately mental that a slight accession of physical strength would have carried them along for years to come.

It is matter for regret for this community that it has so small a proportion of his work. Considering the wealth of this city, and the yearly expenditure here for the embellishment of buildings, it is surprising that so many of La Farge's windows and pictures should have travelled so far from home to find their market and their setting.

Democracy's New Leader

A FEW SAMPLE OPINIONS FROM SOUTH, EAST, AND WEST

Alabama

OUT of the greatness of the Democratic victory stands one big fact: the Democratic party has returned to conservatism and to its old-time principles. And out from among the same leaders who have brought about this victory looms one commanding figure, Woodrow Wilson, the Governor-elect of New Jersey.

Just as Roosevelt was in the national eye as the conspicuous type of all that is most dangerous in the Republican régime, so unquestionably Wilson has caught the national eye as the most sane, clear-headed, capable, of the new Democratic leaders. In fact, he is the only Democratic leader who has handled his campaign from a broad, national view-point. The others have fought their fight almost entirely within State lines. They have not undermined and blasted out the foundation wrongs of the Republican party. They have not guided Democratic thought in other States. Woodrow Wilson has had the brains, the breadth, and the button to do that, and to do it strikingly.

When the Princeton president took the stump, the Republican leaders of New Jersey laughed at the idea of a dry college professor defeating their superbly greased machine. In a week's time they found they were not dealing with a mere schoolmaster, but with a statesman, who had the brains, the courage, the ability, to put the Republican organization on the defensive. And for weeks he has had the Jersey Republicans on the run. He has had the whole country laughing at them. He has had the capacity to bring back old Democrats to the fold they had deserted in the years of blunders gone by, and to attract thousands of young men to the party because of his progressive leadership.

In the renewed conservatism and sanity of the present political situation, it would seem the part of wisdom for a renewal of the old-time political co-operation of the East and the South in the guidance and control of the Democratic party. New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, are the old-time strongholds of Democracy. The man who can carry them is the most eligible nominee for the Democratic party. Woodrow Wilson is pre-eminently that man.

Four years ago a strong organization of Eastern Democrats tried to push a Southern man for the Presidential nomination. First, they tried the lamented Daniel of Virginia; then, they turned to the able Culberson of Texas. To-day the South advises them to turn to a matchless Southerner at their doors—Woodrow Wilson. Unhesitatingly, the *News* recommends this step to the wise and patriotic Democratic leaders of the East.

Wilson, born, reared, largely educated in the South, is essentially Southern. He typifies admirably the historic Southern leader in ability, in breadth, in courage, in power of expression. Living for a quarter of a century in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New Jersey, he has grown into thorough touch with the best that is in the great East. He is a figure of national breadth, of national sympathies. Since he was a college student he has made a special study of American history, politics, and economics. In the shades of classic Princeton he was for ten years one of the intimates of the great Cleveland, and that honest, successful leader's mantle has in a measure fallen on the Southerner. But above all, Wilson has shown on the stump his grasp of American problems of to-day and his ability to deal with the shifty Republican party as a national force. He has stripped away with a masterly hand all the essential weaknesses of Republican government. He is a new leader, with clear views and the magnetic power to impress them on his hearers of all classes.—*Birmingham News.*

New York State

That sane and temperate progressive Democrat, Woodrow Wilson, now Governor-elect of New Jersey, had, in the course of the campaign which resulted in his triumphant election, something to say regarding the pressing problem of a judicious reform of the tariff in the interest of the consuming masses. Since by common consent there is no question now up for consideration so immensely fraught with great possibilities, alike to the people and to the Democratic party, we append a part of what Dr. Wilson said upon this subject:

Certainly not by rapid and radical changes in our present tariffs, but by such a prolonged and steady change as will bring about an adaptation of the fiscal policy of the government to the real needs and circumstances of our manufacturing and laboring classes, with a view ultimately to get upon this basis: the taxation for the support of the government of those things for which it will not be a real hardship to pay high prices. If taxes upon these do not suffice, the taxation of those things which it will least burden the people to pay for; things not absolute necessaries, things which they can do without without suffering in privation, and throughout the whole process an honest seeking for the things which will yield the most revenue with the least burden to the people.

It would be difficult to pen, in an equal number of words, a more calm and rational tariff-reform policy than this. The tariff for revenue only is the logical goal; that is, the constitutional meaning of the right of taxation, as against its perversion to special privilege. But in a self-governing Republic, logical goals, if too immediately insisted upon, are likely to defeat themselves and produce a reaction to the old abuses. The present duty of the Democratic party is to revise those flagrant schedules which shelter monopoly and aid the giant trusts to raise the cost of living arbitrarily and cruelly. This it should do in so sane and responsible a manner that no excuse for business panic or upheaval in industrial circles may be given. —*Albany Argus.*

Michigan

By the New Democrats, of which Colonel Editor George Harvey is a luminary, Dr. Woodrow Wilson was induced to resign as president of Princeton University and run for Governor of New Jersey to test his own political popularity and the strength of the Democratic principles and doctrines which he typifies. Had he been defeated, it would, of course, have demonstrated that this new school of Democracy is not justified in its Presidential ambitions and hopes. His election, on the other hand, buries yet deeper the era of Bryanism and its attendant heresies.

The kind of campaign which Dr. Woodrow Wilson has conducted in New Jersey also throws a new light upon the man. There was nothing in it of uncertainty and academic aloofness. He met all attacks upon him firmly, vigorously, and with just the proper amount of dignity. He showed remarkable political sagacity and resourcefulness. It is no longer safe or logical to deride the ambitions of the academic statesman, the New Sage of Princeton. Dr. Woodrow Wilson is a Democratic figure to be reckoned with.—*Detroit Journal.*

North Carolina

The election of Woodrow Wilson as Governor of New Jersey has given the highest satisfaction to patriotic men in every section of the Republic, because it indicates that the popular mind is weary of the strident voice of the self-seeker and the coarse methods of those who proclaim all their opponents as "scoundrels" and "cowards" and employ like epithets in imitation of Mr. Roosevelt's low plane of campaigning. The people—those who toil with hand and those who toil with brain—are turning to the student and man of affairs to lead in the solution of the grave problems to be solved. Moreover, they are looking, not only for the scholar and practical man, but for the clean man of high ideals, who must win success, if at all, by standing for the measures that will give a fair chance for all men. It was because they found such a man in Woodrow Wilson that New Jersey made a change of more than a hundred thousand majority in its vote.—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

A Slogan for 1912

The election of Woodrow Wilson as Governor of New Jersey by the remarkable majority of fifty thousand is a tribute to a strong personality, and it is also an endorsement of a great issue presented by him at every stage of the campaign. This issue is the first real promise we have had that the monopolies can be controlled. Heretofore the offending corporation has been fined and it has proceeded to collect the fine from the public. This was done because a corporation is an artificial person and an artificial person cannot be imprisoned.

Woodrow Wilson stands as high among lawyers as he does among scholars, and as a lawyer he says "guilt is personal." These three words constitute a new issue which may become a new and important departure. "Society," he says, "cannot afford to have individuals wield the power of thousands without responsibility. It cannot afford to let its strongest men be the only men who are inaccessible to the law. Modern Democratic society in particular cannot afford to constitute its economic undertakings upon the monarchical or aristocratic principle, and adopt the fiction that the kings and great men thus set up can do no wrong which will make them personally amenable to the law which restrains smaller men; that their kingdoms, not themselves, must suffer for their blunders, their follies, and their transgressions of rights."

Dr. Wilson proposes to hold the offending individual responsible rather than the corporation, and if there are damages to be paid—they should be paid out of the private means of the persons who are guilty. This proposition opens a way to the punishment of the guilty in any trust or monopoly, and, according to Woodrow Wilson, it discloses the only efficient way by which such concerns can be regulated and controlled. These three words, "Guilt is personal," will become a slogan for 1912.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Distanced at the Start

Dr. Woodrow Wilson's speaking engagements this winter are piling up. This week he delivers an address in Indianapolis. The middle of next month will find him in Chicago as the chief orator at the dinner of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association. Wherever he goes Democrats will be eager to see and hear him. In this kind of work, the Governor-elect of New Jersey has all of his Presidential rivals in the Democratic party distanced at the start. He is a captivating speaker.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Renunciation of Tolstoi

THE news which was so keenly feared has come out of Astapova. Tolstoi is dead! It was known that this greatest of the Russians had only a bare chance of recovery from the sickness brought about by his journey into self-exile. The tragic story was flashed across the world only a few days ago; it marks a life's finale infinitely more dramatic than anything that Tolstoi has conceived as a novelist.

Setting out from his home at Yasnaya Polyana, leaving behind him only a brief note of farewell, the aged author, accompanied by Dr. Makovetsky, departed to carry out his expressed desire of dying in solitude. "Do not seek me," he wrote to his wife. "I feel that I must retire from the trouble of life. Perpetual guests, perpetual visits and visitors, perpetual cinematograph operators beset me at Yasnaya Polyana and poison my life. I want to recover from the trouble of the world. It is necessary for my soul and my body, which has lived eighty-two years upon this earth." He added that he would not return, if he were found, and closed with an appeal for his wife's forgiveness after their forty-eight years of married life.

Stealing out from the peasant's hut, which he occupied upon the magnificent estate, once his, but made over by him to his wife, Count Tolstoi, accompanied by his physician—whose part in the drama does not appear to have been explained to satisfaction—travelled in a third-class carriage to a near-by town and thence walked six miles to the Shamardinsky convent, where Tolstoi's favorite sister has been a nun for many years. Here he spent a quiet week, while Russia was searched for the discovery of his whereabouts. At last he was located, and as soon as he learned this he insisted upon starting off again immediately. His daughter Alexandra, who had found him, refused to leave her father, and the pair, still accompanied by the physician, after announcing that they were going to Moscow, in order to cover their tracks, boarded a local train that was proceeding southward in the direction of the Caucasus.

It was Tolstoi's intention to join a colony of his disciples there, but several hours spent in a third-class railroad carriage, which was crowded with peasants, brought on a fever, and the Count became so ill that Dr. Makovetsky refused to permit him to proceed. The party left the train at the little flag station at Astapova, where Tolstoi was housed in a wretched building. Inflammation of the lungs developed, and at this time the issue is doubtful.

The cause of Tolstoi's flight is said to have been the unpleasant relations existing between the peasants on the estate and the Countess Tolstoi, to whom he had deeded his property. The Countess, while remaining loyal to her distinguished husband, has never sympathized with his views, and further disputes are said to have been occasioned by his refusal to copyright an unpublished novel.

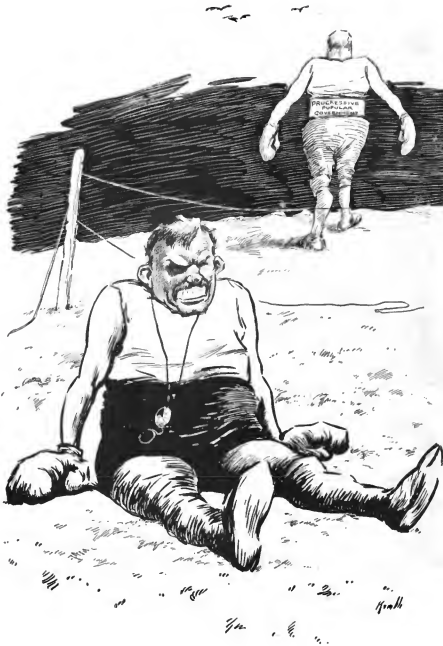
On his journey Tolstoi stopped at the monastery of Optina and said:

"I am the excommunicated and anathematized Leo Tolstoi. Is there any objection to my stay here?"

"It is both a duty and a pleasure to offer you shelter," was the reply.

This conversation arose out of the circumstance of the Church ban which was placed upon Tolstoi in consequence of his having ridiculed the Eucharist in his novel *Resurrection*, which appeared about ten years ago. A meeting of the Synod was held as soon as the news of the aged writer's illness became known, and a movement toward his reconciliation with the Church was mooted. While Count Tolstoi's excommunication is believed to have occasioned him severe distress, it is known that he died without recanting any views he has expressed. In fact, one version of the cause of his flight states that he desired to absent himself before death in order to prevent his family from suffering any trouble through the hostility of the Church, which would preclude the burial services from being performed.

If Tolstoi, the reformer and philosophical anarchist, has failed to convince the world, its sympathy and sorrow have been stirred by the pathetic end of Tolstoi the master writer.


PROGRESSIVE POPULAR GOVERNMENT
Kemble

"THE FIGHT FOR PROGRESSIVE POPULAR GOVERNMENT HAS MERELY BEGUN"
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

DRAWN BY E W KEMBLE

The Slump in the King Business

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY

ONE of the London journals observed, when the Portuguese revolution became an accomplished fact, that while everybody had expected it nobody was quite prepared for it. The remark was a just one. It was clear from the moment of the murder of King Carlos that Portugal had entered a difficult phase of her distracted history, but at the same time it was hoped that the shock of the tragedy might have a steadying and pacifying effect, that the youth and loneliness of King Manuel might appeal to the national sense of chivalry, and that there would be a general movement of concentration round the throne. The hope had never, perhaps, much basis in the actual conditions of Portugal. The apathy and unconcern of the Lisbon populace on the morrow of King Carlos's death showed that something had snapped in the relationship between throne and people; and before a year had gone by it was evident that another crisis was rapidly maturing. The mere fact that the murder of the monarch was a subject that even the warmest adherents of the dynasty thought it best not to investigate was sufficient proof of the precariousness of the situation. And very soon the old abuses began to reappear, and Portuguese "politics," a farce when it was not a tragedy, stepped back into the accustomed rut.

The cry to rally round the throne never met with any real response. The parties who were supposed to be most devoted to the monarchy quickly showed that they had no thought of placing its interests above their desire for the spoils of office. True, the decrees promulgated during the Franquist dictatorship were one by one annulled. But nothing vital was changed. Ministry after ministry followed one another into office and out of it. The old "rotativist" system, by which each party took its agreed turn in administering and plundering the country and under which government became swiftly a matter of barter, arrangement, and contract between the Ins and the Outs, was revived in all its infamous absurdity. The scandals of the Credito Predial—morally as revolting as the Panama affair, and politically even more disastrous—revealed a grossness of corruption that equally implicated all the governing parties. The young king was nerveless and bewildered and believed to be a profligate. The clericalism of his mother and her activity in politics told heavily against him. A parliament overrun with frothy orators, parties without creed or principle, an apathetic and disillusioned people "run" by a few thousands of professional politicians, the whole country preyed upon by the tax-gatherer and the carpet-bagger, the judicial system a mockery of justice; education, industry, everything that made for the health and sanity of the nation, starved and neglected—Portugal, it was clear, was just the same. Honest and thoughtful men became more and more convinced that reform by convulsion was the only remedy.

The Republicans gained strength even among men who were not by any means enamoured of the Republican theory, simply because they offered a complete alternative to a system that had become impossible and that had outlived alike its effectiveness and its popularity. They were almost, too, the only party which possessed a national organization and which had had the foresight to spread their doctrines among the army and the navy. It is not certain, but it is very probable, that they could have overturned the monarchy even if events had not played into their hands. But it is worth noting as a historical fact that their fortunes were immensely advanced when the king decided to part with the "Progressists"—a monarchical and conservative party, but deeply discredited by the Credito Predial revelations—to call the "Regenerators" to power, and to allow them to "make" the elections that were held in September. The "Progressists" in their fury at once turned upon the king with more than Republican violence. They were willing to sacrifice the dynasty rather than see their rivals in office. When the new Cortes met at the end of September to hear the king's speech they ostentatiously absented themselves. The Conservatives, in short, were boycotting the crown, and while the monarchy in the end was overthrown by its enemies, it was not until it had been betrayed and deserted by its friends.

The time that has elapsed since that memorable fifth of October when an eight-hundred-year-old monarchy was snuffed out in a night has served to make many things clearer. But there was one aspect of the whole affair that it scarcely needed the passing weeks to emphasize. The Lisbon revolution revealed, as by lightning, the tremendous difference that a century has wrought in the popular conception of monarchy and in the solidarity of those who ply the kingly craft. In itself there was nothing abnormal about it; pretty nearly all its external circumstances might be paralleled from the history not only of other lands, but of Portugal herself; the upsetting of a throne, the downfall of a dynasty, the expulsion of a reigning sovereign—these are the commonplaces of European annals; and what happened in Lisbon might have happened, and indeed has happened, almost anywhere and in almost any age. But supposing it had occurred a hundred years ago, the spirit of the revolution and its European consequences would have been very different. For one thing, it could hardly have failed to call forth an active monarchical party composed of men who were ready to stake their all for monarchy as a principle and who would have plunged their country into civil war rather than assent to its abandonment. Nothing of the kind has happened in Portugal to-day; the passing of the Braganzas has evoked apparently not the slightest sign of attachment to the throne as an institution or to King Manuel as the representative of an ancient, honored, and workable theory of government. Again, had the revolution broken out a hundred years ago we should have had an immediate conference of the kings of Europe, each one of them dreading on his own account the reflex action of the Portuguese example, all keen to assert the common interests of kingship and to avenge the insult offered to them all in the person even of the least of their number. There would have been something more than talk about the possibilities of intervention; the Holy Alliance would have been swift to put itself in motion; armies and fleets would have been speedily prepared, Portugal would have been invaded and a war to set Manuel on his throne again and to uphold the general cause of monarchy would have been the result. To-day nothing of the kind. No sovereign even ventures to hint that the Portuguese should be restrained by force from settling their own affairs in their own way; none even dreams of raising the standard of monarchy against the joint banners of nationalism and democracy.

All rulers must sleep a little more uneasily than ever after the Lisbon outbreak, but all realize that they must make the best of it; that they are impotent to chastise the Portuguese and to restore Manuel; and that Monarchy as an international force, a cause that could make an effective appeal, has had its day. The events of the past few weeks have registered the fact of that transformation as it has never been registered before. Monarchy is very far from being an exhausted power in human affairs; its

(Continued on page 20)

WHERE MANUEL OF PORTUGAL LAID HIS UNEASY HEAD

KING MANUEL'S BEDROOM IN THE NECESSIDADES PALACE AT LISBON, AS IT APPEARED UPON THE MORNING AFTER HIS FLIGHT FROM PORTUGAL. THE HASTE OF THE KING'S DEPARTURE IS SHOWN IN THE DISORDERED BED, THE UNIFORM THAT HE DARED NOT ASSUME AND THE OTHER DISCARDED GARMENTS

The Revolution in Tennessee

HOW THE DEMOCRATIC RESENTMENT OF THE HIGH-HANDED BOSSISM OF GOVERNOR PATTERSON AS WELL AS HIS ARBITRARY PARDONING OF THE SLAYERS OF EX-SENATOR CARMACK ENABLED THE REPUBLICANS TO CARRY THE STATE

By R. E. Pritchard

TENNESSEE has broken the political traditions of the Solid South. While the East and Middle West were registering their protests against the tariff and Roosevelt by giving Democratic majorities, it has elected Ben W. Hooper, a young Republican, Governor.

It was a revolution against bossism as represented by the present Governor, Patterson, and its lesson is that the people of the State, though the majority of them are Democrats, will not stand any longer for dictation, even if they have to overthrow their own party.

Contributing causes have been the prohibition question and the killing of former United States Senator Carmack. The tragedy brought about the anti-saloon laws, and the election has registered the disapproval of the people of the political policies of the man who was Carmack's bitterest political enemy.

Although Tennessee has elected a Republican Governor, it chose, at the same election, a Democratic Legislature which promises to wipe out a prohibition law which was forced on at least four cities of the State against the wishes of the majority of their citizens.

The political history of Tennessee for the past five years has been as dramatic as fiction, and to understand the conditions that have forced the State into the Republican column it is necessary to recall the conditions that have existed since the death of General W. B. Bate, in March, 1905, just as he was entering upon his third term in the United States Senate.

The Legislature, then in session, elected Governor James B. Frazier to succeed the Confederate general, and, by provision of the Constitution, John I. Cox, Speaker of the Senate, succeeded to the Governorship. That Frazier and Cox had made a deal was the charge which opened up the way for the factionalism that was to split the party.

A few weeks later Malcolm R. Patterson, of Memphis, a member of Congress with a remarkable record as an absentee, but an orator of rare ability and a man of remarkable courage, announced against Cox. He attacked Cox's record as a member of the Legislature. He declared that Cox was a "disgrace to the State," "the tool of the saloon," and "Democrat in name, Republican in fact." His platform called for the end of machine politics.

Edward Ward Carmack was then serving his State in the Senate with rare ability. During the McMillin-Bate contest he had come out for the re-election of the veteran, and his support had an inestimable effect. There had been rumors at the time that McMillin and Robert L. Taylor, three times Governor, had formed a compact to defeat Bate and Carmack. McMillin had failed, but Taylor was destined to be more successful against Carmack. Few except the most partisan would admit that there was a comparison between the ability of the two men. While Carmack was intensely earnest, often bitter and unforgiving, Taylor possessed the opposite qualities which gave him the title of "Apostle of Sunshine." Known as the "fiddling Governor" because he played the fiddle and sang old-time songs from the stump, he was an unexcelled campaigner.

Taylor refused to meet Carmack in joint debate. The issue was practically the personality of the two candidates, though Taylor did assail Carmack for his attacks on Roosevelt. His enemies have called "Bob" Taylor a "buffoon," but the country districts rolled up a majority of 7,000 for the man who made them laugh and cry. This was the first and only State-wide primary that Tennessee has held. Its conduct was satisfactory to all. On May 29th of the same year the Gubernatorial convention met. The gathering was disgraceful. Pistols were drawn on the stage of the Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, and there were fights almost without number. More than once murder was imminent. There were many contesting delegations, and though Cox seemed able to control the temporary organization, the result depended on the disputed votes. Disorder broke out as soon as the convention was called to order by W. K. Abernathy, the acting State chairman, and the struggle came upon the selection of a temporary chairman. All went well until Davidson County (Nashville) was called. A Patterson supporter tried to cast the vote, which was challenged on the ground of contest.

Wildly waving his arms, a tall, slender young man, a boy just out of law school, strode to the centre of the platform. This youth was to make history. But for his presence on that day Patterson would not have been nominated, the brilliant Carmack would be still alive, and Tennessee would not be a Republican State. Luke Lea, a young lawyer and a member of the Patterson delegation from Davidson, had chosen his own part to play. He made the point that the Cox man was not a delegate, the county being under contest. Neither was Lea, but he held his position throughout that trying day and no one dared remove him. When one of his numerous motions was overruled, he appealed to the convention, and though he had no right to make a motion, the chairman put his question. The roll-call was nearing the end when the Patterson delegates from Robertson rushed forward, threatening Chairman Abernathy because he recognized a contest.

The chairman retreated, and quick as a flash Lea, who saw that Patterson was losing, usurped the chair, seized the gavel, and announced that Abernathy had left the hall and that the convention had elected him chairman. The Patterson delegates rushed on the platform, trampling the newspaper correspondents underfoot, fighting and cursing. After hours of disorder a committee from the two factions was named to agree on a temporary chairman.

It selected Judge J. T. Bradford, of Nashville, who was later to prove one of Patterson's staunchest partisans. There were rival reports from the credentials committee, the majority favoring Cox. There was also a unanimous report, as the result of compromise in the committee, giving Giles County, with twenty-nine votes, to Patterson, and Weakley, with twenty-seven, to Cox. No report was adopted, but the Patterson men moved to take up Shelby County, the home of Patterson, first. On a vote to table this motion Bradford allowed Giles County to cast its vote, though no report had yet been adopted, and until it had the county was still under contest.

It was all over then. Patterson was nominated and elected.

At this time temperance legislation was one of the chief problems of politics. The first efforts to put prohibition into effect was made in the Constitutional Convention of 1870, the last held in the State, but it was defeated by an overwhelming vote. A few years later at the request of the University of the South a special act was enacted to prohibit the sale of whiskey in the college town of Sewanee. This was declared unconstitutional, and the Legislature of 1877 passed the "four-mile law" which prohibited the sale of liquor within four miles of any school.

Ben W. Hooper
REPUBLICAN GOVERNOR-ELECT OF TENNESSEE

For years no serious effort was made to extend the operation of anti-saloon measures. In recent years the law was gradually advanced until it was successively applied to towns of 2,000 and under, and, in 1903, to towns of under 5,000. Under these acts a town which wished to abolish the saloon voted on the question, and if a majority so directed the old charter which permitted the saloon was surrendered and the town reincorporated under the new law which prohibited for all time the sale of intoxicants. Towns went dry by scores.

As the champion of State-wide prohibition Carmack became a candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination in 1908. He demanded a primary, and the Patterson-controlled State Committee evolved the "county unit" plan instead of the State-wide primary which had already proven so successful. The primary in each county controlled only the vote of the delegates from that county in the State convention. It did not even name the delegates. The committee denied the Carmack plea for a State-wide primary. In every city in the State Carmack denounced the Patterson primary system.

The joint debate between the two, both orators of unusual ability and men of courage, was very bitter. Carmack attacked Patterson's pardon record, showing that in the first year of his administration he had extended clemency to three hundred and eighty, including sixty-one murderers. He called the Governor a friend of the saloons, and made prohibition the chief issue. And in the minds of the people generally the saloon was the one issue.

Patterson, with equal bitterness, defended his record and advocated local option. This was evidently what the people wanted, for Patterson received a popular majority of 6412 and a majority of one hundred and forty-six of the delegates. The Governor believed that Pattersonism had triumphed. It had not. The people simply did not want obnoxious liquor laws forced on them. But a bullet was to wipe out the victory for local option.

Luke Lea had turned on Patterson and had become one of Carmack's chief supporters. Why this change of faith came, Lea would never say. Lea was the active spirit in the *Tennessean*, a new Nashville daily, which had fought Patterson vigorously as if to atone for Lea's part in making Patterson's first nomination possible. So the defeated Carmack became the editor of the *Tennessean* on Lea's request, and resumed his attacks on Patterson.

To add to the inconsistencies, the same Cox whom Patterson had denounced had become the Governor's lieutenant in the Senate. In the closing days of the campaign Carmack had scored Colonel Duncan B. Cooper, once his friend and employer, but now Patterson's chief adviser, and he continued his attacks after he became an editor. Carmack assailed the "Zweibund," consisting of Patterson, Cox, and Sparrell Hill, a politician of some note, and credited Cooper with bringing about the reconciliation. Cooper sent a warning to use his name no more in the editorials.

On November 10, 1908, Carmack referred to Cooper editorially as "the great diplomat of the Zweibund." That afternoon Colonel Cooper and his son Robin met Carmack. Shots were fired and Carmack fell dead; the Coopers went to jail.

Carmack's death accomplished what a hundred campaigns would have left undone. When the Legislature met in January the first bill introduced was to extend prohibition to the whole State, and a companion measure made it unlawful to manufacture liquor in Tennessee. Patterson hurried a special message against prohibition to the Legislature. As an answer the Senate passed the State-wide bill the next day, and twenty-four hours later the House followed suit. On January 19th the Governor vetoed the measure, and the next day both Houses passed it over his veto. The companion measure was likewise passed, vetoed, and passed over the veto.

This legislation was accomplished over protests of delegations from Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga, and Lafollette, and over the votes of the representatives of the four cities. At that time Nashville had a segregation law which was satisfactory to the majority of the citizens. Chattanooga had an ideal excise law which limited the number of saloons to sixty-nine. They closed at ten o'clock and on Sunday. Tables, chairs, and music were barred, so as to wipe out the negro dives, and gambling was prohibited. Violation of the law meant a loss of license, and with the limited number of saloons the license became so valuable that the saloon-keeper saw to it that the law was enforced. Memphis was practically "wide open," yet the people had not shown any desire to vote the saloon out.

The prohibition law became effective July 1st. Memphis saloons did not close a door. In Nashville and Chattanooga hundreds of social clubs, whose real object was to sell liquor, were incorporated under the laws of the State. Some of these were closed, and then the saloons opened again.

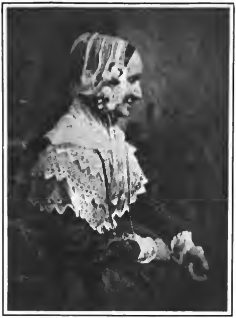
In Chattanooga, where there had been sixty-nine licensed and regulated saloons, there sprang up two hundred and ten, unregulated and paying no license.

While the Legislature was still passing prohibition laws, on January 21st, the Coopers were placed on trial for murder. Two months later they were found guilty and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. An appeal to the Supreme Court was taken. During the trial Patterson had been inaugurated for the second term, and on the same day announced that he would be a candidate for the third time. He attacked the Legislature for the alliance between the Democrats and Republicans which made the prohibition measures possible and which, in turn, gave the Republicans the kind of an election law they wanted. On April 13th the Supreme Court decided that Colonel Duncan Cooper's sentence should stand, but reversed the case of Robin Cooper and ordered a new trial. The decisions were rendered by a divided court.

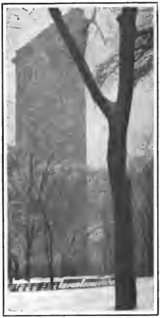
Ten minutes after he had heard the decision and before he served a moment's imprisonment, Colonel Cooper was pardoned. He had been made a free man by the Governor without any application for pardon and without any action by the Board of Pardons.

Even then Patterson did not heed the handwriting on the wall. On May 29th the Patterson-controlled State Committee called a primary on the county unit plan to name candidates for all State and judicial offices and for the Senate. Although the Constitution of the State, in an effort to divorce the courts from politics, provides that the judiciary shall be elected in August and the other State officials in November, the committee refused to concede a separate primary. According to the rules promulgated, a sub-committee of five from the Patterson committee was to name the election officers for every precinct, and there was no assurance that a particular candidate would have a single representative. It was also provided that a sub-committee should name a committee in each county to select the delegates to the State

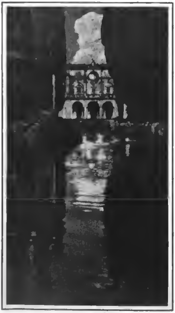
(Continued on page 26)



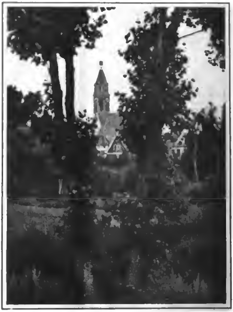
Portrait, by D. O. Hill. Produced sixty or seventy years ago



The Flatiron, by Alfred Stieglitz



Villa Falconieri, by Hugo Henneberg, Vienna



The Two Trees, Roth, by Alvin Langdon Coburn

PAINTING WITH THE CAMERA

FOUR NOTABLE PRINTS IN THE BUFFALO EXHIBITION OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

(See article on opposite page)

Artists of the Lens

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN BUFFALO

By Alvin Langdon Coburn

The author of this article, whose photographic work is widely known in this country and Europe, is one of the principal exhibitors at the gallery

THE Albright Gallery of Buffalo, one of the most important art institutions in America, has at present within its walls the finest exhibition of pictorial photographs that has ever been held. This exhibition was originally planned during the directorship of the late Dr. Kurtz, but his wishes have been ably carried out by Miss Sage, the present director, who has done much to contribute to its success.

The selecting and hanging were intrusted to that body of workers that has done so much toward the advancement of photography—the Photo Secession; and without the indefatigable labors of its leading spirit, Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, this exhibition would not have been possible. Mr. Stieglitz began to use the camera in the year 1886, and his exploits and successes since that time would need more space than I have at my disposal to do them justice. He regards this show at Buffalo as his greatest achievement and as the culmination of the work of twenty years. In all there are no fewer than 584 prints, representing four national groups and sixty-five exhibitors, and out of this collection I should say, although I have not definitely counted them in the catalogue, that rather more than half are of American origin.

To many people it will come as a surprise to learn that the so-called "modern photography" movement had its beginning as long as sixty-seven years ago. In 1843 David Octavius Hill, a Scotch painter, made photographic portraits that few have equalled and none surpassed in excellence to this day. Now Hill worked with the most cumbersome of apparatus, with silver sensitized paper for his negatives requiring an exposure of five minutes in *sunlight* to secure a result. In fact, his technical difficulties were enormous, so great that it is almost impossible for the amateur of to-day to understand or appreciate them, spoiled as he is with the perfection and "fool-proof" character of modern methods. But in spite of this, Hill had one great advantage: he was not troubled by what my friend Mr. Bernard Shaw calls "the infuriating academicisms which already barnacle photography so thickly." He did not have to decide whether he would belong to the "Fuzzy School" (I am pleased to say he did not) or to the still worse "Sharp and Shiny" contingent. He simply used the apparatus that was there to his hand, because in fact there was no other. Many of his unusual effects of light are more easily understood when one knows that he frequently employed a concave mirror to flash sunlight during his long exposures into his otherwise too deep shadows. This is one of the things that he thought out for himself in his necessity, and it is a great wonder to me that this device has been discarded, for I have quite recently been making experiments in this direction with the most interesting results, using Hill's original mirror, of which I am the proud possessor.

The prints from a photographic negative vary in quality to a much greater degree than the impressions of an etching, for there are so many more factors to be taken into consideration. It requires a very fine connoisseur to appreciate the subtle beauties of a fine platinum print, but the time will come when a selected example of the work of, say, Clarence White will be as eagerly sought after and as difficult to obtain as the work of certain old masters is to-day. When people begin to realize more fully that nearly every print in this Buffalo exhibition is unique (and it is this quality of uniqueness that is so important), that the show includes carefully selected examples of practically every photographer of international reputation, and extends back in time to the days of Hill, the scope of this show will be easily seen. If any one is considering the advisability of starting a collection of photographic prints (and even from a commercial point of view it is an excellent investment), this exhibition offers the finest opportunities, for in the days to come the fact that a print was shown in the Buffalo Exhibition of 1910 will give it a place in the history of photography.

Two outstanding facts, quite apart from the pictures themselves, give this exhibition especial distinction. The first is the splendid setting of the Albright Gallery, and the second is the method adopted in hanging the collection. Hanging an exhibition is really a fine art in itself, an art more akin to architecture than to any other, and it is difficult to imagine a more perfect expression of this art than that which has been given us in this instance by Mr. Max Weber, the painter secessionist. The work of each exhibitor has been hung in a panel which has taken into consideration the character of the prints, the size of the panel, and the general harmony of the room. If you simply regard the pictures as the spots of a pattern against the background the effect is so pleasing that it seems a tragedy that in a short few weeks this collection will be dispersed to the four corners of the earth, and that nothing will be left of this wonderful frame pattern but the memory of it in the minds of such of us as have seen it. That it should not be entirely lost, I have made a number of photographs of the chief groupings, and in them I have tried not so much to indicate each individual print as to give some idea of Mr. Weber's beautiful pattern.

The catalogue is in thorough keeping with the spirit of the exhibition, from the picture of the gallery in essence on the cover, to the historical descriptions of the prominent workers, which are of the same direct character, and it will be a most valuable document as time goes on and the importance of this exhibition in the history of photography is realized. Those interested will do well to secure a copy, as it contains much information of an interesting and reliable character.

In Hill's time there was not the multiplicity of printing methods that are now at the command of the workers in photography. The catalogue mentions thirteen methods employed in prints shown and each year adds to the number; yet, strangely enough, in spite of the greater number of complicated processes that are invented the prints of the best workers seem to be growing simpler, more direct, and more free from what is vulgarly termed "faking" as time goes on. If one wants to produce the effect of a wash drawing or a mezzotint, it is better to work in these mediums and very much easier. Photography has not obtained its recognition by any such cheap method as masquerading as some other art. It is in giving us the liquid quality of water, the delicate beauty of clouds, and the subtly seen and rendered expression in portraiture that photography has its greatest field of activity and where its finest qualities are to be found.

Great Britain is represented by nine men: Hill, to whom I have already referred; Craig Annan, who has been connected with photography since the early nineties and has been one of the chief factors in its development; George Davison, who was a worker at an even earlier date and one of the founders of the "Linked Ring"; Frederic Evans, of architectural fame, and five of the younger workers: Malcolm Arbuthnot, Walter Bennington, Archibald Cochrane, Dudley Johnston, and Frank Read.

France is represented by Robert Demachy, the champion and defender of "manipulation" in photography, and three of his confrères. Austria-Germany is a most interesting section, as it contains the large gum-bichromate prints of the "Viennese Trifolium," which, more than any other exhibits, compete directly with painting, as is their evident intention. It is very curious to see these prints at this stage of the development of photography: and to think that of the three workers that produced them Watzek is dead, Henneberg has become a painter because he considered photography too difficult, and Kühn, perhaps the strongest of the three, has come under the influence of the American school and practically abandoned his earlier methods. Baron de Meyer, while he is catalogued in the Austria-Germany section, is hung with the Americans. This is as it should be; for, although he is a German subject, he has the American point of view in his work, and he and Kühn are the only two foreign members of the Photo-Secession.

And now I come to the largest and undoubtedly the most vital section: the American, which Mr. Nilsen Laurvik, in his able lecture delivered at the gallery, describes as America's greatest contribution to the modern art of the world. When I say that such names as Brigman, Day, Eugene, Käsebier, Keiley, Seeley, Steichen, Stieglitz, and White are to be found in the catalogue, and that these photographers are represented in most cases by their best, it is hardly necessary to say more to any one who has followed the movement. I could tell you many things concerning the beauty of their work and many amusing things about their fight for recognition but to talk of my colleagues is not the object of these notes.

The open section is a very interesting one and shows that there is plenty of new talent. I was particularly impressed with the prints of Paul Haviland and Karl Struss.

Photography is a medium of expression that requires a dual sort of mentality; it is a marriage of science and art. That is why there are not more great photographers.

As I steamed up New York harbor the other day on the liner that brought me home from abroad I felt the kinship of the mind that could produce those magnificent Martian-like monsters, the suspension-bridges, with that of the photographer of the new school. The one uses his brain to fashion a thing of steel girders, a spider's web of beauty to glisten in the sun, the other blends chemistry and optics with personality in such a way as to produce a lasting impression of a beautiful fragment of nature. The work of both, the bridge builder and the photographer, owes its existence to man's conquest over nature.

THE WALRUS AND THE CABINET-MAKER

THIS CARVED WALRUS TUSK, 2½ FEET LONG AND 10 INCHES IN CIRCUMFERENCE, WAS PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT TAFT BY CITIZENS OF FAIRBANKS, ALASKA. ITS FORMER OWNER WAS A "KING" WALRUS AND CAME FROM THE BERING SEA. THE TUSK IS HANDSOMELY EMBOSSED IN GOLD, AND SHOWS SCENES FROM ALASKA

The Greater Gift

By Herman Scheffauer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. FOSTER LINCOLN

"LAND there!" said the Abbate Lotrelli to the swarthy captain of the swift felucca, "there by those three tall cypresses!"

His delicate white hand pointed across the moon-mad waters to three pointed shapes that stood like ragged iron lance-heads against the star-strewn sky. A day and a night from Tunis in this corsair craft, and now the Abbate was once more close to his native town—romantic Scylla, set high upon the extreme mainland of Italy on the Strait of Messina. The sharp prow of the felucca ran with a gentle shock into the gravel of the shore.

"Good-by, my friend," said the Abbate in a low voice, and shook the hand of the dark-skinned skipper. Then he descended the plank a sailor had flung from deck to sand. He carried a parcel which seemed heavy and was wrapped in leather. The barbarous mariners saw their strange, silent passenger kneel upon the strand; it shone like a stretch of silver in the moonlight. He buried his hands in the sand and bent low, as though to kiss it.

Cordage creaked in the pulleys, the great sweeps groaned in their locks, and the felucca, resetting her wet sails, glided like a bird through the night. The Abbate Lotrelli arose, his hat in his hand. His pale, austere, and handsome face showed like marble above his black travelling cloak; his dark hair made his features paler still.

It was the strange, mystic hour of universal hush just before dawn, that hour when the giant energies of nature seem for a moment to flag, when there is a sudden pause in her respiration and the unborn day falters and trembles upon the threshold of Time. The silence was full of awe; the stars were like the passionless eyes of the gods looking serenely down. The Abbate stood still, his back to the sea; the mystery of this morning and the significance of his presence here overmastered him. On his right, hidden by the rising wood, lay his native village. Three years had passed since last he had seen it. The road lay like an argent river in the lunar light. Through the Abbate's mind rushed this oft-recurrent thought:

"I will swiftly make my way to the Church of Our Lady, open the door of the sacristy with my key, and leave the bundle upon the tiny altar there. Natullo, the sexton, will then find it when he comes to ring for the first mass. No one is about—no one will see me now—no one will see me again."

Before him arose the Three Virgins;—so the peasants called those slender cypresses. Beyond them the crest-line of a hill was visible, from which the old Roman ruin he knew so well since boyhood days loomed into the sky. To his left lay the moon-decked Mediterranean; across the strait he saw Sicily, the beacons of Messina with their tossing crescent fires, and faint and far and ghostly the towering white pyramid of Mount Ætna. Opposite Scylla, on the Sicilian shore, the sinister headland of Charybdis frowned. Between these two cliffs at the changing of the tides howled and roared the ship-engulfing whirlpools that smote the hearts of ancient mariners with dread. The waters of the blue Mediterranean and those of the green Tyrrhenian Sea, charging through the narrow strait, met here in hideous, foaming frays.

A hint of the dawn was in the east. The Abbate Lotrelli ascended the road that led into the main street of the elevated village. Scylla, gray and old, with its three thousand souls, was built compactly upon the top of the sea cliff, close to its brink. As he climbed toward the town thoughts deep and strange came to the priest. He felt his resolute soul quail under the onslaught of dear and treasured memories poignant with pictures of the past. On the way to the church, of which he was once the head, he would pass by the house where Rosalia dwelt when he first knew and loved her—ere he became a priest and she the wife of another. Farther on stood the house where Rosalia now lived with her criminal husband, Vincenzo Pagato, and their angelic little daughter Giulia. Then his mother's house—a mist rose to his eyes; and then his church; relentless fingers of iron clutched his heart. He knew every house in the place and the inhabitants of every house. Once they all knew and loved him—now, no doubt, they hated or had forgotten him. Truly, great reason they had to hate him. Did they but know he was approaching, they might even issue from their doors and curse or stone him. Yet some would feel compassion in their hearts; he knew them well; they were his children—once.

Walking in the dense shadows of the wood, the Abbate Lotrelli, plunged in dark dreams, neared the top of the road which thence sloped slightly downward into the town. His eyes were hungry for a glimpse of the beloved towers, streets, and houses. He reached the highest point of the road. An inarticulate cry broke dreadfully from his lips. He swayed dizzily, then sat suddenly down upon a prostrate tree trunk. He passed his hand over his bewildered eyes and looked about him like one rudely aroused from deep slumber. The shattered Roman ruin on the neighboring hill caught his eye. Across his features swept a gust of horror. The steely transparency of the dawn slowly ascended the heavens behind the hills, and in this wan, spectral light, mingled with the moon's, stood revealed a scene of mighty desolation.

Sweeping sharply downward from the edge of the broken road, the earth sloped in a tremendous curve to the bottom of a vast hollow and then rose upward to the opposite brink of the chasm. The sides of the gulf ran evenly around like a crescent-shaped amphitheatre and its bottom pitched steeply toward the sea. It was as though some infernal god with one stroke of a gigantic spade had cut down the top of the bluff on which Scylla stood and flung it into the Mediterranean. Dying trees with naked roots and tottering trunks clung to the edge of the pit, boulders uptorn, ground to fragments or flung broadcast, littered the newly exposed earth; a spring loosed from some rent in the rock wound seaward in a track of yellow clay. The strata of the cliff and hillside lay open like a raw wound. Deep trenches and grooves had been ploughed into the ground by the avalanche of plunging rocks. Of habitations no trace remained; the cataclysm had made a void in the landscape and borne away all signs of human existence. Scylla with all its people had perished utterly from the earth; it was as though it had never been; its very site was eternally erased from the eyes of men.

The sallow disk of the moon faded away; the indigo of the sea turned to a clearer blue; star after star left the skies. A flock of swallows winging south whirled by overhead. The Abbate Lotrelli sat as one stricken to the life. Then across his benumbed brain, like a beam of revelation, shot the remembrance of vague tidings brought into Tunis by a French missionary who was seeking a companion to go with him to the battle-fields of Abyssinia. This man had spoken of some Italian town which, with all its inhabitants, had been swept into the sea by an earthquake. Its name he did not know. Stunned and stupefied, the Abbate once more dully surveyed the surrounding landscape. There stood the crumbling edifice of Roman days, grim in the dawnlight; across the strait monstrous Charybdis lifted its threatening head. The young priest was overwhelmed by the realization of something too vast for one human mind to grasp at once; he was crushed by a grief too great to be contained wholly in one human heart. A groan burst from him and he buried his face in his hands. Upon his knees rested the parcel wrapped in leather.

An ocean of tumultuous emotions engulfed his soul; a thousand agonizing memories crowded upon his mind. Now he stood more than ever alone amid mankind, the victim of a colossal bereavement, the martyr of a mighty renunciation. By this dread judgment he stood exalted suddenly to the loftiest eminence of tragic isolation, cut off at one stroke from all that makes life dear and which not even his religion had caused him utterly to renounce. For the first time he felt in all its intensity the absolute, tyrannous power of human ties and associations, of the claim of the natal earth, and the links of social love. Thirty-four of his thirty-seven years had been rooted fast in Scylla. Absence had but intensified his love for the place and the people. By one terrible clash of the shears of Fate he stood sundered from all ties with the past; that part of his life seemed as though it had never been, its records and its results were expunged in the floods. No man had been so deeply concerned in the affairs of the community as the Abbate Lotrelli. In the bitterness of exile he had realized that his life would ever remain inextricably bound up with the three thousand human creatures he knew so intimately. Not a soul was saved, the French missionary had said. Therefore, he was doomed henceforth to wander alone in the world, an ineffaceable brand upon his brow, to bear till death the overwhelming and tremendous burden of memories that none could share with him. He as the solitary survivor would be the sole repository of the life stories of the thousands he knew—what they had done and thought and suffered—yea, the fact that they had ever lived known to him alone. The dark secrets of the confessional that lay entombed in his bosom were now the secrets of the veritably dead. The catastrophe released him from every link with the former days; it rendered null his errand hither and futile his great sacrifice of three years ago and his intended offering of to-day. The known consequences of his own actions, good and evil, were now as naught. He stood bereft of all antecedents, alone as never man was alone.

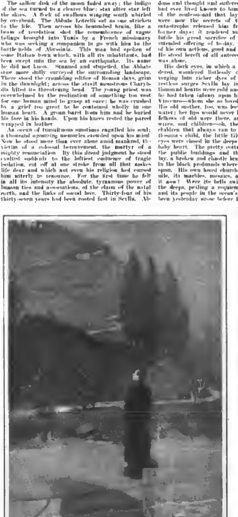
His dark eyes, in which a desolate light now smouldered, wandered listlessly out across the sea, still verging into richer dyes of blue. Deep under those restless surges Scylla lay in ruins and all its three thousand hearts were cold and still. Rosalia, for whom he had taken infamy upon his head, rested there with Vincenzo—whom she so loved—in an everlasting sleep. His old mother, too, was locked in that deep tomb of water; her lips would never bless him again. His playfellows of old were there, and the townspeople, their wives, and children—oh, the many sweet and happy children that always ran to meet him in the streets! Rosalia's child, the little Giulia he loved—her bright eyes were closed in the deeps and the brine was in her baby heart. The pretty cottages filled with happiness, the public buildings and the spangled gardens now lay, a broken and chaotic heap of monstrous confusion, in the black profounds where the whirlpools raved and spun. His own loved church with its graceful campanile, its marbles, mosaics, and paintings, where was it now? Were its bells swinging in the currents in the deeps, pealing a requiem to the shattered village and its people in the ocean's ooze? As though it had been yesterday arose before him that awful sun-bright morning when Rosalia came to him with terror writhing in her lovely countenance. Her very words rang in his ears again:

"Vincenzo, my husband, last night stole the sacred vessels from the sanctuary. He sold them to a Tunisian merchant who sailed this morning. Death and destruction will fall upon us. Vincenzo took also the golden monstrance which the great Pope Sixtus the Fifth gave to our church so long ago. Oh, Paolo Lotrelli, defend us from the curse of God and the law! If Vincenzo be discovered he will be hanged. Oh, Paolo, save him for the love you once bore me—for the love you bear my little Giulia! If Vincenzo be taken I shall die. I love him still beyond all telling. If he be taken I shall die."

Again he saw the beautiful creature as she sank to the marble floor; again he felt the clasp of her arms about his knees. Her agony that had been so terrible then;—the memory of it was terrible now. He recalled his own hollow voice as he had risen and said,

"Say nothing, do nothing—leave all to me."

Then followed fierce combats with his heart and soul arrayed in arms. But the fateful truth rose triumphant—love such as he still bore must ever be borne. Ere that night had passed, without a parting word to any one, without a farewell kiss from his mother, with all the evidence of a



It was the strange, mystic hour of universal hush just before dawn guilty haste left behind him, he had crossed to Messina and taken the packet for Tunis. For months he had wandered among the Jews and Mohammedans, among Arabs and Barbary pirates, searching, everlastingly searching for the stolen vessels of his church. He learned that the chalices had been melted down; no trace of them remained. But the monstrance still existed. From dens of money-lenders to the tents of nomad chieftains he traced the glorious, glittering thing that ever eluded him like a golden ghost. When at last he found it in the possession of a date merchant he was too poor to buy it. So he had bound himself to labor for two years on the plantations of this Mussulman—two years of unspeakable slavery! Then the monstrance became his. The last eight months in Tunis had brought him certain riches which he converted into crude native gold until there was sufficient to cover the value of the lost vessels. Then with his treasures he set sail for Scylla. They were to be his redemption and his justification. Now he sat where Scylla once rose proudly to the day, and all that was left of it was himself and his memories and the bundle on his knee.

"God be with you, Signore," said a voice behind him.

The Abbate started and turned his head. There stood an old peasant woman, a stick in her hand, a bundle of fagots on her back. Her face was tanned and wrinkled like a withered apple, and her gray hair straggled over it from under her red kerchief. Her black eyes, deeply set, sparkled from their reddened sockets. Her hands were gnarled and her feet were bare. She looked like the Woman of Endor or some ancient Roman sybil cursed with immortality. The Abbate returned her salutation in a low voice. The woman with a sigh flung her fagots to the ground and sat upon them.

"All the morning have I been a-gathering these," she said. "Ah, Signore, a weary work. Last night I had but two armfuls, and I slept in yon old ruin on the hill. A man and his wife are there—poor folk, but kind."

"Where do you live?" asked the Abbate.

"At Mottola, Signore, over the hill," answered the grandam and pointed a crooked forefinger toward the northeast. "The Signore has come to look for Scylla? The saints guard the good, but that wicked town is gone. Gone, gone, gone—there!" she repeated, with vehemence, then crossed herself and bent her red-rimmed eyes upon the strait. "With these old eyes I saw it go—in the dawn that was very dark six weeks ago. Oh, Signore, it was terrible! That I should live to see it and still live! From Mottola I had come in the first dawn. I was gathering branches in the wood above the town. Scylla was asleep—like an innocent child, Signore. But the curse of Heaven was upon it. I think there were fiends in the forest that morning. Perhaps there were angels and archangels, too—who knows?—waiting for the town to die. I felt much afraid. I who for thirty-five years have gathered wood and feared no demon, no brigand, ever since my good Nicola died. Yet, that morning I felt afraid; there was something terrible in the air, Signore. I thought a storm was coming—I was vexed because I had put on my new silk kerchief brought me last Easter by my grandniece from Reggio. Even as I kneeled and bound my bundles came a great shaking of the ground and a loud, groaning noise. The trees all shook and made terrible whisperings. It was like the voice of the Lord crying to our first parents in Paradise. Then the ground shook again and a great wind came into the trees. I called to the Virgin and looked down at the village. The houses were all thrown together and everything was sliding swiftly toward the sea. The village tore away from the hillside—see, Signore, where that cypress is hanging—a great crack opened there. I thought madness was come upon me and closed my eyes and prayed. Then came a great roaring and crashing—it was like the blowing up of the fortress at Otranto when I was a girl and pirates raided the town. Oh, Signore, the cries that came to my ears—the cries of the lost! I opened my eyes and saw the whole top of the cliff fall into the sea with all the houses, the streets, the church—everything. Then I saw muddy waves—like hills—that sprang up and rolled over to Charybdis as in a storm. I gave a loud cry and fell to the earth, and I heard the souls of the dead fly through the air with a noise as of doves' wings. I swooned, Signore, and when I awoke I saw nothing—only this great hole and country folk standing about it. The sea was very calm again, but black. Oh, the many poor people that died! God rest their souls. Yet, every one says it was because there was a curse upon the town."

"Why," said the Abbate, pressing his hand upon his brow—"why was there a curse upon it?"

"Because, Signore, three years ago its priest—and he a son of the village!—stole the holy vessels of his own church and ran away. But most the curse fell upon Scylla because he took hence its holy of holies—a gold monstrance, Signore, beautiful as the sun, given to the church by the great Sixtus himself. Often have I seen it. Because of the theft of this by the Abbate Latrelli—such was his name—the curse came true."

A silence ensued. The Abbate sat with his head bowed upon his hands.

"Are they all gone?" he asked at length in a mournful tone. "Was no one, no one spared?"

"Not a soul, Signore; man, child, and nonno—all are gone. But in yon old ruin live the father and mother of Vincenzo Pagalo. Very poor and very old are they. For ten years they have been neighbors of mine at Mottola. Their son became the richest man in Scylla, but a hard son. When Scylla was gone these two said it was not because of the anger of God. Think of it, Signore, they even said the Abbate Latrelli was never the thief! And that were their son alive, it might be proved. For that the peasants drove them out of Mottola. Now they live in the ruin—it is so cold and damp there. Sometimes I bring them a fresh loaf."

The stately priest rose to his feet, a strange, keen anguish in his fine face. As he rose the thongs that confined the leather wrapping of the parcel he carried slipped loose and the bundle clattered to the ground. The covering fell aside and revealed a mass of gold gleaming upon folds of black velvet. Amid rude bars of the yellow metal reposed a glittering object like a radiant sun with beams of polished gold and a spreading base chased with the Papal coat of arms. It was the stolen monstrance of the Church of Our Lady at Scylla.

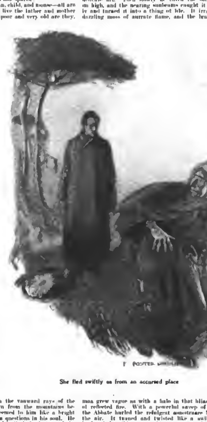
The old peasant woman cast one bewildered look upon the shining splendors on the ground, then raised her horror-stricken eyes to the priest's and—shrieked. In terror, abandoning her fagots, crossing herself and calling upon the Virgin, she fled swiftly, as from an accursed place, and vanished into the forest.

The Abbate Latrelli stood for some time in an attitude of deep abstraction. His eyes then sought the sea. Across the strait the grim headland of Charybdis was already luminous with the vanward rays of the sun darting obliquely down from the mountains behind him. The sunlight seemed to him like a bright answer to the dark and iron questions in his soul. He gathered up the treasure and walked slowly toward the edge of the precipice above the Mediterranean.

Below he saw the swirling and malevolent waters slowly mustering for their foaming tidal battles. The roaring of the seas in the caves of the cliff smote on his ears. Perhaps in that voluminous voice he heard the call of the three thousand human beings he had so loved? Perhaps mingled with it came to him the tremulous tones of his dead mother, or the unforgotten soft cadences of Rosalia's speech, or the prattle of little Giulia? Perhaps the dear, thronging faces of the many departed gazed up at him from the shifting deeps? Or the sun-smitten towers and red-tiled roofs of his native Scylla rose splendidly from the floods? The Abbate made one swift step forward, stretching out one arm toward the waters, then stopped suddenly short. Whatsoever his impulse may have been, it stood arrested by some supreme finger of Fate. Then, taking his precious burden in both hands, he made as if to cast it into the sea. Again betwixt the intention and its execution some subtle power intervened and he paused. The day grew greater and the sunlight advanced broadly over the sea.

The priest drew forth the beautiful monstrance and gazed for a long time upon that golden miracle of delicate art. Then slowly he lifted the sacred relic on high, and the nearing sunbeams caught it gloriously and turned it into a thing of life. It irradiated a dazzling mass of aureate flame, and the head of the man grew vague as with a halo in that blinding core of reflected fire. With a powerful sweep of his arm the Abbate hurled the refulgent monstrance high into the air. It turned and twisted like a swift-winged bird and, describing a magnificent arc, darted its flashes of light in a thousand directions. Then invested with all its glories and gifts of grace and its centuries of consecration, it shot downward into the abyss. There was a boiling of foam upon the face of the eager surges and then the sacred object sank—to repose forever amid the silent creatures that adored it and the fragments of the church that enshrined it once. Solemnly and majestically the Abbate Latrelli made the sign of the cross above the waves, and from his lips fell a few sonorous Latin words.

Then he took up the golden bars in their wrapping and strode swiftly toward the Roman ruin on the hill. Empty-handed, in the twilight of that day, he emerged once more. The soft Italian night sank down like a mantle and its pure stars were one with the crystal soul of the loneliest of men. And of the noble years thereafter always the Abyssinian sands are mute.



She fled swiftly as from an accursed place

Bobby on the New Baby

By Blakeney Gray

We 'm got a new toy up t'our house.
It ain't no bigger ner a mouse.
Its eyes is blue, like sister's doll,
An' it 's no more hair 'n a billiard ball.
It makes such faces, ye never saw
Their like in all your life before.

Don't haffter wind him up at all,
Ner punch him fer ta make him squall.
He goes along 'thout any key,
And jes as smoothly as can be
He runs right on as fine as silk
So long 's stummick's full o' milk.

He's soft an' squashy as a cat,
An' seems to love to sing an' chat,
Though so far, far as I have heard,
"Goo-gah" 's his one and only word.
He says it ninety times a day,
Though what it means I cannot say.

The funniest thing about him, though,
'S to see him try to eat his toe.
He screws it up close to his chin,
Opes up his mouth an' takes it in
Jes like a piece o' punkin pie,
And chaws it while he winks his eye.

So far—I think it's mighty queer—
They do not like to let me near.
An' when I've ast to take him out
They holler, "No!" My, how they shout!
But Paw and Maw, they do a pile
Of playin' with him all the while.

I hope some time the day will come
When I can play round with him some,
For 'f all the toys I ever see
He is the best of all that be.
You'd almost think, to hear him squeal,
That he was really, really real!

Back to the Farm

THE AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES OF NEW YORK STATE ARE ATTRACTING NOT ONLY CITY MEN, BUT ALSO WESTERN FARMERS, BACK TO THE ABANDONED LANDS AND HOMESTEADS OF THEIR ANCESTORS

By Frank Marshall White

A MOVEMENT that entirely reverses the process of this country's development has begun to show itself. New York has turned the tables on the great agricultural States of the West and established a propaganda whereby their farmers are coming by the hundred to purchase land here that has been neglected or abandoned, because the young men of recent generations in the rural districts have gone to the cities. And, indeed, not only are Western farmers coming to till the soil in New York, but these same young men once of the rural districts are leaving the cities in considerable numbers to return to the farms. James Wilson, of Iowa, Secretary of Agriculture in the Cabinets of the last three Presidents of the United States, himself a practical farmer, has just made a tour of New York with Raymond A. Pearson, State Commissioner of Agriculture, and declares that the Empire State to-day offers greater inducements to the agriculturist than any of the other forty-five. At the Department of Agriculture in Albany they will tell you that never in the history of New York has there been such a movement toward the farm lands as at present, and never have such opportunities been offered the farmer as now. Within the last ten months five million dollars has been invested in those farms in New York State bulletined for sale by the Department of Agriculture, entirely aside from other farm land transactions.

A thousand acres of this land, within thirty miles of Syracuse, can be obtained at fifteen to thirty dollars an acre

It was on January 1, 1908, that Commissioner Pearson, owing to reports of the increasing abandonment and neglect of farms throughout the State and the consequent cheapening of land, established the Bureau of Statistics in connection with the Department of Agriculture, under the efficient management of R. R. Riddell, who is an expert on agricultural conditions in the West as well as the East. Mr. Riddell did not confine his energies to the gathering of statistics, but began a campaign of education in which his figures were put to practical use. That he had useful figures to cite and valuable information to impart is not the least factor in his success in bringing about the repopulation of the farms. One of Mr. Riddell's first agencies in proselyting in the West was a bulletin containing a list of farms, occupied and unoccupied, for sale or rent in New York, with photographs of fertile fields and handsome farmhouses and barns, contrasted with other fields, as fertile, but overgrown by weeds and briers, with out-of-repair houses and barns for a foreground, and of rejuvenated farms, the value of which per acre had doubled in a single year. The bulletin also contained other photographs showing the fine condition of the highways in different parts of the State and presenting some of the more attractive exhibits at the State Agricultural Fair, with camera pictures of the State Agricultural College at Cornell University in Ithaca, of great market-places in the cities, and of neat country schoolhouses. Further, this bulletin contained a preface setting forth the advantages accruing to the farmer in New York, that was as enticing as the pictures.

The bulletin for 1910 contains a list of 975 farms for sale in the State, each of which is fully described as to land, buildings, and the nature of the soil, with the terms of sale, these compilations being the work of the township supervisors of the various districts in which the farms are located. An example of Mr. Riddell's method, taken at random from the bulletin, is as follows:

"No. 454—Farm of 41 acres, 1½ miles from Morrisville, N. Y., 4 miles from railway station, on O. & W. railway. Soil—clay, loam, and muck. Acres in meadow, 20; acres in pasture, 15; acres in timber, 6. Farm will support eight or ten cows and team of horses. Ground level and in high state of cultivation. House 22x38, with addition, in fair condition. Barn 24x34, with good basement; henhouse 28x8½; fine silo; fruits; fences, rail and wire, in good condition. Watered by wells and creek. Price, $1,600, terms—$600 cash, balance on mortgage, with interest."

The name and address of the owner or agent of each farm on the list is given in the bulletin, for the Department of Agriculture does not concern itself with the actual sale of the properties it advertises.

The agricultural statistics of New York, which Mr. Riddell lays before the Western farmers, are calculated to astonish those of her own residents who, in the contemplation of her financial, commercial, and industrial supremacy, have forgotten that she is one of the leading agricultural States as well. Of the 30,400,000 acres comprised in the area of New York 22,000,000 acres are divided into 226,000 farms, the total valuation of which is more than $1,000,000,000. The only figures as to the value of farm products available are those of the census of ten years ago, which show a total for the previous year of $245,000,000, since which time there has been an enormous increase. New York raises more corn, barley, rye, and oats per acre and gets a higher price for it than any of the other States; she leads every other State in the production of hay and vegetables; her dairy products—milk, butter, and cheese—more than double those of any single State, the annual value at the last census having been $55,500,000. The poultry and eggs produced in New York that year amounted in value to nearly $15,000,000; orchard fruits to $10,500,000, small fruits to $2,500,000; hay and forage to more than $55,000,000. The production of barley, buckwheat, corn, oats, rye, and wheat in the State showed an annual yield of 80,400,000 bushels; the tobacco crop amounted to about 14,000,000 pounds; and busy New York bees produced nearly 3,500,000 pounds more honey than they consumed themselves.

Mr. Riddell's bulletins further confront the farmers of the West with the information that one-eleventh of the entire population of the United States lives in the State of New York, and that, while New York City alone, with her more than four million inhabitants and her thousands of visitors from all parts of the world, furnishes a market for double the agricultural products now raised on our farms, there are forty-four other cities in the State with populations ranging from 30,000 to 400,000, and 450 incorporated villages whose inhabitants number from 3,000 to 8,000, besides hundreds of smaller incorporated villages and hamlets. "These cities, towns, and villages," says the bulletin, "are so scattered throughout the State, and so joined together by a network of railroads, trolley lines, waterways, and good roads, as practically to banish farm isolation and to bring ample markets within driving or short shipping distance of the farms of the State. If every square inch of soil in the entire State were tilled, the New York market would not be glutted; there is no possibility of agricultural over-production."

In the winter of 1908-9 the New York Agricultural Department carried the war into the enemy's country, installing an exhibit at the National Corn Exposition in Omaha, which, according to a local journal, "surprised people almost to the point of incredulity." The stock argument in the West against New York as a farming State being the ridiculous one that her soil is exhausted, Mr. Riddell placed an inscription over an exhibit of farm products dwarfing that of every other State both in variety and excellence, that ran: "Products from the 'exhausted soil' and 'worn-out farms' of New York, that can be bought for from $5 to $20 per acre with fair to good buildings." At one side of the exhibit a fanciful figure approximating that of a boy, the torso composed of a twenty-pound pumpkin, a squash almost as large for a head, cornstalks for legs, and ten-inch potatoes for feet, was labelled: "I am the Exhausted Farm Kid," while Uncle Sam was represented in the act of saying: "They told me that my Empire State was full of worn-out farms and exhausted soil, but this looks pretty good to me." The Western farmers were actually surprised almost to the point of incredulity, because many of them were unaware that agriculture existed in New York at all, while the superiority of her products astounded even the better informed among them.

Hundreds of farmers from the other side of the Missouri River, who saw the New York exhibit at the National Corn Exposition and were presented with the Department of Agriculture's bulletin there, came on the following year, to investigate; many of them to purchase. Inquiries have been coming from other farmers to the department at the rate of five hundred per week, and a big percentage of the applicants for information come East to make personal examination of agricultural conditions in the State. To all these visitors Mr. Riddell gives his personal attention, even going out to look over farm lands with as many prospective purchasers as he can spare time

The agricultural school at Morrisville, New York, where free tuition is to be had for the asking

to assist. On the day in August when the writer called at the Department of Agriculture in Albany, the chief of the Bureau of Statistics had just returned from a motor tour through Schoharie, Madison, Otsego, Delaware, Onondaga, Cortland, and Oneida counties, with two Swedish farmers from Nebraska. They had there been raising the staple crops—"corn and hogs." These men represented twenty families who were tired of the life of the big farms of the West, with the long distances between houses, and the lack of schools for the children and of churches and social intercourse for their elders, and had determined to sell out and come to New York. The farmers were anxious to find farms lying as close together as possible, which was the reason why Mr. Riddell had found it necessary to take them over so much territory, and as an earnest of their seriousness of purpose they had purchased options on no less than twelve different properties. They told their guide that each one of the twenty families they represented would bring at least $5,000 into the State, and that they would probably be followed in another year by a hundred more Swedish families. There have been several movements by nationalities into different parts of the State, and already there is an Italian colony in Chautauqua County; a colony of Bavarians in Genesee County; of Russian Jews in Rensselaer, Sullivan, and Columbia counties; of Bohemians in Tompkins County; and of Poles in Nassau and Suffolk counties.

The case of a man from Brooklyn, who visited the Department of Agriculture on the same day as the writer, is typical of hundreds of others, according to Mr. Riddell. He was between thirty and forty years of age, a clerk on a reasonably good salary, who had originally come from a farm in New York, having considered his too brilliant a mind to be confined to the country. When his father, ten years before, had become too old to run the farm, the son had refused to return to it, and the old man had sold the land and gone to live in a near-by village. He had died a few weeks previously to the son's visit to Albany, and left him between $2,000 and $3,000. With this amount, the clerk, who had a small family, figured that he might purchase a house with a mortgage on it; and, by strict economy, secure ownership in another ten years, provided everything went well with him. He had been reflecting, however. He was no nearer to being wealthy than when he left the farm, and his children were growing up and would be an increasing expense. Moreover, at each recurring first of the year he had nervous spells lest his employer might no longer require his services, which event would mean actual disaster. The certainty that on a farm he and his family might always have at least enough to eat, and the independence of the farmer's life, had begun to appeal to him; and he had come to the Department of Agriculture for advice as to the investment of his money in land.

Perhaps the most amazing feature of the farm movement in the State is contained in Commissioner Pearson's pamphlet, *New York, Its Agricultural Opportunities*, just published, wherein he makes the statement: "Of the number of farms which have been sold largely through the efforts of the Department of Agriculture, varying from $5 to $50 per acre and aggregating many hundreds of thousands of dollars in value, the instances that have come to the knowledge of the department of failure to make these farms profitable are practically none." The commissioner declares that large numbers of farms may now be purchased for less than the value of the buildings on them. "As one example of many that could be cited," he says, "a farm was purchased in central New York a few years ago for $15 per acre, and two years after the purchase it produced a crop of peas worth over $50 per acre." Mr. Riddell has personal knowledge of a farm in Madison County that, after having been abandoned for a year or two, was offered for sale at $5 per acre, but found no takers. Eight years ago a relative of the owner, who had failed as a farmer in the West, was offered the Madison County farm, rent free for three years, on condition that he would cultivate it. The land is held to-day at $150 per acre. Many farms in the State are worth above $200 per acre for strictly agricultural purposes, and produce a proportionate revenue.

A separate phase of the cheap land movement in New York is in the purchase of country places for city people of small means, where the land is useless for farming purposes. At one point in the foothills of the Adirondacks, where the soil is mostly sand, though there are trout streams and pine forests, more than five hundred cottages have been built on land that sold for a dollar an acre, and there is a summer colony of twelve thousand to fourteen thousand people.

This is the kind of stories they tell you at the Department of Agriculture: Three years ago a woman about thirty years of age called upon Mr. Riddell and told him a sad tale. Her husband had died suddenly, leaving her with two small children and without the wherewithal for their support. She had never been called upon to earn her own living; her parents were dead, and she had no near relatives—no one, in fact, on whom she could call for assistance. From her husband's estate she had cleared up a little more than six hundred dollars, which was every penny she had in the world to care for herself and her little ones. She had come to the Department of Agriculture, she said, because some one had told her that she might be able to purchase a chicken-farm with her little capital; but, as she knew nothing about the raising of chickens, she had only the faintest hope that so small amount as she would be able to invest would prove remunerative so far as to enable her to find bread and butter for three.

Mr. Riddell had a proposition ready for her before she had concluded her tale of woe. He knew exactly the place she wanted, he told her; a farm of about three acres, with a cottage on it, that would come within her means, only four or five miles from a city of ninety thousand inhabitants, that was reached by a trolley line. She would not be compelled to pay for the property all at once, he said; and her best plan would be to pay about $200 down and let the rest go on mortgage, so that she would have enough cash for the purchase of stock.

"But I don't know anything about raising chickens," protested the widow.

"We're just coming to that part of it," responded the Chief of Statistics. "Is there any place where you can send your children for three or four weeks?"

The woman had a friend who would care for the children for that period, she thought.

"Very well," said Mr. Riddell. "You send the children to your friend at once, and then go to the Agricultural College at Cornell University and take the course in poultry-raising. It won't cost you anything but your board, and you can get a cheap room close to the college and do your own cooking."

The potential poultry farmer went to Cornell and took the prescribed course. At the end of three weeks she was ready to go into business. The three acres of land were purchased on the terms Mr. Riddell had suggested, as also were an incubator and fifty fowls. To-day this woman, solely on her capital of six hundred dollars, is bringing up her children in comfort; she has paid for her farm and is putting money in the bank, while her flock of poultry numbers 1,500 head. Mr. Riddell admits that this is his banner instance of success in farming on a small capital, but he can tell of scores of others almost as good.

The Department of Agriculture was sorely disappointed this year when Governor Hughes vetoed an appropriation of $8,000 for advertising. With that amount to promote publicity in the Western States and Europe, Commissioner Pearson and Mr. Riddell believe that it would be a matter of a brief period only before all the neglected land in the State would be productive.

One of the abandoned farms in Onondaga County

Five hundred acres on the State road, ten miles from Albany, for sale at ten to thirty dollars an acre

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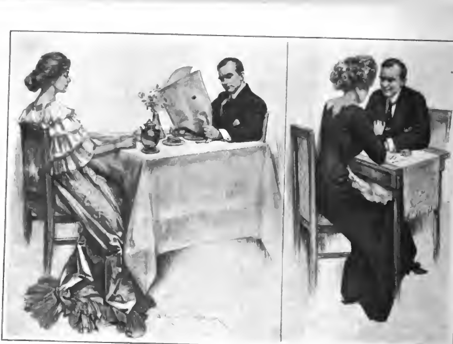
In a Glen

By Shaemas O'Sheel

I WANDERED in a little glen:
A bird was there, and nothing else
Except the waters wandering by;
Whitely they fell and wandered by:
The bird flew over; nothing else,
Save I, within the little glen.

I called upon the waters then
To sing your name; and nothing else
Should be the bird's melodious cry:
The waters fell and wandered by,
Droning incessant, nothing else:
A bird-song wavered through the glen.

And since the waters would not cry
Your name of names, and nothing else,
Nor the bird sing it through the glen,
I breathed it through the quiet glen:
Then the hushed air began to pulse,
And joyous winds to wander by.



THE SAME MAN BUT!

NOTES BY THE WAY

THE wages of sin may be death as some do say, but as we look around us we cannot escape an uneasy feeling that somebody is holding up a lot of pay-envelopes somewhere.

An ex-automobile manufacturer who has recently opened up a livery-stable in New England advertises a number of gentle horses suitable for the afternoon driving of engaged couples as the best spark plugs on the market.

A THOUGHT

If all the world were apple pie
And all the sea were ink,
A great dyspeptic wave would fly
About the earth, I think.

A Chicago man declined to let his daughter marry an attentive swain the other day because, judging from the late hour to which the Young Lochinvar stayed in the parlor every night, he didn't seem to have much "go" about him.

The son of a New York barber who recently inherited a large fortune from his sire has given up the barber business and gone on Wall Street. He will probably confine himself, however, to shaving notes.

We notice among certain literary announcements that somebody has written a book entitled *The Key to Yesterday*. In most cases we sadly fear the keys to yesterday will be found in our vanished larks.

An item under the heading "Curious Facts" says that they are making celluloid collars out of goat's milk now over in Germany. We must confess we see nothing curious in such a fact. Up in Maine they have been making horses' necks out of ginger pop for going on forty-seven years.

They tell of a very careful young saleslady over in Boston who, presiding over the glove department of a certain emporium, refused to try on a gentleman's gloves for him the other day, because she had heard that the laws against counter fitting in Massachusetts were very severe and strictly enforced.

A San Francisco newspaper tells us that the word "sugar" is derived from the Arabic word "sukkar." There is a splendid chance for a joke here, but it is so obvious that we decline to take advantage of it. If we were the editor of London's *Punch* we might be induced to allude to the legend that there is a sukhar born every minute, but under the circumstances we refrain.

Sir Walter Scott once edited a work in four volumes entitled *Border Minstrelsy*, with delightful results. It leads us to wish devoutly that Sir Walter might visit us and edit some of the boarder minstrelsy that goes on over our little hall bedroom every night with similar effect. It might save us from fulfilling the prophecy of that Sunday-school teacher of our youth who averred that we were born to be hanged.

When a Yuma Indian dies his family gather together all his possessions and burn them, even down to the last paper dollar in his wallet. Two thousand five hundred dollars were thus destroyed the other day upon the death of their owner out in Arizona, to the great indignation of the deceased Indian's white neighbors. All the same, we have known the heirs of many a reputable white man to do the same, only they have burned the money in much larger quantities, and in a much hotter fire.

IN BOSTON

"Is your father in, Waldo?" asked the visitor.

"No, Mr. Binks," replied the lad. "Father was suddenly prostrated last evening with a violent difficulty with his table of contents, and they have taken him to the hospital to be expurgated."

HOW THE ENGAGEMENT BEGAN

"Why, James," she remonstrated, as he slipped his arm around her, "what do you think you are doing?"

"I am letting my young affections run to waist, Jane dear," he replied.

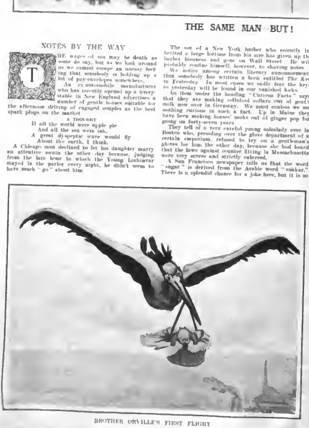
GUESSING

First I asked her if she loved me,
And she shyly hung her head,
And her cheeks took on a mantle
Of a luscious rosy red.
Then she dropped her eyes a trifle,
'Neath her lashes darkly hid,
And she murmured in a whisper
That she really guessed she did!

Then I asked her would she wed me,
And her blushes came once more;
And the sigh that then she uttered
Thrilled me to the very core.
I repeated then the question,
And her answer it was good:
For the whisper that came tripping
Showed she surely guessed she would.

But, alas! she wed another
Ere the winter season went,
And I sought an explanation
What her ways flirtatious meant.
And again there came the blushes,
And the same old thrill of pain,
As she gave the same old whisper
That she guessed she'd guessed again.

A Sufferan Mann



BROTHER ORVILLE'S FIRST FLIGHT

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE AMATEUR EDITOR

STICKLETON hadn't been on the staff more than a week when the chief was taken sick, and the running of the *Gazoo* fell upon him. He was sorry for the editor, but he hailed his opportunity with delight. It would give him a chance to show his father, who was the owner of the paper, that he wasn't such a fool as he was generally supposed to be, and he plunged right in head over heels. Among other things, his father had told him to remember always to be courteous to contributors, and now that he was in charge courtesy was to be the watchword. Hence the following correspondence:

I

OFFICE, "THE GAZOO,"
November —, 19—.

HENRY WADSWORTH KICKLEBERRY, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your story, "The Crash in J. D. R." with very great interest. It is one of the best, if not quite the best story that I have read in many years, certainly the best that has been submitted to the *Gazoo* in a long time. It is therefore with regret that I am returning it to you herewith, with thanks for the privilege of reading it. Why not send us something you are willing to have us use?

Faithfully yours,
ARTHUR STICKLETON,
Editor.

II

SCRIBBLERS' CLUB,
November —, 19—.

MY DEAR MR. STICKLETON,—Your extraordinary letter returning my story has just reached me. If you found the story so good why did you not accept it? I must confess I am at a loss to understand your letter.

Very truly yours,
HENRY WADSWORTH KICKLEBERRY.

III

OFFICE, "THE GAZOO,"
November —, 19—.

MY DEAR MR. KICKLEBERRY,—Your story was returned to you at your own request. I should have been only too glad to use it, but you left me no alternative.

Sincerely yours,
ARTHUR STICKLETON,
Editor.

IV

SCRIBBLERS' CLUB,
November —, 19—.

MY DEAR MR. STICKLETON,—I am still at a loss to understand. I certainly never requested the return of my story. How did you ever get that impression?

Sincerely yours,
HENRY WADSWORTH KICKLEBERRY.

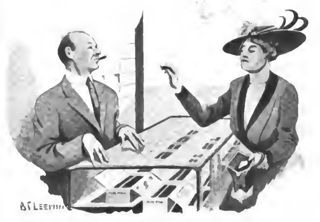
V

OFFICE, "THE GAZOO,"
November —, 19—.

MY DEAR MR. KICKLEBERRY,—I am rather surprised at your statement, for I distinctly remember reading on your envelope containing your story the words "Return after five days to Henry Wadsworth Kickleberry, Scribblers' Club, New York." What is more, my dear sir, you enclosed stamps for the purpose!

Trusting that this explanation will prove satisfactory to you, I beg to remain, with renewed assurances of my high regard,

Very truly yours,
ARTHUR STICKLETON,
Editor.



"HERE'S A REMNANT OF MY HUSBAND'S SPECIAL CIGAR; I WANT TO MATCH IT"

It was after reading the above correspondence that Stickleton, senior, purchased the pickle farm in Arizona upon which Arthur is now engaged in trying to evolve a fifty-eighth variety. The old gentleman somehow conceived the notion that office work was too consuming for the youth.

AT SAN SALVADOR

"So," said Columbus, as he stood for the first time upon the shores of San Salvador and gazed about him—"so this is America, is it?"

"Well, your Honor," said King Rumpelstopogans, with an apologetic smile, "I must be honest with you. To tell the truth, this is only a suburb, but, between you and me, when we get gas and running water in here we'll have Bensonhurst and the others skinned a mile."

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

"AND now that I have satisfied myself as to your capacity, Mr. Threnody," said the Great Man, "what salary do you think you should receive as my private secretary?"

"Well, as to that," returned Threnody, "I haven't any fixed sum in my mind, Mr. Gowge, but I think I should receive enough to place me beyond temptation to dispose of confidential information surreptitiously to your enemies."

"That is a sensible suggestion," said Mr. Gowge. "You apparently have a good business head. Hadn't I better insure myself by a small annual payment against blackmail, too, in case you leave my employ?"

"I was about to suggest it," said Threnody.

"All right, Mr. Threnody, the bargain is closed," said Mr. Gowge. "You will please report for duty on the first of December—"

"Yes, sir," said Threnody.

"The first of December," repeated Mr. Gowge, looking over his calendar, "in the year three thousand nine hundred and sixty-one. Good morning, sir."

TOO LIKE

"THERE, my dear," she said, gleefully, as she cut a segment from her first pie and placed it before him. "How is that for a pie? Isn't it exactly like the kind your mother used to make?"

"I am afraid it is, dearest," he said, gloomily, as he tried to lift it to his lips and couldn't.

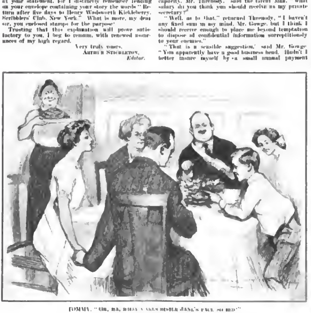
THE GOLDEN PANACEA

WHEN the days are dark and drear,
And the tub is on the ear,
And the frost has touched the hillside and the dale,
Do I sit around and mope
Like a sinner void of hope,
And at Fortune and her blows untimely rail?
No, not I! Oh no, not I!
Care and trouble
Like a bubble
From me fly.
For I know that little Polly
Soon will ease my melancholy
With a beaming, steaming, gleaming Punkin Pie!

When the summer bills come in,
Taking all my hard-earned tin,
And my pocket-book grows flabby, bleak, and bare,
Do I sit around and cuss
That the Fates should use me thus,
And give up to ruthless worry and despair?
No, not I! Oh no, not I!
Pain and worry
Both can hurry-
Scurry by.
For I know that little Polly
Soon will soothe my melancholy
With a beaming, steaming, gleaming Punkin Pie!

When the plumber's at the pipe
And his plums are getting ripe,
And my business cake has proven to be dough,
Do I sit there in the dark
Like old Trouble's easy mark,
And give way to thoughts of misery and woe?
No, not I! Oh no, not I!
To to-morrow
Let all sorrow
Gayly hie.
For I know that little Polly
Soothes all present melancholy
With her beaming, steaming, gleaming Punkin Pie!

There is nothing on this earth,
Ball of misery and mirth,
'Mongst the treasures of the mountains or the sea—
I know nothing to compare
To the luscious, juicy air
Of the Punkin Pies my Polly makes for me—
No, not I! Oh no, not I!
Worries vanish,
And in banish-
Ment they lie
When I know that little Polly
Is to rout all melancholy
With her beaming, steaming, gleaming Punkin Pie!
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



TOMMY: "OH, MA, WHAT MAKES SISTER JANE'S FACE SO RED?"

Shadows of the Stage

By William Winter

AMERICAN ACTORS ABROAD AND HOW THEY "FAIL" THERE*

This is the sixth of a new series of articles by the veteran critic, relative to the drama and theatrical affairs, which will from now on appear in each week's issue of "Harper's Weekly." The articles by Mr. Winter have, from the first, formed a widely quoted feature of "Harper's Weekly"

Sometimes a little cloud you can espy,
With many stars around it, in the sky;
I am that little cloud upon the Stage:
All theatres and all actors I engage,
And, having hired them all, I wax in pelf;
My Theatre is a shop and eans itself!
—MR. CHARLES FROHMAN'S *Parable, Versified*

A REPRESENTATIVE speculator in "theatrical goods," Mr. Charles Frohman, returning to New York, from England, a little while ago, supplemented his customary newspaper proclamation of his business plans,—the presentation of plays aboard ocean steamships, the touring of America with portable theatres, the establishment of repertory playhouses on "the East Side" of New York City, and so forth,—with a somewhat amusing assurance, which the complaisant press circulates and which the credulous public is expected to credit. "After many years of labor," he said, "*I* have actually got them to accept American actors abroad." Mr. Frohman's view of his vocation and likewise of himself has been declared by him, in words of which the meaning cannot be mistaken: those words are, "I keep a Department Store" and "The Best in the Theatre means me!" This tradesman's notion, however, that the acceptance of American actors abroad is due to his "labor" or to any conciliatory, persuasive, or industrial influence exerted by him is comically erroneous, in view of the facts which are of record relative to this subject, and also it is impudent. Decisive professional successes were gained by American actors, not only in England, but in other countries of Europe, long before the birth of Mr. Frohman, and, although it is true that the English, in general, prefer their own artists, in every branch of art, American actors deserving of acceptance, by reason of unique or exceptional ability and character, have obtained it in that country, any time within a hundred years.

Mr. Frohman is a clever man of business and his career has been industrious in commercial speculation, various, picturesque, and fortunate. He is a native of Sandusky, Ohio, born June 17, 1860. His important theatrical enterprise began in 1888, when he acquired control of the late Bronson Howard's striking and popular war drama of *Shenandoah*,—a play that proved abundantly remunerative. Since that time he has dealt largely in plays and still more largely in actors, both English and American, and many of his trade ventures, especially of late years, have been very profitable. He has established a fine theatre, the Empire, in New York; has obtained control of other local playhouses; and, in co-operation with other speculators, has gained dominance of a chain of theatres extending throughout a large part of America: and, for many years, he has thus exerted a potent and often inauspicious influence on the character and development of the American Stage. A theatrical manager of the intellectual order,—typified by such men as Dunlap, Caldwell, Simpson, Barry, Wood, McVicker, Ellsler, Jefferson, Warren, Wallack, Booth, Irving, and Augustin Daly,—he has not endeavored to be,—certainly he has never been. His course has emulated that of such men as Jarrett, Haverley, and Abbey. He has, under the rough instruction of experience, learned much, and he occupies a position in which he possesses the power of doing great good to the theatre and the public and of earning high renown, but some of the startling discoveries which he has proclaimed indicate that he has yet much to learn. Not long ago, adventuring in the field of Shakespearian commentary, for example, he pictured that great poet as a vulgar, dishonest, theatrical speculator, and announced that Shakespeare exhibits "the sensuousness of Swinburne and *the criticism of Oscar Wilde thrown in*," and that "when things were getting a bit slow Shakespeare would not scruple *to please the people* by inserting a vile joke." Among all his freakish announcements, however, none is more preposterous than his bland deliverance, "*I* have actually got them to accept American actors abroad," and it may well be made the occasion of a brief review of the facts.

Some American actors have failed to attract particular attention in Great Britain, precisely as some foreign actors have failed to attract particular attention in America, but the instances of success gained by American actors on the British Stage are many and instructive, nor has such success been unknown on the Continental Stage. Hackett made a professional visit to the old country,—the first of several visits,—in 1827; Forrest in 1836, and again in 1844–45; Charlotte Cushman in 1844–45; E. L. Davenport and Mrs. Mowatt in 1847; Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams in 1855; Mr. and Mrs. William J. Florence in 1856; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins in 1860; Edwin Booth in 1861–62, in 1880, and in 1882; Joseph Jefferson in 1865, and again in 1875–76; Mary Anderson in 1883–85, and again in 1886–88; Ada Rehan in 1884, 1886, 1888, 1890, 1893, 1896, and 1897,—and all of them were received with cordial favor and were richly rewarded.

James H. Hackett, one of the most distinguished of American comedians in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century, made professional visits to England in 1827, 1832, 1840, 1845, and 1851, and he was much followed and warmly admired there, equally by the press and the public. He was only twenty-seven years old when he made his first foreign venture, and he had then been only a short time on the stage, but he had gained signal success in the impersonation of dialect parts, "Yankee" and French, had made a brilliant hit by his performance of one of the Dromios,—in association with the popular and famous John Barnes,—and had appeared as Falstaff, in which part he subsequently became eminent and eclipsed all rivalry. In London he acted at the Surrey Theatre and also at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. His imitations of the elder Mathews, Edmund Kean, and other notable actors of the time were accounted extraordinarily truthful and fine and were greatly admired. His Falstaff was accepted by the English critics with even greater warmth of commendation than had been evinced by his critical admirers at home. He was the fourth of the eight successive notable representatives of Rip Van Winkle, and until the rise of Jefferson, who was the eighth in that character, he held absolute preference as the best. His acting of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, in Macklin's comedy of *The Man of the World*, is remembered as wonderfully expositive alike of Scotch peculiarities and the selfish craft of which human nature is capable. Mr. Hackett was an actor of extraordinary ability, and as such he obtained the amplest recognition in England as well as in America.

Edwin Forrest (1806–1872), a man of extraordinary ability, touched with genius, was one of the most remarkable actors of whom there is any record. He made his first regular professional appearance in 1820, when yet the Republic was in its infancy. He was one of the earliest of American actors to venture on the London Stage and it was with reference to him that the cry first gained currency that actors from America always fail in England, because always unappreciated and unfairly treated there.

Forrest made two professional visits to that country, one in 1836, the other in 1845, and on both occasions he was heartily welcomed. His acting, indeed, was not admired by everybody; no acting has ever yet met with universal approbation; but, relatively, Forrest was as well received in England as Salvini, at a later time, was received in America, and London honored him far more than New York, in our day, has honored, for example, John Hare or Edward Terry,—two of the most accomplished impersonators that have appeared on our Stage. Greed of admiration however, is, in some cases, insatiate. Forrest, although he obtained great fame and ample fortune, was never satisfied with the recognition that he had received, and Forrest's admirers, to this day, are enraged, precisely as he was, at even the least dissent from the estimate which would rank him as the greatest of actors. When, as a lad, participating in an amateur dramatic performance, he was greeted with a hiss, he straightway addressed his censor, from the stage, saying, "Damn you, wait till I get through with this part, and I'll lick you like hell!" The bellicose temper thus early manifested by him remained quick in him to the last, and it was ever his desire that all persons should be "licked like hell" who ventured to censure any part of his acting. At the height of his popularity, when he was performing at the old Broadway Theatre, being incensed by the publication of certain strictures from the pen of Mr. William Stuart, he said to his business agent and devoted follower, Joseph McArdle: "Why don't you kill him? —— —— him! Throw him over the gallery rail!" No doubt, in that case, he had cause for anger, since the strictures were wantonly hostile and malicious, but, unhappily for his peace, advancement, and reputation, ferocious resentment of adverse opinion was chronic with him, arising out of the overweening egotism which predominated in his character.

Within distinct limitations Forrest was a great actor, nor was that fact ever seriously disputed by any considerable authority, but neither he nor his followers could tolerate any qualification of encomium. Adversity of criticism meant "conspiracy to ruin." That, invariably, was Forrest's view of the matter. He was incapable of comprehending that there could be any ground of reasonable dissent from his ideals of character or his histrionic style. The newspaper opposition, such as it was, that he encountered, when acting in London, he promptly attributed to a hostile influence privately exercised by the tragedian Macready. He rose in a box at a theatre in Edinburgh and loudly hissed Macready's performance of Hamlet, and, when Macready came to act in New York his course of conduct indirectly led to the terrible Astor Place riots in 1849, in which twenty-two persons were killed and many others injured. Yet Forrest's English experience was such as ought to have satisfied rational desire and expectation.

The *London Chronicle*, for example, of October 17, 1836, recorded his first appearance in that capital, saying that it was made

"Before one of the most crowded audiences ever assembled in any theatre, and elicited those enthusiastic testimonials of success which have stamped him *one of the greatest actors that ever graced the English Stage*. . . . On his entree *the whole house rose and gave him three times three*. . . . His reception was more flattering than his most sanguine friends could have anticipated. . . ."

The exigent *Athenæum* greeted Forrest's performance of Othello as *superior* to that of Edmund Kean, which had been deemed perfection, and was still fresh in public remembrance, Kean having then been only three years dead. Later, in 1845, the usually caustic, censorious Douglas Jerrold, descanting on Forrest's impersonation of King Lear, enthusiastically testified:

"A more truthful, feeling, and artistic display of genuine acting we have never witnessed. . . . Mr. Forrest has stamped himself as a man of genius. We candidly confess we did not think it was in him, and we were much electrified, as was every one in the house. . . . His Lear is equal, in every respect, to that of the two mighty tragedians (John Philip Kemble and Edmund Kean) whose names are hallowed by the admirers of genius. We think we can scarcely bestow higher praise."

Extraordinary success was gained in London by "Jim Crow Rice,"—as he was generally called. Thomas D. Rice (1808–1860) was a native of New York, from which place, in his youth, he migrated to the West. At twenty he was employed by N. M. Ludlow, as assistant prompter, at a theatre in Mobile, and there his professional experience began. He attracted notice by acting Wormwood, in J. B. Buckstone's farce of *The Lottery Ticket*, and Old Dell, in the farce of *Family Jars*. His Wormwood was said, by Ludlow, to be an imitation of the versatile James S. Roberts in that part, and his Dell an imitation of the famous comedian John Barnes, who had made a special hit in it. Later he acted at Louisville, still under Ludlow's management, and there he first essayed the negro character on which, subsequently, he gained fame and fortune. He had seen an old negro slave, the property of a stable-keeper in that city, named Crow. The negro had adopted that name. He was old and deformed, his deformity causing him to limp, in a ludicrous manner, as he walked, and he was accustomed to croon a sort of melody and "set his heel a-rockin'" with this refrain:

"Wheel about, turn about, do jes' so,
And ebery time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow!"

Rice conceived the idea of making that character the basis of a performance new to the stage. He wrote words for singing, elaborated the dance, "made up" on the model of the old slave, and, appearing before a Louisville audience, made a prodigious hit. After his first performance of Jim Crow he was recalled to the stage twenty times. He subsequently visited many American cities, winning applause wherever he appeared, and eventually he went to London, where he earned a fortune. He was a convivial man, and not less eccentric than convivial. It pleased him to wear gold pieces,—sovereigns and the like,—as buttons on his garments and not infrequently the boon companions into whose hands he fell would stupefy him with liquor and then rob him of those ornaments. His popularity was very great. He was not simply an entertainer; he was an artist. He wrote several plays, among them a *Travesty of Othello* and a musical burlesque called *Bone Squash*. His example prompted the establishment of Negro Minstrelsy in London. He married, in that city, a daughter of Gladstane, manager of the old Surrey Theatre. His death occurred in New York, in 1860. It is interesting to note that the first appearance of that great comedian, the late Joseph Jefferson, was made in association with Rice, who, at Washington, in 1833, Jefferson being then only four years old, carried him on in a sack and dumped him on the stage, as a negro boy, "made up" in exact imitation of himself, at the same time singing this couplet:

"Ladies and gen'men, I'd have you for to know,
I've got a little darky here, to Jump Jim Crow!"

Charlotte Cushman, 1815–1876, among tragic performers the greatest actress that America has produced, made a professional visit to England in 1844. She had been on the stage about eight years, having begun her dramatic career in 1835, at New Orleans, as Lady Macbeth (she had previously, in that year, appeared as a singer, beginning in Almaviva), but, although she had worked hard and gained ample professional proficiency, she had not obtained recognition commensurate with her desert, and, although she had lived very frugally, her savings, after that long period of labor, did not exceed six hundred dollars. With that small capital she nevertheless determined to make a daring venture in a foreign land. She possessed, however, other and better resources than that of money. She was a woman of genius, massive character, and resolute, indomitable will. She did not present herself in London as a suppliant; she demanded opportunity as a competent artist. The opportunity was not at once conceded; she was obliged to wait,—to endure solicitude through a period of suspense that might well have subdued a less valorous spirit; but an opening came at last, and she appeared, February 14, 1845, as Bianca, in Dean Milman's tragedy of *Fazio*. The performance was decisive, the success prodigious. Eighteen days later, writing to her mother, she recorded, in this expressive sentence, the result of her venture, "*All my successes put together since I have been upon the stage would not come near my success in London.*" One newspaper, the *Sun*, declared, "Since the memorable appearance of Edmund Kean, in 1814, never has there been such a *début* on the boards of an English theatre."

(To be concluded next week)

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* The right to reprint in book form is reserved by the author.—W. W.

The World of Music

By Lawrence Gilman

TWO BRITISH COMPOSERS

ORCHESTRAL conductors in this country have long and justly been charged with neglecting the works of the younger group of contemporary British composers. The music of modern France—the music of Debussy, d'Indy, Fauré, Ravel—is better known in America than in any country save that of its origin; we have a fairly wide acquaintance with the contemporary output of Germany; we have heard practically everything of importance that the Russians of our time have had to say: in brief, with a single exception, we in America have an ample—indeed, an exceeding—knowledge of the music of the modern world. The single exception is the music of the independent and considerable members of the younger British school. These men are not the composers to whom the average Englishman would, in that perfect phrase of American statesmanship, point with pride as representative of his country's musical honor and glory. He would name a quite different group of men: men who are, for the most part, knighted, and who occupy extensive space in that shrine of British musical respectability, *Grove's Dictionary*: he would name Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie—men who are no more like that other group of British music-makers with whom I am now chiefly concerned than, in De Quincey's homely and vivid phrase, a horse-chestnut is like a chestnut horse. This younger group is represented by such composers as Frederick Delius, Joseph Holbrooke, William Wallace, Granville Bantock, William Bell, Cyril Scott, Vaughan Williams. These men are not knighted, they are all under fifty (with the exception of Wallace, who turned fifty this year): and they occupy a comparatively scant amount of space in *Grove's Dictionary*—indeed, one of their chief members, Frederick Delius, does not appear in the dictionary proper at all, but only in the appendix, though this monumental and ambitious work was begun as recently as 1904. These men are differentiated from their more eminent *confrères* by certain spiritual and intellectual traits, no less than by their position before the world. The musical baronetcy—Sir Charles, Sir Hubert, Sir Alexander—are sealed of the noble order of æsthetic conservatives; they are continuators of the tradition of musical rectitude and propriety which was England's heritage from Mendelssohn; they are the living pledge to her that the musical progeny of the gentle Felix have been loyal to the faith. The younger men, on the other hand, are, with varying intensity of conviction, secessionists, heretics, dissenters. They write music which often fails to delight the academic ear; for, like all composers of independent impulse, from Beethoven to Debussy, they are as actively engaged in making new laws of musical procedure as in observing old ones.

In America the music of these composers, as I have said, has until recently been almost unheard. Part I of Bantock's setting of the Rubaiyat has been performed outside of New York, and Mr. Fiedler has given in Boston Delius's orchestral nocturne, *Paris*; but the metropolis has known the work of these men only through a slight though ingratiating piece by Bantock, *Pierrot of the Minute*, played here a year ago by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It remained for Mr. Walter Damrosch—who long ago won the gratitude of the intellectually inquisitive by his courage and enterprise in producing new works—to exhibit here significant examples of the music of these younger Britons: a service similar to, though less memorable than, that which he performed six years ago, when he gave New York its first experience of the orchestral music of Debussy.

Mr. Damrosch performed, at a concert of the Symphony Society of New York, on October 28th, William Wallace's symphonic poem *Villon*; and nine days later—on November 6th—he gave the *Brigg Fair* of Frederick Delius. Let us consider the latter first, since it is seemingly the more notable work.

Frederick Delius (he once called himself "Fritz") was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1863, of German parents. In his early twenties he sojourned in Florida as an orange-grower. Later he returned to Europe and studied music at the Leipsic Conservatory, where he knew and was influenced by Edvard Grieg. Since 1890 he has lived in France; his home is now at Grez-sur-Loing, near Fontainebleau. His works include five operas—*Irmelin* (1891), *The Magic Fountain* (1894), *Koanga*, based on George W. Cable's novel *The Grandissimes* (1896–97), *The Village Romeo and Juliet* (1902), *Margot la Rouge* (1902); half a dozen tone-poems—*Auf dem Hochgebirge*, *The Dance of Life* (1898), *Paris* (1900), *Brigg Fair* (1907), *In a Summer Garden* (1908); several large choral works—*Appalachia* (1903), *Sea Drift*, after Whitman's *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking* (1904), and settings of portions of Nietzsche's *Also Sprach Zarathustra*; there are also a *Légende* for violin and orchestra, a violin concerto, and a Norwegian *Suite*, put together from incidental music written for Gunnar Heiberg's play, *Folkeraadet*—all early works. Delius is best known in Germany, where an active propaganda in his behalf has been in progress for some time; but within the last few years his music has become fairly well known in England, largely through the championship of the indefatigable Thomas Beecham.

Brigg Fair is styled on its title-page "an English rhapsody," and it has as its chief thematic basis an old English folk-song, the words of which are quoted as a preface to the score. The song is a naïve pæan in praise of true love and marital constancy. The swain tells us how, "on the fift' of August, the weather fine and fair," unto Brigg Fair he did repair; for love he was inclined.

> "*I rose up with the lark in the morning*
> *With my heart so full of glee,*
> *Of thinking there to meet my dear*
> *Long time I wished to see.*"

As he proceeds fair-ward he meets his love, plights his troth, and—one infers—visits a church on the way. He then swears undying fealty to his lady:

> "*The green leaves they shall wither*
> *And the branches they shall die*
> *If ever I prove false to her,*
> *To the girl that loves me.*"

From the suggestions that lie both upon the surface and in the heart of his subject-matter, Delius has educed a singularly winsome and charming piece of music—music of delectable freshness and tenderness, music which utters the precise note of blended ardor, naïveté, and pastoral romance that is requisite—music which recalls the meditation of Charles Lamb: "I am in love with the green earth. . . . I do not want to be weaned by age, or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave. . . . Sun, and sky, and breeze, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields . . . do these things go out with life?" Delius, a cosmopolitan living near the forest of Fontainebleau, has given us a picture of pastoral England that is as veracious and as fragrant as a verse from Herrick. It is full of the odor of fields and gardens and hedges of roses; it exhales the sweet wholesomeness of the rustic England of old romance. The opening measures, with their carollings of flutes and clarinets above harp *glissandos* and softly held chords of the muted strings, establishes at once the essential atmosphere, the essential mood, and these are sustained and enforced with delightful and persuasive eloquence.

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Alma Gluck

A YOUNG OPERA SINGER RECENTLY HEARD IN RECITAL

Some idea of the character of Delius's musical style may be obtained, by those who do not know his work, through the application of a quite simple test, the suggestion of which comes from the distinguished English critic, Mr. Ernest Newman. "To the expert in the history of journalistic objurgation," he says in his admirable monograph on Strauss, "epithets of this kind [he has been quoting some of the diverting abuse of the early detractors of Wagner] tell their own tale; if a bundle of them, relating to some one of whom he otherwise knew nothing, were brought to him, he could almost reconstruct the artist from them as a scientist can reconstruct the form of an animal from the evidence of a few scattered bones." The device yields immediate instruction in the case of Delius. Here are a few characterizations from the comments of four New York appraisers of *Brigg Fair* (known for their unremitting activities as conservators) which throw an illuminating beam upon its merits. In the first place, the harmonies are "strained and distressing"; Delius "stands with the extreme left among present-day composers, especially in his ideas about harmony, which take him among some of the stormiest paths opened by the enterprising moderns"; "Delius's music is inchoate, uncouth, and vague"; and—in conclusion—the piece is "very dour, very depressing." What sensitive, open-minded, and experienced music-lover, reading these familiar *clichés* of disparagement, will hesitate to conclude that Delius has achieved music that is original and delicate in its harmonic texture, unaccustomed and distinguished in melodic invention; that, altogether, he has accomplished a strikingly individual and imaginative piece of writing? It may be said, in more detail, that now and again his harmony and his scoring remind one of Debussy (as in the lovely opening passage of which I have spoken), though his melody is franker than that of the composer of *L'Après-Midi*. If it is fair—and it probably is—to estimate him by this score, one may say without much hesitation that he has a style of his own. The personal tang is unmistakable in such a passage as that exquisite one for muted strings under a murmuring accompaniment of flutes and clarinets, and in the immediately succeeding incident where the tenderly amorous melody of the solo horn is sung gently above melting harmonies in the divided violins, violas, and 'cellos—a passage which might justifiably be associated with the scene of intimate confession between the lovers. Delius exhibits here a quality of poetic beauty, a deep and quiet loveliness, which seem to be the index of a sincere and independent inspiration.

William Wallace, whose symphonic poem *Villon* brings him for the first time before the concert-going public of this country, was born at Greenock, Scotland, in 1860. When he was graduated from Glasgow University in 1886 it was his intention to enter the profession of his father, James Wallace, a Scotch surgeon of distinction, and he went to Vienna for the purpose of studying ophthalmic surgery. Three years later, however, we find him diligently studying music at the London Royal Academy, though he did not complete the course there—"in spite of which," observes his biographer in *Grove's*, with exquisite and wholly unconscious humor, "fairly frequent performances of important works have taken place, giving evidence of remarkable originality and poetry." He has composed six symphonic poems: *The Passing of Beatrice* (1892),—the dates represent years of first performances—*Amboss oder Hammer* (1896), *Sister Helen* (1899), *Greeting to the New Century* (1901), *Sir William Wallace* (1905), *Villon* (1909). There are, besides, a lyric-drama in one act, *Brassolis*; an orchestral suite, *The Lady from the Sea*; an overture, *In Praise of Scottish Poesie*; a suite based upon Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande*; two symphonies; a cantata, *The Massacre of the Macphersons*; and numerous smaller works. Mr. Wallace is also the author of an important contribution to the literature of musical æsthetics, *The Threshold of Music*.

In *Villon* the composer had a superb subject for musical exposition and enhancement. The figure of the roystering poet, with all that it connotes to one mind of pathos and deviltry, wild humor and wistful passion, tenderness and irony, whimsical rascality and poignant tragedy, offers an ideal theme for the expressional faculty of a truly imaginative composer to wreak itself upon—a theme far richer in possibilities of eloquent enlargement than even *Till Eulenspiegel*, which it necessarily suggests. It is evident that Wallace appreciated the opportunity afforded him. His tone-poem is admirably planned from the standpoint of musico-poetic effect. He has, with excellent wisdom, provided his score with quotations from Villon in old French, so that we know quite completely and definitely, in the main, what he is trying to say to us. Thus we have, in explication of the opening measures: "*Ung povre petit escollier qui fut nommé Françoys Villon.*" "*Où s'en vont tout ces caroles: Tout ces tavernes et ces filles,*" gives us a picture of the author of the *Testaments* as a reckless roustabout and lover. Later we have the famous line from the *Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis*: "*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*" and later still, above a charming archaic melody in f[illegible] the style: "*Ballade que Villon feit à la requeste de sa mère pour prier Nostre Dame.*" The music reaches its climax of emotion at a passage, full of passionate regret, associated with an extract beginning: "*Je plaings le temps de ma jeunesse*"; and at the close, where the folk-song melody is recalled with exquisite effect, there is this passage:

> "*Je oays la cloche de Sorbonne,*
> *Qui tousjours à neuf heures sonne*
> *Le salut que l'ange predit.*"

How excellent this scheme is, in its provision of opportunities for the delineation of contrasting moods and episodes, will be apparent at once. Mr. Wallace has not, at every point, quite risen to these opportunities. The opening, though it undoubtedly (perhaps inevitably) recalls, in its spirit and conception, the *Till Eulenspiegel* of Strauss, is salient and graphic. The passages in which use is made of the theme in folk-song manner are touching and full of charm. The music which voices the lament of the poet for the things of his vanishing youth has sincere and intense feeling, though melodically it is akin to a sentimental tune sung by Mimi in the last act of Puccini's *Bohème*. The music which is evoked by the thought of *les neiges d'antan* has, also, feeling and beauty of a kind, though it awakes memories of a mawkish theme in Charpentier's *Louise*. The score is at its best in the final page, which is notable for poignant and simple tenderness. Wallace's besetting sin (if this work be a truly significant one) is a weakness for melody of a rather sentimental cast, a too ready acceptance of ideas that are a little trite and banal. But it is pleasanter to feel assured, as one certainly can, of his power of vivid and eloquent denotement, his tenderness, his humor, his humanity.

The Passing of the Gentleman

By H. B. Marriott Watson

ALL possible definitions of the word "gentleman" seem unsatisfactory, from the most primitive, "a man that keeps a carriage," upward to the most complex, elaborate, and philosophical. When Tennyson wrote of that "grand old name," what did he exactly mean? The word has been variously interpreted as to matters of conduct, morals, and manners, and has been bounded by spheres of education, birth, and breeding. I think we have most of us given up the characteristically Victorian idea of gentility which was strictly founded on position. I have known a Victorian say, naively: "Well, she ought to be a lady; her father was an army surgeon." Dear lady, gentility has nothing in the world to do with birth or position. At least we may postulate that much in this second decade of the twentieth century. A bold essay at a definition was once propounded by an idealist—"A gentleman is one who is equal to any situation." I think that might have been said of Napoleon, who was obviously no gentleman. One of the neatest definitions I have ever come across is that which declares a gentleman to be one who never unintentionally gives offence. The beauty of that definition is that it is at once witty and almost true. It does not, however, quite fill the bill; it lacks something. But on the whole I would sooner accept it than any other far more elaborate and time-hallowed explanation.

Some people greatly insular and arrogant are disposed to look upon the gentleman as a purely Anglo-Saxon product. Foreigners are not—well, not quite, you know. Herein may be detected the germ of a great idea, which I shall proceed to develop. Is the gentleman, for which we can find no definition, a mere Anglo-Saxon invention? And has it, as an institution, any value? If one examines very carefully and patiently into the texture of this word, one discovers certain essentials of the word. One must at once discard any idea of morals in connection with it; so far as I can see, the word and idea it connotes merely concern exterior conduct. It is an affair of conduct and mainly of that superficial aspect of conduct which comes under the head of manners. Now manners, and in great part conduct, are variable. Much more than morals are they dependent upon climate. Morals, I once wrote somewhere, are a matter of latitude—which was only a young man's prankesome way of saying that temperature affected ethical considerations. It affects also manners. I am not to be assumed ungentlemanly because in certain foreign countries I, being English, do not doff my hat on entering a shop; any more than I lack manners because I do not rub noses in Fiji. I dare say that, if I should be aware of the customs prevailing in those various places, I should endeavor to conform as far as might be consistent with my religious principles and self-respect. In Great Britain, and in America, I take it, Anglo-Saxon traditions have moulded the behavior of the classes, and there has arisen a code of conduct which is a platform on which "gentlemen" meet. To accept his platform (whatever it may be) and to act up to it is to be a gentleman, whether you were born a chimney sweep or educated in a charity school. Those who show themselves ill at ease there must be at once suspect; they don't properly belong. But Lord Chesterfield and old Mel might shake hands on the platform in complete comfort. A certain basis of conduct is laid down as essential—as, one might say, the minimum qualification, and so far as that foundation goes, all gentlemen may claim equality. A gentleman, then, is one who has adopted a platform conventional to his fellow creatures in his relations with them.

Lest I should seem to be offering a dogmatic definition where I have pronounced none to be practicable, I hasten to the idea which has been bred by these considerations.

Is this habit of conduct a necessary or an important thing in life? We can conceive that in different countries different conceptions of the gentleman must exist. For example, would Roumania join hands exactly with Great Britain and America, or does Persia? And, if not, are we to assume that either of these countries contains no gentlemen? You see the whole subject is exposed to difficulties. The regulation of superficial conduct is a necessary corollary to the association of masses of people; but the Cockneys of Whitechapel Road may have their distinctive code as well as the inhabitants of Bayswater. The more one considers it the more it is forced upon one that gentility is a fluctuating affair liable to great variations in its scope. Can we, then, seek to impose our insular definition upon the civilized world at large? I fancy we are making the attempt, and that it is doomed to failure.

The first consideration in this connection is that the qualities which make for success in life necessarily deviate from those exacted by a profession of gentility. What becomes of the gentleman when he is called upon to play the pioneer in some outland part? It is odds that if he is to carry through his adventures he drops his feather bed code and adapts himself to the new conditions. Napoleon would never have conquered Europe and founded dynasties had he been a gentleman. Would the wild West have been brought under the plough and harrow by men professing these habits of conduct? Life stripped to the buff is very primitive, forcible, violent, elemental; and gentility is a glamorous grace of civilization. It is not always easy to observe in people who are subduing a wilderness the traits which are cultivated in Piccadilly. Nor is it only a question of pioneer work. All achievement in what is known as action must necessarily be accompanied by a sloughing of niceties. The stark animal accomplishes still, and will probably continue to accomplish, when we come to ultimates, until the crack of doom. One has a terrible thought, a thought that sometimes haunts one in the pleasant places of civilization, and when social things are wearing their best and softest colors; when life is going easily and all is dainty and well-ordered and mollified: what if the cad with elbows should be the master of the future?

Nature, as we know her, is no respecter of persons. In a more or less settled state of society we have evolved the idea of the gentleman. Will he have to go? Can he hold his place against the invasion of the cad with elbows? Did not Rome go down before the real people that counted in the world when she had ceased to serve to any purpose? Shall it be whispered that the gentleman, *qua* gentleman, has ceased to serve any purpose? Lo, the day of the bounder with notions dawns! I know that if he comes elbowing his way in roughly, and with genius, it will spell the submergence of the gentleman at ease. The conventions of the latter will perish; his platform will break under him; he will be faced with new conditions, new developments, of which he has had no conception. No longer will the world be content for people to move in it along certain formal lines with these abstinences and their liberties mutually agreed upon. The ancient landmarks will disappear, and new purposes will be fulfilled, "lest one good custom should corrupt the world." The knight-errant and chivalry belong to the past; princes and pageants and tournaments belong to ages long buried. Is that signal evolution of the nineteenth century—the "gentleman"—to go after them? The question leaves one speculating, for the future does not belong to the gentlemanly virtues.

THE SLUMP IN THE KING BUSINESS

(Continued from page 8)

ability is probably more widely recognized to-day than it was sixty years ago, when thrones were toppling over in every direction; and the reigns of Queen Victoria, of Francis Joseph, and of William II. have regained for it the moral authority that our fathers and grandfathers believed it had lost forever. But the tendency is to judge it as the pragmatists judge philosophy—by its results and by its suitability or otherwise to special national conditions. Men no longer wrangle over systems of government for other peoples; they are content if they can evolve a fairly practical and harmonious system of their own; and the spirit in which the French Revolutionists set out to convert Europe to republicanism, and the spirit in which the Holy Alliance sought to impose thrones and dynasties upon rebellious nations, have utterly perished from the modern consciousness. Nobody ranks the Portuguese high in the scale of European peop[illegible] he common judgment places them rather belo[illegible] ve the Greeks; and nobody fears their t[illegible] power. Yet nobody feels called upon to inte[illegible] nt them from expelling as many kings and settin[illegible] many republics as they please. King Manuel, who [illegible] made his escape to British territory, was the recipient of a genuine and wide-spread personal sympathy; but he was also the emblem of a lost cause.

But while no government lifted a finger to check the Portuguese revolution, none was, or could be, indifferent to it. Portugal, though an inconsiderable, is an essential member of the European family, and her geographical and strategical position, her alliance with Great Britain, and her important colonies in Africa, make her fortunes a matter of real political interest in the whole of Europe, but most of all to the people and statesmen of England. Between Great Britain and Portugal there exist almost all the ties that can bind two nations together. Commerce, politics, military co-operation, an alliance that is the oldest of European compacts, a dynastic friendship scarcely less intimate and ancient, common interests and common memories in more than one momentous sphere of *Weltpolitik*—all these forces have served to maintain a close and constant amity in the relations of the two countries. The British found in Portugal an invaluable makeweight against the power both of France and of Spain; they fought the battle of Portuguese independence against Napoleon; they stand easily at the head of the Portuguese trade returns; they have done more than other people to develop the internal resources of the country; and they enjoy the sole right of pre-emption to the most valuable of the Portuguese possessions in East Africa—that is to say, to Delagoa Bay, which is the nearest and natural port of entry to the Transvaal and to Beira, which fulfils the same functions for Rhodesia. With the rest of the Portuguese holdings in Africa Great Britain is less closely concerned, though some dozen years ago an agreement was come to between Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse that is believed to have made Great Britain and Germany joint heirs by purchase of all the Portuguese possessions on the west coast of Africa, if and when the government at Lisbon decided to sell them. The integrity of Portugal itself is of course a British interest of the first order, and so also is it of vital moment to Great Britain to prevent any first-class naval power from securing possession of the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands, with their strategical command of the routes to the Cape and to South America. For a long while to come, if things go fairly smoothly in Portugal, it is probable that the transition from the monarchy to the republic will have no appreciable influence on the fate of the oversea possessions. Hitherto the Republicans have always succeeded in rousing the Chauvinism of the Portuguese people against the Crown whenever it was rumored that there was some intention of disposing of what still is left of the once world-wide Portuguese Empire. They are hardly likely, therefore, to begin their career of authority by adopting the very course they condemned whenever it was believed to be contemplated by the Crown. None the less the broad facts remain that the Portuguese have lost the colonizing and governing instinct, that their transmarine possessions do not pay their way, that Portugal needs above all things a fresh supply of capital and a diminution of expenditure if the annual deficit is to be abolished, and that fresh capital can only be acquired by realizing the most valuable assets that the country still possesses—its African colonies. These are facts that must one day become the commonplaces of Portuguese politics. Whether that day will be hastened or retarded by the recent revolution is a point in which England, the friend and ally of the new régime as of the old, and with large reversionary expectations, is naturally and keenly interested.

There is another country even more intimately and far more painfully concerned than Great Britain in the Portuguese revolution, and that country is Spain. Almost the first question, indeed, that Europe asked when the republic was proclaimed at Lisbon was, What effect will this have on Spain? That it will have no effect it is almost impossible to believe. The Spaniards, it is true, are remarkably impervious to the influence of events outside their own borders. They are, perhaps, the only people in Europe on whom the Reformation and the French Revolution left no deep and obvious marks. But they can hardly escape being affected by the complete transformation that has been brought about in the polity of a neighboring state so near and so similar to their own as Portugal. Though very distinct nations, Spain and Portugal are part of one peninsula; not a ridge or a stream separates their frontiers; they are largely of the same blood, and they have at least as much in common as the English and American peoples; the course of civilization has run parallel in both countries. Moreover, Spain is afflicted with almost all the disorders that have brought about the revolution in Portugal. Spanish politics are as corrupt, as insincere, and as factitious as Portuguese politics; the ignorance and illiteracy in one country is as great as in the other; constitutionalism has proved as tragical a farce in Spain as in Portugal; the Spaniards, like the Portuguese, for three centuries and more have done little but mark time and live in the past to which they mentally belong; the Alphonsists have no more won the affections of Spain than did the Braganzists the affections of Portugal; the Spanish treasury is not perhaps quite so depleted as the Portuguese, but the people are as disaffected, are as systematically despoiled by the politicians, are as sceptical of their public men and institutions, and find it as difficult to make a living as their neighbors. Spain, though often disordered, has never yet been reorganized, and few of the signs that history has taught one to regard as the precursors of an upheaval are wanting in her body politic. With a republic to the north of her and a republic to the west of her, and with Republicanism an active and progressive force within her own borders, it will be little less than miraculous if Spain remains for another decade among the monarchically governed countries.

But this is to assume that the Portuguese Republic will endure. Is there reasonable ground for any such assumption? The republic began well. It overturned the monarchy with almost ludicrous ease. It was generous and restrained in the hour of victory. It won the respect and recognition of Europe by deserving both. It summoned to the chief offices of state men of high character and attainments. It had no difficulty in getting itself accepted not only in Lisbon but throughout all Portugal. It carried popular approval with it by inaugurating a shrewd and instantaneous campaign against the religious orders, and before it was a week old it issued a comprehensive programme of political, economic, and educational reform. But all this, while auspicious, cannot be considered for one moment as final. Writing in this journal immediately after the murder of King Carlos, I ventured to suggest, first, that his assassination did not by any means prove that his remedy of a reforming dictatorship was wrong, and, secondly, that the many ailments from which Portugal was suffering found "their common source in the utter unsuitability of the constitutional, parliamentary, and democratic system to the instincts and capabilities of the people." I still hold to both opinions. It is neither to monarchy as an institution nor to their monarchs as individuals that the Portuguese must look for the root-cause of their political disorders. They must search for that in themselves, in their dense and appalling illiteracy, in the debased character of their politics and their politicians, in the public apathy that has tolerated every species of electoral abuse, and in the profound and universal demoralization which has come to look upon justice and honesty as myths. When one thinks of the ignorance and superstitiousness of the people, of their industrial and agricultural backwardness, of the monstrous burden of taxation, of the annual deficits, and of the utter rottenness of Portuguese public life, it is difficult to resist the belief that what the country most needs is a stern and beneficent dictator such as Mexico has had the good fortune to find in Diaz. Certainly Portugal cannot be redeemed by a mere change of label, and if the republic means more talk, more faction, more jobbery and wire-pulling—a further deluge, in short, of the very evils that have brought her to her present pass—then the future of Portugal is likely to be even more distracted than her past. It is very much too soon, at any rate, to assert with confidence that the republic will endure, that it will not give way before the man on horseback, or even that the Braganza dynasty will never rule again.

The Gentler View

DINNERS AND MEN

By Florida Pier

A WOMAN consuming a table d'hôte dinner feels herself to be working in a medium to which she is by nature ill adapted. The men sitting at the table on either side are on such good terms with food; yet, they are its masters, and because they specialize in it they keep it up to the mark. A man engrossed in a meal of measured procedure is an object-lesson in the established fact that men have accepted this as a material world and are on amiable workable terms with materialism. Women vacillate between abandonment to materialism and frenzied breaks away from it toward an austere Utopia where sustenance is derived from clarified ideas detached forcibly from the whole. A woman omits a course, eats too much of one that should have been partaken of lightly, resents being called upon to devote an hour to burdensome eating, wilfully takes with the entrée vegetables that should have gone with the roast, is too wearied by the time coffee and cheese are reached to care for either, and rises from the table with morose digestive organs, marvelling at these male creatures who behave with such a striking difference.

They come to the table as to a ceremony at which they themselves are to be the worshipped and worshipper. Their subdued keenness seems a preparation partly the result of a realization of how important a function they are about to set in motion, but also a precaution taken that they may do full justice to this opportunity opening before them. They look over the menu, weigh its ingredients, and, catching, as it would seem, the main base on which it is constructed, feeling, with a delicacy hardly material at all, its deeper meaning, cast about in their minds, and bring their imaginations to bear on a wine that will precisely suit it. Their senses being so much keener than a woman's, they will have the wine that is fit, though they sacrifice their personal preference for beer or a whiskey and soda, thus showing themselves aware of a law of harmony higher than what they in their lowness sometimes like. Their actions are those of perfect materialism, of materialism carried to its peaks, or of people so uncontrollably ordered and spiritual that they derive an enriching experience from the nightly partaking of mere food. The woman diner nibbling dully at something she is incapable of naming wonders if her being cowed and depressed by a meal is actually better than rising above it to such an extent that one's face sheds the exalted beams of a Wagnerian *chef d'orchestre*.

If a hors-d'œuvre is lacking or seems insufficient in its whetting powers, the man adds one on his own initiative and eats it in a slow ecstasy. The waiter hovers over him as if he were a chrysalis about to burst and send his soaring soul into a heaven where the waiter had been long privileged to dwell and longed to welcome a newcomer. Fish is served to him, and with a snap of his fingers the head waiter is summoned to his side, and he exclaims, a dreamy tentativeness in his eyes mingled with a glare of senses outraged: "This is not sole with sauce Colbert. It's whiting, man, and the sauce—there is a something I miss." The waiter, that personage so overbearing and lofty with women, pleads softly and passionately for the reputation of the house. It is sole—that he insists upon, he swears to it; but the sauce—ah, there he admits a slight sin is embedded. One herb, one single leaf, was at the last moment impossible to procure, and, though the town was searched, the *chef* rendered prostrate with anxiety, the leaf was of necessity omitted. When forgiveness is intimated by a grieved inclination of the head, the waiter cringes from the presence of a master, a man of discrimination, a palate with ideals, a soul so far above the feminine burdens who, tiresomely enough, have to be fed after a fashion, that the superiority of the one compensates by so handsomely overbalancing the unintelligent feeding of the other. And the woman who has observed all this agape knows herself for a thing of blunt sensibilities, absurdly hoping to rise above materialism when she has not yet passed through it and is but vaguely aware of its refining influences and processes.

Men talk of food as they eat it; their jests are all suggested by food; they tell stories of food they have known in other places and food they have always desired to know. They speak sadly of food they ne'er shall see again and plan to travel far, that they may meet other food long anticipated. Serious, even stodgy old gentlemen are spurred by the partaking of food into poetic rhapsodies on the source from which it came and the mission it will shortly fulfil. Men, when they eat (earnestly and responsibly, be it understood, at a dinner, which is a matter entirely different from a turgidly consumed breakfast or a makeshift luncheon), do it with such gusto, such gallant enthusiasm, that the repast cannot but return the compliment by having every respect for their welfare.

A woman gazes on them ruefully, repelled by their horrid heartiness, yet half enviously aware that they are attuned to the offices of life, that they accept for use the weapons placed in their hands and by the vim of their acceptance achieve a certain standing. The position achieved causes in women a wonderment that will not be downed, a scornful, puzzled irritation at the creatures' eating with such finish and form, with such artistic fervor, that the gross act almost passes for a rarefied accomplishment, a suspicion that there may be something in eating, after all, a thought instantly refuted by one's experience to the contrary, all of which is summed up in a vexed decision that this is called a man's world, not because it was planned with no thought for women—an absurd idea on the first showing—but because men are so admirably adapted to living here and have made it their own by sheer force of knowing precisely what to do with it. Women may sniff superciliously—of course they do—but they admit, with chagrin, that they are clumsy, anxious materialists, while men, by the hearty welcome they gave material delights in the beginning, have fairly lifted them into precious planes whither we cannot follow.

"And Perhaps Four"

HARPER'S WEEKLY says that Roosevelt will lose New York by 100,000, Wilson will carry New Jersey by 40,000, Baldwin will carry Connecticut by 5,000, and Harmon will carry Ohio by 25,000. The *Republican* bets that Colonel Harvey will lose two of his bets sure, three probably, and perhaps four.—*Waterbury Republican of November 8th.*

The Wasp as a Drinker

THAT drunkenness and its consequences are not peculiar to human beings is evident from the fact that wasps greedily attack certain fruits when they are over-ripe—that is to say, when the sugar which they contain has decomposed into alcohol. On such fruits, particularly grapes and plums, wasps may be seen pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and they will be seen to grow very drunk and to crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition to repose in the grass for some time till they get over the "bout," when they are ready to go at it again.

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John La Farge

JOHN LA FARGE, the painter, died on November 14th, at the Butler Hospital in Providence, Rhode Island, in his seventy-sixth year. He had been ill for months with heart trouble and other complications. His widow and seven children survive him.

John La Farge was born in New York City. His father was a Frenchman who escaped from Santo Domingo after the unfortunate outcome of General Leclerc's expedition there, and his mother was the daughter of a planter from that island. She was a talented painter of miniatures, and she was the first to discover and cultivate her son's artistic ability. Thanks to the ample means of his family, young La Farge was in no haste to choose a profession, and after receiving an academic and legal education at home he went abroad to study art, rather as an accomplishment than as a vocation. He received instruction at the atelier of Couture and devoted many months to studying and copying works of the old masters in the Louvre. He was from the first a keen observer and a diligent and faithful student.

The late John La Farge

Young La Farge engaged in the practice of law upon his return to New York, but he soon abandoned it and began to study painting under William M. Hunt at Newport, Rhode Island. There Mr. La Farge married in 1860 Miss Margaret Perry, a granddaughter of Commodore Perry. For several years he applied himself with great zeal to acquiring technical facility, and many of his canvases of that period show how faithfully he recorded the beauty that surrounds Newport. He was a realist in that he portrayed Nature as he saw her, sternly repressing all play of fancy that might disturb the orderly array of fact as he saw it, and he chose to emphasize the weight and mass of material things rather than the movement of air.

While recovering from a serious illness in the early seventies Mr. La Farge amused himself by placing together and upon one another various bits of opalescent and transparent glass and studying the effect. He became interested in the problems of glassmaking and the possibilities of making glass a medium of artistic expression. For a long time he worked in his studio with only one man to help him, and finally he introduced to the world of art the new material known as American glass. He still continued to paint, and in recent years he executed several important commissions in mural decoration in various parts of the United States, yet his ingenious and beautiful achievements in stained glass will chiefly maintain his fame.

Perhaps John La Farge's work of greatest importance in church decoration consists of the windows and mural paintings in Trinity Church, Boston. His "Battle Window," in Memorial Hall at Cambridge, Massachusetts, done in 1870, is a majestic and moving conception curiously worked out with every known variety of glass and many precious stones. The "Peacock Window" in the Worcester Museum was the last window he made. In this a peacock against a background of peonies afforded the opportunity for a wonderful display of rich color. The technical scheme of the window consisted in the joining together of myriads of thin threads of metal with glass, the metal fused to the glass and plate on both sides, with different surfaces adhering.

Mr. La Farge spent the summer of 1886 in Japan, and the publication of his "Letters" from that country showed how subtly and sympathetically he appreciated a people of alien race. His kindly and generous nature was again made apparent during his travels among the people of the South Sea Islands, among whom he made many friends, thanks to his innate courtesy and intellectual humility.

Unlike most innovators, Mr. La Farge received during his lifetime many honors and evidences of appreciation. He was elected president of the Society of American Artists and of the Society of Mural Painters. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1889 and Officer in 1901. In Germany and in England also he won the approbation of high authorities.

The surviving children of John La Farge are, Miss Margaret La Farge, Mrs. William R. Claxton, and Mrs. F. H. Childs, C. Grant La Farge, B. La Farge, Oliver H. P. La Farge, and the Rev. John La Farge.

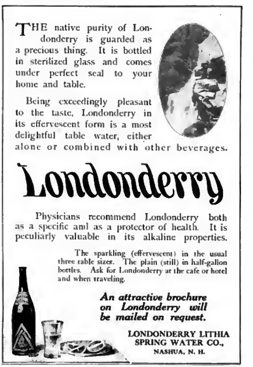
The Bell and the Burmans

A LITTLE native wit will sometimes solve a problem that has proved too much for technical training.

During one of the Burmese wars the British troops endeavored to carry off to Calcutta as a trophy a big bell, weighing more than forty tons. To transport such a heavy burden was troublesome, but the engineers managed to get it as far as the river Irrawaddy.

In trying to put it on shipboard, however, the tackle slipped, and the bell rolled over and fell into the water. The engineers tried in vain to raise it, and at last went on their way without it.

Then the Burmans set to work, and, by the use of the little common-sense, accomplished the task that had proved too much for the trained engineers. They simply encased the upper part of the bell in a wooden structure, so as to convert its external form into that of a cylinder. Then, by means of ropes, it was found quite possible to roll it up the river bank upon dry land.



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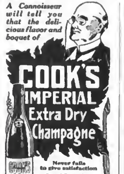

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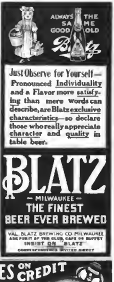

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Evolving the Lead-pencil

It is said that the first lead-pencil was made in England about two hundred and fifty years ago. It was, however, not a lead-pencil at all, but a graphite pencil like those we use to-day.

Graphite was discovered in England during the time of Elizabeth, and hardly were the mines in full operation before the idea of making pencils of their product was conceived. In the early days the graphite was sawed into thin sheets and cut into strips smaller and smaller, until they were small enough to be covered by wooden slips and thus serve as pencils.

It is of record that the first pencils created quite a sensation. The graphite-mines of England were deemed of inestimable value and were protected by law. But there was great waste—first, in digging, for many of the pieces were too small for cutting, and again in the manner of cutting the graphite, which was so crude that half the material was lost. So a binding substance became an urgent need.

Glue, mucilage, isinglass, and other substances were tried, but the graphite was only rendered brittle and of uneven hardness. Its marks were faint and indistinct, and in those days if the point broke it was quite an undertaking to sharpen it again. First the wood had to be cut away and the graphite heated over a light to soften it. Then it was again drawn to a point with the fingers.

Late in the eighteenth century a Frenchman hit upon the idea of using pulverized graphite and binding-clay. This discovery resulted in pencils of varying hardness, according to the amount of binding-clay added, and each pencil was of exactly the same hardness throughout its length.

Following upon this discovery came improvements in mixing, rolling, and sharpening the graphite composition, which was cut into lengths, placed in a warm oven to harden, and finally encased in wood, as seen to-day.

Behold the Result

Colonel Harvey, who supplied the silver platter upon which the gubernatorial nomination was offered to Woodrow Wilson, predicts in Harper's Weekly that his political protege will come out of the contest to-morrow with a plurality of 40,000.

Predictions are easily made and figures are easily written. It gives a prognosticator no more trouble to say that a candidate's plurality, or majority, will be 100,000 than to say that it will be 10,000.

A plurality of 40,000 for Woodrow Wilson means a "landslide," and the person who calmly views the situation, eliminating from his mind every iota of hysteria, must admit that there is nothing in the air, on the earth, or in the waters under the earth to indicate a "landslide."
—*Trenton State Gazette of November 7th.*

"Fort Blunder"

It is not generally known that our government once undertook to erect a fort on British soil. The site of this fort, afterward called Fort Montgomery, was about half a mile northeast of Rouse's Point, New York, not far from the foot of Lake Champlain. Popularly it was known as "Fort Blunder."

It appears that after the War of 1812 our government felt the necessity of guarding the entrance to Lake Champlain. Accordingly, in 1815, was begun the erection of Fort Montgomery. The original notion was to construct a great fort. In those days that meant a fort with three tiers of guns.

When work had been in hand for some time it was discovered that, owing to an error of early surveyors, the actual boundary between New York and Canada, the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude, passed south of the fort.

Work on the fort was suspended for about twenty-five years, and not until the year 1842 was the territory restored to the United States. The agreement known as the Webster-Ashburton treaty, establishing the northeastern boundary, made the line between New York and Canada conform to the old and incorrect early survey. Thus "Fort Blunder" was again on United States territory. The people of Maine, it is said, never quite forgave Daniel Webster for giving up, as they claimed he did, a great slice of territory to which they thought themselves entitled in order to save Rouse's Point.

After the boundary question was settled the fort was finished, but it was never manned by more than sufficient men to keep it in order and it was never armed.

In Good Working Order

Colonel George Harvey's predicting department was in good working order when he issued the last number of Harper's Weekly preceding the election.—*Rochester Herald.*

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THE REVOLUTION IN TENNESSEE

(Continued from page 9)

Convention which should actually make the nominations. The voters had no voice in their selection.

Patterson had taken the final step, and the people were aroused. The issue could be no longer avoided; it was his machine against the people.

Senator J. B. Frazier; Railroad Commissioner B. A. Enloe; Chief Justice Beard, and Justices Neil and Shields of the Supreme Court; Justices Wilson and Taylor, of the Court of Civil Appeals; State Treasurer Reau E. Folk, brother of "Joe" Folk of Missouri; and Judge D. L. Lansden, a candidate for the Supreme Court—immediately announced that they would not enter such a primary. Thereupon the Governor issued a statement defending his primary plan, and then he tried to stem the tide of public opinion with a seven thousand word statement, defending his pardon of the Coopers by calling the court's decision a "miscarriage of justice."

On May 18th, five thousand Independent Democrats, representing the very flower of the Democracy of the State, met in convention at Nashville. A strong ticket, including the members of the judiciary who had refused to enter the Patterson primary, was nominated. Three days before the Independent convention, the Republican leaders after a conference at the White House announced that the Republicans would support the Independent ticket.

Patterson's convention nominated him for the third time, and named a judicial ticket.

At the August election the Independent judicial candidates triumphed by an average majority of more than 45,000, a reversal of from 70,000 to 90,000 in the normal vote of the State. Then Patterson tried to conciliate the Independents with an offer to resubmit his claims to the nomination to a primary of any sort, but any proposition that did not eliminate him entirely from politics was ignored.

On August 16th the Republicans nominated for Governor, on a platform that called for "no backward step on prohibition," Ben W. Hooper, of Newport. Nine days later Patterson reiterated that he would remain in the race, but on September 11th, just as the Independent Democrats all over the State were instructing their delegates to vote for Hooper in the State convention to be held September 14th, the Governor announced that he had surrendered his nomination.

The doom of Pattersonism in any form had been sealed.

On the day before the gathering of the Independents the Patterson State Committee offered to leave candidate and platform to a committee of ten from each faction. Although hundreds of Democrats within the Independent ranks sought compromise, the convention ignored this eleventh-hour appeal, and nominated Hooper.

Many of the Independents returned to the Democratic fold, and after a search for a candidate who might bring victory out of seemingly certain defeat, selected Senator Taylor and forced him to accept the nomination of the convention held on October 10th. Taylor conducted the most spectacular campaign the State has seen. He averaged six speeches a day, and he had the aid of many able orators. But he did not resign his seat in the Senate, and he was charged with "playing both ends against the middle."

Two of the principal dailies of the State supported him, the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* and the Chattanooga *Times*. The Nashville *American*, which had been the most ardent supporter of Patterson, had been in the mean time absorbed by Luke Lea's *Tennessean*, which was the organ of the Republican Independent alliance. The other principal dailies supported Hooper and Enloe. With the exception of Hooper, Independent Democrats did practically all the campaigning. They held up the bogey of Patterson again and declared Taylor to be the representative of the same old machine. Enough of the people did not want anything that looked like Pattersonism to turn the State into the Republican column.

Ben W. Hooper, the Governor-elect, is one of the youngest men to hold that office. His age is not given definitely because, born in obscurity, his early days are clouded. Picked up on the streets of Knoxville, a waif and friendless, he was placed in an orphanage and later adopted by Dr. L. W. Hooper, a wealthy citizen of Newport. He served as an officer in the Spanish American war, was a member of the Legislature and Assistant United States District Attorney. He is an able lawyer, an earnest speaker, and a man who promises to make a business and partisan Governor.

How a Tiger Was Captured

The interest of a community in the Malay Peninsula was lately excited by the announcement that a fine tiger had been captured in a pit situated in a Chinaman's garden.

The pit in which the tiger was caught was circular, eleven feet deep, and three feet in diameter, contracting slightly at the bottom. It was dug in sandy clay, and as the sides were clean-cut the tiger was not able to escape by scrambling out. The situation was on the margin of a jungle forest, and the pit, along with others, had been dug for the purpose of capturing wild pigs. These pits were covered with thin sticks and grass or leaves.

As soon as the owner of the pit into which the tiger had fallen was aware of his prize, he covered the mouth of the pit with strong planks and at once looked around for a purchaser, who was soon found. The sum of twenty-five pounds was paid for the tiger as it lay at the bottom of the pit, and it afterward cost fifty pounds to have him caged and conveyed to Singapore.

For nearly six days the captive lay in the pit, his captor feeding him very sparingly in order to reduce his energy. The operation of caging the beast was intrusted to six Malays, who, as a race, are noted for their knowledge of woodcraft and of the habits of animals.

The Malays went to work very cleverly. Every detail of their plan was ordered admirably, so that no accident could occur.

The first step was to rig up a strong beam at a height of about nine feet over the pit, and this was supported on well-secured uprights, to which it was securely lashed with withes.

Next there were prepared two cylindrical baskets made of green rattan. One of these baskets measured two feet in diameter and eight feet in length. The other was made just large enough to be passed into the larger one, for the purpose of giving additional strength to the contrivance. One end of each basket was left open, while the other was closed with the exception of a hole about three inches in diameter, the use of which will presently appear.

The smaller basket having been jammed into the larger one, the walls of both were firmly laced together throughout with withes to obviate any chance of slipping.

Finally two new hemp ropes two and three-quarter inches in circumference were prepared with running nooses. As soon as a few long poles had been cut and prepared, with forks on some of them and pieces of wood lashed on others to form hooks, the Malays were ready to take care of the tiger.

The planks covering the mouth of the pit were slightly separated to admit of the ropes and poles being passed down. The noose of one of the ropes was lowered upon the tiger's head, an intrusion which he resisted violently, but by skill and patience the Malays managed to get the noose over the tiger's head and around his neck. This was effected by manœuvring his paws and mouth with the poles. As soon as the noose was in position it was drawn tight enough to prevent its removal by the prisoner. The other rope was then passed down and secured in a similar manner. The operation of placing the two nooses around the neck of the beast occupied twenty-three minutes.

The ends of the ropes were then passed through the cylindrical baskets. The baskets were placed mouth downward over the pit, and when all was secure and ready the word to haul was given and the tiger was drawn up head foremost into the basket, which was only large enough to receive him, and thus he was unable to struggle with effectiveness. As soon as he was well into the basket the whole was drawn up and laid on its side, when the mouth of the basket was at once laced up, leaving nothing but the tiger's tail protruding. When all was fast the nooses around his throat were slackened in order that the beast might breathe more freely. The basket was now slung on a pole and borne to where a cage was in readiness to receive its occupant.

British Hall Marks

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The hall mark for London is a leopard's head; it is a castle and lion for Edinburgh; a tree and salmon, with a bell, for Glasgow; an anchor for Birmingham; three castles for Newcastle; a dagger or three wheat sheaves for Chester; a castle with two wings for Exeter; a crown for Sheffield; five lions and a cross for York; and the figure of Hibernia for Dublin.

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Perusal of the page headed "*Book Land*," edited by Edwin Markham and John Vance Cheney, appearing every Saturday in the *New York Morning American*, will help you to select the books *you* will like.

The Advance of the Sahara

There has long been much disagreement among scientists as to the question of the antiquity of the Sahara desert, and over the manner in which it was formed. They agree, however, that the dryness has much increased during the centuries that have passed since Rome was a mighty empire. One French savant, who made the arduous journey from the Niger River to Lake Tchad, brought back much interesting information regarding the progress of the arid region southward.

It appears that the country that extends from the Niger to Lake Tchad, between thirteen and sixteen degrees north latitude, is completely barren of permanent water bodies. For more than eight hundred miles it is a tropical region without a watercourse. Only yesterday—as geologists count time—all this was different. The Niger received from the left immense affluents, veritable floods. Then giraffes and elephants, it is believed, wandered even to the borders of Mediterranean Numidia, seeking the abundant vegetation.

Presently came the Mohammedan conquest, with its tribes of nomadic Arabs, and the invasion of the Tuaregs from the east, accelerating the Saharan devastation.

These invaders burned over great tracts of land, destroying vegetation and leaving nothing to hold the fallen water in check. The hygrometric state of the atmosphere was impoverished. The vapor was no longer condensed. The rain failed, vegetation disappeared, and the soil and rocks were left exposed to the direct action of heat and cold, and of the winds. The decomposition of the granite filled the dry river beds with sand for great distances.

The advance of this phenomenon has not stopped at the edge of the tropics. The Sahara, it is thought, has gained toward the south steadily. It is established on all the northern parts of Lake Tchad. Although it appears slow, its march is extremely rapid, compared with other geologic phenomena. Barth, the German explorer, found water in abundance, sixty years ago, where the expedition of Peroz suffered from thirst in 1904. The old men of North Adair showed Peroz rivers which in their youth flowed many months of the year, but were at the time of the French expedition entirely dry. Lakes yesterday permanent, which the French expected to find full, were dry, and did not replenish themselves, except during the two months of winter.

The Origin of Cotton Thread

Curiously enough, it was a war that brought about the revolution in the manufacture of sewing thread. When Napoleon occupied North Germany in 1803, the supply of silk from Hamburg, which was used in making heddles, or the loom harness, in Paisley, was cut off.

Unless some substitute could be found, the weaving industry of Paisley would be ruined. Peter Clark experimented with cotton-warp yarn, and succeeded in making thread like the six-cord sewing thread used to-day. It took the place of silk in the heddles, and the weaving business went on, uninterrupted by the war.

Thus it occurred to another man to use the cotton thread in place of linen for sewing, and he recommended it to the women of the town. It was so much smoother than the linen that the women liked it. The thread was sold in hanks and wound by the purchaser into little balls, but the merchant soon decided to wind the hank on a bobbin or spool for his customers, as an added inducement to purchase it instead of the linen.

From this beginning the cotton thread trade has grown, and now silk and linen are used only for special work.

The Longevity of Birds

It is not always easy to estimate the duration of the life of a bird. Possibly captivity shortens the bird's life; on the other hand, the wild bird does not die of old age, but as the result of an accident, or at the hands of an enemy.

According to Naumann, the naturalist, the nightingale lives for eight or nine years, the canary from twelve to fifteen, and the blackbird twelve years. Crows are said to live one hundred years. It is a fact that a vulture was kept in a cage in the zoological garden in Vienna for one hundred and eighteen years, and that in the same garden was a falcon one hundred and sixty-two years old. Living in the same garden was an eagle known to have lived for one hundred and four years. The mean age of eagles is sixty years. Parrots are said to live one hundred years; and von Humboldt saw in South America a parrot which spoke a language spoken by a people who had vanished from the earth more than one hundred years before that time.

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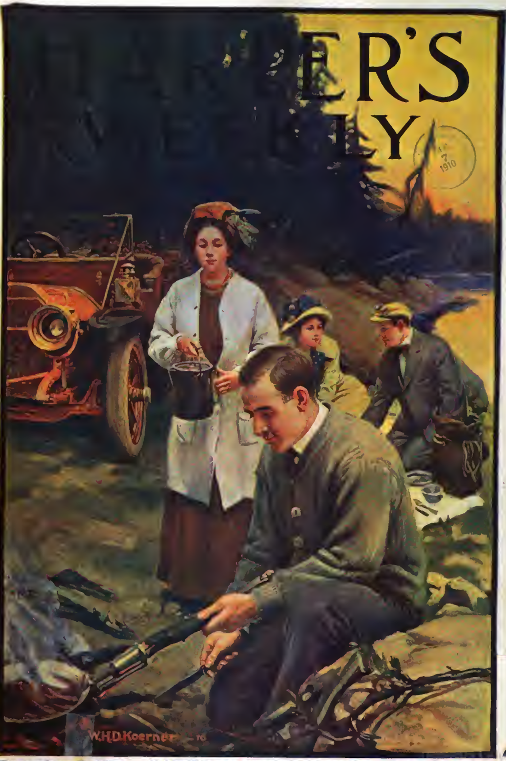

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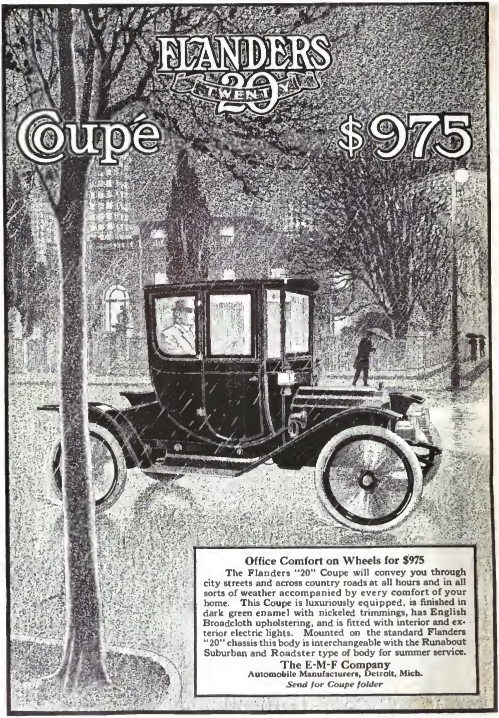

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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EXCELSIOR!

J. Armstrong Drexel, the American aviator who broke the world's altitude record on November 23d at Philadelphia with a flight of 9,977 feet in a Bleriot monoplane. When this height had been attained the recording needle of the barograph failed, therefore Mr. Drexel may actually have flown to 10,000 feet

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

Tolstoi

No doubt it is true enough that Tolstoi wrote more of the great lessons of history and life and religion into the novels that he disparaged than into the religious writings on which in his later years he spent so much of his strength. As we Western people saw him, he did not seem to have it in him to make a trustworthy application of Christian teachings to every-day life and to politics. It may be held, if one believes it, that the teachings of Christ are to civilization and human progress what the law of gravitation is to mechanics—that civilization must go forward in harmony with those teachings, and that only in harmony with them can humanity progress and hold its gains. Tolstoi had the profoundest confidence in the teachings, was eager to sacrifice everything that most people value in order to live in accord with them, but the application of them to the processes of civilization seemed to baffle him. He groped after Christian conduct, and while in the main he found it, he constantly took up and laid down details of behavior that seemed not to have much to do with it. At one time he held it to be a marital obligation to have many children; at another he seemed to disparage marriage altogether and favor celibacy as the preferable state. As a non-resistant he sympathized with and tried to help those impossible people, the Doukhobors, and while the hope of Russia seems to lie in representative government and the final overthrow of bureaucracy and despotism, he could see nothing hopeful in the Douma and would not approve it. He was earnest enough in preaching that the Haves should let go, but seemed to feel no interest in having the Have-nots take hold. Social, political, and ecclesiastical organization all seemed to him obstacles to the Christian life, and to such an ordering of the world as was most favorable to it.

In Kansas they think the Christian life can be assisted by automobiles, and the progressives out there want every family to have one. That is the form their brotherliness takes. Tolstoi's brotherliness might have taken that form if he had lived in Kansas, but as a progressive in Russia, where there is no present prospect of there being comforts and luxuries enough to go around, his brotherliness took the simpler form of unwillingness to have more, or live better, than his brethren.

A great writer, a great man, but we Western readers wonder that being so great a man, of such powers, talents, and so noble a spirit, he should have been, as we say, so great a crank. No doubt the reason for that was his environment. We all get a large share of our opinions out of the air we breathe, the conditions we live under, what we read, what we see, what we hear. Our wisdom is not so much ours as the wisdom of our day and country. But Tolstoi, though himself a cultivated man and well-to-do, breathed the air of despotism, ignorance, poverty, and struggle. Most of what he saw about him was wrong—an oppressive government, an oppressive state church, and all their concomitants of terror, injustice, superstition, and wretchedness. His mind was illuminated with the great sense of human brotherhood, but his deductions about conduct were localized, and imperfectly suited to general application.

But, after all, a great life is the most valuable thing it is in the power of man to leave in the world, and Tolstoi lived a great life, the value of which is unquestioned. His power in literature gave him enormous advertisement, but he was probably right in his instinctive feeling that his life rather than his exceedingly notable writings was the most effective part of him. What was mistaken about his theories will perish, but his great books will live, a thousand times the more effective that behind them was a great soul that will go marching on like the soul of old John Brown.

The Short Session

Again the futility of the short session will be emphasized. A Congress emphatically repudiated by the country will in a few days assemble at Washington, and for several months continue to exercise full powers of legislation. But any really significant action it may take will seem to be taken in defiance of the clearly expressed will of the country. There is pressing need of prompt legislation on certain subjects, particularly conservation and the reform of procedure in the Federal courts, and possibly these subjects will be attended to. But the chances are that the session will be largely occupied with political controversy and that its practical achievement will be negligible—or worse; and in the ordinary course of events the new Congress will not get to work until more than a year from the date of its election has elapsed. We need a change of schedule which shall eliminate both the short session and the March inauguration.

Industrial Efficiency and the Railroads

Naturally the railroads are sceptical about the great economies possible by such an application of contemporary industrial engineering as Mr. Louis D. Brandeis suggested to them last week. The novelty in his argument before the Interstate Commerce Commission in behalf of the Eastern shippers and against the proposal to raise rates was that the railroads concerned had not reached the top notch of efficiency in the management of their business, and that they could save the twenty-seven millions which the proposed rates would cost the shippers by increased efficiency in their processes. According to the estimate of Mr. Brandeis and the experts whom he quotes, the railroads of the country are wasting about a million dollars a day by failure to put into use the economies that the best contemporary experts have devised. The railroad presidents are as yet incredulous about the possibilities of so much saving. They are polite to Mr. Brandeis, but they want to be shown. Following a conference of Western railroad presidents in Chicago, the railroad officers present, through five of their number, sent a telegram to Mr. Brandeis, offering him a job at his own price if he could point out how a substantial portion of the saving he calls for can be made. He is a lawyer, and is not likely himself to turn industrial engineer, but he will direct the railroad presidents to the men and the experiments which have given him so much confidence in the means he recommends. Mr. Brandeis does not charge the railroad men with incompetence or mismanagement, but he says that they are not up to the times in their methods. He urges the same sort of application of brains to the processes of the railroad business that in a certain iron-foundry enabled men who were loading two tons of pig-iron an hour and earning sixteen cents, to load ten tons an hour and earn twenty-seven cents. The increase did not come because the men worked harder, but because the work was better planned and made easier for them, and because wasted movements were eliminated. The same sort of application of expert thought to the primary processes of labor increased the efficiency of a shovelling gang 150 per cent., increased the efficiency of bricklayers 200 per cent., and in three years reduced the cost of work in a large locomotive-repair shop rather more than one-half. Mr. Brandeis may be wrong in his belief that the railroads can save a great deal of money by economies in operation, but he seems to have some very lively ideas, based on very interesting and surprising experiments, and that seem adapted to do good to railroads, shippers, employers, and everybody concerned. His propositions are by no means novel to all the railroads. On some roads the industrial engineers have been at work saving money for five or six years past, and some of their best results have been won in railroad shops. Mr. Brandeis's notion is that the best methods of the best roads should be instituted in all the roads before the need of raising freight rates can be established.

Governmental Activities Approved

The efforts of one department of the government to restrain the sale of rotten securities by advertisements sent through the mails, and of another department to restrain the sale of rotten eggs, are viewed with sympathy and approval by consumers. Eggs and stocks are both speculative, and the principle of *caveat emptor* applies to them, but the buyer should have a fair run for his money.

Should the Supreme Court Go into Politics?

Probably not since the Dred Scott decision, certainly not since the so-called Reconstruction cases, has the Supreme Court of the United States faced such momentous questions as it must deal with next January. It will then take up afresh the Standard Oil and the American Tobacco Company cases under the Sherman law, the suits brought to test the constitutionality of the Federal corporation tax, cases involving the twenty-eight-hours law and the pure food and drugs law, and an important boycott and contempt appeal. The chief phases of the corporation question will be before it and *will have to be decided*—not plausibly or takingly discussed, not treated in a way to please voters and win popularity for the court, but *decided*. And decided how? According to the established usage in this country, according to the Constitution, according to the standard of law courts in practically all civilized countries, they will have to be decided by considering only the evidence presented and the law as it stands. But according to the New Nationalism something else ought to be taken account of and to affect the decisions; and that something else, as nearly as one can make out, is the present state of public opinion as interpreted by the author and propounder of the New Nationalism.

Could anything make plainer the proportions of the menace to our institutions—to the most successful, the most dignified and impressive, the most sacred of our institutions—which the New Nationalism involves? The Supreme Court, in its composition, its functions, and its methods and standards, represents the supreme achievement of our civilization in government. More than that: it represents long centuries of slow progress in jurisprudence in England and other countries before we came into existence as a nation. To challenge its method and seek to change the very standard it acts by is to challenge the wisdom of the ages, the experience of the strongest and most enlightened races of mankind. If the American people should heedlessly and hurriedly accede to such a proposal they would prove that they are no longer fit to govern themselves.

A Cheering Test

The last thing the Colonel said before he went into the great silence was that he didn't think Judge Baldwin would really sue *him* for libel. But the papers are being drawn with due care, and soon we shall know whether the courts as now constituted interpret law as enacted into statutes or in conformity with the spirit and needs of the time.

Shall the Sherman Law Be Abandoned?

In a letter published recently in the *Evening Post*, Senator-elect John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, makes a decidedly interesting contribution to the trust question. Gradually the discussion of that question has been turning into a controversy between the advocates of two general proposals. One is the Sherman law plan of suppressing or dissolving such combinations as can be accounted "conspiracies in restraint of trade," the object being to restore and keep alive competition. The other proposal, best represented by the Interstate Commerce Law as amended, is to establish thorough regulation and control of all combinations engaged in inter-state commerce by a body, or bodies, of experts. Mr. Williams takes the first position, and defends with brilliancy the principle of the Sherman law. "Somebody," he remarks, "once asked another, 'Is Christianity a failure?' The reply came: 'I don't know. I have never seen it tried.' To what extent the Sherman act is a failure cannot be determined until it is tried by enforcement." And Mr. Williams argues rather convincingly that it has never been enforced. He further gives his endorsement to a remedy proposed by Mr. Robert R. Reed, who would have the national government require of all corporations engaging in interstate commerce that they put in their charters guarantees against any violation of the Sherman law principle. It is announced, in fact, that Mr.

WILLIAMS has written a bill to that effect and will make a fight for it when he enters the Senate. If he does, it is very likely to win the support of practically all those who hold to the view that competition can be kept going by law. Mr. WILLIAMS's fundamental objection to the plan of regulation by commission or bureau is that it means government by men and not by law, and an open door to corruption. The controversy is a momentous one, and it is well to have both sides of it ably represented. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS was both interesting and worth while as a Representative; he promises to be equally interesting and equally worth while as a Senator.

The Railroads and Politics

According to PATRICK CALHOUN, President of the United Railroads of San Francisco, it is time for the managers of railroads and other corporations to take a more aggressive course with their assailants. In a speech which he made not long ago at Atlantic City before the American Street and Interurban Railway Association Mr. CALHOUN declared:

> There are two methods by which corporate interests can be protected. One is by their officers and officials apparently abstaining from politics, apparently devoting themselves entirely to business, claiming to be business men and not politicians, and making secret deals with those politicians who will give them protection. This has been in some degree the method of the past. . . . The other method is for the corporate manager to defy boldly the politician, high or low, who undertakes to drive him from public affairs; to refuse to be blackmailed, to refuse to buy political protection through campaign contributions, to put his trust in the plain people of the country, and willingly, boldly, and fearlessly lay his case or his needs before them.

Mr. CALHOUN comes out strongly for the second method; and even Mr. FRANCIS J. HENEY and others of Mr. CALHOUN's opponents and critics would probably concede that when Mr. CALHOUN is discussing ways and means of taking care of corporate interests, he at any rate knows what he is talking about. There is reason, too, in what he says; and plenty of other railroad men—men like Presidents BROWN of the Central and RIPLEY of the Santa Fé and FINLEY of the Southern—have been taking the same line. Whether or not the old device of secret deals with politicians has been abandoned, the device of coming out into the open and dealing directly with public opinion is certainly coming more and more into fashion.

Dr. Osler to the Anti-Vaccinationists

In an article in the *American Magazine*, on the immense service to the community of the control and abatement of disease and pain by medical science, Dr. WILLIAM OSLER came in due course to the value of vaccination, and says, in the course of a paragraph on that subject:

> A great deal of literature has been distributed casting discredit upon the value of vaccination in the prevention of smallpox. I do not see how any one who has gone through epidemics as I have, or who is familiar with the history of the subject, and who has any capacity left for clear judgment, can doubt its value. Some months ago I was twitted by the editor of the Journal of the Anti-vaccination League for "a curious silence" on this subject. I would like to issue a Mount Carmel-like challenge to any ten unvaccinated priests of Baal. I will go into the next severe epidemic with ten selected vaccinated persons and ten selected unvaccinated persons. I should prefer to choose the latter—three members of parliament, three anti-vaccination doctors, if they could be found, and four anti-vaccination propagandists. And I will make this promise—neither to jeer nor to jibe when they catch the disease, but to look after them as brothers, and for the four or five who are certain to die I will try to arrange the funerals with all the pomp and ceremony of an anti-vaccination demonstration.

The mental processes of the anti-vaccination enthusiasts are very curious, and it seems quite useless to hope that their opinions will ever be affected by anything short of the final translation to a sphere of existence less subject than this to aberrations of the mind. Nevertheless, Dr. OSLER has done his best for them. They won't take up his challenge, being readier to risk the lives of others than their own, but he has put the case as strongly as he could, and that may be useful.

Political Candor

GOLDWIN SMITH's reminiscences, now running in *McClure's Magazine*, are consoling to contemporary politicians in their effect of bringing the British political giants of the Victorian age down near to the stature of ordinary men. Writing of the time when GLADSTONE and DISRAELI were leaders, he quotes a Conservative member of Parliament as saying to a Liberal: "We are much better off than you are for a leader. Ours is only an unprincipled scoundrel; yours is a dangerous lunatic." Allowing for humorous exaggeration, the remark might fairly well pass between two contemporary Republicans who hold contrary views about conservation. Happily, limitations of human capacity and modern restrictions of power make it practically impossible for political leaders to justify the diagnoses of their more whole-hearted opponents.

It is long, by the way, since there have been harsher sentiments exchanged in English politics than at these presents. In the election that is imminent everybody who has a mind to free is going to free it. The temper of the forthcoming discourse is indicated in the exchange between LLOYD-GEORGE and MARLBOROUGH, wherein the Chancellor, ridiculing the Unionist cry of "American-dollar dictation," talks about "noble houses whose tottering foundations have been restored by American dollars," and the Duke retorts that the Chancellor, lately supposed to be a gentleman, "has reverted to type and become himself."

Mr. Hill Looks Ahead

JAMES J. HILL says that we have been spending too much money on non-productive enterprises—cities-beautiful, battleships, the Panama Canal, and the like—and the prospect is for restriction of business, and many workers unemployed next year. Federal expenditures, he points out, were $1,800,000,000 between 1892 and 1896, and $3,600,000,000 between 1904 and 1908. That is to say that ROOSEVELT's last administration cost the country twice as much as CLEVELAND's. A considerable increase was warranted, but neither the wealth nor the population of the country doubled between 1896 and 1908, and to double the expenses of government meant extravagance.

Let us remember that, if Mr. HILL's forecast comes true and business is sluggish next year. When all the high-tariff men begin to shriek that we are suffering from the affronts offered to the palladium of our prosperity, let us remember that ROOSEVELT's administration cost twice as much as CLEVELAND's—eighteen hundred millions more—and that very little of this excess of expenditure was industrially productive.

There is nothing calamitous about Mr. HILL's forecast; he sees no panic ahead of us, but he says he only needs about a third as many new freight-cars as he needed last year, and only about a third as many new rails. He says there will be no progress next year, and that many people will have to change their occupations and habits of living until the country accumulates enough surplus wealth to forge ahead with.

After all, that is the usual procedure. Expenditure and prosperity do not rise about so much every year. The world is not all Scotchmen yet; not all thrifty or far-sighted. Prosperity bulges, and expenditure with it. Then it shrinks, and people mend their ways and spend less money and form new habits and get to like them; and meanwhile the forehanded folk who save while others are spending get excellent bargains out of their less thrifty neighbors.

It is not necessary that we should accept Mr. HILL's forecast as a decree of fate. Let the other experts take hold of it and give their views. We had an enormous corn crop this year that will save us money in meat, the experts say, and so leave us more perhaps for steel rails and other luxuries.

But meanwhile to take Mr. HILL's forecast provisionally to heart is excellent policy. To reduce expenditures, personal and national, is a precaution of the utmost timeliness.

New York in the Senate

"His place in the Senate would be as distinguished as CHARLES SUMNER's." So said a Massachusetts man in speaking of EDWARD M. SHEPARD.

New York has the chance to send to the Senate a man who will be a leader in government. He and Senator ROOT will represent nine million people. It is a place that calls for the ablest and best-qualified man the New York Democrats can find.

Mr. SHEPARD has many of the qualifications that go to make a notable Senator. He would undoubtedly do us credit.

Mr. OSBORNE is another man to be considered. He has fine abilities, admirable character, and unusual zeal for the public good. Moreover, his work for the regeneration of the Democratic party in this State has been very valuable.

No doubt there are others. Fourteen years of political adversity have retarded the development of the younger generation of New York Democrats, but this great city is a hotbed of ability, and the State has a population of four millions besides the five millions who live at this end of it.

Nine million people expect their Legislature to send to the Senate a Democrat fit to represent them.

More Subways Coming

It begins to look as though the long hold-up of subway construction in New York were near its end, and that when it begins again it will start on a satisfactory basis, with plans that will give the people of the city, and the millions more that are coming, a reasonable measure of the transportation that they need.

Mr. WILLIAM G. MCADOO is a valuable man to have in town. His offer for an amended triborough system has brought everything to a head, spurred the Interborough to new burst of suggestion, and brought on a promising succession of dickers, out of which the patient inhabitant of the metropolis hopes for eventual amelioration, and perhaps cure, of "the present, frightful and immoral condition of subway transit." In four years is about the soonest that such relief can come. That would bring along the opening of the new subways and the Panama Canal very near together, with a very considerable resulting easement of the population of this earth.

The Mexican Outbreak

We have the assurance of President DIAZ that the revolution in Mexico does not amount to anything. In a despatch (November 27th) to the *New York American* he says:

> The recent riots in certain portions of Mexico are the political work of Mr FRANCISCO MADERO. According to the proclamations he published on throwing himself into an attempted revolution, his object was to attain the Presidency by force since he was unable to do so by the votes of his fellow citizens.
>
> This political movement will not extend, since hitherto it has limited itself to riots in Puebla, Gomez Palacio, Parral and Ciudad Guerrero. In all these places they have been repressed by the police and the Federal forces. The rest of the Republic has remained completely tranquil.

The notion of MADERO, or anybody else not of the political family of DIAZ, attaining the Presidency of Mexico by votes is amusing, but as to his facts President DIAZ seems to be right.

Intoxicants and Tobacco

We are drinking more alcoholic drinks than ever, more not only in gross, but *per capita*. So the Internal Revenue Bureau says after toting up its receipts for the year ending on the 30th of last June. Here is its report of some of the products that paid taxes:

> 163,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits, 30,000,000 gallons more than the year before.
>
> 59,485,417 barrels of fermented liquors, an increase of 3,000,000 barrels.
>
> 7,600,000,000 cigars, 600,000,000 more than 1909.
>
> 6,830,000,000 cigarettes, an increase of 1,000,000,000.
>
> 402,000,000 pounds of plug, fine-cut, cube-cut, granulated, or sliced smoking or chewing tobacco or snuff, 4,000,000 pounds more than the year before.
>
> 141,862,282 pounds of oleomargarine, 50,000,000 pounds increase.

It appears that the consumption of spirits increased last year by over twenty per cent. Perhaps taxes were paid on more liquor than was drunk, but the payments from year to year are a pretty close measure of consumption. That drinking should increase in the face of so much prohibition and local-option legislation causes some astonishment, but is not, we believe, contrary to experience. Legislation may have an effect on manners, methods, and details of consumption, but it does not change habits. Prohibition, if Maine is any criterion, does not help at all in promoting temperance. Local option may do good, but is more likely to benefit the rising generation than the one whose habits are formed.

It is possible that in spite of the Internal Revenue figures the manner of drinking may be improved and the drinks better distributed.

It bears on this subject that of the nine millions of population in New York State seven millions live in cities. Local option in this State is confined to country townships. The increase of city population all over the country has doubtless a relation to this increase in the consumption both of alcohol and tobacco. The nervous tension of city life is greater than of country life, calling more for stimulants, and affording more convenient opportunities to get them. Drinking and smoking, too, are both social practices, and there is more society in the cities than in the country.

The consumption of spirits has increased more in proportion than the consumption of beer, and the consumption of cigarettes more than of cigars. The report is not complimentary to legislation

Tolstoi

A well-known and able philanthropist tells us that when she was leaving Tolstoi after a brief visit the old man said to her, smiling, "Every man has his particular, personal cross. Mine is that my life must always appear in the main ridiculous to other men."

There are always a certain number of minds in the world who find any departure from tradition and convention ridiculous or wrong, and this in despite of all the supreme examples of the world. The Master Himself cannot be said to have been applauded by His day; nor was Socrates or Galileo or Savonarola or Calvin, or, for that matter, any very great man whose name has lived as benefactor to the race. The cash value of standing out against that terrible force, the world, is not swiftly forthcoming. It is then encouraging to see at this time how many people in the world honored Tolstoi, and how many loved him, although the number of those who understood his life or agreed with his protests are perhaps hardly more than a dozen or two the world over. We have many pictures, true and untrue, of the great, sad, lonely old man. His attempt to change his personal life without forcing his views upon those near to him is widely known. When he felt he could no longer own property, he divided his large estate into three parts: one-third was given to his wife, the Countess Tolstoi, one third to his children, and one-third to the peasants in his neighborhood. He lived himself in a small cabin on his wife's estate, and his time for the last quarter of a century was divided likewise into three parts: four hours he took for hard, manual labor—drawing water, tilling the fields, practising his craft, and so on; four hours for mental labor, in which he wrote all of the later works for which he refused any kind of payment; and four hours he gave to social converse and such help as he could offer to those around him. He learned the trade of a shoemaker, and we have been told that he was far from expert. To the very end he made exceedingly bad shoes, and when he found out that these bad shoes were sold for high prices to curiosity-hunters because he had made them, he was extremely angry.

He kept on affectionate terms with his family, and one or two people who have visited the Tolstoi estate have painted touching pictures of the old man coming into the Countess's dining-room in the evening with his own wooden bowl of porridge for supper and sitting at a small table near her right hand, where he ate according to his own theory of living. The liveried servants who waited upon the Countess and the family regarded him with awe and tenderness. The peasants amongst whom and for whom to so great an extent he lived, fairly worshipped him, and if one may believe the accounts they, more than other men, recognized what he was doing and understood his doctrine. His was a single and a lonely protest against the order of this world.

If one study his portraits from youth up one finds his face not in the least that of an ascetic. In youth it is a somewhat heavy and sensual face, with a square-built, logical head. It is not so much the face of a man who would see visions and dream dreams as the face of a man who, if he saw a fight, would follow it over a precipice, but would never turn back. The peculiar expression of seeing through things, to which every one who knew him in later life testifies, must have increased with the years. In looking over his portraits one notices in youth a certain lethargic dull look out of the eyes, and this expression is entirely changed in the portraits taken of him about 1890 and later. From this time on his face increases in spiritual significance and power.

The change in his life came to him at the moment of highest success in his life. The experience which he refers to as his "conversion" is far from universal and yet more common than is understood by many. Very pathetically he tells us in his *Confession* of the process of change. He had had every advantage of birth, education, and success. He was perfectly healthy, well born, with high connections, wealthy, happily married, deeply interested in the education and up-bringing of his children, and the most famous and successful writer in Russia and perhaps in the world. Of his life at this time he tells us:

"Five years ago a strange state of mind began to grow upon me and I had moments of perplexity, of a stoppage, as it were, of life. As if I did not know how I was to live, what I was to do, and I began to wonder and was the victim of low spirits. But this passed and I continued to live as before. Later these periods of perplexity began to return more and more frequently and inevitably took the same form. These subjects always presented to me the same questions: 'Why?' 'What for?' . . . Before occupying myself with the education of my son with the writing of books, I was bound to know why I did these things. While thinking about the management of my household and estate, which in those days occupied the most of my time, suddenly the question would come back into my head:

"'Well, good; I have now six thousand desyatins in the government of Samara and three hundred horses. What then?' . . .

"Another time, dwelling on the thought of how I should educate my children, I asked myself, 'Why?'

"Again, when considering by what means the well-being of the people might best be promoted, I exclaimed,

"'What concern have I in it?'

"And when I thought of the fame which my works were gaining me I said to myself:

"'Well, what if I should be more famous than Gogol, Pushkin, Shakespeare, Molière—than all the writers of the world? Well, what then?' . . .

"The truth was life was meaningless. . . . My life was a foolish and a wicked joke played on me by some one. . . . I saw that philosophy gave no answer but the one I had given myself:

"'What is the meaning of life?'

"'It has none.'

"'What will become of my life?'

"'Nothing.'

"'Why does all this exist, and why do I exist?'

"'Because it does exist.'"

The story of the manner in which Tolstoi made answer to these questions is very well known. He tried, one by one, all of the great philosophers. He questioned all the learning of his day. He summed up the various means of escape.

"The first means," he says, "is through ignorance, and consists in not perceiving and understanding that life is evil and absurd. . . . The second means is Epicurean, and consists, even while we know the hopelessness of life, in taking advantage of what good there is in the manner of Solomon, who points out this issue from the difficulty thus:

"'Then I commended mirth because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, drink, and be merry.'

"The third means was through strength and energy, and consisted in destroying life when we perceived that it was evil and absurd. The fourth means was through weakness, and consisted in continuing to drag life out although aware that nothing can come of it."

None of these ways was the solution adopted by Tolstoi; instead, he turned his mind to the Sermon on the Mount, and decided to make an attempt to put it into immediate practice. Little by little he came to understand that his error arose from confessing Christ in words and rejecting Him in reality. The main tenet of Tolstoi's rejection was, "Resist not evil." In one place in *My Religion* he tells us:

"Not long ago I was reading the Fifth Chapter of Matthew with a Hebrew rabbi. At nearly every verse the rabbi would say, 'This is in the Bible,' or 'This is in the Talmud.' And he would show me in the Bible or in the Talmud something very like a declaration of the Sermon on the Mount. But when we reached the verse of non-resistance of evil, the rabbi did not say, 'This also is in the Talmud,' but he asked me, with a cynical smile, 'Do Christians obey this command? Do they turn the other cheek?' I had nothing to say in reply, especially as at that particular moment Christians were not only not turning the other cheek, but were smiting the Jews on both cheeks."

Tolstoi's searching of the Scriptures was remarkably thorough. His command of languages, ancient and modern, his uncompromising logic which refused to accept solutions because they were comfortable and easy, brought him to strange and unexpected conclusions, and unlike most men he attempted to carry his doctrines out in life. That the order of this world was false he held as uncompromisingly as did his Master before him.

"Men united by *error* constitute a compact mass. The compactness of the mass is the value of the world. All the natural activity of humanity is directly destroying the cohesive power by disruption. All revolutions are attempts to shatter the power or value by violence. Men think that by hammering on the mass it will cease to be a mass, and they pound on it, but in their efforts to shatter it they only make it more dense than it was before. The cohesion of the molecules is not destroyed. The disruptive movement must come from within, when molecule releases its hold on molecule and the whole mass falls into disintegration."

Another point in which Tolstoi's religion differed from the Christianity of the day was his rejection of faith without understanding. All attempts to instil spiritual matters into man by a faith which ignores his reason he thought of as attempts to feed a man and ignore his mouth. He realized perfectly that only that which a man knows through his reason will he ever act upon.

Perhaps the most interesting parts of Tolstoi's doctrine are his dealings with personal happiness. He had the mystic's realization of the unity of life, and like all the mystics before and since he has denied the possibility of one man's happiness until the very last man's happiness be secured.

His investigations into the nature of love, effort, death are singularly searching and uncompromising. He leaves but few disciples—the late Ernest Crosby in this country was one and Edward Carpenter in England is another.

Exactly what would become of the world should any large mass of men undertake to live the Gospel as uncompromisingly as Tolstoi it is difficult to predict. We have spoken here chiefly of Tolstoi's work as a prophet. His work as an artist was supremely great, but he himself was the first to repudiate it and to desire to be known amongst men as one who had a Gospel of life to offer. This Gospel he offered in his books called, *My Confession*, *My Religion*, *Life*, *The Gospel in Brief*, *What is Art?* *What is to be Done?* *Family Happiness*, and in his biographical work.

The chief quality that runs through all his writing, the very highest, rarest quality in any writing, is that of an absolute and uncompromising sincerity, an unwavering conviction.

Correspondence

LINCOLN, ROOSEVELT, AND THE COURTS

Hoxie, Kan., November 12, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I would like to call your attention to an excerpt from a speech of Abraham Lincoln at Chicago, Illinois, on July 10, 1858, being in the following words:

"I have expressed heretofore, and I now repeat, my opposition to the Dred Scott decision; but I should be allowed to state the nature of that opposition, and I ask your indulgence while I do so. What is fairly implied by the term Judge Douglas has used, 'resistance to the decision'? I do not resist it. If I wanted to take Dred Scott from his master, I would be interfering with property, and that terrible difficulty that Judge Douglas speaks of, of interfering with property, would arise. But I am doing no such thing as that; all that I am doing is refusing to obey it as a political rule. If I were in Congress, and a vote should come up on a question whether slavery should be prohibited in a new territory, in spite of the Dred Scott decision, I would vote that it should.

"That is what I would do. Judge Douglas said last night that before the decision he might advance his opinion, and it might be contrary to the decision when it was made; but after it was made he would abide by it until it was reversed. Just so. We let this property abide by the decision, but we will try to reverse that decision. We will try to put it where Judge Douglas would not object, for he says he will obey it until it is reversed. Somebody has to reverse that decision, since it is made, and we mean to reverse it, and we mean to reverse it peaceably."

It would interest those who are interested in the question of whether it is proper to criticise the Supreme Court or not, to read this and other speeches of Lincoln.

I now quote from the speech of Theodore Roosevelt to the Colorado Legislature in August, 1910, as follows:

"I am anxious that the nation and the State shall each exercise its legitimate powers to the fullest extent. When necessary they should work together, but above all they should not leave neutral ground in which neither State nor nation can exercise authority, and which would become a place of refuge for men who wish to act criminally, and especially for the very rich men who wish to act against the interests of the community as whole.

"Let us illustrate what I mean by a reference to two cases. The first is the Knight Sugar Trust case. In that the Supreme Court of the United States, under cover of what a man whose interest is chiefly in sane, constructive stewardship can only call a high technical legal subtlety, handed down a decision which rendered it exceedingly difficult for the nation effectively to control the use of masses of corporate capital in interstate business, as the nation obviously was the sole power that could exercise this control—for it was quite beyond the power of any one State.

"This was really a decision rendering it exceedingly difficult for the people to devise any method of controlling and regulating the business use of great capital in interstate commerce. It was a decision nominally against national rights, but really against popular rights.

"The second case is the so-called New York bakeshop case. In New York City, as in most large cities, the baking business is likely to be carried on under unhygienic conditions, conditions which tell on the welfare of the workers and therefore against the welfare of the general public. The New York Legislature passed, and the New York Governor signed, a bill remedying these improper conditions. New York State was the only body that could deal with them; the nation had no power in the matter. . . . But the Supreme Court of the United States possessed and unfortunately exercised the negative power of not permitting the abuse to be remedied. By a five to four vote they declared the action in the State of New York unconstitutional, because, forsooth, men must not be deprived of their 'liberty' to work under unhygienic conditions. . . .

"In effect it reduced to impotence the only body which did have power, so that in this case the decision, although nominally against State rights, was really against popular rights, against the democratic principle of government by the people, under the forms of law."

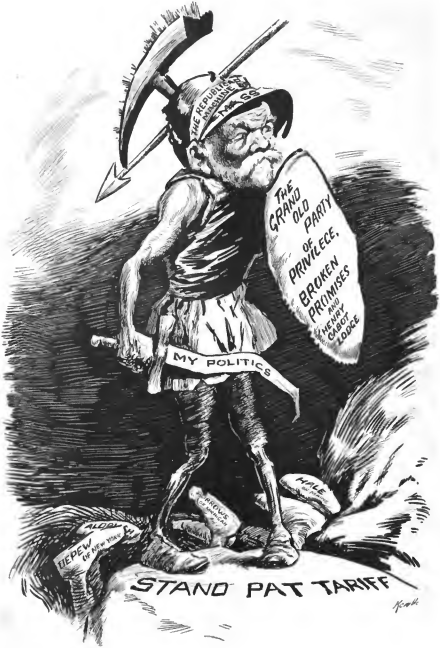
Of these men, the two greatest of our country, which is the milder critic? At this time I believe that your readers would be glad to peruse these two criticisms. I read your editorials and enjoy them, but none of my family, consisting of my father-in-law and his two daughters, my brother-in-law, his wife and two boys, and my wife and son and daughter, will touch your paper with a ten foot pole.

I am, sir,
John D. Myers,
State Senator, Kansas.

One of the lessons of the campaign is that the overwhelming fact about Colonel Roosevelt is not his policies nor his applications nor his utterances, but his personality.

Lincoln's talk about the Supreme Court and the Dred Scott case is quoted, as above, to keep in countenance what Roosevelt has said about the Supreme Court of our day and some of its decisions, but behind Lincoln's speech was Lincoln, and behind Roosevelt's speech is Roosevelt, and even were their words identical the difference would be enormous.

As to the bakeshop case, the law permits to adult citizens many occupations that are unhygienic. Making fifteen or twenty speeches a day in a political campaign is not hygienic, yet the courts have not as yet deprived men of their liberty to do it.—Editor.


THE REPUBLIC
MACHINE
MASS
THE GRAND OLD PARTY OF PRIVILEGE, BROKEN PROMISES AND HENRY CABOT LODGE
MY POLITICS
HALE OF MAINE
RROWS OF MICHIGAN
ALDR CH
DEPEW OF NEW YORK
STAND PAT TARIFF
Kemble

"THIS ROCK SHALL FLY FROM ITS FIRM BASE AS SOON AS I"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

Woodrow Wilson's Address

THE GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW JERSEY TO OUTGOING AND INCOMING EXECUTIVES OF THE SISTER STATES

We are met together to take counsel. No doubt there is much else that we gain by coming together besides a knowledge of each other's views with regard to large public questions. We take stimulation from one another. We are drawn together by friendliness and sympathy and the common interests of similar tasks. We learn to know one another, not only, but also to know better the great country which we serve—to know it in its variety and with a touch of intimacy and reality which would not otherwise be easily possible. But our main object is counsel, sober and deliberate conference upon great questions and problems of state upon which we would, if possible, be guided by full knowledge and by clear principles of action.

Why should we organize such a council upon such matters of common concern? Do we draw together simply as friends, or has there arisen in our minds the thought that we have some quasi-constitutional function? Are we seeking, in this voluntary fashion, to supplement the Congress of the United States? Is there in our minds something that the Congress does not or cannot do which we, perhaps, can do? Clearly we have neither the right nor the wish to invade the sphere of any regularly constituted organ of government. What, then, is our purpose? What do we seek?

Certainly our institutional life need not confine itself to the processes explicitly defined in our constitutions. It cannot. Life has proceeded out of those constitutions. Our life as a nation has waxed strong and abounded; it rises limitless to the eye and to the comprehension. It outruns constitutions. I do not mean that it runs counter to them or that it threatens to set them at naught. I mean simply that it transcends all forms and definitions; presses on from age to age its own will, without asking how it is to adjust itself to formulas or to lawyers' conceptions; is fuller of mere energy than of careful thought for law. It is as various as it is boundless. It is impatient of the restraints of law. It displays itself in ever new and varying fashion. It often eludes classification and order. It is in this sense that it outruns our constitutions, and must ever do so long as it thus abounds with an irresistible vitality.

And so it is plain to be seen by any, even the most casual observer, that our constitutional life is constantly changing: I mean the uses to which we put the powers of our Legislatures, of our Executives, and of our courts. Not only is the series of constitutional decisions of any one of our supreme courts a history of change and constant, though related, variation, but there is a whole sphere of experiment, of influence, of varied action which the courts never touch, where forces play which never settle in any such form as can afford the courts subject matter for decision—the rules of legislative bodies, the personal relations of Executives and Legislatures, the action and organization of parties, the interplay of all those intangible forces of agitation and quiet opinion which affect legislation and the public thought in communities great and small, States, cities, homogeneous regions that span whole groups of States, climatic or social or economic units which have a consciousness and a movement of their own and whose life springs into forms native, natural, distinctive.

The thing we are here trying to do is to co-ordinate and form some of these otherwise vagrant forces. It is an extra-constitutional enterprise, but natural, spontaneous, imperative, perhaps creative. If it is not constitutional in kind, according to the strict uses of that word in America, it is at least *institutional*. If these conferences become fixed annual events, planned for and carried forward from year to year as an habitual means of working toward common ends of counsel and co-operation, this council will at least become an institution. I do not know how better to define an institution than by saying that it is an habitual and systematic way of doing something which calls for co-operation and a certain union in action.

If it grows into a dignified and permanent institution, it will be because we have found it necessary to supply some vital means of co-operation in matters which lie outside the sphere of the Federal government, matters which the States must regulate but which they find it to their interest, and to the interest of the country as a whole, to regulate according to common principles and a very careful adaptation to conditions which no one State can control—matters in regard to which they ought to act, not necessarily alike, but with a careful regard to imperative consideration of general policy which can be differently applied but cannot safely or wisely be differently conceived. In brief, we are setting up outside the sphere of the Federal Congress a new instrument of political life national in its character, scope, and intention; an instrument, not of legislation, but of opinion, exercising the authority of influence, not of law.

It is odd how every process of our national development has sooner or later swung our thought back to the Federal structure and action of our government. After all, the main fact about our national life whenever we come to speak of politics is that its action is dual, that the powers of government have been parcelled out between a central government and nearly half a hundred States, to which is assigned almost the whole body of the ordinary business of legislation, of economic and social readjustment from age to age. We are not likely again, in considering this complex arrangement, to use the terms of the old State rights controversies. The embers of old passions which once set a whole nation aflame still glow warm at the heart of the ashes which lie piled high upon them, the ashes of bitter conflict. It would not only be imprudent, it would be very misleading and would give our thought about matters now to be handled an artificial and antique setting. We are speaking now of the matters of another day, a day of peace and concord and accommodation. But we are speaking of the same old subject.

It is interesting to note, however, how different, how altogether new our specific trouble is. We are now disturbed to find, not that the interests of the States are so different and apparently so antagonistic in respect of the matters in which they are authorized to act separately and in virtual independence of each other that they wish to draw apart and are watching each other with jealous differences of purpose, but that their interests are similar, in many things almost identical; that they recognize that a wise co-operation is desirable not only, but imperative in the common interest and for their own safety and prosperity, but they lack the means, the instrumentalities, that would serve them in their new community of action. They are seeking a common policy and lack the means of common counsel. They are looking for common ground, but must look for it separately and in isolation. They are in the same case, but not in the same boat. They must seek the same course under different captains and with different crews. They should act together, but inevitably find co-operation more difficult than action under a common authority.

Their variety and their autonomy are, in my opinion, worth all they cost. If our system of States had not come to us by historical necessity, I think it would have been worth while to invent it. Our people are spread abroad upon a vast continent; they live in many latitudes, under many skies, amid hills and plains and valleys which would in another age have been the seats of as many kingdoms, the homes of independent peoples, every sort of soil under their feet, every varied resource of mine and forest and watercourse, of lake and sea and mountain covert, at their hand, to multiply their undertakings and complete the tale of their unbounded variety. Uniform laws would intolerably embarrass them. Their affairs are not alike and cannot be made so by compulsion of law.

Moreover, by their free self-government they are put upon their mettle. They are bound together into communities; they are compelled to study and comprehend their own particular interests, and to depend upon themselves to work them out. They are forced to contrive their own salvation, to depend upon their own sagacity and initiative to develop their own lives by their own means. Nothing moves faster with them than it can move by the force of their own convictions, by means of what their own sense and experience suggest. They grow in institutions and in material force by compulsion of their own necessities, their own characters, their own circumstances. They must rely upon themselves. Not even imitation will serve their necessities, for they must adapt everything that they touch to their own case. We are a vital and a living people because over every mile of our territory we have been obliged to build with our own hands out of material that was of the time and place. Every commonwealth has been a nursery of new strength; and out of these nurseries have come men and communities which no other process could have produced. Self-government has here had its richest harvest.

Democracy has had among us, therefore, its finest possible field. Every State has been free to make itself at will an experiment station in the varying work of reform and readjustment. We have not had to wait upon the slow and cumbrous movement of a great national body embarrassed in all its processes of change by the fact that it served a various people, a multitude of communities which differed with an infinite variety in the character and accompaniments of their affairs and of their settled interests. Each State could follow its own fresh and native impulses and try its own vital experiments at its own time and choice, boast its own successes, repair its own mistakes. There is no overestimating the vivid interest and importance of the multifarious process. Communities old and young were united in a common life and yet lived after their own fashion, followed their own characteristic ways of action, without friction or interference. One would not have wished to impair the quickening variety. No single Congress could have guided or determined the life of such a people.

But meanwhile common influences spread themselves throughout the multiform body politic. The last sixty years have seen the great continent knit together by systems of railway and telegraph and telephone. More and more completely has the network spread over every region and quarter of the great area. With the perfecting of the means of intercommunication, with the swifter and swifter movement of trains, the more and more rapid growth of traffic, business has spread itself with a new organization and volume. As it has spread it has been interwoven in actual organization as well as in the rapid interchange of goods. The organization of business has become more centralized, vastly more centralized than the political organization of the country itself. Corporations have come to cover greater areas than States, have come to live under a greater variety of laws than the citizen himself, have excelled States in their budgets and loomed bigger than whole commonwealths in their influence over the lives and fortunes of entire communities of men. Centralized business has built up vast structures of organization and equipment which overtop all States and seem to have no match or competitor except the Federal government itself which was not intended for such competition. Amid a confused variety of States and statutes stands now the colossus of business, uniform, concentrated, poised upon a single plan, governed, not by votes, but by commands, seeking, not service, but profits.

No wonder we began to turn to the national government to cope with it, to regulate, in the name of the sovereign nation itself, what had become a force as great as the nation in its scope and consequence. The influence to be dealt with extended from one end of the country to the other. The great organizations of business seemed to play with the States, to take advantage of the variety of the laws, to make terms of their own with one State at a time, and by one device of control or another to dominate wherever they chose, because too big to be dominated by the small processes of local legislation. No machinery seemed to stretch to the size of the task of regulation except the machinery of national legislation at Washington, the long arm of the Executive that could be stretched forth from a national capital to every remotest nook and corner of the land. No wonder the instinct and inclination were to resort to Washington for relief and protection. The need was great and the government was powerful.

But this intimate task of regulation was not one for which its Constitution had furnished it with actually suitable or entirely adequate powers and authority. Only the States were fully equipped with the legislative and executive power to handle at will and as they pleased this new organization of business and manufacture. A new problem was presented to us. We still did not desire rigid uniformity of law, even in these matters of common concern. It was still desirable that the States should adapt their regulation and restraint of the new forces to their own conditions of life and circumstance. To put Federal law back of the great corporations would have been to give them the right to dominate and override local conditions, to equip them with the majesty and supremacy of the law which created and regulated them, and to level the variety of communities before them. No absolute, uniform set of rules are likely to fit the infinitely various circumstances of the States and their people. Hence this conference. We have no foolish or pedantic jealousy of Federal power. We believe in the exercise of the Federal powers to the utmost extent wherever it is necessary that they should be brought into action for the common benefit. But we do not believe the invention of Federal powers either necessary or desirable. We are not attempting a task of mediation; neither are we trying to fend off revolution. We are striving neither to defend the States nor to resist the development of the Federal government as the instrument of the common life of the country. Our function is one of leadership. Leadership, I take it, is a task of suggestion, of adaptation, of the quickening of thought, and the devising of means. It is our privilege and duty to study the problems common to all the States, and to suggest the means by which the States, without loss of their natural variety or of their opportunities of local adaptation, may yet freely throw their energies into a common task of protection and development, as if in the spirit of a single commonwealth, their measures varied but their purpose the same. Our effort to render this service may result in the setting up of one of those voluntary institutions of counsel by which the life of free countries is enriched, both in action and in opinion. We shall be all the more sober, I believe, because we speak by no authority but that of reasonableness and good sense. Where we go astray we bind no one; where we are right we shall prevail.

For the country awaits sober, disinterested counsel and will follow it. It desires it in nothing so much as in those affairs in which the States have power and can control but do not. And this is the body of men who are expected to lead. The people of our commonwealths, as well as the people of our nation, desire leadership—are calling for it with some impatience. They cannot find it in their Legislatures amid the confused medley of committees. There is no one in any Legislature who represents the whole commonwealth—no one connected with legislation who does except the Governor. Every one else represents some section or locality, except, indeed, the Lieutenant Governor, who is expected to be as discreetly quiescent as the Vice President himself. Legislative procedure is full of ambushes and coverts. It is hide-and-seek to follow a measure through its passage. Only those upon the spot can ascertain or comprehend what is going on. Debate upon the floor of our assemblies has gone out of fashion; it is now closeted with committees and caucuses. Opinion, consequently, is turning for information and guidance to the few men who are representatives at large—to the President, and the Governors of the States; men chosen, by however whimsical or haphazard a process, for leadership by the whole electorate.

We ought not to allow ourselves to be pedants stickling at words and phrases. We ought to deal with realities and deal with them very frankly. Let us distinguish legal power from personal influence; the two things ought to be easily distinguishable. A certain amount of legal power every Governor has. Every Governor of a State is by the terms of the constitution a part of the Legislature. No bill can become law without his assent and signature. It can

(Continued on page 30)

The Third Conference of Governors

By Charles Johnston

THE ancient and famous State of Kentucky, with Governor Augustus E. Willson at its head, has the distinguished honor of sheltering the third Conference of the Governors of our States. The third time is the charm, says the old proverb; at this third meeting, the Conference of Governors attains its majority, and emerges finally from beneath the Federal wing. The Governors and Governors-elect assemble, no longer at Washington, D. C., but at the capital of one of the States which they represent. And this Conference has high importance, as marking a farther stage in the rising tide of State action and State effectiveness, as against increased Federal control, government by irresponsible commissions and centralized bureaucratic power. Before it adjourns, at the end of the first week of December, the Conference will have reached valuable and important conclusions on the vital question of Conservation, on the popular election of Senators, on the difficult problem of a Federal income tax, now under consideration by the States, and on other vital matters, to which we shall presently return.

Noteworthy because of men who are no longer there, like Mr. Justice Charles Evans Hughes, or men, like Governor Franklin Fort of New Jersey, who are there for the last time, this Third Conference is even more notable because of the new recruits to the honorable company of Governors: men like Woodrow Wilson, Governor-elect of New Jersey, whose opening address will become a document of American constitutional history, and whose counsel is certain to influence the Governors at every stage of their deliberations, or former Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, Governor-elect of Connecticut, or John Alden Dix, the future Governor of New York. The "coming events" of 1912 will cast their shadows over Frankfort and the Conference of Governors.

It is not yet four years since the meeting of all the Governors of the States was for the first time suggested, by a comparatively unknown layman, a private citizen with no official experience, in a tiny booklet no larger than the railroad folder of express trains between New York and Washington. William George Jordan, author of this little pamphlet, sent copies of it to the different Governors of States, and to President Roosevelt, in the spring of 1907. Thirty of the Governors gave very favorable attention to the little booklet, but took no decisive action. Mr. Roosevelt read it, seized on the central idea which it presented, and summoned the Governors to the White House to grapple with the thorny problem of the Conservation of our national resources. Thus invited and exhorted, the Governors made the pilgrimage to Washington in May, 1908, as guests of the National Executive, and a series of conferences on Conservation were held at the White House.

The Second Conference of Governors was held as recently as the middle of January, 1910. It was fully chronicled in these pages at the time. In several things it marked a transition stage. To begin with, it was brought together on the initiative of the Governors themselves, or rather of a small group from among their number, who, at the time when the White House Conference of May, 1908, was dispersing, were seized with the idea that what they had just done was of vital importance far more for the future than the present, and that the impulse thus set in motion should not be allowed to die out. This minority, among whom Governor Willson of Kentucky was one of the leaders, communicated with their colleagues, the preliminary work for the Second Conference of Governors was carried out, and the Governors came together last January. The Conference assembled, as before, in the White House, but this time only to pay a complimentary visit to Mr. Taft, who welcomed the Governors to Washington in one of his felicitous little speeches. When they had been greeted by the President, and had been photographed on the steps of the White House, with President Taft in the centre of the group, the Governors betook themselves to the upper chamber of a hotel and there entered on their deliberations.

The Third Conference is now in session, and after the opening address of Governor-elect Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey the first matter to come before the Third Conference was the question of permanent organization. The Conference of Governors is, in a sense, an extra-constitutional body, an assemblage of lawful representatives of the States, over and above their constitutional representation in Congress. William George Jordan, the father of the idea, and now Secretary to the Conference, insists, if in true, that the Conference of Governors is an idea so simple that there should have been a large prize for the man who did not discover it; that the Fathers of our country must have had the idea in mind, and simply dropped it in the pressure of their work, leaving it for him, a layman, to pick it up again, and fit it into the constitutional machine, where it at once finds its effective place. But as yet there is lacking a permanent form of organization or any authorized source of funds for expenses. After the present Conference adjourns, it seems certain that that lack will be adequately supplied; that a central office will come into existence, probably in New York, with an adequate library containing the laws and legislative documents of all the States, and a department of correspondence, under the supervision of the Secretary, which shall constitute a clearing-house for ideas and information on every topic of State administration and State law, a department which shall further take up and examine every question affecting the administration of the States, and shall digest all information thereon, making it at once available for the Governors in their immediate work, or putting it in shape to come up before the next Conference of Governors. Between Conferences, the work will be carried on by an Executive Committee of three Governors, acting with the Secretary, and in this way the Conference will always be in session. Much will be done in this way from month to month, especially in promoting uniform legislation, and it should be remembered that, to accomplish great results in making uniform State laws, it is not necessary that all forty-eight States should enact the same measure, a thing very difficult in practice. For seven States contain one third of the entire population, while ten States contain one-half; so that, if a law be made uniform in these seven or ten States, it will affect one third or one-half of the total population of the United States; so that through concerted action in ten States we shall already have a fifty per cent. remedy.

The capitol at Frankfort, Kentucky, where the Conference of Governors assembled

A second subject before the Conference of Governors was very wisely entrusted to Governor Burke of North Dakota, the power a Governor has and the power he ought to have. The ideal seems to be that the power of the National Executive should be taken as the model, at least so far as concerns the right to appoint and remove the members of his cabinet. Mr. Hughes pointed out, in an interview recorded in these pages last spring, that the Governor is held responsible for the success of his administration by popular opinion, but that, at the same time, he is not given the corresponding power; that such officers as the Secretary and Treasurer of the State are elected independently and are not directly answerable to the Governor, nor removable by him, as are, for example, the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury in the Federal government. Governor Fort pointed out that a situation existed in a famed ocean resort within his dominions where his authority was defied by locally elected officers to such an extent that the only legal remedy in his hands would have been to declare that a state of insurrection existed, and call out the State troops. Governor Harmon recently had difficulties in Ohio, where he and the State Treasurer were the only Democrats in an administration of Republicans. It is true he dealt heroically with these difficulties, but nevertheless the anomaly exists. Therefore it seems likely that, in the Messages which Governors will shortly be writing for their Legislatures, there will be a recommendation that such changes in the State Constitutions should be made as will give the Governors the right to appoint and remove the members of their cabinets, the right which the President of the United States habitually exercises; and, further, that the right of removal shall apply to many locally elected officials.

Conservation from the standpoint of the States is, perhaps, the most popular question before the Conference of Governors. Many among them, including Governor Hughes, spoke strongly on this theme last January, and his successor, Governor-elect Dix, has had much to say on it. In a nutshell, the matter stands thus: the Federal government has not, and cannot have, sovereign rights in State lands. These can be possessed only by the States. Further, only a minority of the States have Federal forest reserves; and, in each State, only a fraction of the forests belongs to the State. Four-fifths of the standing timber in the United States belongs to private individuals, and is thus out of the reach of Federal control. But it can come under State control, under the construction of a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Vermont, which declares that the State, as quasi-sovereign and representative of the interests of the public, may and should exercise police supervision over the forests—to take measures against forest fires, for example. The action of the Conference of Governors is expected to bring about the creation of an Interstate Foresters' Association, which will make the experience of each State effectual for all. For example, the efforts made by Massachusetts to eliminate the gypsy moth would in this way be made available for all States. Each State has worked out some one point. New York and Wisconsin lead in the handling of Public Utilities, Idaho has excellent laws on the Conservation of water power. New Jersey has the best law for protection against forest fires, and so on. The passing of uniform State laws in these fields will come far closer to the heart of the matter, and prove far more effective than Federal laws.

The people of the country are likely to follow the example of the Governors in giving earnest attention to what Former State Forester Robert P. Bass, now Governor-elect of New Hampshire, says on the theme, "What can a State do to save its forests?" How can it begin to act? Mr. Bass has in mind, and in heart also, the lovely forests in the White Mountains, which are a precious possession of to-day, and which should be a legacy for all future time. How is the State of New Hampshire to save them from the axes of the lumber-jacks? What can be done now, at the eleventh hour?

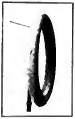
Three further subjects, taken up by the Governors, namely, the popular election of United States Senators, the Federal Income Tax, and the security of purity in national, State, and local elections, are matters so large that they must be in all our minds for many months to come. All the better, therefore, that we should have the Executives of all the States, among them many of the ablest minds of the nation, thoroughly thrash the matter out among themselves, and impart their light to us in this conspicuous way. They may, further, show us a way out of the difficulties which beset all amendments to the national Constitution, and indeed make such amendment well-nigh impossible. For concerted action by the States, prompted by unanimous opinion of the Governors, is really a perfectly attainable thing, and would accomplish nine tenths of all matters which could be made subjects of Federal amendments, without any of the barriers which make the provision for amending the Constitution practically a dead letter.

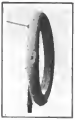
In the Conference of Governors, therefore, we see a magnificent proof that the creative power which, in the days of the Fathers, made the world-famed Constitution of the United States, is still full of virility and force, ready to bring forth new forms for newly arisen needs, and to take all needed measures to protect the welfare of the nation.

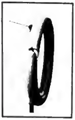
Keeping Down Tire Expenses

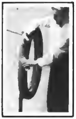
HOW THE CAREFUL OWNER CAN BEST PROLONG THE LIVES OF THESE EXPENSIVE ADJUNCTS OF HIS AUTOMOBILE

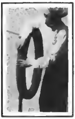
By Herbert L. Towle

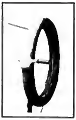

A hole is discovered after the tire has travelled 800 miles


It is enlarged and a sand blister forms after 400 miles more


The inner tube blows out through the fabric, rotted by wet mud


Cleaning a hole in the tread with gasoline and sand-paper


After the hole has been cleaned it is filled with Para rubber


The new rubber is welded into the tire with an electric vulcaniser

WITH the price of crude rubber soaring to $3 a pound, and the end not in sight, it becomes a matter of serious concern to the average owner of a car to get the greatest possible mileage from his tires in proportion to the outlay. An intelligent understanding of the three principal factors in tire depreciation will aid greatly in this direction. These factors are as follows.

1. Wear of the tread.
2. Rotting of the fabric.
3. Blow-outs due to other causes than rotting—*e. g.* rim cuts, stone bruises, and cracking of the fabric walls.

Of these three causes, the first is inevitable if the car is run at all, but it may be aggravated by many things, such as bad condition of the roads, high speed, careless use of the clutch and brakes, and taking turns at too fast a pace. Bad alignment of the front wheels, due to wear or springing of the steering mechanism, is also very destructive of the front tires.

The second cause, rotting of the fabric, is also more or less inevitable, but it may be minimized, first, by right construction of the tire itself, and, secondly, by prompt repair of local cuts which expose the fabric. Rotting also hastens the deterioration of the fabric where the protective outer covering of rubber is broken, as by rim cuts, excessive bending of the side walls, or simple drying due to age.

In the third class are found the most common causes of premature "death"—namely, overloading, under-inflation, careless driving, and general neglect to keep the tires in order.

Let us examine these several factors in order, taking the more legitimate causes of wear first.

If a tire were properly selected for size, properly inflated, not overloaded, and kept in constant repair as to local cuts and gashes, it might be run till the tread was entirely worn out, then retreaded, and so on indefinitely. Practically it is rare that more than three treads can to advantage be applied, and most tires do not even last through the first retread, owing to fabric deterioration. The more constantly a car is used, the better is the chance of the tread being legitimately worn through before the fabric has so far decayed as to make retreading inadvisable. If the life of a tire in constant use is 5,000 miles, a retread is more likely to be worth while if the 5,000 miles are covered in five months than if they are covered in a year and a half.

MAXIMUM LOAD FOR AUTOMOBILE TIRES

	lbs.		lbs.
30 x 3	350	31 x 4	600
32 x 3	350	32 x 4	650
34 x 3	350	33 x 4	680
36 x 3	350	34 x 4	700
30 x 3½	450	36 x 4	750
31 x 3½	500	32 x 4½	700
32 x 3½	550	34 x 4½	900
34 x 3½	600	36 x 4½	1000
36 x 3½	600	34 x 5	over 1000
30 x 4	550	36 x 5	over 1000

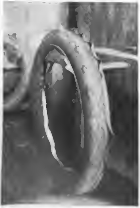
PROPER AIR PRESSURE FOR TIRES

45 lbs. in 2½-inch	70 lbs. in 4-inch
50 lbs. in 3-inch	80 lbs. in 4½ inch
60 lbs. in 3½ inch	90 lbs. in 5-inch

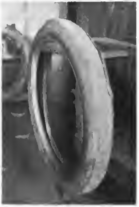
There is a great difference between different makes of tires as regards the ability of the fabric to hold the tread. In the early days, treads would sometimes peel off bodily when less than half worn through. The fabric of such tires rotted quickly, owing to moisture getting under the tread, and retreading was therefore seldom advantageous. Better workmanship is the rule to-day, but it is still broadly true that, if the tread tends to separate over considerable areas, the tire is not worth retreading. Local separation will be dealt with in a later paragraph.

Wear can be minimized by careful driving and avoidance of bad roads. The worst possible condition for the tires is a worn road peppered with loose, sharp stones. These stones may have been picked out from the substance of the road surface, or they may have been spread over it by way of repair and not properly rolled in. Worn macadam, even if free from loose stones, is very destructive of tires, because its surface, though fairly smooth to the casual glance, is in reality simply an aggregation of irregular atoms, high and low, which support the tire only at a few points instead of over a fairly large surface. As the supporting area is small, the contact pressure per square inch is high, and the irregularity of the surfaces causes the tire to slip and jump in a manner that abrades its surfaces almost as effectively as a file. There are thousands of miles of roads like this in the neighborhood of the large towns all over the country, and it is safe to say that, if half the cost of the tires they needlessly destroy were spent in maintaining the roads themselves, the whole community would be the gainer.

Harsh use of clutch and brakes, turning corners on two wheels, and similar needless "stunts" are the marks of the hare-brained beginner. The experienced driver shows his skill rather in the "sweetness" of his driving and his ability to get much in the way of mileage and speed with little wear and tear on his car. As for sprung axles and distorted steering mechanism, both are too obviously things calling for instant shop attention to be more than mentioned here.


A tire indicating careless use of brakes. Several layers of fabric are worn through in places, and the tread rubber is loosened from the canvas

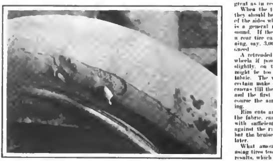
Repairing a patch on an inner tube by means of a portable electric vulcanizer


A tire with the tread worn down to the breaker strip of canvas. This needs only retreading to make it sound again

The second division of our subject—rotting of the fabric—deserves a degree of consideration which on account of its difficulty it seldom receives. Fabric exposed to sand and water quickly deteriorates especially when, as in the case of local separation of the tread, the water does not readily evaporate. A tire otherwise sound may blow out in a few hundred miles, owing to weakening around a local gash in the tread. The first result of a gash is that dirt enters, and by its grinding action loosens the tread from the fabric, allowing more dirt to enter till a "sand blister" is formed. The remedy is to lance the tumor, so to say, cleaning out the dirt and vulcanizing down the flaps of the tread. The most useful of the many ways in which portable vulcanizers can be employed is to repair gashes and sand blisters.

When a large gash exposes the fabric early in the history of the tire the diagnosis and treatment are simple. When the tire gets old, however, the case is more complicated. The tread is pierced with hundreds of cuts, the inevitable result of driving on loose, broken stone, and the thinner the tread the greater is the number of cuts which reach the fabric. To repair them, except the larger ones, is impracticable on account of their number. All that can be done is to run the tire as long as seems judicious, repairing local sand blisters as they appear, and then to send the tires to be retreaded if the fabric as a whole seems sound. Some tires are so built that sand blisters form slowly, and these may frequently be run till the breaker strip, as it is called, is exposed. The breaker strip (there are sometimes two) is a strip of fabric about two inches wide, which covers the main body of the fabric, a layer of rubber lying beneath. Its function is to protect the main fabric, and also to give warning before the main fabric is exposed by wear. If the condition of the fabric does not warrant retreading, there is nothing to do but run the tire till it bursts, and then to prolong its life a few hundred miles by means of a blow-out patch or an external tire sleeve.

The blow-outs just mentioned are tread blow-outs, as distinguished from blow-outs due to rim cuts or to improper inflation. These last constitute the third division of the subject.



A tire shoe, badly rim-cut, as a result of driving with the tire soft or flat

The more heavily a tire is loaded, the faster it wears out. Likewise, the more its side walls are allowed to bend under load, the sooner they crack or burst from excessive bending. A tire whose fabric is stiff may be apparently sound externally, but the inner surface of the side walls may be cracked around the entire circumference of the tire. These cracks open and shut like lips, and if deep they may pinch and cut the inner tube, causing the latter to blow out. Sooner or later, of course, the crack develops into a burst, and the tire is then "done for."

The general rule for the relation between tire sizes and loads is that given in the accompanying table, showing the maximum weights recommended by a representative tire concern, exclusive of the weight of passengers. It is well in selecting tires or in buying a car to verify the seller's claims regarding the weight of the car, as actual weights are frequently greater than catalogue weights. It is also an excellent plan to use tires a size larger in cross section than those designated in the table. Other things being equal, a wheel of large diameter is more favorable to tire life than a small wheel, but the difference here is not so great as in respect to cross section.

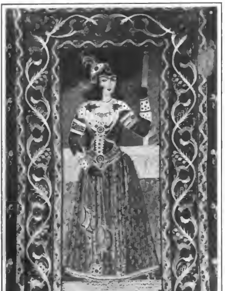
When the tires have been properly chosen for size they should be inflated till there is no noticeable bulge of the sides when the car stands still under load. This is a general rule for application when the fabric is sound. If the front and rear tires are the same size, a rear tire can be put on the front wheels after running, say, 3,000 miles, and the pressure somewhat reduced.

A retreaded tire should always be put on the front wheels if possible, and it may be allowed to bulge slightly, on the ground that the standard pressure might be too much for the presumptively weakened fabric. The writer has worn out three treads on a certain make of tires, and then has run on the bare canvas till the two breaker strips were worn through, and the first layer of the fabric body likewise. Of course the air pressure was very low to avoid bursting.

Rim cuts and stone bruises are due to crushing of the fabric, caused by striking a stone or other object with sufficient force to flatten the tire completely against the rim. A blow-out does not at once result, but the bruised fabric lets go at that point some time later.

What amount to rim cuts are produced also by using tires too small for their load. Excessive bending results, which weakens the side walls both midway and close to the rims, causing eventual cracking of the fabric. Attempts to make small tires do the work of large ones by over-inflating them are equally disastrous in about the same way.

A little-used tire deteriorates from simple drying of the rubber, which causes it in time to crack and expose the fabric to moisture. It is a general fact that a little-used tire does not give the mileage of a much used tire, because drying of the rubber and to some extent also rotting of the fabric are due simply to age, regardless of whether the tire is used much or little. In this respect the deterioration of a tire is much like the deterioration of the automobile itself, which loses selling value at least, though not actual ability to run, by the simple lapse of time.



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This silken rug, in the Shah's palace at Teheran, was made five hundred years ago, by Husseyn Husseyni, of Mazandaran, according to the signature at the left of the face, which is that of a Persian queen. The French government has offered $75,000 for this fabric, but in vain

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The Samaritan high priest (seated) and his three sons, together with an ancient copy of the Pentateuch which Mr. Isaacs (standing at the right) has taken to England to offer for sale. This sacred scroll is known to be not less than 2,000 years old

TWO PRICELESS RELICS OF THE EAST

Rummaging in a Royal Attic

THE FORGOTTEN TREASURES OF BYGONE KINGS AND QUEENS THAT WERE DISCOVERED IN CASTLE FROHSDORF

By James F. J. Archibald, F.R.G.S.

To rummage in an old attic has always been a source of delight to those who have had the opportunity. It has been the theme of poem and song. Many a novelist has pictured his heroine sitting beside an old chest close under the gables of an old Southern mansion, searching for lost and bygone treasures. The faded letters of the love days of her grandparents, mayhap a pressed rose between the leaves, an old miniature, or some brass buttons cut from the military coat of war-time—has given food for many a romance. There is something more than sentimentality in these rainy day explorations, and many a long forgotten treasure has been brought to light on such occasions.

The party at Frohsdorf. From right to left: Mr. Archibald, Princess Beatrice of Massimo with her two daughters, Don Jaime, and his chamberlain

Never, however, did I imagine that I should have opportunity of exploring an attic containing treasures belonging, not to one family, but to the history of the most interesting days of France and of Austria—to the dramatic history of the world.

In Manchuria, during the Russo-Japanese War, I was one day standing near a battery of guns waiting for the commencement of an expected battle. A Russian staff captain walked toward me, holding a can of American corned beef in one hand, and as he saluted with the other he asked me in the English of a gently bred Englishman if I possessed such a thing as a can-opener. I remember that he asked for a "can opener," so I knew he was not an Englishman. Had he been, he would have demanded a "tin opener." He did not look like a Russian, so I was puzzled as to his nationality. A few days later I sat next to him at a mess dinner at headquarters, when the conversation turned on the Cuban and Philippine campaigns of which he showed surprisingly keen knowledge. And it was then that he said to me, "I am a Spaniard, you know," and spoke of "my cousin Don Alfonso." He was not pleased with the manner in which the campaign had been managed, nor was he in sympathy with the methods of government in Cuba previous to the war. We had a sharp argument as to the rights and wrongs of that war, and our most earnest argument dominated the conversation of the dinner and interested the Russian officers. In that way we became friends, and throughout the many months of hard campaigning on that great retreat we were much together. That was my meeting with Prince Don Jaime de Bourbon, the son of Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, who was recognized by the Carlists of Spain as Charles VII.

Our ensuing friendship made possible the days I spent in that wonderful old castle Frohsdorf, near Vienna, and it is of the enchantment of those days of rummaging I speak. Not because I did it—not because it was an opportunity rarely afforded any person—but because those days of search among the maze of rooms and in the countless chests and chambers developed treasures the world knows not of, although they belong to a period of history more studied than any other.

Frohsdorf Castle had been closed for many years. As you approach from Vienna the castle can be seen for many miles on the side of the low mountains that border the vast plain. It is surrounded by a beautiful park and forest reminding one of the wonderful gardens of Versailles. The castle itself is typically Austrian in architecture: an example of a period absolutely untouched by modern changes; square and severe, giving an adequate impression of its enormous size. Above the front roof are eight life-size statues of the kings preceding the reign of Maria Theresa of Austria. Around the castle is a wide moat, surrounded in turn by a beautiful terrace. Around the immediate park of the castle is built the town of Frohsdorf, also belonging to the estate.

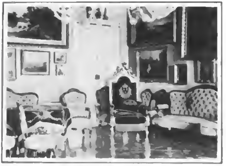
The history of the castle is the history of Austria, France, and Spain since the fifteenth century. Until the death of the Duc de Chambord, grandson of Charles X. of France at Frohsdorf, in 1883, the castle was the scene of regal splendors. The estate went to Don Carlos upon the death of the Duc de Chambord, who never occupied it for any length of time, and so for almost thirty years the treasures were forgotten. When Don Carlos died recently, the estate and titles went to his son Don Jaime, who has once more opened it to regular occupancy. The joy of the little town of Frohsdorf knew no bounds when the new Duke of Madrid, Don Jaime, arrived to take possession. The royal flag of Spain now floats over the castle, and life is again within its historic walls.

Frohsdorf Castle, where the treasures were found

Frohsdorf was the favorite residence of Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and Empress of Germany, and here she died, in a room which has been sanctified and is now a little private chapel. A bronze tablet tells the tale of her end. Here, too, lived during many childhood days her daughter, Marie Antoinette. There is a large chair in the castle, covered with exquisite embroidered tapestry in gorgeous and brilliant colors, showing a tropical bird of beautiful plumage, entirely the handiwork of Marie Antoinette. The suite of rooms assigned to me during my days at Frohsdorf were the same that the luckless queen of France occupied as a girl before her marriage to Louis XVI. These rooms, like all the rest of the castle, remain almost unchanged since they were used by the Duc de Chambord. They are unspoiled by modernism. Candles in great groups still light the salons and bedchambers, and the many servants have the old manners and respect.

Don Jaime de Bourbon, Duke of Madrid, the Carlist leader who claims the throne of Spain, in the uniform of a Spanish Captain-General

During my visit, Prince Don Jaime's sister, Princess Beatrice of Massimo, arrived with her two little daughters. During their stay it was a romp from early until late; one day in the forest, where glimpses of deer brought forth childish cries of delight, and another among the treasures of the castle. On one of these days we explored the great vaults where the plate was kept. Such a riot of silver and gold utensils, state service for banquets of kings and for hundreds of guests! Great chests of forks of all sizes, of knives or of spoons, of plates and of goblets and cups, all marked with the royal cipher of each of the succeeding kings and queens. I noted a breastplate and helmet of solid silver, with bejewelled decorations, that belonged to a military uniform of Charles X.; small silver cannon, candelabra, and flower stands without apparent number. The castle has two kitchens; one for the use of the immediate family



The throne chair of the Duc de Chambord

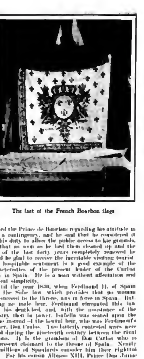
Don Jaime in his apartments in the castle when no great parties occupy the castle, and another great kitchen from which hundreds of guests may be served with ease. All the shiny copper utensils bear the royal cipher of Henri V., the title assumed by the Duc de Chambord, claimant to the throne of France.

One evening, while going through a chest of old drawers, Prince Don Jaime came across an old package bound with a ribbon faded by time, and upon unwrapping it we found the shirt and braces worn by the Duke of Palma on the night of his assassination. In the back of the shirt were the tell-tale holes stained with his blood, showing where the assassin's dagger had pierced his heart. The Duke de Palma had gone directly from the palace of Louis XVIII., after a stormy interview, to the theatre, and as he was entering, less than half an hour later, he was stabbed to death. Several articles of his wearing apparel and adornment were in the package, including some papers he had on his body at the time of his death. It was obvious that the packet had been made up at the time the body was prepared for burial, and probably it had never been disturbed since. In another place we found a package containing a few locks of the Duchesse de Berry's hair. A beautiful golden color it was, and with it a note giving the long tress to a relative at Frohsdorf with many affectionate greetings. In another chest we found a silken package containing a baby curl of Marie Antoinette's, and another sent to her mother after Marie Antoinette had been married in France. In another chest we found a little finely written note from Marie Antoinette, that still showed the mark of having been rolled into a very small ball so that it could either be smuggled or thrown out of the prison. This note was in answer to some suggestion of a plot for her release from prison. With the dignity that marked the final years of a privileged life, she refused to take any part in the action of her friend, and stated definitely that, unless she could be released with honor to France, through the great front door, she preferred to remain where she was. Prince Don Jaime gave me a portion of the locks of Marie Antoinette and of the Duchesse de Berry, and these souvenirs are among my prized possessions.

The room in which Maria Theresa died

It is utterly impossible to convey any adequate idea of the great number of treasures that crowd the walls and tables of this castle. On a pedestal is the bronze head of a statue of "Henry V.," a remnant saved when the statue fell before the anger of a Paris mob. Embroideries and paintings and various bits of handwork by all the many royal personages who have occupied Frohsdorf crowd one upon another in enormous confusion. The last Bourbon flag of France, the actual white royal standard with its three gold fleurs-de-lis, is one of the treasures we brought to light.

The chair embroidered by Marie Antoinette



The last of the French Bourbon flags

It would require volumes to describe the thousand and more portraits belonging to the Bourbon dynasty with which the castle is filled. Hundreds of them are more than twelve to fifteen feet in height. I give the proportions in this way to convey an idea of the size and dignity of the galleries which hold these art treasures—magnificent portraits by Reynolds, portraits of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XVI., of the Dauphin, of Marie Antoinette, at various periods of her life, Maria Theresa, and Duc de Chambord. There are hundreds of battle pictures and hunting scenes, for Frohsdorf was one of the greatest hunting estates in Europe during the time when it was occupied by the line de Berry.

Of miniatures there are many thousands of examples of the most magnificent work that Europe has produced since the fourteenth century—so many, in fact, that they are strewn about in forgotten confusion among the greater possessions of the castle. No one regrets this confusion more than does Prince Don Jaime, and he is using every endeavor and spending hours of hard work in straightening out the artistic confusion and bringing the many treasures to light.

One of the most interesting rooms in the castle is the old armory where the weapons of the rulers of centuries are gathered. Among them all I shall mention only a pair of duelling pistols belonging to "Henry V.," in their beautifully worked case of mahogany bound in gold. They are the work of that famous gun-maker of France, Gastine Renette. They are the most perfect specimens of the armorer's art that I have ever seen, and are particularly interesting because they were used in more than one encounter in a secluded spot in the park near the castle. The story of this pair of pistols would be material for a very dramatic bit of fiction, but fiction founded on the romantic fact of this romantic period.

A ramble through the old stables, where the dust-covered coaches of bygone days are piled in bewildering confusion, brings a touch of sadness when we see the only well-kept portion cleared out to make room for a great six-cylinder touring-car. There are over seventy-five coaches, carriages, hunting-carts, mail-wagons, and wheel vehicles of all sorts crowded into really enormous stable space. Only one or two old farm horses stand in the great rows of stalls.

It will not be long before the curious, pleasure-seeking traveller will come knocking at the door of Frohsdorf to demand admittance within its historic walls. It will not be long before the travelling public will become acquainted with Frohsdorf's vast treasures, and they will include Frohsdorf in their list of pilgrimages.

I asked the Prince de Bourbon regarding his attitude in such a contingency, and he said that he considered it was his duty to allow the public access to his grounds, and that as soon as he had them cleaned up and the dust of the last forty years completely removed he would be glad to receive the inevitable visiting tourist. This hospitable sentiment is a good example of the characteristics of the present leader of the Carlist party in Spain. He is a man without affectation and of great simplicity.

Until the year 1830, when Ferdinand II. of Spain died, the Salic law which provides that no woman may succeed to the throne, was in force in Spain. But, having no male heir, Ferdinand abrogated this law upon his death-bed, and, with the assistance of the ministry then in power, Isabella was seated upon the throne instead of the lawful heir, who was Ferdinand's brother, Don Carlos. Two bitterly contested wars were waged during the nineteenth century between the rival factions. It is the grandson of Don Carlos who is the present claimant to the throne of Spain. Nearly five millions of Spaniards consider him their rightful king. For his cousin Alfonso XIII. Prince Don Jaime has every admiration, and I am personally convinced that, were it not for the sentiment of the men whose lives have been spent in his cause, he would give up his claim and possibly accept the position at court that has been offered him by his hereditary enemies. He cannot, however, with consistency, or with honor, renounce the leadership of a people who control all the northern provinces of Spain. There was a time when, in the opinion of the present Duke of Madrid, his father should have struck a decisive blow, and he feels that, if that blow had been struck at the close of the Spanish-American War, the returning army would have flocked to his standard. That his father did not see fit to come out of retirement and strike this blow caused an estrangement between them that lasted until his father's death.

The present crisis in Spain affords an opportunity not nearly so good as the earlier one, and I can positively state that it will not be utilized by the Carlist claimant unless his followers are joined by a majority of the people of Spain. The present Queen of Spain is blamed throughout Spain for the condition of affairs now existing, and she is causing many of King Alfonso's most ardent followers to desert his cause.

In the mean time, Prince Don Jaime de Bourbon is living the quiet life of a country gentleman. He takes great interest in the treasures which have so recently come into his possession—treasures which will afford the study of a lifetime, and fortunately are in the hands of a man who realizes their interest to the public and their true historical value.

"Bouncing-Bet"

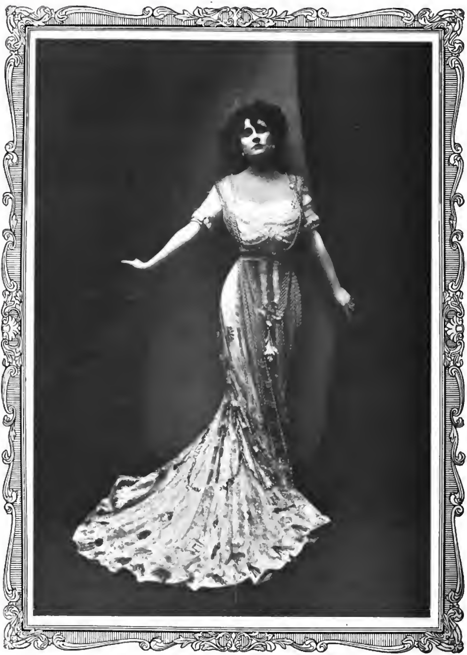
By Martha Haskell Clark

There's a bit of a runaway gipsy lass
That hides herself in the dusty grass
By the moon-white lane where the gray moths pass,
  Where the night moths flutter with wide-spread wings
  As soft as a Memory's whisperings,
And circle close in the roadside grass
By a bit of a runaway gipsy lass.

A bit of a lass in a cloak of green,
And the pink and white of her face between
The moon-barred blades of the grass's screen.
  The step of an Old Year stealing by
  The vagabond chicory rank and high,
To beckon the dew-sweet face between
Of a wandering lass in a cloak of green.

A whippoorwill by the apple-trees
That bend broad boughs to the evening breeze—
What is the magic that lurks in these?
  The full moon dappling the long gray wall,
  The pleading plaint of a lost Year's call,
That wanders near on the evening breeze
To a bit of a lass by the apple-trees.

A bit of a runaway gipsy lass
That hides herself in the wind-stirred grass
Where the moon-pale ghosts of the dead years pass.
  But it's long the way that my heart must fare
  To the glimmering road in the night-sweet air,
To the waft of fragrance amid the grass
And a bit of a runaway gipsy lass.



A FLOWER OF THE ENGLISH STAGE

Miss Kitty Gordon, the English actress who is now playing at Weber's Theatre in the principal part of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" Miss Gordon is one of the most famous beauties on the contemporary British stage

"On the Story"

RANDOM PAGES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER REPORTER

THE NIGHT "THE BIG FELLOW" WENT OUT

By William Inglis

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE Irish bard knows how to tell about a fight. When Cuchullin and another hero whose name has escaped through my memory were battling for the mastery of all Ireland, the bard—I think it was Jeremiah Curtin—says: "And where they tore up the earth in their struggles they made hills where there had been hollows, and hollows where there had been hills, and one of the clods of turf from their heels flew off a million miles and blinded one eye of the king who sits spinning in the eastern sky."

And that's the sort of a fight they had when Jim Corbett beat John L. Sullivan for the championship of the world. All mankind stood breathless to watch it. It is quite accurate to say that no other American enterprise of that day aroused so much interest, or caused such wide-spread and earnest discussion, as the battle between the slim California bank clerk and the lion of New England, who for twelve long years had met in the arena every kind of pugilist the broad empire of mankind could furnish and who had never yet lowered his arm. Men of learning, statesmen, captains of industry, leaders in finance, literature, the arts, women of delicate taste and gentle life, no less than citizens generally, debated eagerly for weeks in advance the chances of both men. The newspapers published page upon page describing the men and giving details of their training. In some parts of the country disputes as to the relative merits of the gladiators actually led to killings.

It was my good fortune at that time to be a pupil of Mike Donovan in the New York Athletic Club, and through Mike's eyes I had a very comprehensive view of the situation. Mike used to show us, up in the boxing room, just how John L. fought—"he leaps at you like a tiger, with a chopping blow of the left to smash down your guard; then swings his terrible right on you like a baseball bat or shoots it at you like a cannon ball." Mike illustrated the process, moreover, with such fiery zeal that we all carried away not only an intimate knowledge of John L.'s style, but sore arms and necks as well. Mike, when middle-weight champion of America, years before, had given John L. his first big public recognition in a four-round bout, and on that occasion John, although only a boy, had pretty nearly knocked Mike through the walls of the Howard Athenæum. So Mike had the utmost admiration for him as a fighting man. At the same time he had a grudge against the champion because John L., having listened to envious gossips, had shown dislike for Donovan. So that when Jim Corbett arrived in New York, Mike in long practice bouts showed him every detail of Sullivan's style, and then, having studied him with scrupulous care, declared that he would beat Sullivan.

"This boy is no more afraid of Sullivan than he is of me," said Mike, "and that's the chief reason why he'll win. He's the fastest heavy weight I ever saw, and the Big Fellow will never get to him. But the best thing he's got is that John can't scare him to death with that glare, as he scared the others."

Mike showed us one day a letter from Corbett, who had just sparred four friendly rounds with Sullivan at John's benefit in San Francisco.

"Every time he dropped his head and started to rush me," Corbett wrote, "I remembered what you told me, and stuck a straight left into his face. That held him. He never laid a glove on me. I'll lick him as sure as we meet."

This incident occurred more than a year before the great battle, but to all of us who saw the letter and read the newspaper reports, which unanimously corroborated it, that "friendly" bout on the eve of the champion's departure for Australia seemed the real beginning of the contest and a fair indication of what the result would be. For it was notorious that during Sullivan's long reign as the greatest fighting man in the world he had lived in the utmost luxury, which had greatly diminished his stamina. Any man brave and fast enough to struggle through half a dozen rounds with him ought to win the contest, since the great man must inevitably grow weaker and weaker as the battle continued. The chief danger that would beset any challenger who faced Sullivan in the ring was the moral hazard. John had a way of glaring at his enemy as they faced each other from opposite corners of the enclosure, a trick of staring through the victim's eyes and brain so fiercely that his soul wilted and his heart became as water, and the first smash of the glove laid him low. Could Corbett withstand the deadly glare? He thought so and his friends thought so, but the state of the public mind was shown by the fact that men in all parts of the country were betting three to one that the ambitious youngster would be knocked out.

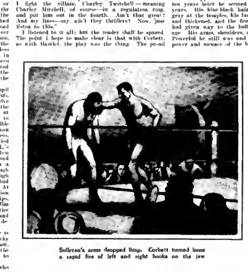
Down at Allenhurst, on the Jersey shore of the Atlantic, Corbett spent all the summer of 1892 training for the battle of September. The amount of work he did each day was prodigious. He introduced the fast and exhausting game of handball as a part of the training of a pugilist. In spite of the protests of wise Bill Delaney he trained hard enough each day to tire out four men. But no matter how energetically he toiled in physical preparation for the contest, no one could get him to talk about it. As a matter of fact, this remarkable youth always despised boxing, for which he had phenomenal mental and physical gifts, as a vocation that tended to injure the social status to which he aspired, while he worshipped the drama and the art of acting to the degree of idolatry. I believe that even at that time he regarded Sullivan as a certain victim, yet no art of the interviewer could wheedle one word out of him on the subject. I used to play handball with him day after day, and after the rub-down try to learn his opinion of Sullivan, or some outline of his plan of battle.

"Oh, pshaw!" he would say, "that fight is as good as over now. What's the use of talking about it? But say, you ought to see my new play, *Gentleman Jim*. Ain't that a corking title? You bet it is. You see, I'm the hero. I don't amount to much in the first act. I just come on quietly and have very little to say. But as the play goes on my part becomes more and more prominent, and in the third act I fight the villain, Charley Twitchell—meaning Charley Mitchell, of course—in a regulation ring, and put him out in the fourth. Ain't that great? And my lines—say, ain't they thrillers? Now, just listen to this."

I listened to it all; but the reader shall be spared. The point I hope to make clear is that with Corbett, as with Hamlet, the play was the thing. The proud title of champion of the world meant to him two things—the chance to be a conspicuous actor on the stage and to make much money. Only that and nothing more. In his innermost heart he really despised the game. The hard drudgery of training he loathed, too, as he often told his friends; and all the uplift and spiritual and mental exhilaration that resulted from being in perfect physical condition passed him by quite unfelt. He wanted fame and money, and he hated hard work. Yet, never have I seen any man train so hard and faithfully as he, and for this all candid men must give him great credit. He left nothing undone to fit himself to win the great prize, much as he despised the means of winning it. Sullivan, too, disliked the humdrum grind of training. Down at Canoe Place Inn on the south side of Long Island he worked under the direction of Phil Casey, who was not only the handball champion of the world, but probably the best player of that royal and ancient game that ever lived. A giant in size and strength, Casey was frank and gentle as a child, and it was his kindly but firm and persuasive influence that kept the great John L. hard at work when that mighty man would have much preferred to loaf and invite his soul. John had often boasted that a shave and a shampoo were all the training he needed to fit him to beat any other man living, and with no more training than that he had often mowed down powerful men whose very looks would scare most of us cold; and especially he hated the ordeal of long, hard work to fit him to meet "this —— young dude," as he described Corbett; nevertheless, Casey held him to his task.

When I went down to New Orleans a week before the fight I knew that Corbett was as fit as any human being could be for the struggle, fit not only physically, but in mind and spirit as well. As to Sullivan's condition the reports were conflicting, but there was reason to believe that he was in as good fix as a man of his mode of life could be brought. Three days before the battle the champion and his retinue of backers, advisers, etc., arrived at the St. Charles Hotel, where I was staying, and I had the pleasure of meeting that really great man face to face. When I was a youngster I had seen Sullivan in the Supreme Court at the time they tried to enjoin the police from interfering with his bout with Alf Greenfield, of England. What a picture John was then! Not much past his majority, he seemed to me the most wonderful engine of destruction I had ever seen in human form. His shoulders were enormous, and his back and triceps muscles seemed on the point of bursting through his snug and fashionable black cutaway coat. His legs were slim and agile. Every movement betokened marvellous speed and power. His face was lean, hard, and curved like the flaring bow of a battleship, and his skin, as a writer in the *Sun* described it, was of "the color of a raw beefsteak with a piece of tissue-paper laid over it." Tough steak, too, upon which no ordinary knife could make an impression.

As he appeared in the St. Charles Hotel less than ten years later he seemed to have aged a score of years. His blue-black hair was well sprinkled with gray at the temples, his face and neck had broadened and thickened, and the fine, springy curves of youth had given way to the bulkier appearance of middle age. His arms, shoulders, and back were magnificent. Powerful he still was and menacing, but it was the power and menace of the bull—he was no longer the leaping, crashing, smashing tiger of old. Nevertheless, there was nothing in his looks to corroborate the wild rumors that he had persistently refused to train. There was nothing like a paunch. He was stripped to the waist, and it was easy to follow the rippling play of the abdominal muscles as he walked to and fro in the room like some fierce caged animal. No man could be blamed if after one glance at Sullivan he had fled for his life. Yet he was friendly and courteous. He shook hands cordially and said he was feeling fine. The only thing that bothered him was the heat, and he wished he could jump into the ring right away and get through with it. It was curious to see him sitting there plying a fan with his left hand, and holding in the mighty right which had put hundreds of men to sleep a thick and jagged splinter of ice which he crunched and chewed like so much candy. The few callers who were privileged to see him went away on tiptoe elated as if they had been admitted to the presence of a king. And, indeed, there was and is to-day in John L. much of the majesty that Carlyle ascribes to the primal king—"the able-man, king, canning, man who can."



Sullivan's arms dropped limp. Corbett turned loose a rapid fire of left and right hooks on the jaw

For weeks visitors had been arriving in New Orleans in anticipation of the fight, and during the last two days they came in by hundreds on specials as well as the regular trains. No group of men could talk more than a minute without venturing predictions as to the outcome of the battle, and the overwhelming popular prediction was still in favor of Sullivan. Corbett laughed scornfully at this when I found him playing seven up and cheering his anxious friends a few hours before the battle.

"If I had a few teeth knocked out," he said, "and my face full of scars, and a bristly chin, and a blue flannel shirt, they'd say I was a grand young gladiator. But because I speak good English and shave every morning and go to a good tailor, they call me a dude. Well, let 'em. No man living has ever been able to give me a black eye or make my nose bleed. This one won't, either, no matter how great he is. Remember, you're going to shake hands with a new champion to-night."

And what a night it was! Calm and windless after a sultry day, a faint coolness falling like dew upon the fight-fevered city, and great yellow stars glowing softly, so many low-swung lamps in the rich blue sky. Could any human being with one drop of sporting blood eat dinner with *the* battle so near? Perish the mere suggestion. I remember a slice of chicken breast and a glass of claret, and then a hasty flight to the ringside to make sure that the three wires direct to the *Herald* office in New York were working all right. There was food for worry, if you like. Let the wires but go wrong and your story be delayed, and you knew the axe of the managing editor would inevitably come down on your neck. But this is an account of one of the decisive battles of history, so we shall omit the sufferings and anxieties of the army of hundreds of newspaper men, although the temptation is strong to tell about the able man who grabbed our wires and kept them—until just before the fight began, and then lost them in a way that has ever since remained a mystery to him.

Corbett came to the arena early and unheralded, and lay down to rest on a cot in his dressing room, stripped for the fray, and constantly fanned by two of his seconds. Probably not a score of the spectators knew of his arrival. Sullivan, as became the star actor in the drama, came in late. So great a roar of cheering rolled before him through the crowded streets that I had ample time to make my way from the ringside to the main entrance of the building and see him arrive. He was in an open carriage drawn by a pair of bays, lying back at ease as a conquering hero might repose, and bowing languidly to right and left as an emperor might in acknowledgment of the cheers of his loyal people. When the carriage stopped at the club house entrance, Sullivan leaped out and bounded lightly up the stairs to the door. His broad, flat-topped, brown derby hat was tilted rakishly over the right ear, and his great jaws and newly shaven blue chin gleamed like polished granite in the pale light. One flash and he was gone, but the impression of terrible destructive force remained. Could it be possible, after all, that the cold voice of reason and the hot arguments of Mike Donovan were right? Could Corbett or any other man, no matter how swift and enduring and splendidly trained, prevail against this mighty crusher of men? Every instinct answered no, and the voice of reason dwindled to the faintest of whispers.

The ten thousand men packed in the amphitheatre around the square platform on which the fight was to take place were so keyed up with expectation that they could not sit still. They talked incessantly, smoked, or chewed gum incessantly and drank many gallons of ginger ale, sarsaparilla, and soda-water from the peddlers' trays—all in the vain hope of assuaging the eagerness that stretched every nerve to the utmost. Fans were fluttering everywhere, and in some segments of the amphitheatre they were massed so thickly that they seemed like a grove of palms ruffled by a gale. The smoke of ten thousand cigars had no ill effect, for the arena was without a roof, and nothing could have been more impressive than the contrast between that battle-hungry crowd and the peaceful canopy above it, of deepest blue studded with glowing golden stars.

There was a little clapping of hands when Corbett entered the ring, for there were a few spectators who had bet on him, besides some others who felt sympathy for the gallant lad in what they believed was a hopeless encounter and were trying to cheer him in his last moments of consciousness. He smiled as he bowed to the hand-clappers and then pranced about the ring, charging forward or sidestepping on tiptoe so as to judge the elasticity and stability of its floor, which was of reddish-brown earth from the Mississippi River bottom, packed and rolled so as to give a hard, smooth, resilient surface with no danger of slipping. Corbett had hardly seated himself when Sullivan plunged through the ropes and bounded across the ring, while all the house arose as if on one pair of legs and cheered and howled and shrieked and stamped for joy. John L. bobbed a short little bow and sat down in his corner. He glared over at Corbett—for two reasons: 1, he felt himself so immeasurably the best man in the world that he hated any one who dared to dispute his kingship, and, 2, he knew that the glare generally took the last atom of fight energy out of his antagonist.

But the glare had no terror for the pale young Californian. He met Sullivan's eye calmly and smiled in a rather patronizing way. Inasmuch as Mike had long ago warned me about this duel of eyes, I was watching intently everything that passed, and when I saw Corbett's supercilious smile I was struck breathless with surprise. Could it be possible that any human being would dare to treat John L. like that and hope to live? Impossible. Something of the same sort, much intensified, must have passed through the great man's mind, for his glare now became a scowl of fierce malignity before which the strongest must quail. But Corbett did not know how to quail. When, in conformity with custom, he advanced to shake hands in the middle of the ring, he still regarded Sullivan with his supercilious smile.

John L. was raging. That huge bulk of his seemed to throw off hate in vibrations, and the corners of his mouth snarled downward as he came face to face with his adversary. Corbett, twenty pounds lighter and three inches taller than his enemy, smiled down upon him patronizingly. This was too much. When they clasped hands Corbett quickly grabbed Sullivan's fingers, squeezed and wrenched them as hard as he could, and then disdainfully threw the hand aside. That is the way John usually crushed the spirit of his antagonist, but this bold young upstart had actually beaten him at his own game. Not only that, but he grinned exultingly in John's face, and then as he walked off, turned and grinned mockingly while he uttered some sneering phrase which, of course, none of us outsiders could hear. That moment, it seemed to me, witnessed the most daring act of Corbett's life. Surely it would have been safer to have put his hand in a lion's mouth and twisted the lion's tongue than to take such liberties with Sullivan, the destroyer of men. No other human being had ever dared to think of such a thing, much less try it. Moreover, when he returned to his corner he pointed at Sullivan and made jokes about him that caused Bill Brady and Delaney and the others to explode with laughter.

Corbett's taunt was delivered with the deliberate purpose of jarring Sullivan off his mental poise ("getting his goat" in the sporting phrase), and it fully succeeded, for when the bell clanged a few moments later Sullivan dashed out of his corner furious with rage. The first physical encounter was a fascinating spectacle. Sullivan tore in, head down and neck arched, more than ever like a mad bull. As he came close, Corbett, seemingly without effort, rose in the air and leaped backward fully six feet, alighting on tiptoe as lightly and as well poised as a ballet-master. Sullivan rushed again, and Corbett again willed himself out of the way rather than leaped. It was the swiftest, easiest footwork anybody had ever seen in the ring, and the crowd could not withhold a cheer of appreciation. Sullivan stood still, shook his head, and glowered. There was the face of Corbett thrust out toward him, mocking him with a broad grin, yet always evading his thunderbolt blows. Again and again he rushed at the jeering face, but never could come within striking distance of it, while keen observers noted that with each rush Corbett allowed Sullivan to come a little bit nearer. He was "feeling him out," as the experts say, determining just how far back he must leap in order to be out of Sullivan's reach and yet remain within range to deliver a blow of his own.

It was not until the third round that Corbett felt safe in replying to the enemy's fire, and then he leaped only half as far back as usual, crouched low and drove his long, lean left arm straight up in a piston-like blow that made the first thud against Sullivan's mouth, jarring his head back, pulling the lips and drawing blood. The expression of hate and baffled fury in the champion's face at that moment would have scared most men out of the ring; its only effect on Corbett was to increase the width of his grin. Now he was convinced that he could hit Sullivan while Sullivan could not hit him. The rest of the battle was a mere matter of care and endurance.

Barring accident the battle was already ended, yet every moment of the contest was full of thrills; for again and again Sullivan's blows came within an inch of destroying his mocking young adversary. I was reminded of the hair-breadth escapes of the *matador*, of the miraculous deliverance of Victor Hugo's man who struggled on the rolling deck with the loose cannon, of a score of fearful near-tragedies, but in none of these did it seem to me that the protagonist came quite so close to annihilation as Corbett did in barely grazing the edge of destruction. Critics have blamed him since for not ending the battle sooner, but it has always seemed to me that he took the right course. Even as late as the fifteenth round, when his long, driving body blows had again and again caused Sullivan's left knee to fly up in agony, there was still in the fast-weakening giant a great store of destructive power, and it would have been folly to take chances.

The end was at hand in the twenty-first. Sullivan came out on tottering legs, but he was still aggressive, still charging on the foe. Corbett drove left and right into the body, and Sullivan's arms dropped limp. Corbett turned loose a rapid fire of left and right hooks—short, round-arm blows—on the jaw. Sullivan wavered, drooped, sprawled on the ground. In five seconds he was up, only to be sent down in a shorter time. Five seconds later he was up again, only to be battered down a third time. He tried hard, but he couldn't get up. Slowly the referee's rising and falling arm told off the fatal ten seconds. The greatest battle in the history of the ring was ended. The new champion came dancing and smiling over to where I was, and we shook hands as he had predicted. He threw his arm around me to whack me on the back, and a barb of the wire fence enclosing the ring tore the flesh of his chest and drew blood. Queer how these little details survive the years.

Charley Johnston, Jimmy Wakely, and Jack McAuliffe were propping Sullivan up in his chair. It was a common little yellow kitchen chair, and his huge, inert bulk toppled dangerously over the edges but never quite fell off. As consciousness began to return Sullivan struggled to get up while they tried to hold him down. At last with a long sweep of his right arm he sent them sprawling; then arising on very uncertain legs he reeled across the ring until he fell against the ropes on the opposite side. I can see him yet, sliding his gloved hand along the top rope till it struck a post. His face was battered, swollen, and bleeding, and God knows what thoughts flashed through his mind of life wasted, of fortune squandered, of dominion wrenched from his hands; but John's great heart never wavered for an instant. He raised the thick right arm that had stricken down hundreds of warriors, and the roaring crowd fell silent.

"Gentlemen," he rumbled in the deep bass voice that all America knows—"gentlemen, I have nothing at all to say. All I have to say is that I came into the ring once too often, and, if I had to get licked, I'm glad I was licked by an American. I remain your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan."

Cigars and the Women

By Carl Werner

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STROTHMANN

JUST as the architect has his set rules of lines and curves and angles and relative dimensions from which to elaborate his structure of columns, turrets, and gables, so has the professional humorist his limited stock of "situations" from which to evolve his jokes and puns. The unwelcome mother-in-law, the old maid with a man under the bed, the woman afraid of a mouse, the henpecked husband, the package-laden suburbanite, and the talkative barber are among the subjects which have served the jokesmiths valiantly for many years and will probably do duty for generations to come. In all the category of overworked human foibles, none is more familiar than that of the woman in the cigar store. As an ever-ready and old-reliable, the woman-in-a-cigar-store has served long and well. The age of the woman-in-the-cigar-store joke is especially well established in my mind because I remember hearing my grandfather comment upon it thirty years ago just as I am doing now. Calculating from this recollection, I think I can assert with perfect safety that the venerable gag has been in active commission for over half a century. There is one version going the rounds just now. It runs something like this:

"WIFE: Here is a genuine amber cigar-holder for your Christmas present, dear.

"HUSBAND: How do you know that it isn't celluloid, love?

"WIFE: Why, I read in the paper that celluloid would burn and amber wouldn't. I held several of them over the cigar-lighter and if they burned up I wouldn't take them. But the clerks in those cigar stores are awfully [illegible] dear."

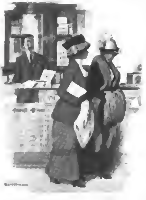
I remember hearing my grandfather comment upon it thirty years ago

Not a bad joke, either, considering the decades of service that the old subject has seen. And yet I find myself confronted with the inevitable duty of putting the old fellow down and out forever. The phlegmatic practicality of the entomologist who sticks an insect through the solar plexus and pins him quivering to the wall is as nothing to the resolution that is required to stab an old joke and bury him in the graveyard of departed jests and jibes. Really, I feel very much like the man who is called upon to chloroform the faithful old family dog.

But facts are facts, and the fact in this case is that a woman is not a fool in a cigar-store, any more than she is anywhere else—which is nowhere—and it might as well be so recorded. Let the cigar-store man tell it in his own words:

Yes, we have a good many women customers this time of the year. We have them all the year round, for that matter; but along toward the holidays their patronage becomes quite an important factor in our business. And don't let any one tell you that they don't know how to buy cigars—because they do. They are good customers and buy intelligently, and any cigar man will bear out what I say. Queer, isn't it? Tobacco seems so foreign to a woman's sphere of activities that you naturally picture her as being entirely out of her element in a cigar-store. They don't use tobacco, and many of them positively dislike the mere suggestion of tobacco, and yet, when they come in to buy they often show more common sense and a finer discrimination than the average man.

Why is it? Well, I'll tell you. I've studied the question pretty thoroughly from my position behind the counter, and for a long time [illegible] guessing. I observed the fact, but I couldn't get at the reason for it. Eventually, however, I solved the mystery, and the answer is just this: Woman is, by nature, a better shopper than man. You know as well as I do that in buying neckties or shirts or slippers or suits of clothes for her boys, for instance, she has a man beaten forty ways. And these articles are not in woman's sphere by any means. It all comes down to the fact that woman, first by instinct, and second by constant practice and experience, is a better all round shopper than her mate. From her first toddle into a department store, clinging to the hand of her mother, she has learned to study relative qualities and values. She has learned to observe the fine distinctions of colors, textures, and grades. She has learned how to ask intelligent questions of the salespeople; has learned, in short, all the little tricks and turns that enable one to get the best value for the least money with the least possible waste of time or words.



"I think the bands on the cigars I chose so much prettier than the others"

Why, say, we have women customers here who can give their own husbands cards and spades! Only an hour ago a woman was in here to buy a box of cigars as a Christmas gift for her husband. He is a regular customer of ours and is loyal to one particular brand of cigars. She called for a box of this brand, stipulating that they must be Colorado, which means medium in color. Evidently she had studied the color marks on the fronts of his cigar boxes and knew what they meant. I placed a box on the counter and lifted the cover. She looked at them closely.

"Are these Colorado?" she asked.

I said that they were.

"Show me some others," she said.

I brought down some more Colorados and she looked at them.

"All too dark," she declared, shortly. "What is the next lighter grade?"

"Colorado-claro," I answered.

"Show me some." I did so. She took a box of each classification, walked to the window and scrutinized them under the strong light that came in from the street. When she returned she wore a satisfied expression.

"This is the color my husband smokes," she said. "I'll take them."

Just then it dawned upon me that the woman was right and I hastened to explain. I told her that, generally speaking, manufacturers sort their cigars into three colors, dark, medium, and light (Colorado, Colorado-claro, and claro). Sometimes a manufacturer will get in a new lot of tobacco that runs darker than the one he has been using. He continues, however, to use the same method of classification—dark, medium, and light—as with the previous lot, the color gradings being purely on a comparative basis. I had lately received a new lot of the cigars this lady was buying, and I remembered having noticed as I inspected them that they ran several shades darker all the way through than the previous shipments of the same brand. As a matter of fact, the light colors of the new lot corresponded exactly to the medium colors of those that my customer had been smoking.

Now, if the husband had been the buyer, ten to one he would have rushed in, called for "a box of those cigars," glanced at the color mark to see that "Colorado" was stamped on the front, and gone on his way. The chances are, too, that after smoking half of them he would have noticed the difference, and then he would have come back and made a lot of trouble. This is one out of many instances in which women have shown themselves to be better shoppers than men, even in a cigar store.

Take a man and put him in front of a lace-counter and take a woman and put her in front of a cigar-case and the man will suffer by the comparison.

Of course, there are exceptions, which only go to prove the rule. Now there was a woman in here just the other day, accompanied by a friend—one of her own sex.

"I want a box of nice cigars for my husband," she said, "something costing about four dollars."

"Either of these is four dollars," said I, placing two different brands on the counter.

"Which do you think is the better of the two?" she asked, looking at them perplexedly.

"Well," said I, "since you ask me, I think this one has a trifle the best of it in quality."

The lady hesitated, but only for a moment.

"I'll take the other one," she said, calmly.

Believe me, I was staggered for the moment. But I wrapped up the package, and as she left the counter I heard her whisper something to her companion which solved the mystery.

"I think the bands on the cigars I chose so much prettier than the others."

But, mind, now, that's an exception; in fact, the only incident of the kind in my experience, and I've served hundreds of women customers. And, on the other hand, where does the man get off? Mrs. Brown remarks, as her husband is leaving for business in the morning:

"Stop in somewhere on your way down and get some elastic for little Willie's bloomers."

A gleam of suspicion flashes from Brown's eyes.

"How much?" he asks, crustily. "Why don't you be more explicit? You're always sending me into a drygoods store for something I don't know anything about, and they ask me a lot of questions that I can't answer and make a monkey of me!"

"Enough to go round the legs of little Willie, of course," says Mrs. B., languidly; "half a yard 'll be plenty."

"Very well," says Brown, in a dignified tone intended to imply that he is a man of business and is perfectly willing to help anybody out in a little matter of this kind, providing the commission is delivered to him in a business-like manner. He puts on his hat and walks pompously down the street.

Scene two. Time, six hours later. Place, a Sixth Avenue department store. Enter Brown. Still pompous and dignified? Not so that you can notice it. He cringes in the doorway for a moment and gazes dreadfully on the surging sea of struggling femininity. Then he edges timidly down the main aisle, stopping occasionally to inquire the way of sundry tall, bareheaded gentlemen in frock coats whom he encounters along the route. The notion-counter is finally located and he pauses to gather courage and to observe with some trepidation a haughty young person presiding behind it. She has two cubic feet of very blonde hair sticking out behind her head and is calling "Sign!" in a shrill voice at regular intervals of ten seconds each. Brown leans wearily against the white-goods counter waiting for throat paralysis to set in and give him an opening, but he notices a floorwalker eyeing him sharply and is convinced that he is suspected of shoving forty or fifty yards of unbleached muslin under his negligee. So he moves on guiltily and accosts the lady of the hair, this wise:

"Some elastic, please."

"Howmuchyouwant?" asks the lady, glaring at him.

"Half a yard, please," says Brown, very much intimidated, but thinking that, just the same, he had her that time, thanks to his forethought and perspicacity.

"Blackerwhite?" asks the lady.

"Beg pardon?" says Brown, stalling for time.

"Blackerwhite?" repeats the lady, loudly, in her 'sign' voice.

"Either?" says Brown, defiantly, not a bit afraid.

"Wellwhichisit?" screams the lady, bringing a pair of dangerous-looking scissors down on the counter with a crash.

"Er—er—black," ventures Brown, very mildly.

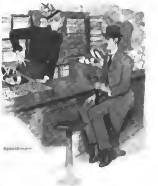
"Flatorround?" asks the lady, not quite so loud, but pretty loud and eyeing him scornfully.

"Beg pardon?" says Brown, stalling again.

"Flatorround?" screams the lady so loudly that Brown looks around to see if a crowd has begun to gather.

Brown is certainly flabbergasted this time.

"Really, I don't know," he murmurs, taking off his derby and wiping his forehead. "How stupid of me! I forgot to ask my w—"



"Widernarrow?" says the lady in a voice like a steam-whistle

"Widernarrow?" interrupts the lady, contemptuously.

"I beg—"

"Widernarrow?" says the lady in a voice like a steam-whistle.

Brown looks nervously over his shoulder to see if the outraged populace is closing in on him.

"Why, either will— I mean narrow is— No, make it— Well, you see, I really don't quite—"

"Whatsitfor?" snaps the lady.

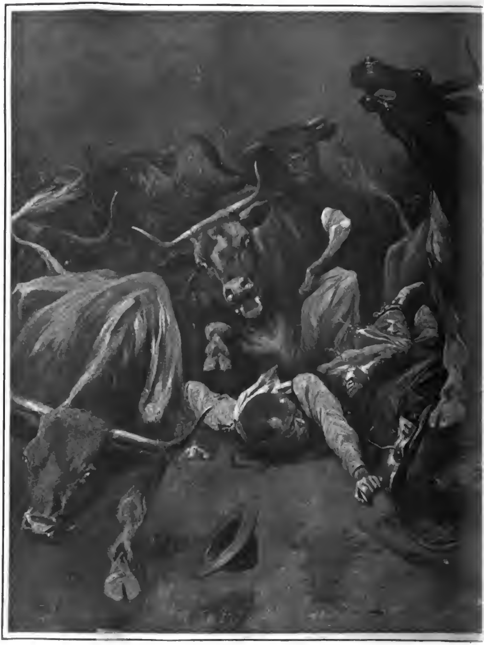
Brown starts to stall again, but, seeing another scream coming, comes out with it in a stage whisper:

"Little Willie's bloomers," he gasps, and hears a chorus of giggles.

"Flat!" says the lady, snapping her teeth on the word and biting off its tail.

She snips off a piece of the beastly stuff with her scissors. Brown's knees sag beneath him and he is rapidly losing consciousness. He has a vague knowledge of handing her a five-dollar bill, of receiving $4.07 in return, of wondering why they gave him so much change back, of being handed a very small piece of tape in a paper bag big enough to carry a cat in, and of sneaking through the crowd and out of the door like a pickpocket.

So there you have them [concluded the cigar-store man] and I think I've been fair and impartial in giving you both sides of the story. Gaze on one picture, then on t'other. Put them each by each, side by side, and the woman in the cigar-store will make the man at the notion-counter look like a five-cent plate of strawberry ice in a crematory—every time.



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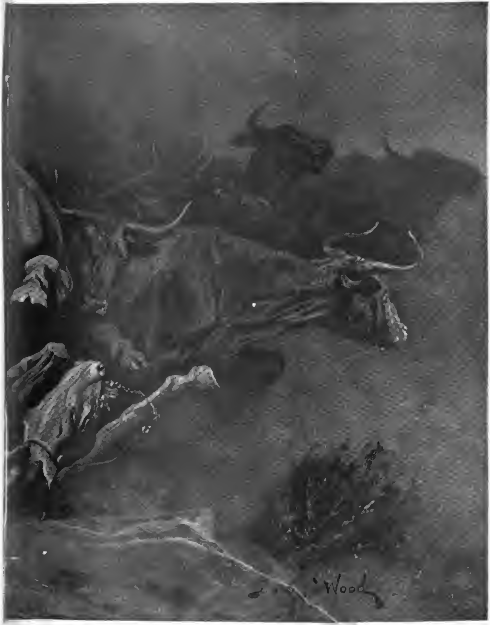

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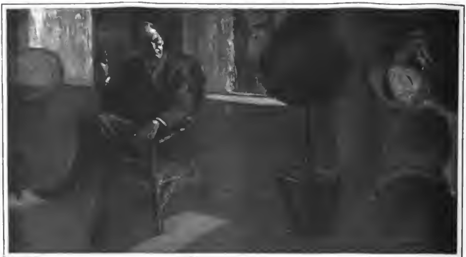


THINGS WE OVERHEAR

VOICE FROM THE DARKNESS: "OH, JACK! YOU DIDN'T SHAVE THIS MORNING!"

ODDS AND ENDS

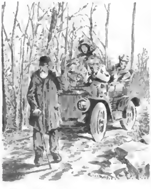
THEY had an earthquake up in Lowell recently that was so severe that a bottle of maraschino and a jug of hard cider broken in the refrigerator of Zenas Williams, a citizen of that city, was taken out in the perfect form of an applejack cocktail. The new mixture will be named "The Earthquake" in honor of its origin.

Close observers say that many a strong and healthy man has been lost as a husband to a worthy girl by a sudden and wholly unexpected attack of heart-failure, combined with nerve prostration, when he went to ask her father's consent.

Critics are rather too free in getting after the automobile on the score of its extravagance. Do they ever consider what a saving it is in shoe leather, when so many thousands of people ride, as they do now, who used to have to walk?

Mr. George M. Bowers, our Commissioner of Fisheries, says that as soon as the summer boarders quit the State of Maine lobsters will be considerably cheaper in our cities. Is this intended as a slur upon the summer boarder, or an economic fact based upon the laws of supply and demand? Either way it has an unpleasant intimation.

A Court of Domestic Relations is Brooklyn's latest achievement, but whether it is to deal with the mother-in-law question or the cook problem deponent saith not. The former is always an imminent, and the latter a burning, question.



"SEEMS T' ME LIKE I HEARD SOME ONE CALLIN', BUT I RECKON IT MUST 'A' BIN IMAGINATION."

There was a man in our town
 Who was so wondrous wise,
He climbed up to the pantry shelf
 And ate up all the pies
And when he saw the pies were gone,
 With all his might and main
He telephoned the doctor for
 A plaster for his pain.

There is one consolation, anyhow, in respect to the hobble skirt. They'll never get a chance to cut bathing-suits on that pattern.

A visitor to town observes casually that, judging from the underclothing displays in many of our shop windows, the window-dressers don't more than half know their business, or else are too lazy to complete the job.

A New England preacher suggests the possibility of baseball in heaven. Maybe he is right, but that doesn't prove that nobody will be put out on the Day of Judgment.

It is rumored along Piccadilly that London *Punch* will shortly announce that Rostand's *Chantecler* is merely another case of fowl play, and that its preparation was nothing more than a rooster tap the pockets of the public by a coup de theatre.

The height of foolishness, Mariana, is to return a box of moth-balls to a druggist who has sold them to you because you cannot find a moth big enough to swallow one of them. Might as well turn your back on a fishball because you are not fond of dancing.

If you would find the number of
 The close friends you have got,
Just try to borrow fifty flat
 From all the blessed lot.
The one that hems and haws the most
 In answer to your call
Will be the one that you may count
 The closest of them all.

A philosopher claims to have discovered that, while there are no birds in last year's nests, the deficiency is more than made up by the large number of eggs in last year's crates. What comfort there is in this discovery for the consumer is not entirely clear.

MOTOR CHAT AMONG THE ANCIENTS

THE IRRESISTIBLE TEMPTATION

Elijah's chariot of fire was vanishing in the distance when the constable arrived.

"That old chap's a-hittin' her up at a high old rate of speed!" he said, gazing at the distant vehicle. "Any of you fellers happen to ketch his number?"

"Nothin' doin'," murmured the crowd.

"Have ye got any idee who it was?" asked the constable.

"Yes," replied a bystander. "It was old man Elisha."

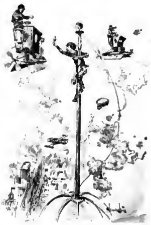
"Wa-al I wanter know!" ejaculated the constable. "What's this country comin' to when our very best folks 'll go an' vi'late the speed laws like that!"

REBUFFED

"No, sir," roared the Old Man as Slithers asked for the hand of his daughter. "I know you pretty well, Slithers, and it don't take two eyes for me to see that the hand you're after is the hand that writes the checks. Nobody shall ever marry my girl for her money."

"You wrong me, Colonel Bilkins," returned Slithers. "I don't give a hang for her money. All I want is the girl alone."

"Well, by ginger! I'll see that you don't get her alone," retorted Bilkins, "if I have to hire every blessed chaperon from Maine to California. The man who says he don't care a hang for her money is either a second Ananias, or a blankety blank idiot."



AIRY TALK

"YOU STEEPLE-JACKS THINK YOU OWN THE SKY."

"WELL, IF YEZ THINK YER A BETTER MON THAN I AM COME DOWN OFF YER BOX AN' SHOW ME."

AN ACCOMPLISHED LINGUIST

"Did you learn any French while you were in Paris?" asked Bildad, meeting Slithers shortly after his return from Europe.

"Oh, a little," said Slithers. "Not so very much, though. I got so I could say cigarette in French."

"Good," said Bildad. "What is cigarette in French?"

"Cigarette," said Slithers.

DURING THE REVOLUTION

"Do you think Paul Revere will get through in time, Sam?" asked John Hancock, anxiously, as he and Samuel Adams peered out into the dark from their hiding place.

"He will if that old spark-plug o' his ain't foundered," returned Adams.

FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER

Bear in mind that a falling thermometer means cold weather, and unless you are in the ice-cream business your cows should be kept in a warm place, and not in the ice-house which you used for a barn last season because all your stable room was occupied by your summer boarders.

If the gasoline-tank of your motor hay-wagon freezes up some cold night, do not try to thaw it out by setting it on the kitchen stove, unless you are looking for an excuse to put a new roof on your house.

If, owing to the cold weather, your yeast cakes are sluggish, and are no more inclined to rise than the hired man, take your bread dough while it is yet soft, and mould it into a hollow cylinder, inserting in the open space in the interior two or three spoonfuls of gunpowder, with a fuse hanging out at one end. A slow match touched to this will cause your bread to rise immediately.

If an unusually cold snap comes along and you find the ordinary fires of your household too mild to cope with the frigid quality of the atmosphere, drive your cows into the drawing-room, and after closing all the doors and windows you will be surprised to find how far a little animal heat will go in warding off the extreme cold.

To preserve your jams and jellies from the surreptitious inroads of your son, home from college for the Christmas holidays, mix each jar separately and thoroughly with a mixture of five parts cod-liver oil and two of powdered quinine, brought to a jell with a judicious infusion of carpenter's glue. There is no reason why jams and jellies thus treated should not last forever, no matter how completely exposed to danger.

If your talking-machine suddenly develops hoarseness, do not try to cure it as you would yourself, by rubbing the cylinder with liniment and tying a piece of red flannel around its neck, nor should you pour a dose of rum and molasses down the throat of the megaphone in the hope of giving it relief. Take the records themselves into the dairy and use them for a week or two as markers for your butter pats, and the hoarseness will disappear very shortly.

During a severe windstorm with the prevailing winds from the north, you will find a good deal of comfort in covering all the windows on the exposed side of your house with feather beds securely tacked on. If the beds are two feet wider and a foot longer than the windows they will prevent the arctic breezes from penetrating at the sides and two ends.

The best way to keep your potatoes from freezing in December and January is to cut them up into little cubes and fry them until they are thoroughly well browned. These, well buttered, salted, and peppered, put away in a warm spot beneath a woollen waistcoat, need give you no further anxiety.

In very cold latitudes those who still continue to use the old-fashioned warming-pans should be careful not to heat them until they are red-hot, since the contact of red-hot iron with the woollen surfaces of blankets is apt to fill the house with unpleasant odors and somewhat impair the freshness of the air.

AN EFFECTIVE WAY

"Did Jones finally get a separation from his wife?" asked Milligan.

"Yes," said Willoughby.

"Reno?" asked Milligan.

"No," said Willoughby; "he bought her a ticket to Europe, and she went."

HER FIRST VOTE

It was the evening of Election Day, and Higgleby had just returned home.

"Well, my dear Jane," said he, as he kissed his wife, "did you vote to-day?"

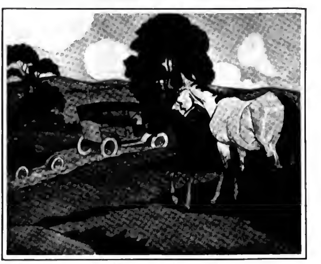
"Yes," replied the lady.

"Straight ticket, I suppose?" smiled her husband.

"Well, no," said Mrs. Higgleby. "After thinking it all over and reading the platforms of both parties, I felt that one was about as good as the other, so I split my ticket."

"Split it?" roared Higgleby. "Why, how did you do it?"

"Why, instead of putting an X over the name of one candidate," said Mrs. Higgleby, "I divided it in half and put a V over both."



"OH, LOOK, MAMMA! THERE GOES A YOUNG AUTO WITH ITS MOTHER!"

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

"And what is your father's business, my little man?" asked the Rev. Mr. Fourthly, as he made his morning call on the infant class.

"He's a dam-at-it kick it," said the little chap, whose father wrote dramatic criticism for a newspaper.

AN APT DESCRIPTION

"Ever see a mermaid, Jim?" asked Dusty Rhodes, as he threw himself down on the sands alongside of a brother hobo.

"Yass," said Jim.

"What did she look like?" asked Dusty.

"Oh, I d'no'—rather like a lady cut decollety, with a hobble-skirt around her propeller," said Jim.

ANSWERED

"Isn't there any way to cut down a butcher's bill?" asked Tightwad, sarcastically addressing his meat-man.

"Why, yes, Mr. Tightwad," said the latter. "You might pay a little on account now and then."

CAUSE AND EFFECT

"I see from the papers," said Dawson, "that there is a great scarcity of chorus girls this year."

"I was afraid there would be," said Wiggles. "It's only another case of cause and effect. The French champagne crop has practically failed, and lobsters are scarcer than hens' teeth this season."

MOTOR MAXIMS

Still motors run cheap.
It's a short lane knows no scorching.
It's a wise chauffeur that knows his own speed.
A garage is known by the cars it keeps for hire.
A motor in hand is worth two in the ditch.
It requires little learning to be the tooter of a horn.
A good road is rather to be chosen than great ditches.
A spark-plug that can spark and won't spark ought to be plugged.
He who speeds and runs away may live to be nabbed some other day.
A rut in the road may prove the power behind the throne.
Little motors have big gears.
Never look a gift taxi in the meter.
A scorched chauffeur dreads the fire.
A good car needs no push.
It's a poor clutch that won't work in a tight squeeze.
Too many tinkers spoil the car.
Never judge a motor by the mortgage on the roof.
A car in time saves sole leather.
Satan finds work for idle cars to do.
A green chauffeur maketh a fat undertaker.
All cars are gray in the dark.
De motoristis nil nisi timeo.
Dum Speedimus, Speedamus!
Of two constables, choose the smallest.
What can't be cured should be insured.
Collisions never come singly.
A rolling car gathers no dross.
It is better to turn back than to turn turtle.

TEN LITTLE AVIATORS

Ten little aviators standing in a line,
One flapped his wings too hard, and then there were but nine.

Nine little aviators starting for a fête,
One collided with a church, and then there were but eight.

Eight little aviators aiming straight for heaven,
One put on an angel's wings, and then there were but seven.

Seven little aviators in a cloudy mix,
One slid through the Milky Way, and then there were but six.

Six little aviators very much alive,
One lit on Vesuvius, and then there were but five.

Five little aviators gliding round the shore,
One trod on the undertow, and then there were but four.

Four little aviators circling round a tree,
One leaned down to pick the fruit, and then there were but three.

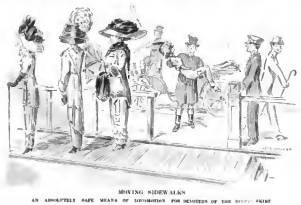
Three little aviators round a chimney flue,
One had never flue before, and then there were but two.

Two little aviators on a joyous run,
One took a drop too much, and then there was but one.

One little aviator left of all the many,
He put on too many airs, and then there weren't any.

No little aviators left aloft to whizz,
And the rest of humankind settled down to biz.

Carlyle Smith.



MOVING SIDEWALKS

AN ABSOLUTELY SAFE MEANS OF LOCOMOTION FOR DEVOTEES OF THE HOBBLE SKIRT

TABLE D'HÔTE TALKS

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

IN OLD MADEIRA

PICTURED BY ALBERT LEVERING

"WELL," said Boggs, as he unfolded his napkin and scanned the bill of fare with hungry eyes, "I've had it bottled and I've had it on the hoof, and I'm blessed if I know which I like the best. Both are truly intoxicating."

"Referring to what, please?" asked the Fat Little Englishman with the Red Face, glancing up from his soup.

"Madeira," returned Boggs. "From my first glimpse of that swarming bevy of kids who made the morning musical with their exhortations to throw silver coin over the side of the ship into the blue waters of the sea, that they might dive in after it, until now my day has been a gloriously full one."

"I hope you did not squander any of your spare change on those little water-rats," said the Fat Little Englishman.

"I did indeed," replied Boggs. "In all I threw two dollars' worth of dimes overboard, and I don't believe those shivering little amphibians missed so little as a broker's commission."

"Sheer waste of money!" said the Fat Little Englishman.

"Not at all," said Boggs. "Merely the payment of a well-earned sum for the privilege of witnessing an unusual sight. You pay your shilling for a ticket to Madame Tussaud's wax-works whenever they put up any kind of a novelty, do you not?"

"I do," returned the Fat Little Englishman. "But what novelty is there in seeing a tribe of chattering monkeys dive off the end of a boat?"

"It is the novelty of seeing a Portuguese taking a bath," said Boggs. "From what I saw of them at the Azores I fancy that is a spectacle of rare occurrence. But oh, you Madeira! What a garden spot you are! I've been sticking pins into myself all day long to see whether this whole thing was a dream or if I had managed, in spite of an active past, to slip into heaven while St. Peter wasn't looking. You didn't see anything of him, did you Mr. Bull?"

"Anything of whom?" demanded the Fat Little Englishman.

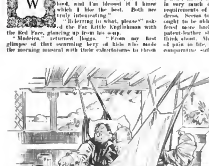
"St. Peter," [illegible] Boggs. "But of course you didn't," he hastened to add. "You got past too—I saw you on the hill. But isn't it grand? Honestly I haven't seen anything since I left Missouri that has pleased me half as much, and I am almost inclined to abandon my scheme to become King of the Azores and buy Madeira instead. After all, what could be more delightful than to be the Grand Duke of Madeira and swing in a hammock all day personally inspecting all the rare vintages of this liquid spot?"

"You'd find it a trifle gouty, I'm afraid," said the Student of Human Nature.

"What if I did?" said Boggs, airily. "Gout, after all, is nothing but the outward and visible sign of good times past. All joy involves a certain amount of pain, and the man who wouldn't be willing to take a few twinges in his big toe for the sake of the eighteen carat bliss he'd get out of life in a place like this has no sporting blood in his veins. Besides, a great many people come here for the gout, don't they?"

"They do," smiled the Captain, "but they come to get rid of it, not to get it."

"Oh, well, I like to be original," said Boggs, "and I don't know, after all is said and done, that there is very much difference between the gout and the requirements of modern civilization in the matter of dress. Seems to me a man who can get used to one ought to be able to get used to the other. I've suffered more back there in the United States from patent-leather shoes and boiled shirts than I like to think about. Man has got to endure a certain amount of pain in life, anyhow, and when it comes down to comparative suffering I'm not so sure that gout is any worse than a beaver hat at one end, a patent-leather pump on the other, and all sorts of starched misery in between. This is an age of concentration, and I can get along a great deal better with my woes focussed on my big toe than spread along my spine all the way from my unlaundered neck down to where the missing link got off. Just look at the clothes these sons of sunny Madeira wear! Any old kind of a fruit basket turned upside down for a hat, the upper half of a bathing-suit for a waistcoat, covered by a tennis blazer of the early eighties for a coat; trousers made of cheese-cloth moulded to the form and stopping at the knees, and bedroom slippers without heels for shoes. I'm not an authority on clothes, but I don't believe a saner system of dress was ever devised since the Romans quit roaming the highways in their bath-robes. A man could dress like a gentleman here on forty cents a year, and you can't do that in Boston, Chicago, or New York even if you forget to pay your tailor. A valet would starve to death in Madeira."



After all, what could be more delightful?

"I fancy he would at everybody here to go back to the style of dress you seem to admire," said the Fat Little Englishman. "I don't see why, if you are going to revert to negligee, you don't go back to the styles of Adam and Eve and pick your clothes off a tree."

"Green is not becoming to my style of beauty," said Boggs; "and besides, salad dressing never did appeal to my taste. Anyhow, a gentleman should dress unostentatiously, and I've always had a sneaking notion that the garments of our original ancestors were a trifle showy. Did you by any chance try one of those oxycabs, Captain?"

"Those what-cabs?" roared the Captain.

"Oxycabs," said Boggs. "You surely must have noticed them—the vehicles these sunny sons of Eden Junior have substituted for the clangorous trolley and the bounding taxi. We Americans pride ourselves on our inventive genius along lines of public transportation, but here in Funchal they have us chained to the lamp-post. Who in our progressive land would ever have thought of going out for a sleigh ride in an old four-poster bedstead, with a canopy spread over the top, drawn by two frisky kine that for speed have the fiery untamed terrapin of the fable hopelessly distanced? I never thought back there in the old country that I should get a sleigh ride in the good old summer-time, and yet to-day when I stepped ashore and found myself in the capital city of Madeira there was that joy of joys awaiting me. I could scarce believe my eyes, but there it was, an antique bedstead, with seats fore and aft like a section in a Pullman sleeping-car, perched on runners, and two brothers to the Ox with the emptiness of ages in their stomachs, judging from the conspicuous nature of their ribs, standing serenely to the fore waiting to whisk me around town for a whole hour for the inconsiderable sum of one thousand reis."

"One thousand reis!" gasped the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes. "Why, I only paid four shillings for mine."

"Same thing, Madam," returned Boggs. "That's another point I like about these Portuguese countries. In America or England it is an expensive job becoming a millionaire, but over here you can do it on ten thousand dollars. In cheap countries they have to do something to keep prices up, just as in expensive countries like the United States you have to work twenty-four hours a day to keep 'em down, and these Portuguanders manage it by having a cheap standard of value. Here the standard of value is the rei, just as with us it is the dollar, only the rei is worth a tenth of a cent instead of a hundred cents. The result is a man does not have to go as far, or work as hard, to make a fortune. I went ashore this morning with just seventeen dollars in my pocket, which is not very much money as fortunes go these days; but the minute my foot touched dry land my riches soared to the heavens, and I became the purse-proud possessor of seventeen thousand reis without so much as crooking my little finger. And I began to squander it right away—two hundred reis for a half-dozen postal cards, one hundred reis for a glass of soda-water, and so on. When the chauffeur of the oxycab offered to drive me around town for an hour for two thousand reis I offered him five hundred, and we compromised on a thousand. If I had been in New York the figures would have scared me to death, but here they gave me the delicious sensation of having at last reached the spot where a man with a Burgundy appetite could get along well on the income of a hoki-poki patron. I immediately entered my dormitory, and for an hour for the insignificant sum of one dollar the whole six hundred of us slid gracefully around town at a rate of speed that I honestly think sometimes ran as high as sixteen miles a year."

"Who were your companions?" asked the Captain. "When I saw you you were skidding along all by yourself."

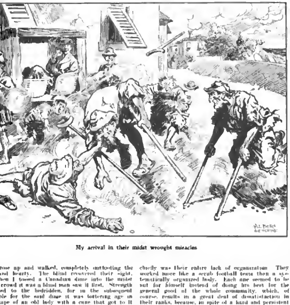
"No, there were six hundred of us," said Boggs. "Like the Light Brigade of Balaklava, we were six hundred as we volleyed and thundered along the highway. First there was the owner of the outfit, a handsome-looking somnambulist who followed us fifty yards to the rear to see that I did not escape without paying. He'd lie down and go to sleep on every corner we came to, but would wake up before we disappeared around the next. Then there was a gentleman who closely resembled a retired brigand, who walked alongside, carrying a rasher of bacon in one hand, which he occasionally placed beneath the runners of the sledges to keep them from sticking fast to the pavement—a sort of Lord High Greaser of the Ways, employed, no doubt, to overcome the difficulties of sleigh-riding without snow. Then there were the two oxen and their attendant, the latter a small aggregation of cast-off clothing, smiles, and freckles, who did his best to keep both the steeds on an even keel, by addressing whichever of the beasts showed a disposition to lie down, which they did alternately and with gratifying regularity, in language which may have been fit for publication, but I doubt it; and finally the most active member of my entourage, a horse-fly a trifle smaller than a robin, who acted in the double capacity of a brake to keep us from going too fast by butting the oxen in the head at every step and an automobile

There they were, hands outstretched

horn. You could hear his buzzing honk miles away, like a cracked phonograph on strike, warning people off the course and giving them time to get up and get their breakfast before we came along."

"Counting the horse fly, that's only seven," grinned the Student of Human Nature. "You've got Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade* mixed up with Wordsworth's *Little Cottage Girl*."

"No, I haven't," retorted Boggs. "The other five hundred and ninety-three consisted of the Amalgamated Brother and Sisterhood of Beggars, which turned out in full force to greet me. They constituted the Committee of Welcome that met me at the pier and presented me with the Freedom of the City, and they did their work well. I don't believe they left me for a moment; and, after all, I don't blame them, for my arrival in their midst wrought miracles. The lame rose up and walked, completely outfooting the hale and hearty. The blind recovered their sight, for when I tossed a Canadian dime into the midst of the crowd it was a blind man saw it first. Strength returned to the bedridden, for in the subsequent scramble for the said dime it was tottering age in the shape of an old lady with a cane that got to it first; and the legless acquired new limbs, for in the final race to the rear, the coin having been secured, it was a legless wonder who took the longest strides to undisputed possession upon as fleet a pair of pins as ever carried a discreet warrior to safety."


My arrival in their midst wrought miracles

"The beggar is the serpent of this Eden," said the Fat Little Englishman, warmly, "and it is my private opinion that it is the lavish habit of you Americans in throwing your money around indiscriminately that encourages them in their beggary."

"The laborer is worthy of his hire, Mr. Bull," returned Boggs, "and I don't think there is anything particularly lavish in throwing ten cents to five hundred and ninety-three beggars who have toiled in the heat of the day after you for four solid hours. That's a trifle less than an eight-thousandth of a cent apiece for an eight-hour day. I don't think you can call that lavish, can you—unless you are a Scotchman?"

The Fat Little Englishman snorted contemptuously.

"I must say I think the beggars give a very unpleasant atmosphere to the place," said the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes. "That was my chief objection to them."

"I quite agree with you there, Madam," said Boggs. "They are a pretty close lot, not to say asphyxiating, but I suppose the bath tub is as yet unknown to a majority of them. But after getting accustomed to the atmosphere, what I objected to chiefly was their entire lack of organization. They worked more like a scrub football team than a systematically organized body. Each one seemed to be out for himself instead of doing his best for the general good of the whole community, which, of course, results in a great deal of dissatisfaction in their ranks, because, in spite of a hard and persistent effort to acquire alms, there must be some among them who at nightfall go home with nothing to show for their labor. When I saw that legless wonder go skipping along the road like a Leghorn rooster trying to escape the clutches of an African deacon, in sole and undisputed possession of my Canadian dime, the weakness of their haphazard way of doing business was made manifest at once. What these people over here need are a few good American business ideas. If these beggars would only put me in charge of their interests for four weeks I'd have 'em all on a dividend-paying basis before the season was over, and maybe we visitors would find the atmosphere of Madeira a trifle more agreeable."

"More kingdoms, I suppose," sneered the Fat Little Englishman.

"Not on your life," replied Boggs. "I'd simply organize The Madeira Mendicant Assurance Company and get down to business. Instead of having three or four battalions of tatterdemalions greeting the newcomer on his arrival with soul-stirring tales of woe to sadden his heart, I'd sell policies to travellers insuring them against molestation at the hands of these swift panhandlers. On arrival in port, on payment of one dollar in real money to the authorized agent of the Mendicant Assurance Society of Funchal, every tourist would be provided with a policy holding him safe against the appeals of beggars on penalty of a payment of five dollars, and with each policy would go an identification card which the insured could pin on the lapel of his coat so as to warn the beggars off. The possession of such a card posted on his person in a conspicuous spot would make him immune to their importunities and permit him to enjoy the Eden-like scenery of this Paradise unobscured by a middle distance of rags and tatters. Take our passenger list of to-day, for an example. There were in the neighborhood of four hundred of us went ashore, and every one I have met has had the same story to tell—how they were followed about wherever they went by a suffering mob of snivelling natives begging them by the sweet name of every saint in the calendar to come to their relief. If one ventured into a church and endeavored to inspect a bit of decoration, there they were, hands outstretched, stepping all over one another in a mad quest for alms. If you stood on the summit of a hill trying to drink in the beauties of the view a rabble of freckled kids in all sorts of dishabille thrust themselves like a swarm of locusts athwart the line of vision, completely blotting out the prospect, and what was the net result? Taking the day's receipts as a whole, I doubt if they netted a hundred dollars altogether, whereas under my scheme of insurance, at least three hundred of us would gladly have taken out policies, thereby putting three hundred dollars into the treasury of the company."

"And where would the Beggars come in?" demanded the Captain.

"They would cut up a luscious little melon every six months," said Boggs. "I should take all the moneys received and put them into three funds. Thirty-three and a third per cent. into an indemnity fund to pay the company's losses, sixteen and two-thirds per cent. for running expenses of the company, and fifty per cent. for the declaration of dividends to every beggar in good standing at the time of the closing of the books. To qualify, of course, as participants in the benefits of the society, I should make all the beggars pay an initiation fee of ten dollars, which would represent our original capitalization."

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated the Fat Little Englishman. "Where on earth would a beggar get ten dollars?"

"I don't know," said Boggs, "but he'd get it somewhere. I know this, that when a seven-year-old ragamuffin on the pier just as I was leaving begged me, as I hoped to enter heaven to give him a penny I took out a ten-dollar bill and told him it was the smallest I had, and the little duffer not only offered to change it for me, but did change it from the contents of the mysterious depths of his garments."

"That Mendicant Insurance scheme of yours is a pretty good one, Mr. Boggs," said the Captain later as they sat in the smoking room puffing away upon two choice cheroots. "Where did you get the idea?"

"It came to me all of a sudden," said Boggs, "while I was trying to see the steamer lying in the roadstead from the café on the top of the hill through the bottom of my sixteenth glass of some Very Old Particular just taken from the pipe."

"I thought so," said the Captain. "You could hear the ring of the pipe all the way through it."

"One-night Stands" of America

By Nance O'Neil

WITH the possible exception of a scattered few in the South, I have appeared, I believe, during my stage career, in almost all the so-called "one-night stands" in America; and my observations in these generally much-maligned hamlets, villages, towns and smaller cities have impressed several things indelibly on my mind. The phrase "one-night stand" is generally used with a semi-sarcastic intonation, almost as a term of contempt. Like the synonymous term "the provinces," it is used frequently to designate ulterior communities presumably beyond the pale of culture, artistic appreciation, and physical attractiveness. Such phrases are used, that is, by those who have never visited, studied, and come to know the places thus described.

To the non-migratory person in the cities there will probably be something of a shock in my statement that in many of these "one-night stands" I have found a dramatic appreciation equal to that which may be found in the leading cities, and an intellectual consideration which often rivals that in the larger communities. I may say truthfully and honestly—and I say it all the more happily because the American "one-night stands" have never had a champion for their cause—that, for interesting and unanticipated qualities, these limited theatrical places of the United States are dramatically unrivalled. And, as an actress, I have encircled the globe, playing in every theatrical country, before every theatrical people. What I shall tell you here is actual; what I say I say from personal experience. I speak not as an individual desirous of assuming a pose by taking up an argument in defence of a scorned cause, but as one who feels the truth and wants to set it down.

I made, a few years ago, a tour of the Western, Northwestern, and Southwestern "one-night stands" of America. My repertoire consisted of *Magda*, *The Fires of St. John*, and *Hedda Gabler*. Fair weapons, were they not, for the testing of the intellectuality of the little dramatic centres? The first section I travelled through was the "one-night stand" territory in the extreme north of Minnesota, the scattered line of tiny towns that stretches along back of Duluth.

The audiences in these places were composed mostly of miners and lumbermen. I presented the first two dramas named before them, and I say positively that never have I played before as respectful, as seemingly intelligent and appreciative gatherings. These audiences sat silent through *Magda*, through *The Fires of St. John*; they put to rout popular opinion by hearing and understanding. Where such "one-night stand" audiences as these have got the reputation for boisterousness and lack of intelligence that they undoubtedly have, I cannot understand. It may be from the stories of inferior musical shows. To the layman the presentation of such dramas as these before an audience composed of men such as these must appear much in the light of the presentation of a Christmas pantomime before a gathering of blind men. And yet the fact remains that never in all my theatrical experience have I played before a more attentive and dramatically intelligent audience. I played *Hedda Gabler* in Goldfield, Nevada, when that community was less urban than it is to-day. In the audience were many typical Western "bad men" of fiction, but not a disrespectful sound did they utter from curtain to curtain. And when the performance was over, some of my company and myself, out of curiosity, visited a number of the gambling-places with a guide and encountered any number of the men who had seen the Ibsen drama, and listened to their interesting and sane critical ideas concerning it.

It seems natural to me that this state of affairs—surprising as it may seem to the New Yorker, the Bostonian, the Philadelphian, the Chicagoan, and their large-city brothers—should be as it actually is. The drama in the "one-night stand" is not a pastime, as it is in the cities. Theatre-going in such communities is not a mere matter of after-dinner impulse; it is carefully planned and thought out.

The "one-night stands" of America are in sad need of a historian. Their real nature has never been truly set forth. Regarded as little better than Gipsy camps, they are in reality small centres of culture, bathed in a pe[illegible] atmosphere to be found nowhere else to [illegible] a degree in all theatredom.

Shadows of the Stage

By William Winter

AMERICAN ACTORS ABROAD AND HOW THEY "FAIL" THERE

This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Winter which will appear during the theatrical season in "Harper's Weekly." These articles by the veteran dramatic critic have, from the first, formed a widely quoted feature of the "Weekly"

PART II

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, acting first as Emilia, and then as Lady Macbeth, had cooperated with Forrest, and had to such an extent diverted immediate public attention from the popular tragedian, then on his second visit to the British capital, that he conceived a bitter dislike for her which lasted all his life: he would never afterward set foot on the same stage with her. She acted also Rosalind, Beatrice, Portia, Mrs. Haller, Meg Merrilies, Lady Teazle, and Julia—in *The Hunchback*—and she produced *Romeo and Juliet*, acting Romeo, to the Juliet of her sister Susan, and making a brilliant impression. That performance was given 200 times, in one season, 1845–46, in London and other cities. In Dublin she acted Viola. Her stay in Great Britain lasted five years, and when she returned to America, in 1849, she was welcomed with all the honors that could be paid to a queen of the stage. But she had left home with a mere pittance: she came back with a fortune, and with the laurel of eminent and undying renown which, till then, had been withheld, in her own land.

James P. Roberts should be remembered as another of the American actors who were hospitably received on the English stage. Mr. Roberts went to London in 1857 and appeared at Drury Lane, September 21st, as Sir Giles Overreach, subsequently making a prosperous tour of many cities of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Edwin Booth, distinctively a tragedian, and as such the greatest of his day, was, beyond question, a representative American actor, and remembrance of the reception which was accorded to him in England should, by itself, be sufficient to dispel the mistaken idea that the English public has been hostile to American actors. Edwin Booth, on the occasion of his first professional visit to England, made in 1861, appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, London, first as Shylock, later as Sir Giles Overreach, and lastly as Richelieu. At the beginning of his engagement the press was frigid, but the public welcomed and cheered him. At the close his performance of Richelieu, not in our time equalled, caused great enthusiasm. After acting in London he appeared in Liverpool and Manchester, and it is interesting to remember that in the latter city he met for the first time Henry Irving, who was a member of a stock-company there, and who acted with him in several plays, one of which was *Hamlet*. The cloud caused by the American Civil War was dark over the world at that time, and "Yankees" were not generally popular in England, for which reason Booth was not encouraged to prolong his tour. His second professional visit to England was made nearly twenty years later, when he appeared, November 6, 1880, at the Princess's Theatre, London, as Hamlet. I had used the privilege of an old and intimate friend, earnestly advising him to begin his London season in the character of Richelieu, but unhappily he listened to the injudicious counsel of his wife (Mary McVicker), an impulsive, belligerent lady, who meant well but possessed no tact, and, by choosing Hamlet, he made the needless and hurtful mistake of challenging comparison with the reigning favorite of the English stage. Henry Irving had given two hundred consecutive representations of Hamlet and had established a prodigious renown in that character, and no actor, even though an angel from heaven, would, at that time, have been accepted as his rival in it. Booth subsequently told me that, being informed of a hostile element in the theatre, and stimulated to resent and brave it, he was in no fit mood for acting Hamlet, and that his first London performance of the part was metallic and inflexible and, to himself, one of the most unsatisfactory that he ever gave. It was civilly received, but presentments of Richelieu, Iago, Bertuccio, and King Lear, given later, evoked abundant sympathy and ample recognition. His engagement at the Princess's Theatre continued for one hundred and nineteen nights. Then came one of the most interesting incidents in theatrical history. Booth formed the plan of giving a series of afternoon performances, and he expressed to Irving the wish to give those performances at the Lyceum Theatre. Irving assented, but later suggested that a production should be effected of the tragedy of *Othello*, in which both of them could participate, alternating the characters of Othello and Iago. Booth cordially concurred in this project and on May 2, 1881, *Othello* was performed at the Lyceum, Booth appearing as the Moor, Irving, for the first time on any stage, as Iago, and Ellen Terry as Desdemona. The representation was accounted exceptionally fine. The two chieftains were deemed about equal in excellence. When, however, they exchanged characters and Irving acted Othello to the Iago of Booth, the dominance of the American actor was generally conceded,—not that his Iago was thought to surpass that of Irving, but that Irving's Othello was thought to be, compared with Booth's, ineffective. The Lyceum engagement of Booth lasted four weeks. The business was extraordinary,—the prices being raised in the balcony, from five to ten shillings, in the stalls from ten and six to one guinea, the boxes from one guinea to five, and all the reserved seats in the theatre being sold before the engagement began. The occasion was one of the greatest public enthusiasm and of memorable interest.

The intimation was duly supplied, relative to the alliance of Irving and Booth in the production of *Othello* at the London Lyceum, that Irving had formed a sinister scheme for the ruin of Booth as an actor. Irving, no doubt, would have been glad to prove himself a greater actor than Booth, in two of the best acting parts in all Shakespeare, and Booth, on the other hand, would have been glad to excel Irving and to find himself hailed as the better actor of the two. I was intimately acquainted with both of them, and I can testify, from positive knowledge, that each of them regarded the other as, intrinsically, the only formidable rival on the stage of their time. The rivalry between them, however, was not less honorable than natural. It was the rivalry of emulation. The charge that Irving either attempted, or wished, to injure Booth in the esteem of the English public was and is ridiculous. The trial that Irving proposed was eminently a fair one, and, if disadvantageous to either party, disadvantageous to himself. Booth had been for many years habitually acting both Othello and Iago. He was thoroughly "up" in each part, and he had been victorious in both, in London as well as in America. Irving had not acted in *Othello* for five years, when he had, for a short time, "put up" that play and appeared as the Moor, and he had never acted Iago. It was necessary for him to "recover" the Moor, and to learn Iago, and that work he was constrained to accomplish while attending to the business of his theatre, providing for an entirely new production of the tragedy, rehearsing the company,—a duty which Booth, with characteristic inertia, was glad to escape,—and acting at night, as Synorix, in *The Cup*, and as Doricourt, in *The Belle's Stratagem*. Booth, meanwhile, was resting. A more liberal arrangement than that proposed by Irving could not have been conceived, nor a more intrepid, self-confident spirit displayed. After the Lyceum engagement had ended Booth publicly declared, June, 1881:

"I was never received more heartily in all my life than by the audiences drawn together when I played in London. I have had a most delightful experience, socially, professionally, and in every respect, with the exception of the unfortunate illness of my wife. . . . My engagement with Irving was one of the most agreeable that I have ever played. He is one of the most delightful men I have ever met; always obliging, and always kind in every possible way."

And in writing to me (Booth never hesitated to free his mind to me on any subject) he said, relative to his Lyceum season:

"Its success is very great, in all respects, and only my domestic misery prevents it from being the happiest theatrical experience I have ever had. I wish I could do as much for Henry Irving in America as he has done here for me!" A very remunerative tour of the English provinces followed.

On the German stage Edwin Booth's success was prodigious. He appeared January 11, 1883, at the Residenz Theatre, Berlin, and afterward acted in Hamburg, Bremen, Hanover, Leipsic, and Vienna, and in each of those cities he had a royal welcome. At the close of his engagement in Berlin the German actors with whom he had been associated presented him with a crown of silver laurel leaves, inscribed, "To the unrivalled artist, Edwin Booth." At Hamburg the Director and Members of the Company of the Thalia gave him a spray of silver laurel leaves. At Bremen his German associates gave him another crown of silver laurel leaves, inscribed, "To the Great Artist, Edwin Booth." At Leipsic the members of the company gave him a wreath of laurel in silver. On each occasion the presentation was made with an address of warm congratulation. Immediately after his first performance in Berlin Booth wrote to me the following letter, which provides an instructive commentary on the notion that "acceptance" of American actors abroad has only lately been accorded:

"MY DEAR WILL,—I have just accomplished the one great object of my professional aspiration. 'Tis after one o'clock and I am very weary, but cannot go to bed without a line to you. . . . O, I wish you had been present to-night! When I am cooler I will try to give you a full account of the night's work. The actors as well as the audience were very enthusiastic, many of them kissing my hands and thanking me over and over again,—for what I know not, unless it was because they recognized in me a sincere disciple of their idol Shakespeare. . . . Well, this is the realization of my twenty years' dream. What shall I do now? Act in Italy and France? No. . . . Good night. God bless you.

EDWIN."

Throughout his German tour, although he played at the terrible disadvantage of speaking in English, while his associates spoke in German, Booth attracted and delighted great crowds, and he was warmly extolled in the press. At the end of his tour he was invited and urged to act in Italy, Spain, France, and Russia, but he declined,—preferring to return home. Great as Booth's hold was upon the hearts of his countrymen, he never was more entirely "accepted" than by the public of Germany.

The great success in Great Britain gained by Mary Anderson has not yet entirely faded from public remembrance. That remarkable actress made her first appearance in London in 1883 at the Lyceum Theatre, acting Parthenia in the old play of *Ingomar* by Mrs. Lovell and subsequently she appeared as Galatea and as Juliet. No performer could have wished for a warmer welcome than was extended to her by the British public and press, or for more generous favor than that which steadily followed her performances, wherever she appeared. Her impersonation of Juliet was accepted in London with heartiest approbation, notwithstanding the fact that the great and exceedingly popular actress, Ellen Terry, had, only a year before, been acclaimed superb in the same character. Three of Miss Anderson's most brilliant performances were shown in England before they were shown in America, and they proved to be three of her most decided and financially remunerative successes,—those, namely, of Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, given at Stratford-upon-Avon, August 29, 1884, and Hermione and Perdita, in *The Winter's Tale*, given at Nottingham, April 23, 1887. At the London Lyceum she subsequently acted in *The Winter's Tale*, from September 10, 1887, to March 24, 1888, giving *one hundred and sixty-six consecutive performances*—a longer run than that comedy had ever enjoyed before or has ever enjoyed since.

Another signal success of American theatrical venture in Great Britain was achieved by Ada Rehan. Augustin Daly presented that brilliant actress in London, for the first time, long before Mr. Frohman had entered the vocation of theatrical management. Miss Rehan appeared, July 19, 1884, at Toole's Theatre, and she acted there for several weeks, but the engagement was not entirely successful. Mr. Daly, although dissatisfied, was not discouraged. On May 27, 1886, he again brought out Miss Rehan in London, and she played at the Strand for nine weeks. On May 3, 1888, she appeared at the Gaiety Theatre, in *The Railroad of Love*, and on May 29, that year, for the first time in Great Britain, she acted at that theatre as Katharine, in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Her splendid performance of that part and Mr. Daly's brilliant production of that play made their victory complete. The play ran until July 31, and on August 3 Miss Rehan acted at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, at Stratford, as Katharine.

Mr. Daly's aspiring mind was not yet satisfied. He took Miss Rehan and his company to Edinburgh and thence to Glasgow, where they were received with enthusiasm,—even the austere Edinburgh *Scotsman* declaring that the performance "disarms criticism, on account of its excellence and variety."

Mr. Daly next ventured on the Continent, and there he was rewarded with abundant prosperity. In Paris the lack of appreciation that Mr. Frohman thinks has been shown toward American actors abroad was expressed by crowded and enthusiastic recognition in the press. *M. de Pommereue* said:

"That which strikes us above all, especially in Miss Rehan, is the very visible preoccupation: *the American artists give the spectator absolutely the illusion of reality. In this respect the comedians of Mr. Daly go very much farther than our French artists.*"

In Hamburg and Berlin the welcome accorded to the American actors was equally cordial, and the success of Mr. Daly's venture was decisive. The intrepid manager, however, was not content, although he had established his company of American artists as a recognized institution in London. On June 10, 1890, he presented Miss Rehan and her associates in the capital, in *As You Like It*, and the beautiful comedy ran continuously for ten weeks, at the Lyceum Theatre. He then determined to have a theatre of his own in England. On October 30, 1891, the cornerstone of it was laid, by Miss Rehan, and, on June 27, 1893, after having met and overcome many difficulties, he opened Daly's Theatre, Leicester Square. Miss Rehan then, for the first time abroad, appeared, winning a remarkable triumph, as Viola. *Twelfth Night* had one hundred and eleven consecutive performances, and during the same engagement, besides successful presentations of other plays, more than fifty performances were given of *The School for Scandal*.

Mr. Daly did not again present Miss Rehan at his London theatre, because it was occupied, almost without cessation, by other ventures, in which he was a partner, and which were so successful that he did not choose to disturb them; but he presented her and his company in London, in 1896, and in 1897 they made a triumphant tour, beginning at Stratford-upon-Avon, with an open-air performance of *As You Like It*, and visiting, in succession, Newcastle, Nottingham, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Liverpool, and Manchester.

When Mr. Daly died, in 1899, the most valuable part of his estate proved to be his London theatre, and when finally that estate was settled, the share of profits of Daly's Theatre, London, subsequent to 1897, awarded to his heirs, exceeded a quarter of a million dollars. It should be remarked, furthermore, that Daly's Theatre was not a pretentious "repertory theatre" and that it did not fail, leaving a burden of debt to be borne by a confiding silent partner. It was a legitimate theatrical institution, built and maintained by the indomitable courage, intellect, sagacity and money of one of the ablest and most accomplished theatrical managers America has produced.

Anna Cora Mowatt and Edward Loomis Davenport made their first appearance in England in 1847, at Manchester, acting in *The Lady of Lyons*. Mrs. Mowatt had been on the stage for only two years, Davenport for eleven. The latter was comparatively a veteran. After their first performance at Manchester had ended

(Continued on page 33)

The World of Music

By Lawrence Gilman

THE DEBUSSY OF TO-DAY

It may well seem to Claude Debussy, if he pays heed to what is said of him, as though he had fallen on evil days and evil tongues. He has always, in common with one or two of his contemporaries like d'Indy and Loeffler, had the honor of incurring the disfavor of the narrow, the bigoted, and the dull—of the philistines among the public and the Bœotians among the critics. Within the last five years, however, his position before the world has undergone a marked alteration. Those whom we may content ourselves with calling the unpenetrated are still, of course, against him, as they will ever be; the significant and striking change is in the attitude of many of those who were formerly his ardent, his unswerving, his intelligent appreciators. Among these, disaffection is manifest. They are openly pointing out what they deem to be evidences of deterioration in his later music, and they are announcing their disapproval in accents that signify not only sorrow and grave dismay, but sarcastic and bitter contempt. They hold that the fine, the rare, the unique Debussy ceased and determined with the Debussy of the orchestral *Nocturnes* (1899),* of *Pelléas et Mélisande* (1902), and of such piano pieces as the set called *Estampes* (1903). The subsequent Debussy—the Debussy of *La Mer* (1905), of the first book of *Préludes* for piano (1910), and of the new *Images* for orchestra (of which two, *Iberia* and *Rondes de Printemps*, were published and performed this year)—they will have none of. When *Iberia* was produced at Paris last February a devotedly appreciative admirer of Debussy wrote sadly, in an article remarkable for dignity, feeling, and eloquence, of his disappointment in it. He found in the music a labored striving, an artificiality of speech, an evident desire to astonish; it seemed to him factitious and cerebral, rather than fresh, spontaneous, unsought; he deplored its absorbing concern with external effect, its insistence upon a manner, its bondage to a formula, and he was full of passionate regret for the vanished Debussy of *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, of *Pelléas*. Certain of the *Préludes* for piano were played in Boston the other day, and they suggested to a critic who has for years praised Debussy with extraordinary acuteness and sympathy the suspicion that the composer, "now in his sleek years, is parodying himself, and smiles in his sleeve at the raptures of the Debussyites and the Pelléastres"; while yet another, whose admiration of the French master has often and felicitously been spoken, observed caustically that "Debussy cannot forget that he is the creator and the high priest of what the Parisians call 'Debussyisme.' He takes thought of his audience; he would duly impress an admiring public; he has a reputation to maintain and idiosyncrasies to intensify. . . . He has become a Debussy who makes 'willed' effects, who turns on occasion deliberately freakish."

If all this is true, then we are witnessing one of the most grievous and surprising tragedies of modern art—a tragedy far more lamentable than that which befell Schumann, Hugo Wolf, MacDowell; for they succumbed to a blight upon their faculties; so long as their minds and their bodies were under their control, they gave us, as a rule, of their best; so long as they could, they "kept their instrument in tune." If it be true that Debussy is sedulously courting the applause that is the facile tribute of affectation and stupidity to a tinseled excellence; that he is no longer sincere and devoted; if it be true, in short, that he is anxiously aware of his public, how deplorable an event has come to pass! For Debussy is in his creative prime—he is still under fifty, and there is no reason to suppose that his powers have suffered any impairment. His alleged demerits can be nothing else but the result of a deliberate spiritual prostitution.

But there are some who are not willing to concede that the case has so grave an aspect as this; who are aware of no such tragedy. Let it be admitted frankly that Debussy, of late years, has at times saddened his most devoted appreciators by putting forth music that seemed as unworthy of his great gifts as of his great and enviable reputation. The set of little piano pieces called *The Children's Corner*, published in 1908, contain pages which, even granting their obviously playful intent, awake regret for their triviality. A flagrant instance, however, is the Vol. I of his *Préludes* for piano, issued only this year. There are exquisite things here: *Des Pas sur la Neige* is Debussy very nearly at his best, and there are inimitable passages, passages of bewitching charm, in *La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin*. But alongside of these he gives us music of such pretentious futility as *La Cathédrale Engloutie*, which is for the most part amazingly commonplace, or music that is merely dull and vacuous, like *Les Collines d'Anacapri* (it is hard to see how Debussy could have set down the incredibly banal passage, on the third page of this study, beginning "*Modéré et expressif*"). Lapses like these are peculiarly disturbing in Debussy's case, because his extreme fastidiousness, his native and indubitable distinction of style, lead us to expect a continuity of inspiration and an impeccability of taste that would be scarcely human. But they are not inexplicable. A point of view that is at once more tolerant and more reasonable permits us to see that lapses of the same kind are to be found in the work of every creative artist. They should not be any more surprising to us when we find them in Debussy than when we find them in Mozart, or Beethoven, or Chopin, or Brahms, or Strauss. Mr. James Huneker once asked, in reprehending those who deplored certain lapses in Strauss, if genius "can be turned on and off like a tap." Apparently, if we may judge genius by the operations of genius, it can.

These things, then, as I have said, are not inexplicable in Debussy. What would be inexplicable, and what is, indeed, incredible, is that an artist of his gifts, his predilections, his intellectual poise, his achievements, his rank—an artist whose growth has been characterized by exceptional independence and singleness of purpose—should now, in the fulness of his maturity, either attempt a deliberate and fatuous mockery of himself, or should seek to persuade by pretence and artifice those whom he has already won by the power of sincere and spontaneous utterance. That we are confronted here, as certain of his distressed admirers have feared, with a permanently impaired creative gift, is equally unbelievable; for to the period of his alleged decline belongs music which, in the estimation of many, is among the most beautiful and characteristic that he has produced—as, for example, the superbly potent and imaginative *La Mer*, a picture of impressive sweep, of splendid virility and power, yet rich in fantasy and of unexcelled delineative subtlety; and, in a smaller genre, that haunting and infinitely suggestive piece of landscape-painting *Cloches à travers les Feuilles*. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that what strikes some observers as artificiality, as wilful eccentricity, as a toilsome striving for external effect, is in fact a perfectly sincere expression of a style which has developed faster than its observers' capacity for sympathetic apprehension of it; that, in brief, Debussy is growing a little more rapidly than his public is, and that, in consequence, he is leaving some of us gasping in the rear, surprised, disconcerted, baffled, a little resentful? It will not be the first time in the history of music that an adventurous and restless creative spirit has had precisely that effect upon his public—has advanced beyond the understanding and the sympathy even of his admirers. We know that Beethoven was urged by a contemporary critic to abandon the style of his Eroica Symphony, and to employ his "acknowledged great talent" in returning to the simplicity and lucidity of his earlier work. "I am certainly," he wrote, "one of Herr Beethoven's most sincere admirers, but in this work [the "Eroica"] even I must confess that there is too much that is shrill and bizarre, whereby the comprehension is impeded and the unity almost lost"—cannot we hear in this almost the precise accent of that French critic of Debussy to whose misgivings and reproaches I have referred? The excellent English historian, W. S. Rockstro, declared that Senta's Ballad, in *The Flying Dutchman*, would be remembered ages after Wagner's other operas had ceased to be performed. The critics who admired *Lohengrin* but gagged at *Tristan* are paralleled to-day by those who now accept complacently Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*, but resolutely decline to be persuaded by his *Don Quixote*, his *Domestic Symphony* and his *Elektra*. I do not mean to say that the manner in which Debussy has fallen out with his admirers constitutes an exactly parallel case; I say the correspondence is interesting, significant, illuminating; I say that it is easier to believe in the limitations of Debussy's critics than in the alleged deterioration of a gifted and original artist who is still, apparently, in the full tide of his physical and intellectual vigor. The same phenomenon—the outdistancing of an innovator's public by the swift growth of the innovator, and the resultant disaffection and acrimony—has occurred repeatedly in the history of creative art; why should it not occur again?

A new portrait of Josef Hofmann
NOW ON A CONCERT TOUR IN AMERICA

One's feeling that this is not far from the truth of the matter is strengthened by a consideration of Debussy's latest orchestral piece, *Rondes de Printemps*, No. III of the *Images*. This work was completed in 1909 and published a few months ago. Its companions in the set are *Iberia* (a suite in three movements), No. II, and *Gigue Triste*, No. I; the latter is still unpublished and unperformed. *Rondes de Printemps* was brought out, for the first time in America, at a Philharmonic concert on November 15th, Mr. Mahler conducting; it was performed in the same week by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, in the following week by the Symphony Society of New York under Mr. Damrosch, and in Boston under Mr. Fiedler. It is the first orchestral piece that Debussy has produced since *La Mer* appeared in 1905. In the interval have appeared only some piano pieces—the similarly titled *Images*, *The Children's Corner*, the *Préludes*, a waltz—and some unimportant transcriptions. He has enjoyed, therefore, at least the opportunity to conceive and to perfect at leisure.

The piece bears this motto:

> *Vive le Mai, bienvenu soit le Mai*
> *Avec son gonfalon sauvage.*

But so far as the manifest mood of the music is concerned Debussy might have had in mind the last four of those wonderful lines from Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*—

> *. . . O thou*
> *Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed*
> *The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,*
> *Each like a corpse within its grave, until*
> *Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow*
> *Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill*
> *(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)*
> *With living hues and odors plain and hill*

Let me confess at once that Debussy in this score seems to me to have accomplished a masterpiece. He has felt the essential spirit of the spring, and he has released it in music the vitality, the gayety, the tenderness, the freshness, and the magical charm of which are beyond denotement. These songs of spring are songs of jubilation. There is in them nothing of the vague but poignant sadness of spring days—a sadness that can be more intolerable than any sadness that pertains to the moods of autumn. This music is tremulous with the sense of quickening and stirring life; it is possible to hear in it the rumor of dancing and singing children, or we are reminded of flower-decked creatures sporting in dim forest glades; but its prevailing note is impersonal, elemental. It exhales the vernal rapture of the natural world, rather than the springtime passion that can fill the human heart with a swelling tide of mysterious joy and unutterable longing. Debussy, when he wrote this delectable and adorable music, sent his spirit into the woods and fields, through gardens and orchards and petal-showered lanes, and out upon the moors and hills; he trod the brown soil of the earth, but he also looked long up into the green branches and the warm gusty sky of May, and savored the fragrant winds.

The score has remarkable beauties, and it is packed with felicitous and eloquent detail, melodic, harmonic, instrumental. It is undeniable that Debussy is here far more venturesome in his devising of tonal combinations than he has ever been before—*La Mer* is transparent beside this score. At a first hearing there are passages that perplex the ear, others that seem to be purposeless or merely wayward; but an increased acquaintance with the score elucidates it completely. It can no more be apprehended at an initial hearing than can any other modern work of novel substance and intricate and subtle texture. But it abundantly rewards continued observation. How lovely, and how saturated with the ineffable charm of Debussy at his best, are the soft staccato chords of the clarinets and flutes near the opening; or the gay dance melody that bursts exuberantly from the strings soon after; or the passage in which the horn has an echo-like thread of sound above a meditative phrase of the 'cellos; or the indescribable passage for divided strings, *pianissimo*; or that inarticulate whispering and stirring of the whole orchestra which is as the secret processes of the forest made audible; or that passage of entrancing sweetness wherein the violins, high above a soft and rich complexity of supporting tone, carry a tenderly contemplative melody to a pause of quiet and mysterious beauty; and with what unerring, resourceful, and perfect art the music is put upon the orchestra!

It might truly be said of Debussy that in this exquisite score Nature (in the words of Shelley) has indeed made him her lyre

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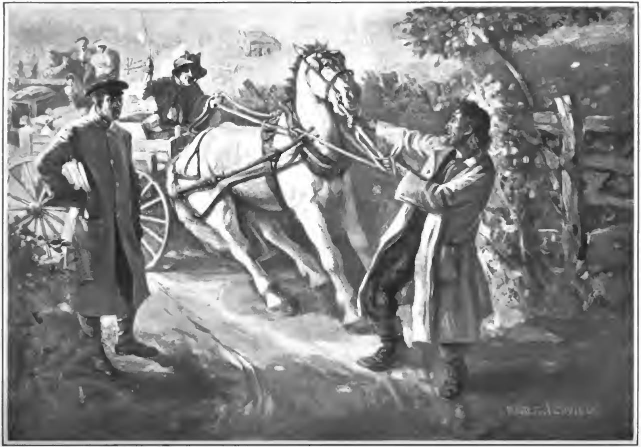
* The dates refer to years of publication



Drawn by Earle Sowville

ONE HORSE-POWER VERSUS THIRTY

Finance

THE CURATIVE OF LOWER COSTS

By Franklin Escher

IT takes time for a decline in wholesale prices to find full reflection in the retail markets, and many a consumer is willing to deny that there has been any decrease at all in the cost of living, and yet a strong movement in that direction is under way. The fact that on the exchanges wheat and corn are selling twenty-five per cent. lower than a year ago is not a mere matter for market comment or for grief or elation among the grain speculators. It is an actual factor in the situation, an influence of the most positive importance. In the opinion of a good many thinking people it is absolutely the most important influence bearing on the situation at the present time.

However divergent may be the views expressed as to the cause of the decline in food prices, concerning the effects toward which it will tend there appears to be little if any difference of opinion. Most important of these, perhaps, is the relief of the strain under which the markets have been laboring by reason of the way in which high prices have dried up the little rills of investment capital upon which the great reservoirs depend. Next comes the fact that readjustment of costs will go a long way toward allaying that spirit of unrest and discontent which has done such infinite harm to business during the past year. Again, lower prices are bound to stimulate consumption, both foreign and domestic, and, through increase of exports, to tend strongly toward rearranging our disordered financial relationship with the outside markets. Finally, there is the fact that through the release of capital which lower prices will bring about, gradual readjustment of the strained credit position will be made possible.

By reason of the wide-spread discussion of the cost-of-living problem, the first of the ways mentioned in which lower prices will help the situation is probably so well understood as to require little comment. All through the past year there has been this great trouble—that the bare cost of life's necessities has used up incomes to such an extent that little or nothing has been left over for investment or saving. Now there promises to be a great change in that regard. Reduction in household costs brought about by price reductions made or in sight does not, perhaps, amount to very much in individual cases, but taking the country as a whole it means a tremendous addition to the security-buying power. For whether savings are large enough for direct investment, or whether they go into a savings-bank which attends to investing the money, it is all the same thing—eventually some class of security is bound to get the benefit.

In connection with this matter of the direct influence of lower prices on securities, a generally overlooked point is the way in which high-grade bonds will benefit by removal from the investor's mind of the idea that his money must be made to yield him the last cent possible. In only too many cases has this feeling resulted in the making of investments for which their owners are already sorry; and, all along, this placing of income ahead of safety has been far the most serious obstacle with which the vender of high-grade bonds has had to contend. At his wit's end to make both ends meet, the average investor has paid little attention to bonds other than those bearing a high rate of interest.

Less tangible, but still of the highest importance in its bearing on the future of the market, is the fact that by the reduction in food prices betterment in labor conditions is bound to be brought about. For the seething unrest of labor in this country during the past two years, the high cost of food has been primarily responsible. With the price of life's necessities constantly mounting, it is only natural that determination on the part of the laboring man to get his wages raised should have resulted in strikes, lockouts, and other disturbances.

By the reduction in prices which is being gradually effected, a powerful weapon is being taken out of the hands of the labor agitator. To a greater degree than is generally thought strikes depend upon public sentiment, and public sentiment toward an effort to get wages raised is likely to be very different when prices are on the down track than when they are going up. Public sentiment, for instance, had a good deal to do with the wage increases granted by the railroads to their employees at the beginning of the year. Were that same question to come up now, with conditions as they have since changed, it is likely that it would receive altogether different treatment from the railroads and the public at large.

On account of the better labor conditions which it will bring about, furthermore, the fall in prices will take the edge off political agitations tending toward radical and empirical law-making. With price conditions as they have existed, there has been a constant demand for remedial legislation which it has been exceedingly difficult to deny. And in the attempt to get at the root of the trouble, numbers of measures have been proposed, a few of which have been all right, but most of which have shot wide of the mark. Had conditions remained as they were, a large amount of dangerous and perhaps even destructive legislation must necessarily have found its way on the statute-books. Now, with conditions improving and prices on the down grade, the pressure to bring about legislation of this sort is very greatly lessened.

Along this same line, the recession in prices will make for a better and more reasonable revision of the tariff than would otherwise have been possible. With prices at the almost intolerable levels reached not so long ago the country was in no mood to go about revising the tariff in the careful way in which the revision ought to be undertaken. At best, and however much the country will be benefited by a lower tariff, change from long-existent conditions is bound to bring about a certain amount of business disturbance. Imperative as is this change, it is of the highest importance that it be accomplished gradually and without pressure.

The third way in which lower prices will favorably affect the business of the country is through the increase in consumption which will be brought about—consumption both by individuals and corporations. Many a family which will eat meat when it can be had at twenty cents a pound will give it up when the price goes to twenty-five cents; many a corporation, when the price of materials and labor seems unreasonably high, will lay over to a more propitious time improvement and extension work which has been projected. In numberless different ways this factor of high prices makes itself felt as a drag on the wheels of trade.

Take, for instance, the railroads, whose operating costs have been so greatly increased by the rise in the price of materials that the stability of many a long-established dividend has actually been called into question. Assume even a slight reduction in material prices. Immediately net earnings are greatly improved and the road's credit strengthened. Instead of its being a question as to whether the dividend can be maintained, it becomes a question of how big will be the orders which the road will place.

Of the greatest importance too, is the fact that, by the decline in prices, foreign as well as domestic consumption of our products will be greatly stimulated. For nearly two years now, foreign purchases of American goods have been greatly restricted by reason of prevailing high prices, sales of foreign goods in this market having been largely increased thereby. The result was the decrease in our exports and the increase in our imports which for a time threatened to extinguish the favorable trade balance entirely.

By reason of the way in which the controversy over bills of lading stimulated shipments of cotton during September and October, and on account of the high price of the staple, total exports reached such proportions during those months as partly to restore the balance in our favor; but by no means can this question of our foreign trade be yet said to have found its solution. For the time being, influences temporarily operative have worked to stimulate exports and make the foreign trade position more comfortable, but what will happen when the exportable surplus of cotton has all been sent forward remains to be seen. Certainly, things will be much better than they would have been had no readjustment of prices taken place.

The fourth great influence of lower prices will be to alleviate the strain on credit which has been so noticeable in every part of the country since present price levels for commodities were reached. For the tremendous loan expansion of the country's national banks the high price of things has been primarily responsible. Most of the country's business is carried on with money borrowed from banks. When prices are high it takes very much more money to do the same amount of business than when prices are low. It makes a lot of difference, for instance, whether it takes $1.25 of bank money to "carry" a bushel of wheat or whether it takes less than a dollar.

As a result of high prices prevailing for almost every form of merchandise, bank loans all over the country have become very much extended. According to the last Comptroller's statement they stand 350 millions in excess of last year. Extension is not necessarily inflation—the fact that loans are big is by no means any indication that the position is not sound. At the same time the loaning capacity of the banks is only so-and-so much, and when that limit is reached or even approached, for a merchant or a manufacturer to get accommodation at low rates is no easy thing. And that is exactly the handicap under which business has been done during practically all of this year. Bank money for business purposes has been scarce. In Wall Street it has been possible to make call loans at low rates, but when the question has been of mercantile accommodation—of discounting commercial paper, for example—money has been none too plentiful. The banks have simply not been in a position freely to finance the needs of business.

So great is the value of the merchandise involved, that but a slight decline in price is enough to liberate very large amounts of bank money now tied up in loans. And in every part of the country that is the process now going on. With produce prices falling, moreover, there is less disposition on the part of the farmer to "carry" his produce on money borrowed from his bank. On the contrary, he is far more likely to pay off whatever loans he may have outstanding and send his produce to market.

The result will naturally be such a scaling down of loans as will go a long way toward correcting the present extended position of the banks. And by correction of that condition, general business ought greatly to be helped. With their loans reduced to normal proportions, the banks will once more be in a position to discount commercial paper and extend other mercantile accommodation at fair rates. That would make possible the transaction of a good deal of legitimate business now held up awaiting a better opportunity for financing.

In these and many other ways the lowering of prices ought to be a big help to the country's business. To a very large extent high prices for commodities are responsible for the financial ills with which we have been beset. Complete readjustment can hardly be expected for a good while to come, but by the progress toward lower prices in sight and already accomplished, the corner-stone in the foundation of a new period of prosperity seems to have been laid.

That what the railroads need is not higher freight rates but more economical management, and that at least a million dollars a day could be saved by improved methods, was the somewhat startling claim made by counsel for the shippers upon reopening of the freight-rate hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

However strongly the maker of such a statement may disclaim the belief on his part "that the railway operating officials do not know their business," that is exactly the proposition he does present. Certainly, if these traffic men are letting slip through their fingers three or four hundred million dollars a year which could be saved, they don't know their business.

Which could be saved—just there is the crux of the whole matter. Under ideal conditions very possibly the railroads *could* be more economically operated. But railroading conditions, unfortunately, are not ideal. If it is true that the average haul of a loaded freight-car is only twenty-five miles a day, it is because there are very real and very practical obstacles to hauling it any further. If there were not hundreds of shippers along the line, each clamoring that cars be supplied at just the time he wants them, very probably the average haul could be increased. If a road's traffic were evenly distributed there would be less of the unprofitable hauling of "empties." If—but what is the use of multiplying the ifs? they are without number, and every one of them stands for some good and sufficient reason why the profit-bearing haul is no longer than it is.

Railroad operation is not a matter for theorists nor something presided over by the god of things "as they might be," but a continuous grappling with conditions as they actually are. Every road in the country is not operated with the same degree of efficiency as the Great Northern or the Union Pacific, but, taking American railroads as a whole, the standard of operation is exceedingly high. American traffic managers know their business—know how to get results. In no other country are the wages paid to railroad employees as high as they are here; nowhere are freight rates as low. From all over the world transportation men are continually coming to this country to find out how we do it.

Under the circumstances, the statement that the traffic managers of the railroads are letting a million dollars a day in possible profits get past them will not carry much weight. The American people do not believe that the railroads are being run that way. On so enormous a volume of business there is bound to be some little leakage here and there, but it doesn't amount to much. Traffic managers are taking pretty nearly the last cent of profit out of the business they do.

Some time ago the shareholders of the Chicago and Northwestern, one of the strongest roads in the country, authorized a big issue of general mortgage bonds to be issued piecemeal as the company might need the money. The rate of interest the bonds should bear was left to the directors. Three-and-a-half per cent. was fixed as the rate on the first lot, and the bonds were sold at a very satisfactory price.

Recently the Northwestern wanted some money to pay off a lot of old underlying issues which were coming due, and decided to issue some more of its general mortgage bonds, previously authorized. But when it came to fixing the rate of interest they should bear, it became apparent at once that if it were made three-and-a-half per cent., as before, the bonds would have to be sold away below par. The rate, therefore, was raised to four per cent., and even at that, it is believed, the road had to allow a substantial discount.

For the tendency toward a higher return on capital so plainly illustrated, many reasons have been brought forward and very thoroughly discussed. One thing, however, which has probably a very strong bearing on the case has been very generally overlooked. Reference is made to the recent remarkable growth of the "get-rich-quick" business and the vast sums of money which it is taking away from legitimate employment.

Recent activity on the part of the government and the semi-official statement that at least one hundred million dollars of the public's money has gone into the various "securities" of the eighty-odd concerns which have been rounded up, makes it plain that this sort of thing has grown to much greater proportions than has been generally imagined. Aggregate of the money put into these various schemes runs up into big figures. Its diversion from the channels of legitimate investment has had a good deal to do with the scarcity of the capital supply.

tamination in order that they may be wholesome and serviceable for all uses, and so treat them that they may furnish cheap power to drive our industries; we must guard against exhaustion by selfish private use of our great mineral resources—particularly those which, like coal, furnish the necessaries of life to whole communities. We must develop as well as preserve. We must dig canals where they will be serviceable, and see to it that they are not monopolized by private interests. In all things we must quicken as well as conserve.

We must equalize, too; I mean that we must seek common means by which to open opportunities of all kinds as freely as possible to the choice of individuals, so that our lives may not be too much tied up in organization, may be as open as possible to honest competition and individual initiative. Many of our laws of business need reconsideration from top to bottom. They were made in one economic age and are being used, clumsily enough, in another. Their adaptation may well be a matter of common counsel along with the other matters of general adjustment of which I have spoken.

But the list is not of consequence. No one man, no one conference, can make the programme. I have not spoken of political questions, like the popular election of United States Senators, or the extension of the powers of the Federal government to the taxation of incomes, because these are not matters of necessity, they are matters of expediency. They are not questions raised by the irresistible circumstances of a new age like the economic questions that press upon us. Moreover, I have sought to use every question I have alluded to only as an illustration. It is the theme that holds my attention and enlists my enthusiasm: the institutional life of the country, the gathering together of the infinitely varied threads of our national experience, the mediation of vital processes, the hope here held out in these quiet conferences that the economic life of the nation may be eased and facilitated, its political life purified and quickened, by our counsels and purpose. This has ever been the way in which America has proved her fertility of political capacity. Voluntary conferences of men who have nothing to offer but service and sober counsel have at every stage of our development furnished the subject matter of our reforms. We are doing what each generation of public men before us has done: we are seeking to find out by counsel a way of life.

To Guide the Aeronaut

AT Spandau, near Berlin, the first lighthouse for airships has been erected. It is near the railroad station, and consists of a frame house on the roof of which a skeleton structure with powerful electric lights is fixed. The lights are of one hundred candle-power each, and of different colors, indicating the four cardinal points of the compass. They also indicate by the usual code signals the direction and force of the wind. Powerful lights in the centre of the structure make the lighthouse visible from afar, and permit the aviator flying after dark to take his bearings, and to avoid being misled or confused by the myriads of electric lights of the city.

The first lighthouse ever built for airships

The Geese vs. the Eagle

GEESE are not always silly, cowardly creatures, as is illustrated by an incident that was witnessed by a resident of Sierra County, California.

This gentleman was on his way to a neighbor's place several miles from his own, when he noticed a large flock of geese coming south. They were flying in the usual V-shaped formation.

While looking at the geese the Californian descried a black eagle, an unusually large one, coming from the east. He was flying directly toward the geese, although his course would carry him a little below them.

The geese saw the eagle about the same time that the human observer did. Before he had arrived opposite them they gave decided signs of uneasiness. They began to break up their regular formation, a circumstance that caused the man to gaze upon the scene with increased curiosity.

At once they formed into two hollow squares. The eagle was now opposite and a little below the geese. One square hung perfectly perpendicular in the air with hardly a flutter of the birds' wings. The other hung as motionless, but in an oblique position. If the eagle saw them he gave no sign of attention, but kept straight on his course. Then just as he arrived directly underneath the geese something happened.

With a concerted movement the geese that formed the lower or slanting hollow square swooped down in the direction of the eagle. Their sudden rush caused the big bird to turn out of his course and fly rapidly toward the north. The geese then wheeled and flew back, joining the birds that had remained almost motionless in the perpendicular hollow square.

The two groups having joined, the V formation was resumed, and the geese continued their flight toward the south.

As a rule, eagles do not attack geese. Besides, this eagle was hardly in a position to do so. His evident intention was to fly along on his own business. The geese were the ones who made the attack, if such it could be called.

The Oldest Rose-bush

So far as is known, the oldest rose-bush in the world is the one on the cathedral wall at Hildesheim, Germany. It can be traced back with certainty to the eleventh century, when the cathedral records show that it was an item of expense to the caretakers of the ancient edifice. The main trunk of the bush is twenty inches through, and the branches spread over the wall to a height of twenty-five feet.

Though the oldest, this is by no means the largest rose-bush in Germany, however. The largest one in that country, and very likely in all Europe, is the one in the Wehrle Garden in Freiburg. This runs up to a height of one hundred and fifteen feet. The stock is wild rose, and the graft, made thirty years ago, a tea-rose of the Chromatella variety. There is an enormous Banksia rose at the Castle of Chillon, on Lake Geneva, that is better known to tourists than either of these, though, as a matter of fact, it is exceeded in size by the one of the same variety in the Marine Gardens of Toulon. This one spreads over a space eighty feet wide and fifteen feet high and has as many as fifty thousand of its flowers in bloom at once.

An Ancient Lizard

THE tuatara lizard, found in New Zealand, is one of the most ancient forms of animal life now found on earth. Originally this lizard possessed four eyes, but in the course of the ages it has lost one pair and must now get along with two. The tuatara lays eggs which are remarkable in that they require fourteen months to hatch, the embryo passing the winter in a state of hibernation.

These small survivors of past ages are found only in a few localities and are becoming very scarce, collectors from every part of the world being continually on their trail. They are about two feet in length, and, in common with other lizards, have the fortunate characteristic of being able to replace portions of their limbs or tails which have been destroyed. It is asserted that one of these lizards, owned by a naturalist, had the misfortune, some time ago, to lose an eye and that a complete new eye, perfect in every way, has grown in the place of the old one.

America Claims the Bean

UNTIL 1883 the bean was believed to have originated in Asia. Researches among the dead of ancient Peruvian sepulchres show that it was known in antiquity in Peru. No fewer than fifty different species have been found in the old burying-places and forty-nine of the fifty were distinctly American. The sepulchres explored date back to the period beginning with the twelfth century and ending with the fifteenth. Within them was a great number of beans—so many that it is reasonable to suppose that beans held an important place in the agriculture of the ancient people of Peru. Probably the common dried bean of modern commerce was well known in the antique world long before the discovery of Columbus.

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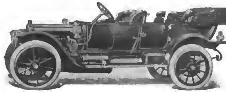

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The Gentler View

BLANKNESS OF MIND

By Florida Pier

Whoever first said that it was impossible for the mind to be a perfect blank, that thought never ceased and everybody was always thinking of something, was, naturally enough, not contradicted, for who would like to take such a stand and, in an effort to prove his point, hold up his own mind as an example establishing the contrary? The moment some scientific gentleman announced, "We are always thinking," all hastened to agree with him, for fear it would be thought that personal experience led them to differ. The idea of our thinking has always pleased us tremendously; whether because of its humorous fantasy or as an ideal too distant to form more than an inspiring horizon, no one knows, but the hope that we personally sometimes think, or the faith that every one will think some day, or the belief that every one else more or less thinks if we do not, with some people almost amounts to a hobby, while thinking is the thing we do least of, and a state of bucolic blankness is not in the least uncommon or uncomfortable, as we all know very well for ourselves.

There are frequent stretches of time when we do not so much as have that hobbledehoy caravan of passing thoughts which trails across our minds like a straggling remnant of Coxey's army. We are each perfectly capable of complete mental blankness, and a feeling of warmth or the sight of blowing trees is quite sufficient to occupy us contentedly. The placidity of English people is probably due to their spending so much time in a state of serene suspension, and the cause is quickly found, if cause there need to be, in their open fires. It is almost impossible to think before an open fire, and those dishonest folk who pretend that they muse over an open fire or see pictures in an open fire are just giving that impression as they would any other that would add to their respectability, just as they would that they keep four servants when in reality they only keep two, the third merely coming in by the day occasionally and the fourth being a young girl on a short visit to her elder sister the cook.

When you are asked of what you are thinking you always, in the honesty that governs your unconscious actions, answer, "Nothing." Your interlocutor immediately retorts, "That is impossible; you must have been thinking of something," but that is only because your interlocutor suspects you to be concealing something. He does not really think it impossible. Sometimes, of course, you are concealing something, sometimes your judgment is so good that you consider it infinitely better to lie than expose the slack futility of your mind; but, as a rule, your answer comes from the complete simplicity that reigns in us all.

If we did begin to think—but at the very idea the cavalcade of our thoughts shows utter confusion. One limp little figure treading on the heels of the one in front, the smaller *fancies* getting bumped by those bigger thoughts who think they are marching, a serious congestion of traffic sets in, and it is only when the shrilly whistling suggestion has passed that once more the dishevelled band continues to amble single file across your mind. They are such a motley line, with no idea of keeping step, and each so awkwardly contrasts with his neighbor: faint damsels of fancy trailing after querulous children vexatiously asking questions they could so easily answer themselves; vaguely competent housekeepers hurrying on to the future, which is the time set for the performance of their homely duties; shining harlequins leaping over trudging forms; generals of mock dignity surveying large battle fields they cannot quite see inflated by victories which are to result from crazily conceived strategy; beggars of self-depreciation with soldiers at their heels, stepping with the briskness of healthy resolve, the occasional recurrence of their uniforms making the cavalcade's sole continuity. Some of the thoughts jog along at a half-witted trot, repeating, absurdly, "I must call for that umbrella, I must call for that umbrella, I must call for that umbrella." Others go chattering just as senselessly: "She needn't have said that. I know it's nothing, but she needn't have said it."

If this procession were ever drilled, were even dressed in clothes of the same tone, or were kept marching to a kind of martial music so that loiterers were forced to fall by the wayside, and those that remained were kept brisk by the pace till their swinging motion made a wind that freshened their faces and set them shoulder to shoulder with a destination ahead, a line of march laid out, capable of a quick response to orders, the invigoratingly quick tap of their heels would be a keen pleasure compared to the slovenly drag and hurly-burly flights, bounds, and scamper of the caravan at present passing.

SHADOWS OF THE STAGE

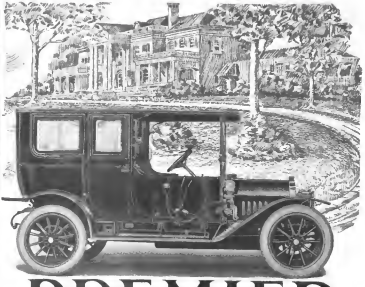
(Continued from page 24)

the manager of the theatre there, old Knowles, addressed himself to Davenport, saying, "You are the star, not Mrs. Mowatt, and your name shall stand first," and, accordingly, the change was made by the manager's order. That incident the actor himself, many years ago, related to me. The English venture of those American actors, after they had surmounted the obstacle of a frigid reception in London, proved fortunate in every respect. Mrs. Mowatt's plays of *Fashion* and *Armand* were produced in London, and she became very popular, both there and in the provinces, as "the American lily." Davenport won his way to signal distinction, acting, among other parts, Iago, Mercutio, Benedick, Orlando, Valentine, Velasco, Virginius, Ingomar, and William (in *Black-eyed Susan*). He was a great actor and the scope of a volume would be required in which to do justice to his versatile abilities and extraordinary achievement. Mrs. Mowatt remained in England till 1851, Davenport till 1853.

The successes of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence were obtained in the representation of Irish and Yankee characters. Williams was the best representative of the Irish peasant lad that old playgoers had seen since the time of the elder John Drew, and Florence could express essentially Irish humor and pathos in a way to make his auditors smile through their tears. Mrs. Williams was perfection as the bouncing "Yankee Gal," and Mrs. Florence possessed an exuberance of sparkling mirth which the multitude found irresistible. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins acted in melodrama and comedy, and they were popular in Great Britain during all the time of their stay there, 1860 to 1863.

Two notable American theatrical ventures in England that missed a substantial reward were those of Lawrence Barrett, in 1884, and Richard Mansfield, in 1888-89, but not in either case was the lack of monetary remuneration attributable to public antipathy. Barrett was unlucky in appearing at the London Lyceum soon after a death in the royal family,—that of the Duke of Albany,—had caused a season of mourning, during which the routine of business was disturbed and theatre-going was, in a considerable measure, discontinued. The acting of Barrett, meanwhile, was much admired. He played Yorick and Cardinal Richelieu. His engagement was brief, though exactly filling the time originally engaged. Henry Irving, returning from America, succeeded him at the Lyceum Theatre, reviving his splendid production of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Barrett was present as a spectator, on the opening night, and when he was seen, in one of the stage boxes, the great audience,—Irving's own particular audience, assembled to do honor to its idol,—rose and cheered the American actor with vociferous enthusiasm, until he was compelled to come forward and bow in acknowledgment of the public greeting. Mansfield was unlucky in the choice that he made of plays in which to win his English auditory. He began with *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and he supplemented that horror with the hateful *A Parisian Romance*. Neither was liked, though Mansfield's acting in both was recognized as original and powerful. His later performance of Prince Karl was heartily relished, and he might have continued playing that part in London for many weeks. He chose to produce *Richard III.*,—a play which, though produced by dozens of actors, has never, except in one instance, been continuously prosperous for any considerable period,—and in producing it, with imperial magnificence, he squandered a fortune. His genius and his artistic success, all the same, were amply recognized in England,—more amply and much more quickly, when he played Richard, than in America, which was his home. In Boston his presentment of it was chilled with an immediate frost, and when, in November, 1889, he had acted in Philadelphia, he wrote to me, "The Philadelphians are very indifferent and don't care a damn about this fine presentment of Shakespeare's tragedy."

William Gillette and his American company, acting in *Secret Service* and in *Sherlock Holmes*, were very warmly received in London; Miss Grace George made a palpable hit there, acting in *Divorçons*; and if Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe did not win an opulent success, it was only because their venture was cruelly mismanaged. Miss Marlowe is one of the loveliest of romantic actors, and, within her power [illegible] the peer of any woman now in professional life. Mr. Sothern is an exceptionally good comedian and an accomplished "all round" actor,—a good Hamlet, an admirable Benedick, and, with one exception (Henry Irving) the best Malvolio that has been seen within half a century. These actors should have won



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PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, 435 E. 24th St., N. Y. City

golden reward in England, and they would have done so, if their advent had not been clouded by such advertising as is only serviceable to a three-ring circus or a new brand of pickles. By some competent judges who saw them their acting was warmly extolled, but their London engagement was short, and they did not have sufficient time in which to overcome the aversion which a coarse and singularly inappropriate style of proclamation had inspired.

The failure of American actors on the British stage, when they do fail there, is almost invariably attributable to one final, decisive, and sufficient cause,—namely, inadequate acting in an unattractive play. It should always be borne in mind, by aspirants who seek for laurel and lucre in foreign lands, that old communities, with centuries of production in all the arts behind them, possess established traditions which they do not lightly discard, and that, having seen more than can have been seen by communities of modern origin, they are less easily aroused, less prone to emotion, and far less ready to be surprised into pleasure or to express gratification. There is, in particular, a kind of inertia of reticence in the intellectual class of an English audience; the actor is expected to prove his case; but when he does prove it, as so many American actors have done, he finds himself taken to the English heart,—"not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous," and when once he is so taken he is kept there.

(Conclusion)

The Domestic Silk-worm

A PECULIAR fact about the silk-worm is that it is actually a domesticated insect. Neither the animals nor the fowls of the barnyard, remote as they are from the wild types, need so little restraint as this *bombyx mori*, which, prodigiously industrious though it be, has never been able to meet the world's demand for its spun product. As a matter of fact, the silk-worm has been so domesticated through the ages that it would become extinct now were it not for the aid of man. Bred into slavery, the caterpillars crawl contentedly over the narrow territory of their feeding trays, and, though the moths have wings, they have lost all desire to fly.

This slavery began in China more than 4,500 years ago. The Chinese give the credit for introducing silk-worm culture to Si ling, the wife of the Emperor Hoang-ti, and fix the date at 2600 B.C. Forty years later the Chinese were cultivating the white mulberry-tree to provide the worms with their favorite food, having a start of Europe by a little more than three thousand years. For the silk-worm seems to have been unknown in the West until A.D. 530, when some of the eggs were brought from China to the Emperor Justinian. The ancient Romans of wealth obtained their precious silk from Cos, where Aristotle, in the earliest Greek mention of the fabric, says that "Pamphile, daughter of Plates, is reported to have first woven it." Cos probably got its material from China through the Persians and Phœnicians.

Nevertheless, all the world's silk does not come from the domesticated insect. Not a little of the supply is "wild silk." This is the product of various insects belonging to the larger family of *Saturniidæ*. Chief among them industrially is the Indian moth called *antheræa mylitta*, the source of Tussah silk.

A Litany for the Holidays

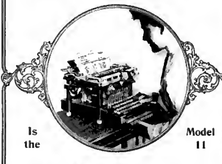
FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER

By Charles Irvin Junkin

Oh, weary days of ceaseless clamor!
Oh, drudgery devoid of glamour!
Good people, think!
Oh, hordes of wild belated shoppers,
Of bustling Ma's and flippant Poppers,
Good people, think!
Of haughty dames and lofty lasses,
Of leering dudes and flirting asses,
Good people, think!

Of fussy folks and cranky buyers,
Of stupid lunks and fluent liars,
Good people, think!
Of angry words and ugly scowling,
Of children's shrieks and baby howling
Good people, think!

Of fetid air and headache splitting,
Of standing, standing, never sitting,
Good people, think!
Of fainting-spells and dizzy reelings,
Of broken health and wounded feelings,
Good people, think!
Of ills that threaten to surmount her
The girl that stands behind the counter,
Good people, stop and think!



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The World's Coal-supply

THE subject of an exhaustion of the coal-supply in the United States is not one that can affect the present generation or the next. Yet the American supply is likely to be exhausted before that of Europe, and particularly before that of Great Britain. America should, beyond doubt, be saving of her coal.

It has been estimated that Pennsylvania has about enough anthracite coal to last, at the rate of production that prevails now, a little less than two hundred years. Probably the supply will be exhausted much sooner than that, unless some profitable substitute is found for anthracite.

As to bituminous coal in the United States, the supply is very great and wide-spread. It is estimated that it will last something less than four hundred and fifty years.

Not so long ago Great Britain had "in sight," so to speak, although it was all below the ground, an available coal deposit of nearly one hundred and forty-five billions of tons. At the rate of production and consumption then prevailing, this supply would last for about nine hundred years. The coal measures of Lancashire are eight thousand feet in thickness.

Moreover, there are many countries which possess coal deposits that have never been touched. Besides the great coal-fields of Europe and America as now worked, there are undoubtedly coal deposits in China, in the Philippines, in Australia, in South America, in British North America, in Alaska, in the Indian archipelago, and elsewhere.

Of one circumstance the American people, looking at the matter from the consumer's standpoint, may well be glad. Europe does not want our anthracite coal—the best fuel, on the whole, that the earth has produced. Europe does not understand the use of anthracite, and apparently is not willing to learn it. It calls on us for bituminous coal, which we can spare more readily.

The assumption that the coal-fields of Great Britain and America will be exhausted, even at the end of several centuries, is founded on the further assumption that heat will continue to be made and power generated, in the future, much as now. But our inventors and chemists hold out the assurance that great changes may be looked for in the methods of producing heat and mechanical energy.

The Power of Water

WHEN a swimmer slaps the water forcibly with his hand, or takes a back dive from a pier and lands squarely on his back, he realizes that the unstable liquid offers not a little resistance. Yet it is surprising to learn what water will do under certain conditions.

A stream from a fireman's hose will knock a man down. The jet from a nozzle used in placer-mining in the West eats away a large piece of land in a day, toys with great boulders as if they were pebbles, and would shoot a man over the country as though he were a projectile from a cannon.

There is a story of an Easterner of great strength who wagered that he could knock a hole through the jet of one of these nozzles with a sledge-hammer. He lifted his arms, swung the sledge, and came down on the ten-inch stream with a force that would have dented a blacksmith's anvil. But the jet, never penetrated, whisked the big hammer out of the man's hands, and tossed it many feet away into the débris of gold-bearing gravel.

A cavalryman thought that he would have an easy job in cutting a two-inch stream with his sword. He made the attempt at a power plant in Colorado. It was a valiant attempt, but the result was that his sword was shivered in two and his wrist broken.

A little thinner jet of water descending sixteen hundred feet to a manufactory at Grenoble, and travelling at the moderate speed of one hundred yards a second, fractures the best Toledo blades.

Ruby Glass

GENUINE ruby glass is very expensive because it is prepared with gold. It owes its color to the presence throughout its mass of particles of gold too small to be seen with the microscope. Only the ultra-microscope, which renders visible objects perceptible by means of their diffusion of light, is able to show the existence of these minute particles. With the ordinary microscope the glass appears as a uniform transparent mass, but the ultra-microscope shows that it is filled with points of light resembling stars on a black background. These points indicate the presence of the particles of gold to which the color of the glass is due.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR 1911

A MAGAZINE that can hold the first place among all the magazines of the world for more than sixty years, and hold it to-day more firmly and securely than ever before, is an institution worthy of every one's consideration. Only one magazine in the world answers this description—HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE—established in 1850, and to-day more successful, both in quality and circulation, than ever before in its history. It is a record to be proud of, and it is only the approval of our readers which has made this continuous growth possible.

Quality and interestingness are the characteristics which have given HARPER'S MAGAZINE so strong a hold on the affections of its readers and have made for it so important a position in the literary world that the great novelists, men of science, explorers, historians, travellers, critics, statesmen, and men of affairs come to it first with their writings. But great names alone cannot win for any contribution a place in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. First of all it is demanded that the article, story, or whatever it may be, shall be interesting—for interestingness is the keynote of the entire magazine.

It is not possible for a great magazine like HARPER'S to present in advance any complete list of its notable features for the oew year. To do so would be to limit its elasticity and breadth of scope and would rob the best things of the charm of novelty. But a few important things already scheduled for publication may properly be mentioned.

Margaret Deland's New Novel "The Iron Woman"

From "The Iron Woman"

This is a story which has in it the true qualities of greatness. It does not represent the work of a few months, but of years. Mrs. Deland has been almost constantly at work on it since the completion of that remarkable novel "The Awakening of Helena Richie," which was published in Harper's Magazine more than five years ago. The result has justified the work. "The Iron Woman" is a novel of extraordinary power, a work such as no other American writer could produce. It is astonishingly vital, the characters which Mrs. Deland has created seem actually to live—one comes to look upon them as personal friends. There are scenes of delightful humor, and others of the tensest dramatic quality.

This remarkable serial begins in the current (November) number. It will be illustrated by F. Walter Taylor, whose most brilliant and sympathetic pictures add greatly to the charm of the story.

General Robert E. Lee—By One of His Staff

The great main facts of the Civil War have been told by historians, but there remain unpublished many fascinating personal chapters of real history which give new life to the days of the great conflict. Major A. R. H. Ranson, formerly of the Confederate Artillery, has set down his recollections in a way which will prove of vital interest. Among them is a pen portrait of General Robert E. Lee, on whose staff he served and whom he had known from boyhood. He gives a curiously intimate and appealing picture of the great commander. Other chapters from his reminiscences deal with personal experiences, things which history neglects, but more interesting than any history.

The Last Thing that Mark Twain Wrote

The last thing that Mark Twain wrote—a strangely touching and beautiful tribute to his daughter Jean—will be published soon in Harper's Magazine. It was written as the final chapter in his autobiography, and was completed just before his death.

Travel in Many Lands

To those who have travelled widely and to those who stay at home the travel articles of Harper's Magazine are, alike, among the most appealing features of the Magazine. New fields are opened up to the reader and old and pleasant memories revived. Charles H. White, the well-known etcher, is now in Europe gathering material for a new series of articles to be accompanied by his own etchings; and Louise Closser Hale will contribute more of her charming articles, with illustrations by Walter Hale. Charles W. Furlong, F. R. G. S., will give a vivid account of the famous French penal colony of Cayenne—"the dry guillotine," as they call it in France.

The World of Science and Medicine

This is the age of science. Every day discoveries are being made which change the whole course of our industrial life. Nothing is so interesting, nothing so stimulating to the imagination, as the work which the great investigators are doing in their laboratories. This is a field which Harper's Magazine has made its own. Because it has published only authoritative scientific articles from the highest sources, the great men of science and savants of the world are willing and ready to write for Harper's. No other non-technical magazine has so high a standing in the scientific world. Among the famous contributors in this field are A. D. Hall, F. R. S., Director of the Rothamstead Experimental Station, England; Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, of the University of Pittsburg and the University of Kansas; Professor George W. Ritchey, of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, etc., etc., etc.

History, Letters, and Literary Reminiscences

In the field of American history there will be some new revelations—new, at least, to the lay reader. Professor George P. Garrison, of the University of Texas, tells of an almost-forgotten episode in the history of that State when it was an independent republic—how the Texan navy ran away and offered their services elsewhere. William Elliot Griffis presents a new view of Millard Fillmore, our thirteenth President, showing the real importance of his position in our history. William Rossetti, the brother of the famous poet, and himself a prominent figure in London literary society for many years, writes of the attitude of the English toward us during the years of the Civil War.

In the field of letters and literary reminiscence the outlook is particularly attractive. Two groups of hitherto unpublished letters of two of the most famous English men of letters to an American friend will be an important feature. There will be more of Ford Madox Hueffer's literary reminiscences, frequent delightful social essays by Edward S. Martin, and others by Edmund Gosse, Thomas R. Lounsbury, etc., etc.

He Talked with Napoleon

NAPOLEON'S HOME AT ELBA

A manuscript has just been brought to light in England which is an historical revelation of the greatest importance. In November, 1814, an Englishman, Thomas Bingham Richards, was at Leghorn. All the world was then talking of Napoleon, recently exiled to the island of Elba. Mr. Richards visited the island and obtained an audience with the Emperor. Napoleon talked with him freely and at length. Mr. Richards, realizing the importance of what the Emperor had said, immediately wrote down a detailed account of his visit and a verbatim report of the conversation. This manuscript has remained in the hands of Mr. Richards' family, and will shortly be published in Harper's Magazine. No such remarkable human document has appeared in years.

The Work of Making Men

Last year we announced that Norman Duncan would write of some more men who, like Dr. Grenfell, are giving their lives to the work of helping their fellow-men to help themselves. Only one article was the result—that remarkable paper on Higgins—the lumber-jacks' sky-pilot. Mr. Duncan is a careful and conscientious man. He will not write about men of this sort unless he thoroughly believes in them. At last he has found two other men in whom he does believe and who are doing remarkable work in two curiously important fields near to us all. The first of these articles will appear soon.

In an American Desert

Ellsworth Huntington, of the Department of Geography of Yale University, is a traveller who, having made many expeditions into strange lands, is now turning his attention to his own country. He has written a group of important papers in his recent expedition in the desert country of Arizona. Among his papers is one which seems to settle the question as to who were the first Americans.

An Unexplored Corner of the World

There remain to-day only a few corners of the world which have withstood the daring of adventurous spirits and remain *terra incognita* to the civilized world. The most interesting of these is the Arabian Desert—a vast territory lying inland between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. It is peopled with warlike tribes—fanatics in religion, who have steadily resisted all attempts of foreigners to penetrate this region of mystery. At length, however, an explorer of wide experience and knowledge of both language and people has been found who has risked his life in a daring expedition into this land. He is G. W. Bury, the well-known English traveller and writer. He is making the venture alone for Harper's and, like Sir Richard Burton, disguised as a native. The true story of his adventures will be more fascinating than any romance.

A Royal Explorer in Indo-China

The Duke de Montpensier is a nobleman who has already made for himself a reputation as a traveller and a mighty hunter. He has just started on a journey by automobile into the hitherto unexplored hinterland of Indo-China. His expedition will make its way through a country little known and where, of course, no automobile has ever been seen. The Duke himself will write the story of his adventures and discoveries.

Short Stories

The short stories of Harper's Magazine are justly famous. Harper's publishes more and better short stories than any other illustrated magazine in the world. Most of our famous writers have made their names in the pages of Harper's, and more new writers whose work is really worth while make their appearance each year in its pages than in any other publication. A few writers whose work will appear in early numbers may be mentioned:

Mark Twain
Henry van Dyke
Josephine Daskam Bacon
Norman Duncan
Arthur Sherburne Hardy
Alice Brown
W. D. Howells
Thomas A. Janvier
Mary E. Wilkins
Margaret Deland
Margaret Cameron
Joseph Conrad

Illustrations and Paintings

The illustrations of Harper's Magazine, in both color and black-and-white, represent the best work of the greatest American and English illustrators of the day. And there will be frequent exquisite examples of wood engraving by Henry Wolf.

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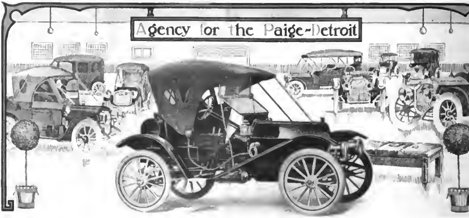

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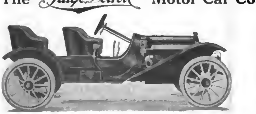

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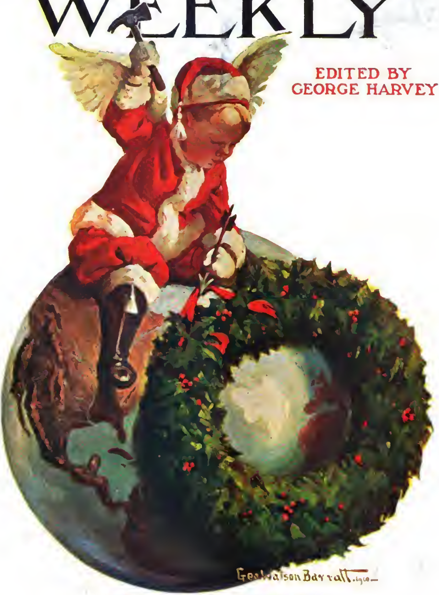
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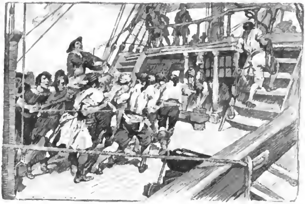


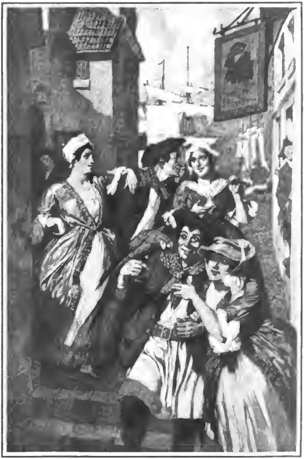
"So now we'll raise that good old shout"

Our cargo's all in and our ballast's all out—
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!
So now we'll raise that good old shout,
Hurrah! me lads, we're homeward bound.

Our anchors weighed, our sails unfurled —
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!
We're bound to plough the watery world,
Don't ye see, we're homeward bound.

And Poll and Bet and Sue will say—
Good-bye, fare-well!
Good-bye, fare-well!
"Here comes Johnny with his twelve months' pay."
Don't ye see, we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, you've heard us say—
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!
Hook on the cat-fall and run her away—
Hurrah! me lads, we're homeward bound.



"Here comes Johnny with his twelve months' pay"

The Old Autograph Album

By Carl Werner

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAUD TOUSEY

HAVE you forgotten the old autograph album? I had until yesterday, when, rummaging through an abandoned closet, I ran across one. It was packed away in an old shoe box with a bundle of letters, a piece of wedding-cake, a broken-headed doll, a composition on "The Supremacy of Athens," and other odds and ends, all of which seemed to have nothing in common but gender, which was unmistakably feminine.

I recognized it immediately. It belonged to a little girl I once knew—and know, for that matter, but that's another story. She had brown eyes, and brown hair done in a braid and tied at the tip end with a large bow of pink ribbon, like the tail of a kite.

Well, anyway, I took it from the shoe-box—surreptitiously, for I had no right to it—and smuggled it into my den, and here it is.

It's a little plush-covered book, about the size of a woman's hand, and opens the long way. The plush is dull red in color, somewhat faded and much worn around the edges. The fly-leaf is done in gay colors, the design representing a bird of tropical plumage doing a pirouette, with a stage-setting of bleeding hearts and the word "Autographs," in dashing gilt capitals, stretching majestically across the page.

I guess you recall it now, don't you? Not this self-same one, of course, but one just like it.

There were other kinds, I know, with common cloth covers in pale blues and browns and grays; plebeians, all. But you remember best the red plush one because it was impressive. The red plush one was the real aristocrat. Somehow it suggested a degree of luxury and affluence and elegance beyond your own station, higher than you had ever dared to aspire to. When the owner placed it in your hands a sort of awe, a feeling of reverence, came over you; and if you were permitted to take it home at night it seemed a signal honor and you returned to school with it next morning feeling that your social prospects were brightening very much indeed.

Yes, there were other albums, to be sure, but it was the edition de luxe in red plush that made your heart go pit-a-pat as the little book slowly went the rounds of the schoolroom while you waited and watched and wondered if it would deign to be touched by common hands like yours.

Well, now, who was the haughty owner of this one, I wonder! Let us see. Ah, here we have it on the first page.

Presented to Molly,
By a Friend.

Christmas, 1886.

Yes, Molly, the book was yours and you are the little girl with the long braid and the pink bow, and you used to sit two rows ahead with that cousin of yours who had a turn up nose and yellow hair. And say, if I'm not mistaken, she was the—yes, by Jove! here she is on page two, just as I thought; the first to be immortalized in your roster of school-day friends:

Dear Molly:
When on this page you chance to look
Just close the book and think of me.
Your Cousin,
Anna Dolsey.

Good enough, Anna! Hypercritical and envious poets of the period may say that by the transposition of words in the last line you gave a slight jolt to the rules of rhythm, but don't you care. For I'm sure your admonition, however phrased, could not have been more forceful or efficacious. However, as it is directed at Molly specifically and not at us, we will not close the book, not yet, for we've only begun to look at it.

Here's the next one, in a delicate, copy-plate hand:

Dear Molly:
May you and I in Heaven meet
And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet.
Elma Gray.

Poor Elma Gray! I remember you, child, with your face always so pale and your sweet, patient smile. How often, when I was sweating and groaning over those awful problems cunningly and terribly contrived to baffle dull brains like mine, you would pause as you passed my seat in recess-time and put the thing straight by a touch of your magic fingers! How stupid and yet how grateful I felt, and how dirty my pudgy hands looked beside yours—so white and slender. I remember—and even now I rejoice in the recollection—how one morning, hurrying toward the schoolhouse, I found you "held up" on the corner, with Buck Kerrigan standing before you, his arms extended so you could not pass. He was grinning hideously and you were in tears—for the last bell had commenced to ring. And I remember how I landed my fist on Buck Kerrigan's nose and sent him sprawling, and how your tremulous "Thank you, Charley," as you sped past your fallen tormentor made my cheeks burn.

And I remember how one day you were absent, which was unusual, and how when you returned your face seemed even paler and sadder than before. And then you were absent a week and then a month and there were strange whisperings among the teachers and grave inquiries from the girls and boys, who loved you. And finally, one May morning, when the smell of spring was coming freshly through the open windows, they told us you had gone away and we would never, never see you again. The rhyme you wrote in the little red book had, in part, come true.

And that very day, at recess-time, I went out and licked Buck Kerrigan again without any provocation whatsoever. Buck wasn't a bad fellow, either.

Here is number three:

I thought and I thought
And I thought in vain.
At last I thought
I would write my name.
Gertie Robinson.

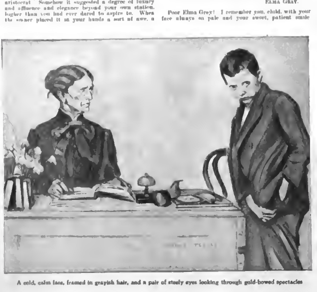
January 18, 1887.

I recall now very vividly that I saw it when the ink was scarcely dry, for I was the next to get the album. I thought and I thought and I thought in vain, and I remember how heartily I wished that I had thought of that thought before Gertrude thought of it. It always seemed to me that every sentiment in the least degree appropriate for an autograph album was already inscribed therein before the little book fell into my luckless hands.

Fourthly is an inscription in a firm, severe style of chirography, remarkably business-like for a feminine hand:

Dear Molly:
Strive to keep the Golden Rule
And learn your lessons well at school.
Sincerely yours,
Lillian L. Reynolds.

Jan. 19 '87.



A cold, calm face, framed in grayish hair, and a pair of steely eyes looking through gold-bowed spectacles

There is a something pedagogic about that page that awakens my somnolent memory with a resounding whack! A cold, calm face, framed in grayish hair, and a pair of steely eyes looking through gold-bowed spectacles; looking steadily at me, into me, and through me, X-raying into the innermost hollow of my jowl, where the small quid of rubber gum lay slyly ensconced, and seeming to say, "Now, sir, I've got you; stand and deliver!" Do I remember you, Miss Lillian Reynolds? Yes, ma'am, I do; likewise the rubber gum and rubber balls and red apples and jackstones and kite strings and fish-hooks and good lead sinkers that I have stood and delivered; and the stinging, singing cracks on my vellumed palms that *I* have stood and you have delivered. If dear Molly thought you were going to hand her any sugar-candy compliments in this plush-covered calendar of epigrams she had a surprise coming.

The next:

Remember me is all I ask
Will that be a very hard task?
James Archibald Brown.

Jimmie, you sly dog! I'll bet that you blushed to the roots of your tawny hair when you returned the book after that sally. I'll bet you made a quick exit and got under cover before Molly could find that havering page, and I'll bet when she did find it she giggled and showed it to that cousin of hers, who also giggled, and that they passed it down the aisle and that there was a grand chorus of giggles. And I'll bet that the next morning when you came into the schoolroom you saw written on the blackboard, in a big, scrawling hand, the terrible words,

Molly Morton
and
Jimmie Brown,

and I'll bet you were pretty "mad" and you said you knew who did it, being careful to select as the suspected culprit a boy smaller than yourself, whom you walloped unmercifully at the next recess, thereby revenging yourself upon the whole school and wiping off the score in a manner perfectly satisfactory to all concerned—excepting the aforesaid smaller boy.

At the time this album was in the zenith of its red plush glory there was a custom, you may recollect—if you can remember so long ago—of buying little cut-outs for a cent each at the bookstore and embellishing your autograph by sticking one on the page, as an especial mark of honor to yourself and a high compliment to the owner of the book. Turning another page, I find one here. The inscription is as follows:

May the pearly gates of Heaven,
So far beyond the sea,
Open wide some day, dear Molly,
To welcome you and me.
Yours truly,
Della McLean.

In the left-hand corner is the cut-out, and very pretty it is, too. It portrays a feminine hand, with fingers very slim and tapered to a remarkably fine point, and extending a blue-edged cup and saucer, background by a cluster of red roses. On the cup are the words "Ever Thine." The relevancy of the pearly gates of Heaven to a cup of Oolong is not clearly apparent, but the color scheme is truly affecting.

Here are a few of the domestic variety:

Dear Molly:
Remember me and my Best Wishes
When you are home a washing dishes.
Your Friend Katie.

Long may you live,
Happy may you be,
Sitting on the wood-pile
Drinking hot tea.
George Wilson.

To Molly:
I wish you bread and butter when you're hungry,
Coffee when you're dry,
Money when you're hard up
and
Heaven when you die.
Lulu A.

In the dark storms of life
When you need an umbrella
May you here to uphold it
A handsome young fellow.
Your friend,
Bessie Alden.

Molly is your name,
Single is your station;
Rich may be the man
That makes the alteration.
Emma.

Again:

To Molly:
Go little album far and near
To all of Molly's friends so dear
And bid them all to write a page
That she may read in her old age.
George Stockwell.

And, hello! here's another on the very last leaf. I nearly missed it:

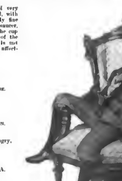
To Molly:
Away back here where nobody will look
I will write my name in this little book
Henry Butt.

Cruel Henry! How Molly's heart may have fluttered as she feverishly turned the pages in search of your precious signature—turned and turned, now hoping, now despairing and growing faint and sick at heart as she neared the end and found it not. And into what ecstasies of delirious joy she may have fallen when finally she discovered it, and knew that your dear hands had penned them those rare words.

That's what you were thinking, Henry, and I knew it at the time. You were bigger than I; otherwise I would have gently told you.

Reckoning by order of sequence, Henry's subtle hypocrisy should serve to conclude my discussion of this little book. But among the several inscriptions that I have overlooked in turning the well-thumbed pages—some unintentionally, some deliberately—is one which I cannot conscientiously ignore.

I ran across it somewhere along in the middle of the album. I read it, blushed, and hurriedly turned the page. Why? Well, perhaps it was because I knew the boy who wrote it. I *did* know him, very well indeed.



I thought and I thought in vain

Here is the legend, and I'll ask the printer to reproduce the words in all the glory of their original orthography:

Dear Molly:
In the golden chane of friendship
Please reguard me as a Link

Yes, I knew the writer of that epigram very intimately. In fact, to tell the honest truth about it—*I am the Link.*

The day of that incident is as yesterday. The class in geography had been dismissed. As we were returning to our seats in the study-room Molly passed me with her nose high in the air and her eyes straight ahead; and the feel of the soft plush as she slyly thrust the book into my hand was the first intimation I had of being chosen to the elect. Upon gaining my seat I held the book below my desk and opened it for a peep at the mysteries within. A tiny scrap of paper fluttered to the floor, and ducking to recover it intensified my blushes. Scribbled upon the paper was the brief injunction: "Please return to-morrow." How nervously I snapped the little book in a piece of paper torn from my writing-pad! With what deep reverence I placed it in the inner pocket of my jacket! With what conscious pride I carried it home when the dull school-day was over! And with what feverish excitement I laid it before me on the big round table in the "sitting-room" that evening and prepared to add my contribution to the sentiments engrossed upon its sacred pages. Father's newspaper, mother's sewing, and even sister's algebra—ordinarily quite imposing—sank into insignificance beside it.

First came the question of which page! Why not choose the one directly opposite the signature of a certain little girl whom I suspected of returning sundry covert glances that I had been casting in her direction? Yes—I thought—I'll do it! I turned the leaves anxiously and found the place, but, curses! Too late! Jimmy Landon was there ahead of me, with a big bold "J" and a bibulous "L" lurching exasperatingly across the page.

Very well, my lady! Now, just for that—I soliloquized—I'll choose a certain other little girl whom I happen to know you're not particularly fond of and I'll put my name beside *hers;* I will, so *there.* And I did. However, I gravely doubt that any tears of anguish were wrung from anybody's eyes as a result of my cruel strategy.

The point of juxtaposition being settled, the grim question of what to write confronted me. After wrestling with this problem for a good half-hour and coming out of the encounter much worse off than I went into it, I would gladly have "thought at last that I'd write me name," had not that couplet been pre-empted by one Miss Robinson aforementioned. Then, in desperation, I impressed the entire household into service, and from the nondescript collection of toasts and jingles accruing I selected—that Link thing.

Why it impressed me more favorably than the others is beyond my recollection. Perhaps it suggested sentiment. Now, alas it suggests sausages!

Removing my jacket and rolling my sleeves to the elbow, I dipped my pen in the family bottle of jet black ink and started the "golden chane." How eagerly seemed the superfluous fluid to fall in blots and how perversely the pen would stick and sputter on the up strokes! But at last the lines were done and, with many preparatory circular movements of the thumb and forefinger, I essayed to sign my name. Carefully as I had measured the available space with my eye, I soon found my pen chock a block against the edge of the page, with four letters still to come!

Dismay filled my heart. Oh, for a half-inch more! Then came a happy thought. I would tear out the sheet and start anew! Alas! my spirits had hardly begun to rise when, nervously fingering the book, I saw inscribed on the inside of the front cover this chilling admonition:

"PLEASE EXTRACT NO LEAVES."

Foiled again! Glumly I dipped my pen once more and accepted the inevitable. The signature, so grandly begun, was made, perforce, to turn its tail dejectedly downward and peter out ingloriously along the side margin of the page.

Twenty years have passed—as the returning hero in the melodrama says—and Time has tempered the ignominy of inky page and spluttering pen. The Buck Kerrigans and Henry Buttses and Jimmie Browns have all gone out into the world, and some have gone out *of* it. Their names are written in divers places—on the faces of checks, on ponderous papers of state and the walls of prison cells, and some on the scroll of fame, and not a few on the long roster of the great beyond. And it pleases me to reflect, as I put the little red book back into the old shoe-box, that Molly of the long braid and the pink ribbon still regards me as a Link, and a very essential one, too.

Vespers of the Hills

By Shaemas O'Sheel

I heard the bell of Vespers, miles away,
Fall like a spirit voice across the land,
Its faint pure tones I knew were meant to say,
"The hour of prayer and worship is at hand."

Ah, that I knew, for when my Mother Earth
Grows calm and rapt at eve, and wonder-fair,
Hushing alike her sorrowing and her mirth,
I know that mystic beauty is her prayer

To God my Father: and with her I pray;
While the long purple shadows silently
Fall from the silent trees and die to gray,
I say the prayers my Mother teaches me.

And with old beauty and old wonder there
Blends all of human sorrow and human mirth,
And faith and utter love are that long prayer
God hears at evening from my Mother Earth.

The Mutineers of the "Sarah Benson"

By James Barnes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

I

THE three-masted schooner *Sarah Benson*, over two hundred miles out of her course, and well to the north-eastward of the Bahamas, threshed and wallowed in the dancing blue of the Gulf Stream. Though the booms were amidships, the blocks brought up with a crash at every sideways swing; hour after hour the reef points slatted and rattled against the dirty brown sails. Twenty-eight days out of Trinidad, after a touch at St. Thomas and Guadeloupe, she stank of a varied cargo. The fumes of asphalt mingled with the odor of over-ripe bananas and the stench of hides from the after-hold. Bound for the Capes of the Delaware, she had fought head winds after leaving the Indies, and had been chased to the eastward by a blow that struck her to the north of St. Thomas, and now, in the clutch of the great current, not a breath had come to aid her.

They had a name for the *Sarah Benson*, ever since John Crabbe, as master and part owner, had put his unsteady foot over her side. The men who had served on her called her "The Hell at Sea." Navigation and whiskey were Crabbe's weak points. He had more experience with the latter. The rumor was that his meals, for days at a time when he was ashore, consisted of soft bread sopped in strong liquors; and that at sea he varied the régime by substituting hardtack. He had been summoned before more consuls, in his younger days as a mate, for belaying-pin and fist work, than any man who afterward had stumbled through a master's examination.

"It's coming to him some day," was the universal prophecy, and the fact that he got it with such unusual circumstances is the reason of this chronicle.

The complement of the *Sarah Benson* consisted of the captain, a Halifax mate named Forbes, five foremast hands, and a negro cook from the Barbados—a huge spider of a man whose haul on sheet and halyard, when he was called upon, had the force of three. He rejoiced in the aristocratic name of Digby Ormsby, but he went by the name of "Dig"; he could write his name legibly, and had some little schooling. There was Lascar in his blood, and way back of that a strain of Carib Indian. Two of the crew, a Portuguese, Antonio Sanchez, and a nondescript Canary-Islander, Diego, could only make a cross when they signed articles—the other men's names were Jonas Smith, John Forbes, and Michael Gilligan.

There was grumbling in the fo'castle—that was nothing unusual, but there was a reason for it. Owing to the long time out, and leaky water-butts, the men were on one-half allowance, and that's a big cut in any clime, let alone in a hot one. There was plenty aft, for the captain had four large breakers, taken on at Basse Terre, stored in a locker just inside the cabin door; besides there were wines in straw cases, strong liquors in square-faced bottles, and rum in jugs. The mate, the Nova-Scotian, got his share of all, and between the two, it was estimated by the men who stood tricks at the wheel, and who could look down through the skylight, that they took, between them, thirty drinks a day. If you want to get a foremast hand disgruntled, cut down his water allowance and let him know the cabin has plenty; but if you want to goad a cook to desperation, pursue the same policy.

On this scorching day "Dig" had hardly enough doled out to him to make coffee for the foremast hands. After the usual cursing-match, the cook suggested a plan—if they'd back him up, he'd walk into the cabin and take it.

"He'd kills you, sure," said the Canary-Islander. "Then what you do?"

Dig's yellow eyes gleamed. "No you fear," he said. "I'll take my knife along."

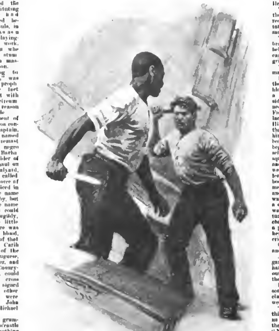
Smith, who was a bit of a sea lawyer, demurred. "We'll write a letter," said he, "and sign it, all of us. I'll give it to the old man during the noon watch—I'll risk that much, and all you stand by."

The negro said nothing more, but slouched up on deck and made his way to the caboose.

What had happened when Captain John Crabbe received the round-robin note—the crew assembled at the break of the little poop—could not be recorded verbatim. But John Crabbe had cursed them in such redundant terms that the little west-coast Irishman had grinned in admiration. The cook had laughed outright, and Smith distinctly remembered afterward the peculiar sound of that laugh.

Later in the day he and Gilligan were below; it was about six bells of the afternoon watch. There were distant clouds in the western sky, with promise of both wind and rain. Upon the deck the mate lay under the awning, close to the skylight, in a drunken sleep. The man at the wheel, Forbes, had slipped a surreptitious lashing over the king spoke, and, leaning on his elbows in a half-standing position, was asleep also. Diego was drowsing on the forecastle. Tony, the Portuguese, and the cook were nowhere to be seen.

Down in his bunk, the captain, dressed only in dungaree trousers and an undershirt, lay sprawled out, breathing stertorously.



An instant later he had whipped out the galley carving knife

Suddenly, cautiously, and carefully two figures emerged from the after companionway. The first was Digby, carrying on his shoulders a heavy sherry cask; the second was the Portuguese—in each hand and under his arms he held square-faced bottles. Digby looked round—no one observed them, not even the man at the wheel.

Suddenly there came a roar: "You thieves! Come back you —— thieves!"

The Portuguese, falling forward, grasped the edge of the skylight, struggling to get loose from the hand that had caught his ankle. Still holding Tony's foot, Captain Crabbe bolted up on deck, threw the Portuguese on his back, and began kicking him with all his might. The mate awoke from his slumber and crawled to his feet. The man at the wheel, awake now also, leaned back, holding rigidly to the spokes, watching. Old Crabbe had often kicked a man before and no man dared to interfere; but now there came a diversion. . . . The huge black stood there, poised, with the filled breaker over his head. Tony and he had been some time in the cabin—one of the square-faced bottles was almost empty!

The captain never knew what struck him; but, with the force of those great shoulders and long arms behind it, the breaker caught him full on the crown. His body slipped down the companion ladder to the deck below. All the watchers stood aghast. Antonio lurched to a standing position and stood swaying; the mate was feeling for a belaying-pin in the mizzen rack. He pulled it out with a jerk and turned.

With a scream the Portuguese leaped at him, met the blow from the heavy pin fairly between the eyes, reeled an instant, tripped over the low rail, and fell into the sea. He made one or two feeble strokes and sank.

The cook was now leaning forward, his knees on the brass rails of the skylight, both hands tugging at his belt. An instant later he had whipped out the galley carving knife, shifting it once or twice to get a better grip, his breath rasping in his throat.

"Go forward, you murdering black dog!" roared the mate!

He had hardly spoken when, clearing the skylight, the mutineer was on him. The mate aimed a futile blow; there were three short stabs, two swinging cuts, a mighty shove, and his hacked body went over the side. . . . Digby swung round, still crouching. Madness shone now from his yellow, bloodshot eyes! Forbes stood there at the helm, one hand holding to the lacing of the boom, looking at him as if fascinated. His jaw dropped; he was trying to say some words that would not come. Slowly the cook approached him. The blood of ancestors who had run amuck was boiling in his veins. It is possible that, had Forbes begun to plead for mercy, he might have saved himself. But, stooping down, he caught up one of the square-faced bottles, broke it with a blow on the rail, and stood with the jagged remnant—the sailor's weapon in many a tavern brawl—in a posture of defence. "Dig" laughed now. He dodged under the boom, and, like boxers sparring for an opening, the men stood face to face. There were two quick passes and an upward stroke with the long knife—no more was needed. The man in the bows—Diego—had made a run for the fo'castle hatch. But seeing that some one was coming up, he suddenly changed his mind and turned into the deckhouse, closing the door. The negro chased forward, the door opened outward—but with a powerful wrench he pulled it free from the detaining hands and sprang inside. . . . There were shrieks and cries, rattling of pots and pans—then a silence.

Ormsby emerged, stood for an instant near the rail, and hurled the knife into the water.

As he turned again, the white, staring face of Gilligan was peering over the coaming of the fo'castle hatch. He stayed there but an instant, then, reaching out, slammed it to. As the cook got there he heard the sound of the sliding hasp.

Down below, Smith and the Irishman spoke in fearsome whispers. Smith had got out his blunt-pointed clasp-knife. Gilligan was searching for a better weapon.

"Sure, he's killed 'em all! Ev'ry mother's son av thim!" repeated the shivering Irishman. "He'll kill us too, if he lays hands on us." From back of one of the bunks he drew forth a short-handled ship's hatchet. "Now, let him come! Let him come on," he cried.

For fully ten minutes nothing more was said.

"Hush! What's that?" exclaimed Smith, suddenly, grasping the Irishman by the shoulder. "Listen! He's shortening sail!"

They could hear hasty footsteps overhead, then the rattle of the flying-jib and jib, as they slid down the stays. They could follow the movements on deck plainly—the clewing up of the fore-topsail, and then the foresail came down by the run, the gaff banging loudly on the deck. The mainsail followed.

"It's coming on to blow," whispered the Irishman. "The glass was falling . . . I heard the mate say so."

"Hush!" said Smith, again. "Listen!"

There came a sharp hammering on the hatch, and then a hail in a voice they hardly recognized.

"Below there, yo'! Come up on deck! Before Gawd, I won't touch yo'. Come up on deck and bear a hand! Don't be afraid. Come up here!"

"Don't answer," cautioned Smith; "keep quiet!"

"You could niver trust him," trembled the Irishman. "He'd desthroy us."

Again the voice in shrieking staccato imprecation: "Tumble up! We ain't got no time!"

When there was no response, there followed a series of shrieking curses.

"God save us!" blurted Gilligan. "We'll stay here where we are."

There was quiet now, and then came a soft pattering. It had grown dark down in the fo'castle; with the hatch closed, it was hot as a bake-oven—streams of sweat rolled down the men's bodies. The pattering increased.

"The rain," said Smith; "the wind 'll follow."

For a few minutes they listened in silence, then came a lull, followed by a lurch and a sudden sheer. Over she went—over—over! The two men were hurled into the bunks! For an instant they thought the *Sarah Benson* would never come up again, but slowly she righted. They could hear the loose gear and sails battling and slamming up on the deck.

"He's got to the wheel," muttered Smith. "He's holding her up to it!"

The water was rushing overhead like a river. With a smash the schooner took a wave over her bows, and they heard it sweep aft and pour down the open hatch into the main hold.

"A few more like that, and we'll founder," groaned the Irishman. "Man, would ye risk it, goin' up on deck?"

"Not yet," answered Smith. "My God! she's shipped another!"

Through her bulkhead they could hear the water swishing and lashing in the hold. But that was the last she took aboard—she eased up slowly.

"The other sail's blown out," said Smith. "He's paid her off; the fore-staysail's still holding."

Except for the swing of the seas, she was going better, yet from every evidence it was blowing a thunderous gale. The men took counsel.

"If we could break through the bulkhead," suggested Smith, "and work aft to the cabin, we might get through there, too, and get the captain's pistols. I know where they are, just at the foot of the bunk."

"Sure he'll hear us!" faltered the Irishman.

"Gimme the hatchet!" said Smith. "With what's going on up on deck, he couldn't hear."

He attacked the wooden bulkhead and had soon loosened one of the planks. A little more work and they had pried it open, and Smith crawled through. The board sprung back.

"Gimme the hatchet," he ordered, speaking through the aperture. "Count a hundred, then put your head out on deck and hail him friendly like. Say I'm hurted below here. Get him to come forward. I'll work up on deck, get behind him, and crack him on the head."

Without waiting for an answer, he crawled over the cargo that came almost to the deck beams. He reached the hatch, and crouched there. The schooner was running before the wind that roared in the standing rigging, the loose sails on the deck were flapping and cracking like volleys of musketry; the foretopmast staysail, still holding, kept her straight. It was past the time when Gilligan should have attracted the cook's attention. The latter could have left the wheel with safety now, as she was going.

Suddenly Smith's heart stood still! A head appeared within two feet of where he lay—immediately over him! Some one was looking down into the hold. With an upward and outward swing, with a straightened arm, Smith aimed a vicious blow with all his might. The hatchet struck the object aimed at a glancing impact, but at that instant there came a lurch, and down through the hatch a heavy body fell on top of him. The great black arms grasped at him, but, rolling over until he was on top, the seaman brought the hatchet down in quick, shortened blows. The body relaxed, and, standing up at last, Smith found himself waist-high above the deck. Instantly he ran forward and rapped with the hatchet over the fo'castle.

"Come up!" he shouted. "I've done for him! . . . Come up on deck, you Irish coward! Come up on deck!"

The hasp was slipped cautiously, and Gilligan emerged. Trembling, he looked around at the scene of wreckage. The schooner yawed and lurched, the great seas racing by her counter threatening to smother her from astern. But she kept her headway—there was no danger of her broaching to.

"We may save the sails. Come, bear a hand!" shrieked Smith in his companion's ears.

"Where is he?" called back the Irishman.

"He's in the hold. I've done for him. I tell you I've smashed his head."

The Irishman cast a glance at the hatchet. "Brave bye!" he said, and grinned foolishly. "You're the brave lad."

They set to work lashing down the reams. The headsails had blown to ribbons, but soon they had things fairly snug. Ormsby had lashed the wheel before he had left it, and they began to look around.

In the galley was the only place where there was a trace of the bloody deeds. The rain and sea had washed out all the rest; the cook had thrown all the dead bodies overboard. They stopped at the main hatch and looked down.

"What are we to do with it?" asked Gilligan.

"Leave him where he is; he'll be a witness to our story. We've got to tell a straight one, or it 'll go hard with us. Come aft to the cabin and get a drink," said Smith, tossing overboard the hatchet.

Everything was shipshape there, except a dark blotch at the foot of the ladder. Leaning against the edge of the dead captain's bunk, with its dirty lace curtains, they broached one of the square-faced bottles and mixed a strong toddy. The bottle passed between them; then they began on cases of wine.

When they came to, the schooner was swinging easily on the seas. It was broad daylight. Smith routed Gilligan out of the mate's stateroom, where he lay in half-drunken torpor, and they went on deck. A gentle breeze was blowing from the eastward. With the help of the winch they got up some of the split and tattered sails. Latitude and longitude were but names to them, but to the westward lay land—the United States. With the schooner going free, they shaped a course. Bermuda would be the nearest, but there were the shoals, and the direction of the island would be but guesswork. At Smith's suggestion they had raised the ensign at the foremast, union down. He had disregarded Gilligan's idea of getting in close to the American shore, lowering a boat, and leaving the *Sarah Benson* to become one of the derelict mysteries of the sea. Wiser, perhaps, for them had they done so! At lone o'clock in the afternoon they sighted a small white steamer to the northwest. In half an hour she had changed her course and was bearing down on them.

"God save us! We're in for it now," muttered the Irishman. "It's a revenue cutter! B'gor! I don't like the looks o' that!" Smith, who was at the wheel, looked at him contemptuously. If ever an innocent man showed signs of guilt, Gilligan did—it was stamped upon his features.

"What 'll we tell 'em?" asked the Irishman.

"The truth, you fool!" cursed Smith. "We'll tell 'em the truth—that's all there is to tell."

In another half an hour the schooner was hove to, and to windward of her, rising and falling easily, was the revenue cutter. Her fo'castle and bridge were filled with figures in clean white. There were pointing arms and staring faces. An officer hailed them through a megaphone.

"What schooner is that? What's the trouble?" he asked.

"The *Sarah Benson*," shouted back Smith, making a trumpet of his hands. "Lower a boat and come aboard of us."

A few minutes later they were boarded. Smith met the officer at the main shrouds and helped him over the side.

"What's happened here?" he asked, looking around.

Except for the torn sails and loose gear there were no signs of trouble.

"What's happened here?" Smith replied. "Murder and mutiny, that's all."

"Are you the captain?"

"No; the captain's dead."

"The mate?"

"No; all dead but the man at the wheel there and me. Come aft! I'll tell you, sir."

The crew in the boat alongside had caught the words and fell to whispering. The officer followed to the poop.

"This man, Michael Gilligan, and me," began Smith, pointing at the trembling Irishman, "are foremast hands, A.B.'s. My name is Jonas Smith. Yesterday at just six bells in the afternoon—" And then he went on with the story. He told of the shortened water-supply; of the drunken master and the drunken blue-nose mate; of the crazy cook who ran amuck. He gave the full history of the "Hell at Sea."

The officer as he listened kept shifting his glance from Smith to Gilligan. At last he spoke.

"Do you bear this man's story out?" he said, sternly, to the Irishman.

"Ev'ry word, sir. So help me— Ev'ry word!"

Strange to say, there sounded defiance in his tone. His eyes did not meet the officer's.

"Where are the bodies of these men?"

"They're overboard," said Smith—"overboard—all but one!"

"Whose is that?"

"The cook, sir, the Barbadoes nigger I was tellin' you about. I killed him with a hatchet; he'll prove what I'm saying's true. His body's in the hold. . . . Come here!"

He led the way to the main hatch, Gilligan bringing up the rear.

"Souls of the saints!" exclaimed the Irishman, the first to speak, starting back. He reached for the main shrouds, and stood there gasping.

Sitting on his haunches, looking up at them—an awful sight—was Digby Ormsby! The officer, too, stepped back.

Smith gave a short, sharp breath.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "I didn't kill him!"

A wailing voice came from the hold. It sounded like the weak piping of a stricken child.

"Don't kill me! Oh, don't kill me!" the voice croaked, shrilly. "I'll never tell—I'll never tell. . . . Captain! Oh, Captain Crabbe!" The voice grew louder. "They're killin' me! Save me! Save me! Watch out, they're comin'! Help! Oh, my Gawd! Help! Help!"

Smith gave a shivering curse. "The lyin' nigger!" he blurted. "What I tell you is the truth. He done it all."

Gilligan's knees were trembling so that now they knocked together. His face was a muddy, yellowish gray. "The murdherin' heathen!" he coughed. "We ought 'a' killed him. He done it with a knife!"

The officer had stepped to one side. "Up here, two of you," he said to the boat crew. "Bear a hand—there's a wounded man in the hold."

Smith started to say something.

"You'd better keep your head shut," said the officer. "Down into the boat—both of you!"

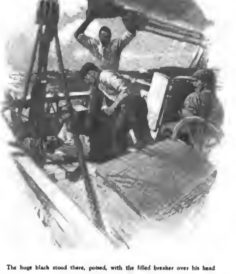
Sullenly they obeyed.

The Irishman began to address the white-clad men sitting on the thwarts. He began an incoherent, disjointed mumbling.

"Stow all that, mate," cautioned the coxswain; "it's best for you."

"Keep quiet, you fool!" muttered Smith, and Gilligan subsided.

The officer stepped across the deck and hailed the cutter.



The huge black stood there, poised, with the filled breaker over his head

"*Mohigan* there! It's mutiny and murder! I'm bringing off three men. One's badly wounded—two prisoners."

By this time the wounded negro had been lifted from the hold. Something dropped from his pocket—unnoticed. His eyes were closed now and he was saying nothing. How any man could have lived in such a condition it might be hard to tell. But he was breathing.

The boat's crew lowered all the schooner's sails, left one man on board of her, and with the unconscious body lying in the sternsheets at his shipmates' feet, they pulled off for the cutter.

In another half an hour the *Mohigan* had taken the *Sarah Benson* in tow and was heading to the westward. Down in the sick bay lay Ormsby moaning on a cot, the surgeon working over him. In irons, separated from each other, were Smith and Gilligan—prisoners held for mutiny and murder on the high seas.

II

Further record of this story can be found in the testimony submitted at the United States Circuit Court of one of the coast cities in the South. It was a remarkable trial, in its details, in its summing up, and in its result. So remarkable that it became a nine days' wonder and has been forgotten; yet it all took place but eight years ago. When the court opened and the United States had stated its case, there were three defendants—Michael Gilligan, Jonas Smith, and Digby Ormsby. The last had, from the first, steadfastly denied any connection with the mutiny or murders. He told a tale of having overheard a plot being formed by the five seamen, that they had discovered that he intended telling the captain, that they had laid hold of him before he could carry out his intention, had knocked him on the head and thrown him into the hold. Of what had happened subsequently he denied all knowledge—he had "seen no evil—heard no evil—spoken no evil." If he had stuck exactly to this story, it might have gone well with him, but he made several bad slips. So fatal were they that he came to be disbelieved entirely, and at last it came to this: The prosecutor promised him, if he made a clean breast of it and turned State's evidence, he'd do what he could for him; so he was indicted with the other two as a third partner in the conspiracy.

(Continued on page 34)

The Loom of Dreams

By Arthur Gordon

Thy thirst shall be for shadows, and the rose of thy desire shall be dust within thy mouth.—"THE HOUSE OF USNA."

I

HE had the look of those who have glimpsed an impossible beauty.

I saw him first at the end of a warm, murky day in September, which had tempted me from my rooms into the comparative coolness of the streets. I was walking aimlessly, and had almost concluded to return to my lodgings and my interrupted work, when I stopped to listen to some one who was playing a piano in one of those shabbily respectable houses which confer an oppressive uniformity upon certain parts of London. It was music of an unfamiliar profile that was borne to my ears on the sultry air, music that I did not know—a singular encounter, for it has been my trade to hear, study, and write of this subtlest of the arts for nearly a quarter of a century now. Here was music, I had frankly to confess to myself, which was not only strange to me in its particular being, but of an unrecognizable *genus*, a new and perplexing order. It was unmistakably modern: but of what origin? Surely not German; not Russian, certainly; slightly French, perhaps, in its distinction and finesse, yet possessing a quality, an emotional burden, wholly foreign to any music which I knew to be admittedly Gallic.

I crossed the street for a better view of the source whence these astonishing sounds were issuing. I perceived then that they came through an open window on the top floor of the building—probably, I thought, the lodging of some impecunious teacher or composer; but what teacher, what composer in London could make music such as this? I crossed the street again and entered the building. A scrutiny of the tenants' directory in the hallway disclosed the information I sought. I read the legend with uncommon interest:

MICHAEL HANRAHAN
Pianist and Instructor
LESCHETIZKY METHOD
6th Floor—Room 32

"Michael Hanrahan" . . . I had never heard of him; clearly my knowledge of the metropolitan musical world was something less than comprehensive. An Irishman, apparently—I had imagined that I discerned a Celtic strain, a mercurial moodiness and passion, in that perplexing music. I was convinced of it now, though the tones had lost something of definiteness as they came down to me through the interior ramifications of the building. Well, I determined, I owed it to myself to seek out this singular personality—although I confess to having been conscious of a certain doubt concerning the authenticity of the gifts which I suspected him to possess, for I have always been sceptical of the validity of undiscovered genius. I climbed with some discomfort the six flights of stairs to which my determination committed me, and stopped, slightly breathless, before a door bearing his card.

What could the man be playing? Whence had he derived those supremely moving and poignant chord progressions, those melodies like sighs on the wind? Here, at last, was a new voice in music—a new voice and a new art, subtle yet commanding. . . .

I did not realize that I had knocked until the music stopped abruptly and I found myself confronting the player, who suddenly disclosed himself in the frame of his doorway.

"What can I do for you?" he said in a low-pitched voice slightly edged with asperity. A Celt, undoubtedly—the voice and the music confirmed each other. He was a man of fifty, I should have said, with the Celtic wistfulness of visage, the gentle Celtic abstraction, the lurking Celtic exaltation. He would have been handsome had he not been haggard with, as I judged, deprivation and ill keeping—for I perceived at once that his clothes were shabby almost to the verge of raggedness, and his room barren of furnishings save for an old grand piano, a couch, a writing-table, several plain pine chairs, a few prints after drawings by William Blake, and a shelf piled high with books.

Now that I had come baldly into the presence of the object of my quest I was aware of the impertinence of my intrusion. "I beg your pardon," I said uncomfortably. "I heard your playing as I passed in the street, and your music—what you were playing, I mean—interested me immensely—so much, indeed, that my curiosity got the better of my sense of propriety. I am a music critic by profession," I added, as an excuse, in some sort, for my prying inquisitiveness; and I gave him my name. "Again let me beg you to pardon my intrusion; but would you mind telling me what you were playing just now? It was utterly new to me."

He smiled—somewhat ironically, I thought—and invited me into his room with a certain sincere yet diffident graciousness of gesture. "Won't you come in?" he said, simply. "Unlike the majority of my confrères," he went on, as I entered and seated myself on a chair near the piano, "I am free to confess that I read the deliverances of you critical gentlemen with unabated diligence and interest. We all read them, you know—I differ from my brethren merely in acknowledging the fact. Your own writings I know well, and value"—I murmured an indefinite deprecation—"you have, if you will permit me to say so, an uncommon receptivity. But even you have a perhaps involuntary suspicion—have you not?—of the new, the non-conformable: that is why I was somewhat surprised—and, may I say, entertained?—at your apparent interest in my music, which, as you have yourself suggested, is perhaps . . . does not, I fancy, altogether conform—"

"Ah!" I interjected, eagerly, "then it is your own? You compose?"

"I put together a few thoughts—experiment occasionally, I should call it, in the intervals of more engrossing pursuits," he answered, a hint of bitterness in his tone. "I teach—you may have read my sign?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I had not happened to hear your name before; you are not, I take it, an Englishman?"

I was guiltily aware of my inquisitiveness, and hoped that he would not take offence, but the man's music still hummed in my brain, and I was determined to know more of it and its producer.

"No," he replied, thoughtfully, lighting a small briarwood pipe. "I am a Gael—a blend of Irish and Scotch, with Gallic, Slavic, and Teutonic ingredients: I studied theory and composition with Dronsler in Paris, and piano with Leschetizky in Vienna, and I have lived in Russia—so, you see, it has not been difficult for me to escape the charge of artistic parochialism. I came to London partly in the diverting belief that I might be able to introduce my music to your publishers and concert givers, and partly with the idea of impressing some manager with the desirability of exploiting me as a concert pianist. But your professional purveyors of music are a sordid crew, indurated and obtuse. I quite failed to impress them. Thank God for it!" he exclaimed, with an impulsive shift to a more passionate utterance. "I abhor the entire system—the sordid traffic in reputations and sensationalism, with its dependence upon a facile appeal to the smug, the orthodox, the spiritually obese. Oh, this vast, impenetrable, invincible Philistinism of yours, with its adoration of the easily compassed, the pleasantly accessible, the unperturbing, its intolerance of the uncanonized and the untrammelled, its contumely for the path-breaker!" He paced the floor as he declaimed, his voice tense and charged with an increasing bitterness. "I no longer make any attempt to write for a possible audience; even the irk of imparting technique and sensibility to the scions of the proud is being mercifully spared me," he continued with a mordant humor. "the gods are favoring me—I have had but two pupils this season, and now even they have considerately released me; there is no longer anything to hinder me from composing uninterruptedly, save the importunities of my gracelessly exigent landlady."

He ceased his restless pacing to and fro, and, going to the piano, shaped, lovingly, without touching the keys, phantom chords of curious structure and design. I watched him with a singular consciousness of intuition—the man's ardor and intensity, even in his silences, were apostolic.

And then he sounded some of those intangible chord-wraiths which I had just seen him trace silently upon the keyboard, gradually evoking from them a vaporous tonal fantasy the like of which I had never encountered—music which hung and drifted like colored smoke. In it the note of regret, of loss, of passionate reminiscence, was persistently sounded. It was music tinged with the remoteness and the melancholy of a spiritual solitude, but a solitude whose borderland was peopled with haunting and shadowy presences—presences which imaged, appealingly, abandoned griefs and passions and aspirations. . . .

It was almost nine o'clock when I stumbled down the unlighted stairway into the street, my brain a chamber of echoes resounding with the strangely fantastic and strangely beautiful music of the unfortunate genius into whose dreams I had been permitted to pry. How unfortunate he was I did not like to think, though I well knew. Such music as his could have but the barest chance of winning its way with publishers or conductors, for it spoke a language more esoteric than any imagined by even the most daring of modern innovators.

There was Reichmann, though, I thought—possibly I could arouse his curiosity in my newly discovered genius, whom I had already come to regard in the light of a possession. Reichmann had built up one of the most prosperous music publishing houses in London by virtue of an acute business sense and a sound but circumscribed taste, though he proclaimed a liberality of appreciation beyond that of his brother publishers. I would see him in the morning, and endeavor to interest him in this Celtic visionary with the legendary name who was sacrificing himself in the practice of a unique and, as I feared, unmarketable, art.

II

When I came to a stop, after as persuasive a presentation of my case as I had been able to achieve, Reichmann leaned back in his chair, his hands clasped behind his head, and regarded me with that suave but lurkingly contemptuous deference which he chooses to bestow upon any incautious utterance of enthusiasm.

"My dear Mr. Forbes," he said, in that exasperatingly deliberate voice of his, "I don't for a moment doubt that your find is authentic—ten years from now, probably, he will have succeeded Debussy as the chief theme of the musical small talk of the day. When that time comes, I shall be delighted to publish him. But why should I exploit him now? Who would buy his music, if it is as subtle in quality as you say? I suppose you remember the fate of those songs of Kovarik's that we did last year? You were the only critic in London, if I am not mistaken, who found any virtue in them whatsoever; you recall Hodgson's outrageous review in the *Saturday*? As for the public—well, I should be astonished to hear that we have disposed of a dozen copies besides the complimentary ones. The number was six, I think, on the last report I received. No—I have done with obscure geniuses.

"If your friend happens to be looking for work, though, I can put something in his way," he went on, with a change to a more business-like tone. "I want to get out a new collection of Wagner arrangements for piano—pretty full transcriptions, you know, not the usual colorless perversions. Do you think he could handle such a task successfully? You say he is an accomplished musician—"

"'Accomplished' is scarcely the word—he is a magician," I rejoined, somewhat tartly, for I was sorely disappointed—though had I been less eagerly forthright I might have predicted the certain result of my interview. However, this proffered commission would at least assure a temporary solvency for Hanrahan.

"Suppose you offer the work to him," went on Reichmann; "I'd rather like to see the thing attempted from a fresh point of view."

"Oh, I haven't the least doubt that he'll jump at the chance," I said, "he's in arrears with his rent, I have reason to know."

"Very well; I'll send him a set of scores to-morrow."

"That's good of you," I said, and rose to go. "I shall write him this afternoon."

"Why don't you get Kollner to play some of your friend's music?" said Reichmann, in his gravely mocking voice (Kollner was my brother-in-law, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and a musician of impenetrable conservatism); and Reichmann's laugh pursued my exasperated retreat down the hall.

III

It was late on a winter afternoon, and it was Christmas Eve, when I climbed again the steep ascent of Hanrahan's stairs to learn of his progress in the execution of Reichmann's commission, for which I, in a way, had made myself responsible. I had heard no word from him for almost three months, except a hurried and vividly characteristic note which had come to me the morning after I wrote to him concerning Reichmann's offer.

"For your intercession in my behalf with that eminent Personage whom you name," he had written, "be assured of my heartfelt thanks. The Wagner arrangements will yield the wherewithal to assuage the greed of my unconscionable landlady. But when I shall get at the work I do not know; for I have come upon a new subject for a tone-poem—a theme fit for the gods of art. Do you know the wonderful and pathetic history of the Celtic heroine, Deirdrê the Beautiful? Deirdrê, in whose eyes—you will read in the chronicles—were 'death and beauty'; Deirdrê, the type and image of desire, the source of immemorial enchantments; that 'beacon of deathless beauty' for whom Concobar the King knew madness! What a theme! what a theme! Think of it—think what one could make of it in music! I work at it night and day. They have not brought me my meals lately, and these winter days cramp the fingers for piano-work, but I can still push a pen along; though I am not as strong as I was. But I must finish this score—my blood and my brain are riotous with it. Do you know, I sometimes think I am aware of a vast sea of music, very near yet infinitely remote—a sea whose strange and haunting cadences I can hear in my sleep, but cannot yet capture when awake. If I might hear them waking I could drench the world with beauty. . . ."

The note had perturbed me—I could not forget it: its febrile sentences, with their undertone of ardor and sadness, lingered ineradicably in my brain.

I reached the top floor, laboring for breath, as before, and knocked at the musician's door. There was no response, and I knocked again, still unavailingly. As I knocked a third time, a door on the opposite side of the passage opened, and an elderly man—evidently a painter, for he held a palette on his thumb and his coat was generously bespattered—came out into the hall.

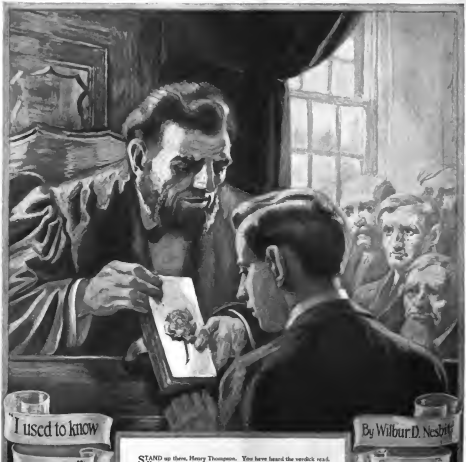
"I think Mr. Hanrahan must be ill," he said with a touch of anxiety in his voice. "He has not been seen nor heard for several days. If you are a friend of his, perhaps you had better try and enter his room. The janitor's wife, who prepares breakfast for some of the tenants, says he owes for back board, and she has refused to serve him anything to eat for a fortnight or to bring coals for his fire. I'm afraid he's in a bad way."

I tried the door, but it was locked. There was no sound from within. I waited for a moment, then flung my weight against the frail panels. The door broke open with a crash, and I stumbled into the room, the painter following me.

Hanrahan lay on his narrow couch, his face pitifully emaciated. The room had been stripped of its furnishings, save for the couch, the piano, and the small writing-table; and it was shockingly cold. On the floor in one corner lay a large package bearing the label of Reichmann's firm. It was unopened. On the piano rack was a quantity of manuscript music, noted down, apparently, in the utmost haste and excitement; and on the writing-table were sheets similarly covered. Beside the couch lay an open book, a volume of essays by a profound and subtle mystic. My eye involuntarily rested upon a passage which headed the upturned page. I read it with sudden and poignant understanding:

". . . *And ever after, his fellows spoke of him as one made insane by impossible dreams. But had not the Master of Illusions shown him his heart's desire and made it his?* . . ."

"Come," I said to the painter, who had stood, white and motionless, in the doorway; and stopping at the window, a sudden trouble in my throat, I drew down the shabby blind, for the pale winter sun struck full in the face of the silent figure across the room.



"I used to know your ma"

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

Decoration By Raymond Perry

STAND up there, Henry Thompson. You have heard the verdick read.
You're guilty. An' I guess it's best your ma is with the dead.
This would 'a' hurt her feelin's. She was tender-hearted like.
An' anybody's sorrow found her heart the place to strike.
She died when you was little. You was brought up by your pa.
I got to do my duty— But—I used to know your ma.

You favor her a good deal, got her look about the eyes —
When she was young, I mind them; they was like the summer skies.
I've watched you, Henry Thompson, while the jury was out there;
You've got your mother's dimple, but you've got your father's hair.
Well, marriage is a lott'ry, an' there's lots o' blanks, they say —
An' she run off to marry. Seems as if 'twas yesterday!

Your pa come here a stranger. He was always flashy dressed,
An' had some ways about him that I wouldn't call the best.
But he was from the city, with the city's dashin' ways,
An' half the girls was after him when he'd been here two days.
The rest of us would look at him with envy an' with awe.
You favor him a little—but, you look more like your ma.

What come o' him? You don't know, 'ceptin' that he went away?
Just left you to your kinfolks? Worked for board an' keep, you say.
Well, now, that wasn't pleasant; didn't give you half a chance.
I'll put that down as a extenuatin' circumstance.
That is a jedge's duty. It's required o' him to draw
A sensible conclusion—an', I used to know your ma.

She was a purty woman; had a sort o' dimplin' smile
That peeped out like th' sunshine almost every little while.
Smile, Henry. . . . There, that's like it! Why, I'd almost think that she
Had willed her smile to you, lad, for a sort o' legacy.
We used to go bob-sleddin'—had th' big sled filled with straw,
An' druv to spellin'-matches—that was 'fore she met your pa.

The sentence of this court is— I suppose it's thirty years
Sence I was at the huskin'-bee—an' I found two red ears.
Had two more in a minute! An' they tingled for a week.
But, Lord! There was a dimple in the middle of her cheek
More coaxin' than all other dimples that I ever saw.
That was before she married—when I used to know your ma.

How old are you? Nineteen? Well, that was her age to a day
When word went round the settlement that she had run away.
I' got a rose here somewheres; keep it in my pocket-book.
An', bein' you're her boy, I guess it's right for you to look.
It's just a old fool's fancy—but she give it to me then.
My eyes ain't what they once was— There! They trouble me again.

We never heard much of her, after her an' him had gone —
Just kept this rose to wither, while the years went rollin' on.
An' then, a long time after, come a telegram that read
How life an' death is with us—you was born, and she—was dead.
So, boy, I'm sorry for you, bein' brought up by your pa,
An' mostly absent treatment—when it should have been your ma.

I'd go to church a Sunday— If you could 'a' heard her sing!
My, how her voice could make you feel as glad as anything!
Someway it got right to you; there was something in the tone
That made you think of angels singin' round about the Throne.
Too bad she couldn't raise you. Never thought much of your pa.
She would 'a' kept you from this—for, you see, I knew your ma.

Well—no, I never married. Just been sort o' keepin' bach.
I reckon I was never what the girls would call a "catch."
An' when a man lives single, why, it's funny how it seems
He sees somebody smilin' an' can hear her voice in dreams.
I went when she was buried. If you'd go out there you might
See roses—always fresh ones—for they was her favor-ite.

Stand up there, Henry Thompson. You have heard the verdick here.
The jury says you're guilty, an' the jedge's course is clear.
The sentence of this court is—that from prison you are free,
Providin' that hereafter you will live along with me!
I know it ain't the statute, an' it's clear agin' the law,
But hearts are more than Blackstone—an'—I used to love your ma.

The Jests of Cicero's Countrymen

By Charles Johnston....

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

IN the days when we were plodding through the four conjugations we hardly thought of the Romans as a race of humorists; there was nothing irresistibly funny about an ablative absolute. And we were not far from the truth; for Julius Cæsar is a dry dog, even in the Irish translation: "All Gaul is quartered into three halves." There is some humor, perhaps, in that famous despatch, sent from Paul's city of Tarsus, and communicating the victory over the king of Pontus: "I came, saw, overcame." But as likely as not its brevity was mere thriftiness in words, not wit. In Virgil, too, there is hardly a smile. Would it not have lightened our days if that tedious and priggish person, the pious Æneas, had been represented by the Mantuan with a sense of humor? Tradition had it that Æneas was the son of goddess Venus and Anchises of Troy, but it is hard to see where he takes after his winsome and frivolous mamma.

But in Horace there is excellent fooling. Take that gay satire that tells how he was going by chance on the Sacred Way, tremendously intent on some trifle or other, when a bore overtook him, and, running up to him, wrung him warmly by the hand. "How do you do, dearest friend?" said the bore.

"Passably well," replied Horace, who barely knew his tormentor by sight; "passably well, as the times go; and I wish you everything you can desire." When the bore still followed him, Horace asked him whether he wanted anything.

"But you know me well," answered the bore, evidently hurt. "Am I not a man of learning?"

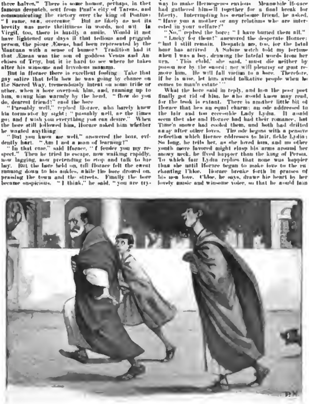
"In that case," said Horace, "I tender you my respect." Then he tried to escape, now walking rapidly, now lagging, now pretending to stop and talk to his boy. But the bore held on, till Horace felt the sweat running down to his ankles, while the bore droned on, praising the town and the streets. Finally the bore became suspicious. "I think," he said, "you are trying to get away? But you will not escape me. I shall stick by you. Whither are you going now?"

Horace, with desperate politeness, said that his worthy friend must not think of putting himself out so; that he had a long walk before him; was going, in fact, across the Tiber to visit a sick friend, one who dwelt by Cæsar's gardens, and whom his worthy friend did not even know by name. Horace does not say so, but we suspect that he invented this sick friend beyond the Tiber on the spur of the moment. But the bore stood his ground. "I have nothing particular to do this morning," he said, "and I am a good walker. I will go with you." Horace gave up in despair. He humorously describes himself as hanging down his ears like an overladen donkey, and plodding gloomily on his perfectly useless journey, while the bore began again praising himself, and saying what a desirable friend he would be, better than Viscus or Varius; for he could write more verses than they, and quicker, too, and he could dance, too, and sing, in a way to make Hermogenes envious. Meanwhile Horace had gathered himself together for a final break for liberty. Interrupting his wearisome friend, he asked, "Have you a mother or any relations who are interested in your welfare?"

"No," replied the bore; "I have buried them all."

"Lucky for them!" answered the desperate Horace; "but I still remain. Despatch me, too, for the fatal hour has arrived. A Sabine witch told my fortune when I was a boy, drawing the fateful words from her urn. 'This child,' she said, 'must die neither by poison nor by the sword; nor will pleurisy or gout remove him. He will fall victim to a bore. Therefore, if he is wise, let him avoid talkative people when he comes to man's estate.'"

What the bore said in reply, and how the poor poet finally got rid of him, he who would know may read, for the book is extant. There is another little bit of Horace that has an equal charm: an ode addressed to the fair and too accessible Lady Lydia. It would seem that she and Horace had had their romance, but Time's snows had cooled them, and both had drifted away after other loves. The ode begins with a pensive reflection which Horace addresses to fair, fickle Lydia: So long, he tells her, as she loved him, and no other youth more favored might clasp his arms around her snowy neck, he lived happier than the king of Persia. To which fair Lydia replies that none was happier than she until Horace began to make love to the enchanting Chloe. Horace breaks forth in praises of his new love. Chloe, he says, draws his heart by her lovely music and winsome voice, so that he would fain die for her, if thereby she might live. Lydia, not to be outdone, sings the praises of her new lover, Calais and Lydia, she says, burn with mutual fire; for Calais she would die, not once, but twice, if hard Fate would turn aside from him. Then, slyly sentimental, Horace wonders aloud what would happen if he and Lydia fell in love with each other again and were once more united under the yoke of Venus. What if golden-haired Chloe were turned down, and the door of his house once more opened to slighted Lydia? To which Lydia, not less sly, nor less sentimental, makes reply: Though Horace is light as a cork, and fitful as the gusty Adriatic, yet for his sake she would even dismiss the star-like Calais; for with Horace, her only true love, she would fain live; for him she would gladly die.



He tried to escape, now walking rapidly, now lagging, now pretending to stop and talk to his boy. But the bore held on

Full of genuine humor, too, is Horace's account of the millionaire's banquet, at which, in every element of magnificence, Horace manages to find some touch of vulgarity. Thus, when it was found that the boar's head had been kept too long, because the host had bought it at a bargain, he suggests that it has some vague excellence because it was killed while the south wind blew; having therefore a breath of Africa about it. The servants who waited at the table were clothed in purple, and one of the guests, Nomentanus, was invited, in order that he might point out any excellent thing in danger of passing unobserved. The tapestry suspended under the ceiling gave way and came down amid a cloud of dust, whereat Nomentanus, the flatterer, bewailed, while Varius smothered a laugh in his napkin. And so on, throughout the whole pretentious feast.

Juvenal followed in the footsteps of Horace, writing satires on the life about him with a keen and bitter wit. "What can I do at Rome?" he asks, in his famous third satire. "I cannot lie; I cannot praise a bad book and beg a copy; I cannot cast horoscopes; I cannot promise a father's death to his heir."

Again, he says: "Dire poverty has no sharper sting than this, that it makes a man ridiculous." But in another satire he paints the contrasted picture of the traveller with empty pockets laughing in the bandit's face. There is a contemporary touch in his saying, "He who wishes to get rich wishes to get rich quick"; and he says elsewhere that lost riches are lamented with true tears. Juvenal has a sharp word picture of the Greeks, whom he seems to have respected as little as did Shakespeare, for he calls them "a race of comedians. If you smile, your Greek friend shakes with laughter. If he sees a tear in your eye, he weeps, though he is indifferent. If you ask for a little fire in winter, he pulls his cloak about him. If you complain of the heat, he sweats."

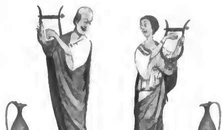
Yet Roman literature is tremendously indebted to the Greeks, from its very beginning, and especially in the matter of humor. For both Plautus and Terence, who bear between them the burden of Latin comedy, are wholly under Greek influence, though they write in more rugged Latin. Their people are Greek, their names are Greek, their plots are Greek and for the most part laid in Greece. But it is a Greece of degenerate days, and, with much genuine humor, there is more that is harsh and crude in their comedies. Plautus has the more ingenious plots, and some witty sayings, such as this: "Never in any age was there such a wonder found as a taciturn woman"; or this, "Man is a wolf to man"; with which one may contrast the German, "Ein Mensch ist des andern Teufel." Plautus has the saying, "The flame is near the smoke"; "Man proposes and God disposes"; "A friend in need is a friend indeed"; and the suggestive image, "To whiten ivory with ink." And from Terence one may quote the immortal saw, "Lovers' quarrels are a renewal of love." Terence also makes one of his characters shrewdly say, "As usual, it happens that my ills reach your ears before your joys reach mine"; and another says, "Thou knowest the way of women; while they are prinking, a year passes." To Terence must be accredited this, "An old saying, and a true, 'Of all mankind, each loves himself the best.'" He also says, "A word to the wise is enough"; "Where there is life there is hope"; and uses the simile, "To harp on the same string." Terence, too, tells us that Venus grows cold without banquets and wine; which is the old way of saying that when poverty comes in at the door love goes out by the window.

So did these two old comedians write in Latin, while they thought in Greek. For Latin was always something too stolid and stiff for jesting; and the days of Rome's decline have begun before we find a return to genuine humor. I might venture to suggest that something of the same kind is true of the waning of Puritanism in this country, and that the humorist and the malefactor of great wealth appeared about the same time, were it not that I fear to trespass on Signor Ferrero's preserves.

So it happens, very naturally, that, when the later Romans allow themselves to jest, they very often jest in Greek, as Shakespeare so acutely remarked of Cicero. And among these Greek jesting Latins there is none so amusing as Lucillius, who is, indeed, one of the wittiest of mankind. Of his life not very much seems to be known, though, happily, a great many of his jests are still among the living. Rather mocking the great epic poets, Lucillius says: "'Of the Muses of Helicon let me sing,' thus wrote Hesiod, while he tended his sheep. 'Goddess, sing the anger of Achilles,' and, 'Sing, Muse, the man,' thus Homer began his poems. I, too, must write a prelude. What shall I write, to begin my second book? 'Muses of Olympus, ye daughters of Zeus, I should have been lost had not Nero, a descendant of Cæsar, put up the cash.'" So Lucillius, the jester, was a debtor to Nero, the sentimental firelight fiddler of Rome, the same who crucified Peter and beheaded Paul.

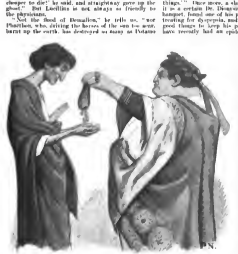
Now to give a taste of Lucillius's quality. "Slanderers say, O Nicylla," he writes to a fashionable though faded beauty, "that you dye your hair black. It is false. It was black when you bought it!" To another lady he writes, "Demosthenis, your mirror is false; if it were not, you would not be willing to look into it." Of a certain professional athlete Lucillius said, "Eutychides was a slow runner on the course, but if you invited him to dinner, he sprinted." Lucillius seems to have had a particular aversion to a certain poor painter, Menestratus by name. He is never tired of girding at him. "You painted Deucalion of the flood," he says, "and Phaëthon who was scorched by the sun. Now you ask their value. Well, Phaëthon deserves fire, and Deucalion water." Hardly less sharp is this: "Asclepiades the miser once saw a mouse in his house, and said, 'What art thou doing, dearest mouse, in my house?' And the mouse, sweetly smiling, replied, 'Fear not, friend. We seek from you not food, but lodging!'" Here is an epigram even more personal: "As you have such a face, Olympicus, go not near a fountain, nor any clear water; for, like Narcissus, you will die if you see your reflection in the water." Here is another pitiless little character sketch in the same vein: "Hermocrates, the money-lover, as he lay dying put his own name in his will as heir. Then he began to reckon up how much it would cost him if he at length recovered and had to reward the physician, and if he died at once. He found that in the latter case he would save a drachma. 'It is cheaper to die!' he said, and straightway gave up the ghost." But Lucillius is not always so friendly to the physicians.

"Not the flood of Deucalion," he tells us, "nor Phaëthon, who, driving the horses of the sun too near, burnt up the earth, has destroyed so many as Potamo the poet, and Hermogenes the surgeon. So that for each age there has been its calamity: Deucalion, Phaëthon, Potamo, Hermogenes." Lucillius thus taunts a cowardly warrior: "If an army is to be raised to fight against grasshoppers, or dog-flies, or the cavalry of fleas or frogs, then, Caius, thou art in danger of being enrolled; but not if an army of brave men is needed. The Romans are not going to fight against cranes." Lucillius, who has already peppered the doctors, now pays his respects to his lawyer, who seems to have dragged all the great names of antiquity into his pleading in a petty theft. "I lost a little pig," says Lucillius, "and an ox, and a she-goat, on account of which you, Menecles, received a lawyer's fee. But neither has anything happened in common to me and Othryades; nor do I lead away any as thieves from Thermopylæ; but we have a case against Eutychides; so what has Xerxes to do here, and what the Lacedæmonians? But keep my case in mind, or I will cry out, 'Menecles says some things, the little pigs say other things.'" Once more, a slap at the doctors; this time it is a certain Dr. Dionysius, who, being invited to a banquet, found one of his patients there whom he was treating for dyspepsia, and promptly devoured all the good things to keep his patient out of danger. We have recently had an epidemic of dancers, who have presented to us, by their art, all kinds of wonderful things. It would seem that in this, too, to corroborate Signor Ferrero, modern America repeats ancient Rome. And if we feel inclined to satirize them, we have a model ready to hand in Lucillius, who wrote of a dancer of his day: "Although dancing entirely according to history, you have, by neglecting one thing of the greatest moment, given me great pain. For in dancing the part of Niobe you stood like a rock, and again, while you were Capaneus you fell down on a sudden; but in the part of Canace you acted unnaturally, for though there was a sword beside you, you went off the stage alive. This was quite contrary to the story." For Canace had at least killed herself. And here is a bitter enough word picture of a bad orator: "Pluto, god of the underworld, will not receive Marcus, the orator, when he dies, for he will say that Cerberus, the dog of Hades, is enough for him; or perhaps he will say to Marcus, 'Go, make orations before the chiefest sinners like Ixion, and Melito, the lyric poet, and Tityus. For I have no evil greater than you to punish them with, until Rufus, the grammarian, arrives.'" It would be hard to find in all literature anything more bitterly witty than that.



Then, slyly sentimental, Horace wonders what would happen if he and Lydia fell in love with each other again

In something the same vein is Lucian, though perhaps he is a shade more humane. Of his own books he says: "I, Lucian, wrote these, acquainted with things old and foolish; for foolish indeed are the things thought wise by mankind. There is no wit in man to judge between them. What fills you with wonder is for others something to laugh at." It is easy enough, indeed, to laugh with Lucian; what, for instance, could be more apt than this? "Antiochus once saw the purse of Lysimachus. Lysimachus never saw it again." Again he says, somewhat in the spirit of old Horace: "That poet is truly best who gives his audience a supper. But if he merely reads his poems and sends them home hungry, may he turn his poetic frenzy against himself!" Very witty, too, is this little anecdote which Lucian tells: "Amongst all who were drunk, Acindynus remained sober; therefore it was thought that he got drunk when he was alone." Here is an epigram of Lucian's which is as good as anything in literature. Strictly speaking, perhaps, it is a conundrum: "O goddess! who hatest the poor and art the sole subduer of wealth, who knowest rich living at all times, who delightest to be supported on strange feet, and wearest slippers of felt, and carest much for ointments. Thee, too, garlands delight, and the liquor of Ausonian Bacchus. But these things are never within the reach of the poor. Therefore thou fleest from the threshold of poverty and comest with delight to the feet of the rich!" The name of the goddess to which these praises are addressed is Podagra, which, being interpreted, is the gout. For it is true that gout forsakes the threshold of the poor and comes gladly to the feet of the rich. We saw how Lucillius played on the first lines of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Here is something similar, and perhaps even wittier, from Lucian. It is once more a dig at the doctors. "A certain physician," says Lucian, "sent his son to me to study Homer. He first learned, 'Sing, O Muse, the wrath of Achilles,' and then, 'He caused ten thousand sorrows to the Greeks'; but after I had taught him, 'And he sent untimely many souls to Hades,' and his father took him away, saying to me, 'Many thanks, my friend, but my child can learn that at home. For I myself send many souls untimely to Hades, so I need no tutor for that!'" But perhaps the funniest thing Lucian ever said is this: "A fool was bitten by many fleas. He put out the light, and said, 'Now you cannot see me!'"



"Muses of Olympus, ye daughters of Zeus, I should have been lost had not Nero, a descendant of Cæsar, put up the cash"

Uncle Henry's Christmaswhisk

BY HENRY UNDERWOOD, D.W.

UNCLE HENRY W. MIPP, whose profuse, profound, and philanthropic whiskers have long made him the joy of Snohomish and the envy of all the rest of Montana, gave his little nephews and nieces a treat last Christmas that they will never, never forget. It is chronicled here in the hope that Uncle Henry's example may incite other good men and true to do something to relieve the monotony of the usual Christmas-tree exercises.

Uncle Henry has the largest sheep-ranch in Snohomish and the largest whiskers in the world. Many a time and oft has he dug two or three perishing lambs out of a snowdrift, wrapped them in his soft, warm whiskers, and thawed them back to life and happiness. Having cleaned up a profit of $250,000 last year, he resolved to come back East and hunt up the relatives he had neither seen nor heard from in nearly twenty years. He found that all four of his brothers had married and were raising large families at Whiteing, New Jersey. Presenting himself at the door of brother Charley's house at dusk one evening shortly before Christmas, he revealed his identity, but omitted to say anything about his wealth. Indeed, he had carefully arrayed himself in his oldest, roughest clothes, which his valet had brought on for that purpose, before leaving his suite in the Hotel Waldobocker that afternoon; so that to the casual eye he seemed poor—in everything but whiskers.

Brother Charley knew him at the first glance, whacked him on the back, affectionately wrung his hand, had him in to dinner, and introduced him to his wife and eight children. After dinner he telephoned the good news to brothers Pete and Jim and Bill, and they came trooping over to Charley's house with their wives and seven, six, and five children, respectively, and gave Uncle Henry the Time of His Life. They popped corn and toasted apples and drank sweet cider and hard cider and ate all the mince pie anybody cared for till 'way past ten o'clock that night. They vowed that Uncle Henry being a poor, lone, lorn bachelor, should not be allowed to go back to the Mills Hotel Number Two, or wherever else he might be staying, until at least after New Year's Day.

Uncle Henry was happy, grateful, and proud of his family, but many years amid the vast silences of mountain, forest, and plain in Montana had taught him to conceal his emotions with such skill that even a Sherlock would never have suspected. On the morning of December 24th he vanished by way of the 7.42 train, and he did not reappear until eight o'clock that evening, when the last of the dinner dishes had been put away and the children were on the way to bed. A happy gleam shone in Uncle Henry's deep blue eyes, and there came anon a quaint tinkling sound from the innermost recesses and purlieus of his Black Forest of whiskers.

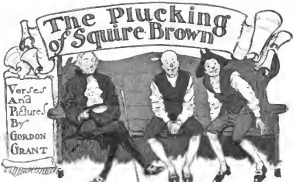
"Get busy, Charley," he roared, in his breezy Western way. "Phone to Pete and Jim and Bill, and tell them to bring over their wives and their seven, six, and five children, respectively, and I'll—well, you'll see."

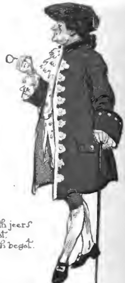
So when they were all assembled, Uncle Henry stood at the end of the parlor, stood towering among his whiskers like a great, tall fir tree. He chuckled as he began to call the names of each of his brothers and each of their wives and each of their eight, seven, six, and five children, respectively, and as every one approached him he handed him or her a present—an automobile or a pair of skates, or a horse, or a new niblick, or a grand piano, or a phonograph, or whatsoever else he had heard them wish for.

And did he pluck these from the boughs of a Christmas tree? Nay, nay. He had each and every one of the gifts concealed among the boughs and branches and interlacing strands of his royal homegrown Montana whiskers. And when he called the name of little Minna Mipp, Bill's youngest daughter, and Minna toddled up to him, Uncle Henry did not hand her a present at all, but lifted her up and let her climb in among his whiskers. They could hear her cooing and gurgling among the dark and tangled boscage, and when after five minutes she emerged she was waving a beautiful shiny silver rattle which Uncle Henry had wrapped up in a nice, new, negotiable United States four and a half per-cent ten-thousand-dollar bond.

The Plucking of Squire Brown

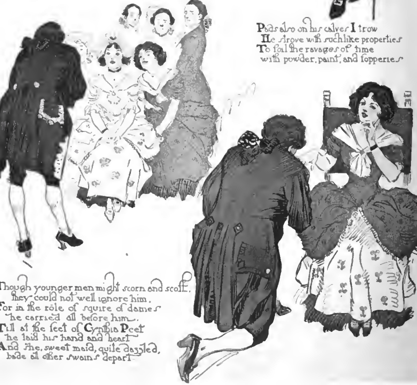
Verses And Pictures By GORDON GRANT



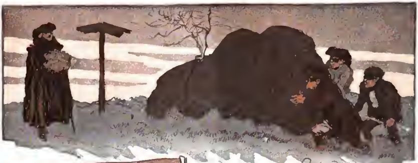


In all New England's wide expanse, in country side or town,
I vow ye would not find the like of worthy Squire Brown.
A man of parts and large estate, he owned to forty years.
But this was heard with smiles by some, by some less kind, with jeers
The truth be told, the Squire was bald, a chestnut wig cured that,
And shoulder pads eke served their turn, and seeming breadth begat.

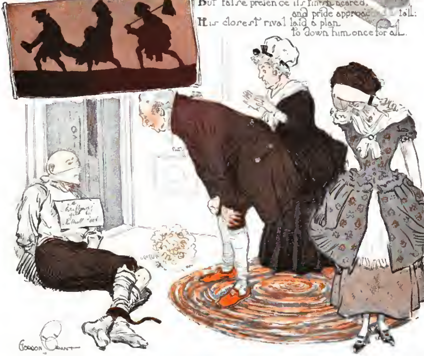
Pads also on his calves I trow
He strove with suchlike properties
To foil the ravages of time
with powder, paint, and fopperies



Though younger men might scorn and scoff,
they could not well ignore him.
For in the rôle of squire of dames
he carried all before him.
Till at the feet of Cynthia Peet
he laid his hand and heart
And she, sweet maid, quite dazzled,
bade all other swains depart

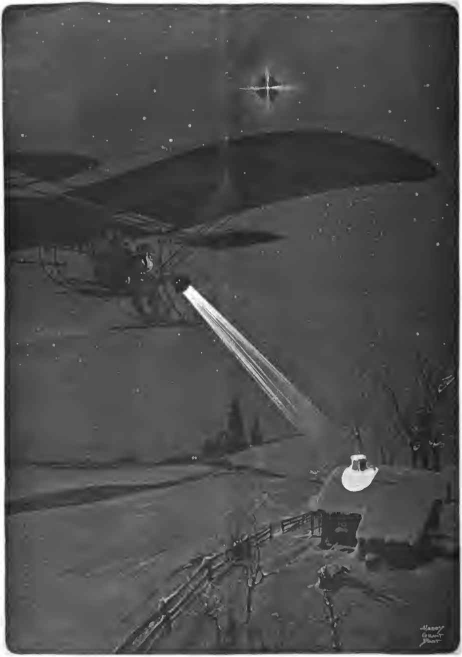


But false pretence its finish neared,
and pride approac[illegible] fall:
His closest rival laid a plan
to down him once for all.



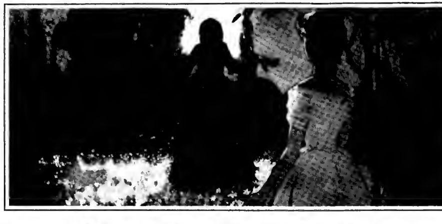
As Squire Brown on Christmas Night, betook him off to sup
With Sheriff Peet and family, three masked men sprang up
Beside the road, and with despatch, and rope and gag disabled,
They laid him at his lady's door, sans gear and duly labelled.

'Twere kinder from the curious gaze the finish to withhold.
To such as wont admit their years and gracefully grow old
Humiliation comes at length, and bitter is the fall,
For youth becomes a young man best; an old man
not at all.


HARRY GRANT DART

A NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT

DRAWN BY HARRY GRANT DART



The Witch's Daughter

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

ILLUSTRATION BY J. A. WILLIAMS

IT was well for old Elma Franklin that Cotton Mather had passed to either the heaven or hell in which he believed; it was well that the Salem witchcraft days were over, although not so long ago, or it would have fared ill with her. As it was, she was shunned, and at the same time cringed to. People feared to fear her. Witches were no longer accused in court, and put to torture and death, but human superstitions die hard. The heads thereof may be cut off, but their noxious bodies of fear and suspicions writhe long. People in that little New England village, which was as stiff and unyielding as its own poplar-trees which sentinelled so many of its houses, knew nothing of that making of horns which averts the evil eye. They shuddered upon their orthodox heights at the idea of the sign of the cross, but many would have fain taken refuge therein for the easing of their unquiet imaginations when they dwelt upon old Elma Franklin. Many a woman whispered to another under promise of strict secrecy that she was sure that Elma bore upon her lean withered body the witch-sign; many a man, when he told his neighbor of the death of his cow or horse, nodded furtively toward old Elma's dwelling. In truth, old Elma's appearance alone, had it been only a few years ago, would have condemned her. Lean was she, and withered in a hard brown fashion like old leather. Her eyes were of a blue so bright that people said they felt like swooning before their glance; and what right had a woman, so old and wrinkled, with a head of golden hair like a young girl's? Her own hair, too, and she would wear no wig like other decent women of less than her age. And what right had she with that flower-like daughter Daphne?

Young creatures like Daphne are not born of women like Elma Franklin, who must have been old sixteen years agone. Daphne was sixteen. Daphne had a Greek name and Greek beauty. She was very small, but very perfect, and finished like an ivory statue whose sculptor had toiled for his own immortality. Daphne had golden hair like her mother's, but it waved in a fashion past finding out over her little ears, whose tips showed below like the pointed petals of pink roses, and her chin and cheeks curved as clearly as a rose, and her nose made a rapture of her profile, and her neck was long and slowly turning, and her eyes were not blue like her mother's, but sweet and dark, and gently regardant, and her hands were as white and smooth as lilies, whereas hands had never been seen so knotted and wickedly veined as if with unholy clawing as her mother's.

Daphne led, however, as lonely a life as her mother. People were afraid. Dark stories, vile stories, were whispered among that pitiless, bigoted people. Old Elma and Daphne lived alone in their poor little cottage, although in the midst of fertile fields, and they fed on the milk of their two cows, and the eggs of their chickens and the vegetables of their garden, and the honey of their bees. Old Elma hived them when they swarmed with never any protection for that strange face and those hands of hers, and people said the bees were of an evil breed, and familiars of old Elma's, and durst not sting her. Young men sometimes cast eyes askance at Daphne, but turned away, and old Elma knew the reason why, and she hated them; for hatred prospered in her heart, coming as she did of a strong and fierce race. Elma combed her daughter's wonderful golden locks, and dressed her in fine stuff made of a store which she had in a great carved chest in the garret, and would have had the girl go to meeting where she could be seen and admired; but Daphne went once, and was ever after afraid to venture, because of the black looks cast upon her, which seemed to sear her gentle heart, for the girl was so gentle that she seemed to have no voice of insistence for her own rights. When her mother chid her, saying, with the disappointment of a great love, that she had with her own hands fashioned her wonderful gown of red shot with golden threads and embroidered with silver flowers, and had wrought with fine needlework her lace kerchief and her mitts and her scarf, and that it was a shame that she must needs, with all this goodly apparel, slink beside her own hearth and be seen of no one, the girl only kissed her mother on her leathery brown cheek, and smiled like an angel. Daphne was a maiden of few words, and that would have enticed lovers had it not been for her mother. However, at last came Harry Edgelake, and he was bolder than the rest, and the moment he set eyes upon the girl clad in green with a rose in her hair and a rose at her breast, spinning in a cool shadow at her mother's door, his heart melted and he swore that he would wed her, came she of a whole witch tribe. But Harry had more than he recked at first to deal with in the way of opposition. He came of a long line of eminent ministers of the Word, and his grandfather and father still survived, and were of the Cotton Mather strain. Although they talked none, they would, if the good old days had endured, have had old Elma up before the judges; for all the cattle in the precinct, and all the poor crops, and every thunder tempest and lightning stroke, and all strange noises they laid at her door, nodding at each other and whispering.

Therefore when it came to their ears that Harry, who had just come home from Harvard, and was to be, had he a call, a minister of the Word, like themselves, had been seen standing and chatting by the hour beside the witch's daughter as she spun in the shade with her golden head shining out in it like a star, he was sternly reasoned with. And when he heeded not the counsel of his elders, but was seen strolling down lovers' lane with the maid, great stress was laid to bear upon him, and he was sent away to Boston town, and Daphne watched and he came not, and old Elma watched the girl watch in vain, and her evil passions grew; for evil surely dwelt in her heart, as in most human hearts, and she had been sorely dealt with and badgered, and the girl was her one delight of life, and the girl's sorrow was her own magnified into the most cruel torture that a heart can bear and live.

And whether she were a witch or not, much brooding upon the suspicion with which people regarded her had made her uncertain of herself, and she owned a strange book of magic, over which she loved to pore when the cry of the hounds of her kind was in her ears, and she resolved one night when a month had passed and she knew her daughter to be pining for her lover, that if she were indeed witch as they said, she would use witchcraft.

The moon was at the full, and the wide field behind her cottage, which had been shorn for hay for the cows, glittered like a silver shield, and upon the silver shield were little wheels also like silver woven by spiders for their prey, and strange lights of dew blazed out here and there like stars. And old Elma led her daughter out into the field, and Elma wore a sad colored gown which made her passing like the passing of a shadow, and Daphne was all in white, which made her passing like that of a moonbeam, and the mother took her daughter by the arm, and she so loved her that she hurt her.

"Mother, you hurt me, you hurt me!" moaned Daphne, and directly the mother's grasp of the little fair arm was as if she touched a new born babe.

"What aileth thee, sweetheart?" she whispered, but the girl only sobbed gently.

"It is for thy lover and not a maid in the precinct so fair and good," said the mother, in her fierce old voice.

And Daphne sobbed again, and the mother gathered her in her arms.

"Sweetheart, thy mother will compel love for thee," she whispered, and the girl shrank away in fear, for there was something strange in her mother's voice.

"I want no witchery," she whispered.

"Nay, but this is good witchery, to call true love to true love."

"If love cannot be called else, I want not love at all."

"But, sweetheart, this is not black but white witchery."

"I want none, and besides—"

"Besides?"

The girl said no more, but the mother knew that it was because of her that the lover had fled, and not because of lack of love.

"See, sweetheart," said old Elma, "I know a charm."

"I will have no charm, mother; I tell thee I will have no charm."

"Sweetheart, watch thy mother cross the field from east to west and from north to south, and criss-cross like the spiders' webs, and see if thou thinkest it harmful witchcraft."

"I will not, mother," said the girl, but she watched.

And old Elma crossed the field from east to west and from north to south, and crisscrossed like the spiders' webs, and ever after her trailed lines of brighter silver than the dew which lay up the field, until the whole was like a wonderful web, and in the midst shone a great silver light as if the moon had fallen there, although still in the sky.

Then came old Elma to her daughter, and her face in the strange light was fair and young. "Daughter, daughter," said the mother, "but follow the lines of light thy mother's feet have made and come to the central light, and thy lover shall be there."

But the daughter stood in her place, like a white lily whose roots none could stir save to her death. "I follow not, mother," she said. "It would be to his soul's undoing, and better I love his soul and its fair salvation than his body and his heart in this world."

And the mother was silent, for she truly knew not as to the spell whether it concerned the soul's salvation.

But she had still another spell, which she had learned from her strange book. "Then stay, daughter," said old Elma, and straightway she crossed the paths of light which she made, and they vanished, and the meadow became as before, but in the midst old Elma stood, and said strange words under her breath, and waved her arms, while her daughter watched her fearfully. And as she watched, Daphne saw spring up, in the meadow in the space over which her mother's long arms waved, a patch of white lilies, which gave out lights like no lilies of earth, and their wonderful scent came in her face. And her mother hurried back, and in her hurrying was like a black shadow passing over the meadow.

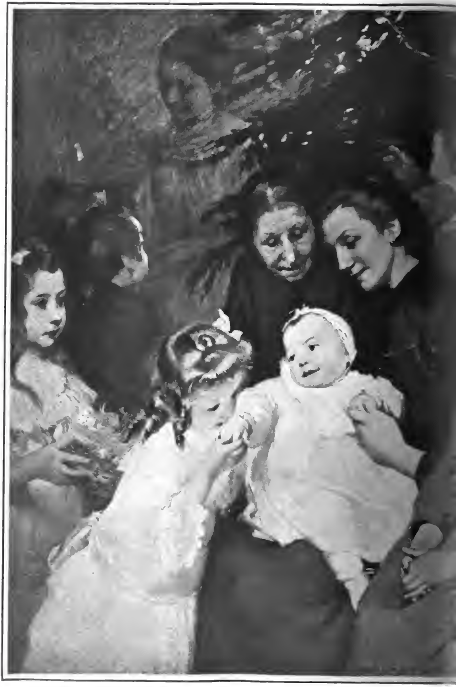
"And go to the patch of lilies, sweetheart," she said, "and in the time which it takes thee to reach them thy lover will have gone over the forests and the waters, and he will meet thee in the lilies."

But Daphne stood firm in her place. "I go not, mother," she said. "It would be to his dear soul's undoing, and better I love his soul and his soul's heaven than I love him and myself."

Then down lay old Elma upon the silver shield of the meadow like a black shadow at her daughter's feet.

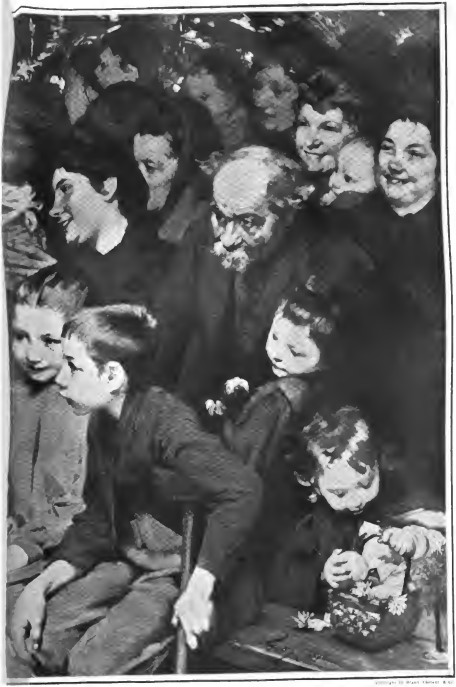
"Then is there but one way left, sweetheart," came her voice from among the meadow grasses like the love-song of a stricken mother bird. "There is but one way, sweet daughter of mine. Step thou over thy mother's body, darling, and cross to the patch of lilies, and I swear to thee, by the Christ and the Cross and all that the meeting-folk hold sacred, that thou shalt have thy

(Continued on page 32)



BEARERS

FROM THE PAI



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OF GIFTS

BY J. GEOFFROY

A FRIEND IN NEED

UNCLE JEDEDIAH'S DILEMMA

"WAAL, I dun'no'," said Uncle Jedediah, as he gazed out of the Post-office window at the falling snow—"I dun'no' as I care so much about these here Christmas joys. I believe in celebratin' the day, o' course, but it's a mighty tryin' period for a feller like me runnin' a emporreum like my store. The rush o' business come Christmas-time is suthin' awful. I guess they must ha' been five people in my place yestiddy, buyin' things to give to their folks Christmas mornin'. It's mighty tryin' for a feller of my kind, bubblin' over with good-feelin' and sociability to have to keep my mouth shet about all these little supprizes that I know about. F'r instance, Mrs. Si Hawkins she come in yestiddy afternoon an' bought a brand-new wash-b'iler to put into Si's stockin' on Christmas with the love of Santy Claus, an' I ain't in a p'sition to even mention it to Silas when he comes into the store, becuz she wants to supprize him with it—and yet, when Si settles down to a friendly gossip about what's goin' on, I can't think o' nothin' but wash-b'ilers, and wash-b'ilers.

"'Bright day, Jed'diah,' says Si.

"'Ya-as,' says I. 'Kind of. 'Tain't no brighter 'n my wash-b'ilers, though.'

"'Lot o' hot air in Jim Webster's speech down to Newb'ry last night,' says Si.

"'Ya-as,' says I. 'Most as much as flies out o' one o' my wash-b'ilers when she gets a goin',' says I.

"'Hank Wiggins is into a lot o' hot watter about them nineteen-two eggs he sold for fresh to the Widder Fishback,' says Si.

"'Ya-as,' says I. 'Ye'd almost think he'd fell into one o' my wash-b'ilers,' says I.

"Then Silas he looks at me kind o' queer, an' says, 'What's the matter of you, Jed'diah? What's settin' these here wash-b'ilers to bilin' you this way?'

"'Oh, nuthin',' says I, grinnin' like a cheesy cat.

"'Waal, that reminds me, Jed,' says Si. 'My old woman kind o' wants a new wash-b'iler for a Christmas present—guess ye'd better set one of 'em aside, an' I'll take it up t' the house as a Christmas supprise.'

"Then, b'gosh! how can I keep from tellin' him?" said the old man, plaintively. "An' so it goes through the hull blamed town. Bill Sampson buys a new corn-cob pipe to give to his wife, and Lindy Sampson buys a set o' knitted tidies to give to Bill. Sairy Wintergreen gets Bob Slithers a new green butterfly tie, and Bob gets Sairy a nice pot o' white enamel paint, and so on, and I'm expected to keep shet about it all until after Christmas. It ain't in human nature to be bustin' with news and not bust! I tell ye it's a strain."

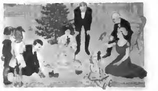
"Must be," said I, sympathetically.

"The wust thing ever happened was this mornin', though," the old man went on, pulling the end of his chin whisker meditatively. "Old Missus Bumpus, from Quincey Corners, come a-hoppin' into the store, and after lookin' the hull place over for an hour or two she finally boxed a mustache cup for Liffet—one o' them patent coffee-cups, ye know, made so's a feller with a head o' hair on his upper lip can drink his coffee without his lookin' like a picture o' Booker Washin'ton goin' over Niagary Falls.

"'Just the thing for Liffet!' says she.

"'Ya-as,' says I.

"'Waal, mind ye, Jed'diah Peavey,' says she, 'don't ye dast mention it to Liffet that I've took it for his Christmas, or I'll never buy another thing in this here emporreum of yourn as long as I live.'



HOW THE CHILDREN DO ENJOY THEIR TOYS!

"So I swore by all that was holy I'd never breathe nuthin' about it to Liff nor nobody else. Waal, sir, less 'n an hour after that I took a barrel o' bay-rum over to Horry Squogge's barber shop, an' whilst I was a settin' there waitin' for Horry to pay me for it, in walks Liffet Bumpus, sets himself down in the chair, an' turnin' to Horry, he says, says he: 'Horry, just take these here tossels off'n my upper lip. I'm gettin' sick o' lookin' like a ding-basted mantelpiece with a new red lambrykin a-hangin' over the edge!'

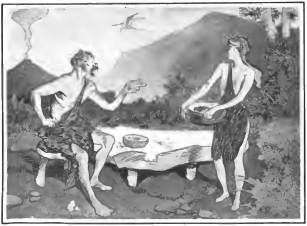
"By gorry! my heart went plunkin' down into my boots when Liff said that! What ought I to have did? Keep my oath to old Missus Bumpus and let Liff get shaved and spile everythin', or betray the confidence imposed into me for the sake of the supprize?"

"By Jove!" said I, deeply moved by the old man's trouble. "That is a problem, Uncle Jedediah, and I don't know how anybody but yourself this side of Solomon could solve it wisely. What did you do?"

"I clapped my mouth so tight shet I ain't scarcely been able to open it since, and run," said Uncle Jedediah, looking gloomily out of the window. "They's only one consolation," he added, lighting his pipe.

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's a gol-dermed poor coffee-cup that can't be turned into a shavin'-mug at a pinch," said the old man.



THIS ANTEDATES CHRISTMAS

ADAM: "OH! HANG IT! IS THERE NOTHING FOR DINNER BUT ORNITHORHYNCUS? WE HAD IT ROAST ON MONDAY, COLD ON TUESDAY, HASHED LAST NIGHT, AND NOW YOU'RE GIVING IT TO ME IN CROQUETTES."

OMAR ON SANTA CLAUS

MYSELF, when young, precociously did mock
At all the other babies on our block,
Reviling tales of Santa Claus as "fakes,"
Their cherished Christmas sentiments to shock!

Yea, more especially I loved to paint
Our parents masquerading as the Saint,
And when my playmates fearfully inquired,
"Ain't there a Santy Claus?" I'd scoff, "There ain't!"

But now, with kiddies to the count of five,
In Santa's cause with all my skill I strive.
That day my children find he's just their Dad,
I'll be the very sorriest man alive!

MAZIE V. CARUTHERS.

SOME TIMELY SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

A NICE present for a poor young man to send to a rich uncle at Christmas-time is a blank check-book on the old gentleman's favorite bank, the checks made of deckle-edged paper, and bound in red polished morocco. This with the words, "Love the Giver," or, "Remember Me," stamped in gold letters on the cover, will at least touch the recipient's heart, and possibly his pocket-book.

Little gifts which are symbolical of the recipient's special talents are always charming and appropriate. For instance, an imitation porterhouse steak made of asbestos, and inscribed with her name, will prove an admirable souvenir for a cook, and if you have a waitress who is a terror in the destruction of china, a chromo lithograph of a seascape entitled *The Breakers*, or possibly a picture of Mephistopheles labelled *The Old Nick*, accompanied by a card bearing the legend, "To Our New Nicker, with Love," will be found to be full of suggestive sentiment.

If you have a somewhat acrid maiden aunt who, for reasons of policy, must be remembered at Christmas-time, you may observe the requirements of the day and at the same time soothe your own irritated spirit by sending her a handsomely carved lemon-squeezer, with a card upon which is written the line, "A Charm for Aunt Tabby from George."

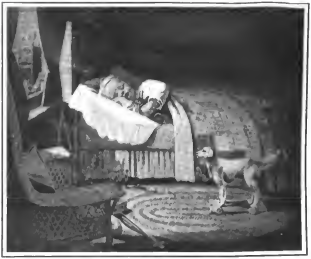
A handsome gift for a family physician to make to the head of a family who has not paid his bill for an overlong time is a cardboard motto, embroidered in richly colored worsteds, framed with a black border ornamented with quinine pills, reading, "When this you git, oh, please remit."

For a chauffeur who is always doing some kind of damage to your car, either a nicely engrossed reference recommending him to somebody else for employment as a smashing good driver, accompanied by a note giving him forty years' leave of absence without pay, or a large sledge-hammer with the words, "Use This and Save Your Gasoline," engraved upon the handle, will be most appropriate.

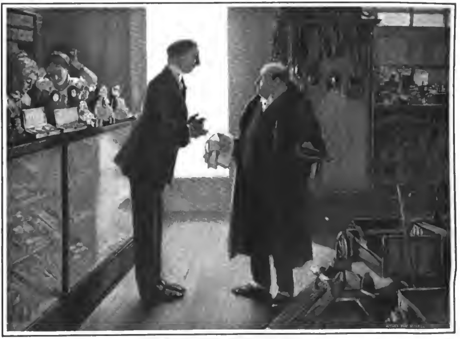
For your son in college who seems to have acquired a faculty for exceeding his income a suggestive present consists of a fountain-pen that will not work, together with an engraved card bidding him to use only this when writing home for more money. It will be well also to suggest that he use it to draw checks with.

If your mother-in-law is intending to visit you at Christmas-time, a suitable present, whose subtlety is likely to escape her eye, and at the same time enable you to obtain a specified result, is the payment of her railway expenses: only be careful to buy a return ticket, plainly stamped in large blue letters on the back, "Not Good after Five Days from the Date of Issue." This, with an illuminated card on which is printed the good old song, "Home, Sweet Home," handed to her on Christmas Eve, should suffice to make the old lady's stay as brief as it is happy.

For a poor relation who has considerable difficulty in making both ends meet, it will be far better to send a few dozen pairs of well-darned socks suitable for himself and his children, with a package of hosiery of a more far-reaching kind thrown in for his wife and daughters, than to sit up nights wondering what to put into the socks and stockings already in their possession. It is a safe maxim for Christmas in any year, whether it be one of vast prosperity or otherwise, that "A sock on the foot is worth two on the neck," and it is true beyond question that "A warm furnace is rather to be chosen than a grand piano in an empty larder."

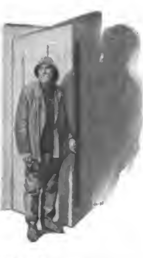


CHRISTMAS NIGHT—THE WATCHDOG



HE KNEW JUST WHAT HE WANTED

BACHELOR AT CHRISTMAS: "Er—I want to get presents for—er—about seven nieces and—er—five or six nephews varying in age from six months to—say—eight years."



The Keeper of the Light

By Victor Rousseau

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD HEATH

"YES, Monsieur, it is true that our lighthouse-keeper is an ex-convict," said the curé, lighting the cigar that Slade had handed him. "But then, since he has paid the penalty to the province for the life he took, why should he not atone to God by saving lives? Besides," he added, smiling benignantly, "it is hard for a man to be so very bad here, in Tête des Rochers."

Some girls came up the path that led to his little stone-hewn house, and, excusing himself, the priest led them inside. Slade and I sat smoking upon the stoop, gazing downhill toward the lights of the Gulf hamlet.

"There's some mighty good-looking girls in this God-forsaken corner of the world," said Slade, "but I tell you that old convict's daughter has them all beaten. Did you see the look that chunky French Canadian mill-hand gave me in the store to-night? He's her fiancé, it appears, and he's spotted me for a rival. When I think of Marie bestowing herself upon that lout it just makes me sick. It's a crime, that's what it is, and somebody ought to stop it. And if nobody will, why—"

Slade broke off abruptly, and I blessed the fortune that left me but two fleet weeks in the year in which to play upon those vagrant fancies that Slade, freed from all need of toil, could indulge perennially.

"We'll hire a boat and row to the lighthouse to-morrow," said Slade. "I want you to take a look at her. I've had quite some talks with her at the store. She wants to leave home and see the world, and fancies it's a sort of magnified and glorified Tête des Rochers. What a life for her, cooped up in that old lighthouse with the old man and her crazy grandfather, or whoever that patriarchal old person is!"

The priest came out again and took up his cigar from the window-ledge, on which he had laid it. He waited till his charges had tripped out of sight down the declivity.

"You wish to go to the lighthouse to-morrow?" he asked. "Pardon me if I overheard you; my windows open behind your heads. And I am so quick at hearing," he added, with self-depreciation. "To-morrow I visit my charges there, and, if you like, I will call for you at your hotel in the afternoon. I shall be your boatman, for rowing is my sole exercise until the hunting season begins."

Slade made a grimace at me. "We couldn't refuse," he said, as we strolled down the hill. "But I don't fancy having that priest around. I wonder how much he overheard?"

He called for us on the following day, late in the afternoon, and we pulled out through the slack tide. A gaunt mist shrouded the Gulf, through which the booming of the bell-buoy seemed to diffuse itself in every quarter. On Tête des Rochers, where the long line of the hills plunged into the sucking sea in steep, black cliffs that shored up the edge of a continent, the lighthouse had already begun blinking gayly when we arrived. We grounded upon the reefs and stepped cautiously across the slippery weeds until we reached the little entrance door, where the keeper met us.

He only grunted in answer to the priest's introduction and, turning, led the way up the worn steps of stone until we reached the living-room, half way to the top, a barely furnished place, austerely devoid of those chromographs and cheap colored prints dear to the French soul. By the fireplace, almost beneath the hollow flue that ascended to the roofs, carrying the smuts and sparks of a new fire, sat a tall old man of great age, who looked up at us, blinking and mumbling, but said nothing nor rose.

"He never speaks," the priest explained. "But it is thought he understands."

But the girl: Slade had not over-appreciated her. She had the black Breton hair so common among the Canadian descendants of those first *voyageurs*, tinted with gleams of bronze; in her blue eyes surprise and joy struggled with discontent and conquered it. And now a latent fear, of whose presence in my mind I had been but dimly conscious through the day, leaped in my heart. I felt the interplay of secret antagonisms among those three: between the girl, in whose timid handclasp I seemed to read a secret understanding, and the father, standing at the door; between the man and the man. At the hearth the graybeard, inscrutable and ever silent, yet appeared to play some part in an unfolding drama; and over all brooded the benign, keen spirit of the priest in his black robe.

Even as the father turned for one instant away I saw the girl's face change and her lips move in low, impassioned speech. Slade whispered something and her eyes flashed prettily in a half-childish anger. Then the father came back, and it was as though the curtain fell upon a drama.

"Come, Marie," he said, harshly. "Our oil runs low; we must carry up more."

Rebellion flashed out from her eyes frankly. Then, with supple alertness, the priest had interposed himself between the girl and Slade. I do not think he spoke; I saw the seams of the cassock start as he bent and little folds of cloth run rippling across his back; then the door closed and we three men were alone, and the graybeard beside the fire, who never moved.

"The old man thinks I'm no good," said Slade, his face flushed in humiliation at the priest's dexterous rebuke. "If he had any sense he'd never try to hitch her to that pudding-headed mill-hand. Why, the girl hates him! If he'd be a little less harsh with her and trust her . . . that's the way with widowers; they want to be father and mother rolled into one."

The priest came back from the fire; I believe he had been whispering to the graybeard. "Ah," he said, "I overheard you again. What should a man do with such sheep ears?" he continued, humorously. "Now, my friend, I heard you misjudging that fine man down stairs. Perhaps if you heard his story—"

I cannot reproduce his words, with their quaint accentuation, the stumbling idioms, and the strong phrases struck from the man's enkindling anger and sense of stern justice, nor the scene in the dark room, with the bell-buoy booming below and the figure of the graybeard only a blur against the sparks of the fire. But it was substantially this:

Twenty years before a new yacht lay in the little bay. Its owner was the son of a rich man, a millionaire even in those days, before wealth had heaped up new fortunes for its possessors. Tête des Rochers was then substantially the same as now, save that the cottages did not extend so far along the bluff, and the salmon swarmed in June up the Black River, where now the logs of the lumber mill float in the dam. The yacht was anchored off the small pier; its owner spent each day ashore, fishing. Sometimes, when he was tired of the sport, he passed his days on the stoop of the house of the village postmistress, whose husband acted as his guide.

I pictured the scene at evening: girls strolling arm in arm along the pier, to see the yacht once more and exchange words with the sailors; a little group jesting with one who walked alone, then, seeing a young man approach her, making off, calling back:

"Run, Lisette. Here comes Pierre. If he should catch you you cannot escape him."

Envious were the glances that some cast back at him, for Pierre Desmoulins, with his fine figure and handsome face, could have won many a girl in Tête des Rochers in place of Lisette Tremblay, the daughter of the postmistress, though he was one of the life-boat crew and the death of his father in the maw of the sea foreshadowed his own.

Pierre caught the girl by the arm and linked his own through hers. Thus they passed onward toward the pier, he chattering volubly at times and again silent, she always silent. Gradually, before the girl's indifference, Pierre's speech died away.

They stood at the pier's end, side by side, their arms no longer linked. A tourist boat had cast anchor, and her passengers thronged the decks, staring at the fisher-girls, pitying their lonely lives.

"How happy they are, those people," murmured Lisette, enviously.

"Oh, some are happy and some are not," responded Pierre, sagely. "But they conceal their sorrows—as we do."

"But they are free and they can go where they will," said the girl. "They are going—to Gaspé," she said, with indrawn breath.

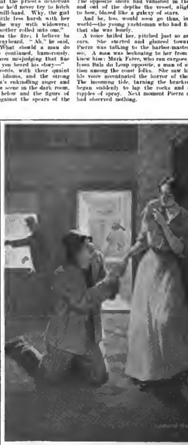
Pierre turned and looked at her.

"When we are married you will not want to roam," he replied, linking his arm through hers again.

But she detached herself and stood gazing hard to sea, watching the gulls' flight into the gray shadows that crept over the waves. The steamship had cast off and was already beginning to recede into the twilight. The opposite shore had vanished in the night mists, and out of the depths the vessel, alight from stern to bow, blazed like a galaxy of stars.

And he, too, would soon go thus, into that outer world—the young yachtsman who had first taught her that she was lonely.

A voice hailed her, pitched just so as to reach her ears. She started and glanced toward the yacht. Pierre was talking to the harbor-master and did not see. A man was beckoning to her from the bow—she knew him: Mark Frère, who ran cargoes of contraband from Baie du Loup opposite, a man of sinister reputation among the coast folks. She saw him laugh, and his voice accentuated the horror of the lonely shore. The incoming tide, turning the brackish water salt, began suddenly to lap the rocks and send up little ripples of spray. Next moment Pierre came back; he had observed nothing.



"Come with me—come now," he prayed

"You are sad, Lisette," he said. "But when we are married you will forget. Perhaps—"

He could not continue, for the shadow that oppressed her seemed to fall upon him also; it was the loneliness of men who strive against the mighty forces of the hills and the sea.

She watched him in terror. Always that marriage. Would he never cease talking of it? More silent than before they retraced their steps toward the cluster of log houses under the pine-topped cliffs.

Later that night, while Lisette hemmed her wedding-clothes in the kitchen, Pierre talked with her mother, the old postmistress, and the unheeded telegraph clicked out its messages from village to village along the shore. The girl caught fragments of messages that came out of the void, through miles of emptiness. Suddenly HO HO ticked out. It was the call for Gaspé.

Gaspé, the ultimate port on the gray shores of the St. Lawrence, seemed the end of the world to her. And the yacht was going to Gaspé; going soon, going soon. The telegraph sang the words to her: soon, soon, soon, soon.

The old woman, having heard Pierre's story, laid her knitting aside and called.

"Lisette, come here!" she cried.

The girl came slowly in, her fingers picking at the garment that she held.

"Pierre complains that you want to postpone the wedding again," she grumbled. "Why are you so foolish, child? If you don't take care you will lose him. He is not a man to be trifled with. Has not the curé talked with you?"

She scolded her, while her father, the half-witted man who guided the yachtsman, strolled in, chuckling and rubbing his hands.

"Jean," cried the mother, turning to him, "here is this daughter of yours again postponing her wedding with Pierre."

"Ha! I knew it!" cried the old man, shaking his pipe at her. "She is a wild thing—she is a little salmon. She wants to go to sea like the salmon, eh?"

"She wants to travel to Gaspé and the good Father knows where," cried Pierre in exasperation. "Are not all places the same?"

"I knew it," cried the father, again. "There lies a salmon stranded upon the rocks hard by the river's mouth. When I saw him this morning I said to him, 'Thus it is with the daughter, my fine fellow. She, too, wants to go seaward. And by and by she comes home, gasping out of the salt sea, as you gasp for the clean, fresh river water.' He, too, was not content—no, he must see the ocean and taste its salty tides. Ah, but he is glad to come home again, his sides quivering and the look of a homeless man in his eyes." He turned to his daughter. "The salmon are like the tourists," he said. "They come and go as tidal walls; but we are here—we are the people."

"Cease your folly," the mother scolded. "Tell her she must not provoke Pierre any longer. If she will not heed the curé, whom will she heed?"

Pierre leaned forward, flushed and excited. "Meester Blakes—lee, she will heed him," he said. "He shall talk to her. He has seen all the world from the deck of his yacht."

Lisette saw the stranded fish upon the rocks next day and recalled her father's words. Was that a symbol of her own life? Had it attained its freedom in the great sea, only to return to the waters of its home, urged on by irresistible forces, shuddering out of the vast tides, with straining flanks and gasping mouth, mad for its home?

But he left for Gaspé to-morrow! She sank down upon the shore; the thought was stunning. Suddenly a shadow fell across her path. She looked up. Mark Frère stood at her side, smiling evilly. And she was at the foot of the wharf, ten yards from where his boat lay moored. Five steps up from the sand, ten strides, and one was aboard. Why had she gone thither?

That was what Mark Frère asked her. "Do you not work with the other girls?" he asked. "What are you dreaming of?"

She saw his black eyes bent upon her, and, stammering for words, as one asleep, she said,

"I want to see Gaspé."

"I'll take you to Gaspé," he cried. "See the good little boat. At once we run down with the tide. Then to-morrow we shall return. Ah, the good little boat, you should see how she cuts through the waves."

"You will—take me to Gaspé?" cried Lisette, her eyes open wide in fear and astonishment.

"Just for a little run—then back. Nobody will see you come aboard."

"Wait then. I must tell *Maman*."

"No, no. Come now."

He swung her up from the sands to the pier and led her to the edge. One spring, and they were aboard. A boy began hoisting the sails; they flapped to the breeze, and all at once the anchor was up and the pier began to recede.

"I will not go with you," she cried. "Set me ashore."

The boy looked up and grinned. Mark leered evilly and twirled his black mustache.

"Let me go!" cried the girl, striking at him. "I hate you."

Mark stepped aside and bowed. "There is somebody below whom you may like better," he snickered.

The curé paused and glanced toward the form of the graybeard by the fire. He had not stirred. Slade and I waited in silence. Presently the priest resumed his story.

"Sooner or later," the fishermen say, "the sea tells all its secrets."

But Pierre Desmoulins did not always brood by the tides. He paced the shores incessantly, insatiably questioning the seafaring men in all the hamlets of the Gulf shores. Always he prayed to the Virgin that he might find her living and lead her home. Soon his lonely figure became a sight well known among the fisher-folk. It was during the following summer that the old lighthouse-keeper made a proposition to him.

"You must not grieve all your life for her," he said. "I am growing old; soon the earth will receive my bones. Come, take my place, and I will teach you how to keep the light burning after I am gone. Presently the sea will heal you."

Pierre thanked him. "Perhaps, sometime," he said, "but not till I have abandoned hope." He continued his searching. It was easily learned that she had gone with Mark Frère aboard the yacht—but beyond that no one knew anything.

Once Pierre went across the Gulf to Baie du Loup. But all he could learn there was that Mark Frère had disappeared, abandoning his wife and child. He heard of Frère at Tadousac and, obtaining absence from the lifeboat crew, went thither. Frère had put into Tadousac the preceding spring, they told him, in a small fishing-boat, but he had no woman with him.

"She will come when the salmon come," babbled the old guide, rubbing his hands and chuckling in the spring sunshine. The postmistress never spoke of her. Such little tragedies are common enough in the Gulf villages. They must be borne uncomplainingly. But Pierre did not forget.

One day the mother said: "You ought to take a wife, Pierre. You should not always grieve for her. It is not natural for a young man to grieve forever for one woman."

The guide came in and took down his fishing-rod. "I must give you a drink of oil, my fine fellow," he muttered. "Soon the salmon will come, and then the tourists."

They hoped that this summer would bring the yachtsman to port. Perhaps he could tell something about the mystery. He must have known that Lisette was not betrothed to Mark.

"If we had asked him sooner," said Pierre, "he would have given her advice and she would have heeded him. Ah, he was a fine man," he continued, kindled into transitory enthusiasm by the remembrance of his friend.

"He caught the big fish in the pool," said the old guide.

But suddenly, unexpectedly, Pierre discovered something. He had wandered to St. Joseph, seven miles along the shore. There were some fishing-boats in the bay. Gazing at them idly, he saw Mark Frère bending over his catch.

Pierre crept back from the sands. He knew the ship would put out on the incoming tide; knew that Mark would land the next day at Ste. Anne de Quiteron. All that night he strode through the rain, breasting the mountain roads; and at noon he found his enemy. Mark Frère was coming out of an inn, wiping his mouth upon his sleeve. He saw Pierre, stopped, and squinted at him. Instantly Pierre was at his throat.

"Tell me what you have done with her before I kill you," he cried.

"I don't know where she is," gasped Mark.

"You lie," roared Pierre. "Where did she go?"

Mark began to tremble. "She did not go with me, I swear," he cried. "I know nothing of her. I was his deck-decoy."

Pierre shook. "Whose?" he muttered.

"Meester Blakes—lee's," he answered, picking himself up. "He took her to Quebec, I suppose—that's where his boat lies up in winter."

"Where does he live?" Pierre cried.

"Rue Louis Quinze, 420," said Mark, grinning as he slipped away.

Pierre made no effort to detain the smuggler. He went to Quebec and found the street, followed it down from the citadel to the Lower Town, through obscure alleys, past shuttered houses with evil atmospheres; at last he halted before 420. It was a seamen's tavern. In a back room sailors were drinking with women of the Lower Town.

Pierre saw Lisette.

There was a flurry and scramble in the room as the inmates saw a tall man dressed in fisherman's clothes leap into their midst. The woman screamed and sprang for a door. Pierre followed her through a short corridor, into an empty court, under the stars. He caught at her gown and fell prone to the ground, cursing and weeping, while she, dumb with terror, huddled against a wall.

Presently he began to plead. "Come with me—come now," he prayed. "All are waiting for you. We will be married in the little church. I shall not ask you anything. Come!

"I have not seen your face," he wept. "You shall come to-morrow; listen! You shall come in the dark. Winter is near; the white snows will hide everything—all memories. Nothing will be seen but the tops of the pines and the true little light that flashes over the sea. We will live there. Come with me!"

She never spoke; yet he knew that he might as well have prayed to the sky. At last he rose.

"I shall always wait for you," he said. "I shall go to the lighthouse. And every night its glow will be a beacon of welcome, calling to you across the evil things of the dark."

When he went into the street the day was breaking. He made his way instinctively toward the harbor. In front of him a yacht lay at anchor, brave with brasses and paint. As he approached her he heard footsteps behind him, turned and looked into the face of the yachtsman, staggering back from some night revelry ashore. The latter halted and slapped him on the back drunkenly.

"I know you, Jean," he cried, thickly. "Where have we met?"

Pierre felt in his sleeve. "Don't you remember me!" he asked, and plunged a knife into his breast.

"Yes, they pardoned him after he had served one year," said the curé. "He came straight back to Tête des Rochers, and he never spoke of her afterward. By and by we got him the charge of the lighthouse, and ever since—that must be nineteen years—he has been here."

"But the woman?"

"She came back two years afterward," the curé answered. "I saw the flash of distress from the lighthouse and hurried down the hill. It was the middle of winter; ice choked the Gulf and a hurricane was driving the pelting snows across the land. But a priest is like a doctor, he cannot wait till the sun comes out. I found a boat above the water-line and dragged it down to the sea, entered, and pulled for the point through the thick floes. A shattered boat lay on the reef—just a common little open boat, such as the tourists use in fine weather. Inside a woman crouched, shielding a bundle in her arms, and Pierre knelt at her side. I had just time to hear her and to give her the Sacrament.

"With her two hands, unused to labor, she had pulled that tiny craft clear over the Gulf through the blizzard, her only guide the steady beacon gleam on Tête des Rochers. But she was flying from sin, Messieurs, and her heart told her that God works through the darkness. She had stripped half to the skin; but she saved the child."

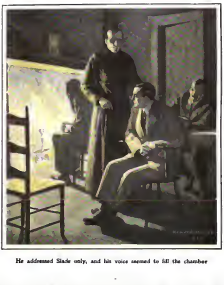
Suddenly the graybeard rose and came toward us from the fire, his arms stretched out in front of him, as though he groped through the fogs of his mind. "She had a salmon's eyes!" he cried. "She had a salmon's eyes!"

The curé went forward and supported him, led him back to his chair, and, stooping, threw some more fagots upon the embers. Then he came back to Slade.

"So perhaps you understand why that fine man is harsh with the girl," he said. "He knows that it is lonely in Tête des Rochers; he knows the tug at her heart and the wild things that clamor in her mind. It is natural that the young should be in love with life and that they should hunger for experiences." He addressed Slade only, and his voice seemed to fill the chamber, re-echoing the solemn call of the bell-buoy without. "*But whoso offends against one of these innocent ones, it were better for him that a millstone were put about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea.*"

Slade placed his hand upon my arm. "Let's go," he said.

But he said afterward that, with Saul, he had been bowed before a blinding light which seemed to encompass him, playing its fierce rays upon his soul, so that the necessity of righteousness lay like dividing steel between his purpose and its accomplishment.



He addressed Slade only, and his voice seemed to fill the chamber

Table D'Hôte Talks

THE KING OF THE AZORES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ALBERT LEVERING

By John Kendrick Bangs

"WELL, I'm glad I've seen an Azore at last," said Boggs, as the travellers seated themselves at the table as the last vestige of the island of St. Michael's, where the *Digester* had been lying at anchor all day, faded away behind the horizon line. "I've always had a sneaking notion in my mind that an Azore was some kind of a wild animal, and to discover that there is really such a thing as a bit of dry land out here in the middle of the ocean is a great relief."

"What a preposterous notion!" vouchsafed the Fat Little Englishman with the Red Face, contemptuously. "What kind of a wild animal, pray, did you think an Azore was?"

"Oh, I don't know, exactly," returned Boggs, pleasantly. "He was only vaguely outlined in my mind as a sort of four-legged creature with whiskers like a Kansas Senator of the old school, that jumped from the peak of one volcano to the summit of another with all the graceful ease of a fresh antelope—a sort of cross between a kangaroo and a unicorn. When I was a kid I wrote a rhyme about an Azore once:

"The Azore is a fearful beast
That dwells down by the sea;
He's active as, to say the least,
A sixty horse power flea.

"He jumps from crag to crag all day
With all his might and main,
And when the night comes on, they say,
Goes jumping back again.

"He sleeps upon a lava bed,
A-snoring like the deuce,
And for his dinner eats, 'tis said,
Fried monk and Portuguese."

"You don't find any poetry like that in Shelley or Byron, do you, Mr. Bull?" he smiled as he finished.

"No, thank God!" said the Fat Little Englishman, fervently.

"I hope you found the Azores to your liking?" put in the Captain.

"The word liking, Captain, is totally inadequate to express my feeling in respect to them," said Boggs. "I adore them. In the first place, after dallying with this little ocean of yours for a week or ten days, anything that bore the slightest resemblance to dry land could not be other than a welcome sight to my eyes. I think that even a State's prison would have filled my soul with delight at any time since the last sacred white elephant of Coney Island faded away in the dim distance, and when the sky line of these old Azores began to wobble along the horizon my heart beat with the same ecstasy that I imagine Moses felt when he first caught sight of Ararat sticking its nose up out of the tumultuous waters."

"Moses!" demanded the Fat Little Englishman.

"Yes," said Boggs. "Moses. He was the man, Mr. Bull, who at the time of the flood carried the children of Israel over the Red Sea in his Ark, landing on the top of Mount Ararat after forty days of cruising through the wilderness. Can it be that you never heard of Moses, Mr. Bull?" he added, with a look of surprise in his eye.

"I have heard of Noah," snapped the Fat Little Englishman, in the somewhat eruptive fashion of a volcano just awakening to a sense of its own power.

"Ah yes," said Boggs. "I remember him, too—the little man who slew Ananias with a pebble—he came along at a later period. It is strange to me how little some people seem to remember of the Sunday-school teachings of their youth. But, anyhow—"

"I fancy I remember a bit more accurately what I read in those days than you do, sir," said the Fat Little Englishman with some pompous heat. "It was Noah who landed on Ararat."

"Most assuredly," said the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes.

"I haven't a doubt of it, madame," said Boggs, calmly. "They were great travellers in those days, and I haven't a doubt that after slaying ten thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of Balaam's ass, Noah made a triumphal tour of all the then known world, receiving the freedom of cities, dining with potentates, and receiving LL.D.'s and D.C.L.'s from the leading universities of the period; but we are talking about the Azores now, and I only desire to say that my joy in seeing them rise up out of the sea was comparable only to the feelings which such a one as Moses, or Noah, must have felt at one of the supreme moments of his life. If Mr. Bull desires a more modern instance, with the details of which he is probably more familiar, I will put it that Columbus could not have felt more ecstatically happy when, after many days of trial, suffering, and disappointment, his buffeted caravels lay safely at anchor beneath the grateful shadows of Brooklyn Bridge, than I felt when that Azorean sky-line first smote upon my water-logged vision."

The Captain hid his face behind his napkin, and the Lady with the Gold Lorgnettes smiled benignly through them as she gazed fixedly upon the beaming countenance of the Man from Missouri.

"After seeing the Azores," said Boggs, after pausing respectfully for Mr. Bull's further observations, which were not forthcoming, possibly because of the presence of ladies at the board, "I have made up my mind to one thing. If I ever get to the point where I am worth a billion dollars, I shall buy those islands from Portugal, and set myself up as Boggs the First, King of the Azores. That would be really worth while. What fun it would be establishing a bully little kingdom that was all one's own, and running it according to the highest ideals within reach! Why, if I were any one of our American billionaires at this minute I wouldn't hesitate five minutes about taking that property over and developing it. Take a man like Mr. Reddyman, for instance, with that marvellous fortune of his behind him, and all his powers of organization, his heart overflowing with a noble aspiration to reform the whole world and set it on a higher plane—what couldn't he do in a place like that! It would be like working on a clean slate. One model kingdom such as he might establish in hand would be worth a hundred thousand public libraries in the bush as an instrument of civilization. If I were in his boots to-day I'd cable the King of Portugal an offer of $200,000,000 C. O. D. for the whole bunch, and as soon as I got my receipt, and could read my title clear, I'd go ashore, summon the populace, and in their presence crown myself king, and start in."

"You don't think for one moment that you could do a thing like that without an army of a hundred thousand men, do you?" demanded the Fat Little Englishman.

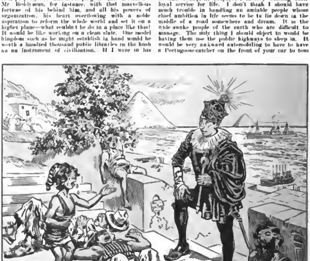
"Certainly," said Boggs, with a confidence apparently born of conviction. "Of course I'd have to have an army of some sort, but there wouldn't be any trouble about that. Look at all the football teams we have annually in the United States out of a job at the end of their college career, and only too anxious to start in at the work of cleaning up any old thing, no matter what. A husky lot of picked American youngsters like that, all in training, and looking for trouble, enlisted in our royal forces, would work wonders out here. Take the Yale and Harvard elevens alone, and turn them loose in any one of these islands with authority to clean the place up or out, and you wouldn't know it for the same burg in twenty-four hours."

"And you think the Azoreans would tamely submit?" demanded Mr. Bull.

"Judging from those I saw this morning, I think they would," said Boggs. "While I was ashore, as far as I could see, all that they ask is a place to sleep. The only active persons I saw were snoring away like mad when I passed them, except two small beggars who chased me seven miles back into the country, and then called me blessed because I gave them a punched nickel. The dormant class I should capture while engaged in wooing their morning dreams, and keep them under the influence of ether until everything was in running order; and the latter, the beggars, I should employ in connection with the royal treasury to dun delinquent taxpayers, thereby winning their loyal service for life. I don't think I should have much trouble in handling an amiable people whose chief ambition in life seems to be to lie down in the middle of a road somewhere and dream. It is the wide-awake people of the earth who are difficult to manage. The only thing I should object to would be having them use the public highways to sleep in. It would be very awkward automobiling to have to have a Portuguese-catcher on the front of your car to toss the dreaming Azoreans off the line of traffic; but that phase of it I should handle with tact by merely sending out a watering-cart every morning to sprinkle the roads. From the general appearance of their bright young faces, I fancy it wouldn't require more than two applications of a shower bath to cause them to get out of the way of their own free will and accord."

"And you would take all this trouble and spend all this money for the mere vanity of calling yourself a king!" said the Fat Little Englishman, scornfully.

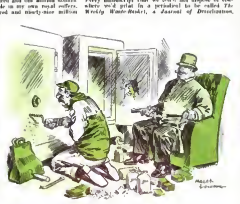
"Not a bit of it!" said Boggs. "I should do it for the sake of becoming a World Power. I shouldn't be hampered like the rest of my royal cousins. The great trouble with all the kings we have to-day is that



"I'd go ashore, summon the populace, and in their presence crown myself king, and start in" they are so hedged about by etiquette, and are held down by so many cold and clammy hands of a defunct past, that they can't do anything. With me it would be different. Owning my own kingdom absolutely, I could do whatever I pleased within its limits, and what I should do there would cause the other kings of the earth to look up. The first thing I'd do, for instance, would be to incorporate my kingdom under the laws of New Jersey or West Virginia, and issue common and preferred stock to the extent of, say, a billion dollars. Five hundred and one million dollars' worth of this I'd put aside in my own royal coffers, and the other four hundred and ninety-nine million I'd sell to the public at 85%, thus getting back my purchase money immediately, with enough to boot to pay the running expenses of the government for the rest of time, say a surplus of $250,000,000. That amount invested in good five-per cent. bonds would produce an annual revenue of $12,500,000, and a man who couldn't run those Azores comfortably on that couldn't live in Kalamazoo on $10,000 a day."

"And where would you get the funds to pay dividends on this stock?" asked the Student of Human Nature, apparently very much interested.

"Out of the products of the kingdom, material as well as spiritual," said Boggs. "One of my first laws would be that every man in the place who was able to work should work eight hours a day at whatever he could do, turning into the government itself the product of his effort."



"I should compel the burglar to burgle his full eight hours every day"

"Fine!" grinned the Captain. "How about pickpockets and burglars?"

"Same law for all," said Boggs, cheerfully. "They'd have to pick and burgle like the rest. That is one of the cases, sir, in which my scheme would work to perfection. I should compel the burglar to burgle his full eight hours every day, just as I should compel the humorists and poets to joke and rhyme for the same period, and the cobbler to cobble. Every night when a burglar failed to rob somebody he would be subjected to a heavy fine."

"But," roared the Fat Little Englishman, "what about the innocent people who are robbed?"

"That's where the excellence of my scheme comes in," grinned Boggs. "The people who have been robbed instead of losing their property as they do in other lands where burglary is not compulsory can call at the government stores the next morning and get it back. I have always maintained that if you forced a burglar to burgle whether he wanted to or not, and in the full glare of the public eye, he'd soon get so confoundedly tired of his job that he'd give it up and go into something easier. In this way I should gradually eradicate crime from my domain. With pickpockets under rigid surveillance, required by law to turn into the government stores not less than an average of five watches, six pocket-books, a dozen silk handkerchiefs, and at least four dollars' worth of loose change, day in and day out, throughout the year, I really believe that a government that needed a pickpocket for some odd job it wanted to put through would soon have to advertise for one in the want columns of the *Official Gazette*, they'd become so scarce, and as for the gold-brick men I'd make them open up offices in the public highways with huge signs announcing the character of their trade—window signs, for instance, reading, 'Swindling Done Here'; 'Try Our Gold Bricks'; 'Patrons Skinned While You Wait'; or 'We Do the Biggest Swindle Business in the Azores. Bogus Mining Shares a Specialty.' Why, really, gentlemen, can you imagine a reputable man falling from virtue and going in for a nefarious career, when all the wicked things he did had to be done openly, and aboveboard? It wouldn't be six months before every criminal element in the islands would either be reformed or so overworked that they'd leave the country for good."

"And all this would make you a World Power, would it?" said the Fat Little Englishman.

"All this would start us on the road to becoming an ideal kingdom," said Boggs. "A place where every man had something to do according to his capacity, and a steady market for his products provided by the government itself, no matter what they were, from green peas up to poetry—"

"What on earth could a government do with poetry?" demanded the Fat Little Englishman.

"Publish it, of course," said Boggs. "What do you suppose? Use it to paper the palace walls with? Why, my dear sir, I should make the *Official Gazette* the most brilliant magazine in the world, using only the cream of the stuff for that, and what we hadn't room for we'd sell to outside consumers. From what I know of the tastes of the poets, and the story tellers, and the joke-writers of to-day, such a place as my Azorean kingdom would prove a second Utopia to them, and they'd come flocking to it in shoals."

"I am afraid you would pile up a lot of unsaleable material," said the Student of Human Nature.

"Yes," said Boggs, "and we'd publish that, too. Every manuscript that we could not dispose of elsewhere we'd print in a periodical to be called *The Weekly Waste-Basket, a Journal of Discrimination*, with a picture of the author printed at the top of each contribution, with a statement of the names of the publications the world over that had rejected the stuff. And just as under our beneficent regulations governing compulsory crime all crime would gradually disappear, so would three or four successive appearances in the *Weekly Waste-Basket* diminish the number of inferior writers. After a poet had seen three or four of his worst lucubrations in print, and his own face publicly placarded as that of their author, he'd ask to be transferred to some other branch of the public service, to the great gain of letters. The world is full of men who do not discover that they can't write until somebody puts their stuff in print. I know at least five poets who would make ideal grocers, but they haven't found it out yet, and possibly they never will. Under my system they'd wake up in a very short while."

"Yes," said the Fat Little Englishman. "I've heard of such cases. I knew a man who wrote a poem once beginning,

"'The Azore is a fearful beast
That dwells down by the sea.'

He'd be a great success in a gas-works, but in poetry—Suffering Parnassus!"

"I see you are a judge of poetry, Mr. Bull," said Boggs, amiably. "When I start the *Weekly Waste-Basket* I'll make you editor-in-chief."

The Fat Little Englishman failing to show any real appreciation of the proposed honor, Boggs resumed:

"But it is as an instrument for the preservation of the World's Peace that I am most enthusiastic about my little kingdom," he said. "As soon as our internal organization is provided for, I propose to establish a sort of fresh-air fund for the benefit of the crowned heads of Europe and elsewhere—no deserving potentate will be denied its benefits. With this I shall give a series of annual picnics, designed to bring all the kings together for two solid weeks of innocent fun—a sort of outing of the International Brotherhood of Potentates, so that they may meet and get on good terms with each other. I tell you it will be a grand sight when we see the Czar and the Kaiser looping the loop together, while the Emperor of Austria and the Sultan of Turkey go bumping along the bumps with innocent laughter being shaken out of them at every jolt. Whenever there is the least rumor of a misunderstanding between the nations invitations will go out from the Secretary of State of King Boggs the First, for a strawberry festival to be held at the Royal Amusement Park, in the capital of the Azores, bidding the contending parties to come and enjoy themselves, instead of wasting their time listening to a long-winded debate at The Hague. When people get to the point where they play together their quarrels are seldom serious, and I believe that two disputatious monarchs can be brought into a more intimate personal relation, and therefore a more lasting sympathy and friendship, by one whirl in a Ferris wheel than by all the peace conferences in creation. If at the time of the war between China and Japan somebody had had the forethought to give an international husking-bee, and it could have been arranged to have the Mikado catch the Dowager Empress with a red ear, Righteousness and Peace would have kissed each other right then and there, and hostilities would never have begun. So with this everlasting war-cloud between England and Germany. A clam-bake at my park for potentates would do more to bring the King and Kaiser together than all the efforts of any number of intermediaries working through The Hague. After they had played a couple of games of one-old-cat together, and bobbed for apples a few times, and shot a lot of chutes in the same boat, ten thousand peace commissioners chosen from among the most irritating speakers of the world could not make them fight, or if matters had got too far to avoid force, then in the gigantic stadium, which I should immediately erect as a part of my peace equipment, I should suggest the settlement of the questions at issue by means of a series of football matches by teams representing the two parties."

"A charming plan," said the Captain. "If you could only get the other kings to acknowledge your existence—"

"You needn't have any fear about that," laughed Boggs. "As soon as my cousins of Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, and Romanoff hear about that $200,000,000 check to the King of Portugal, they'll take a glance over the lists of their available possessions to see if there aren't a few corner lots of their own they don't really need in their business. I guess when Boggs the First gets in the market for stray colonies the trouble won't be to get in with kings, but to keep away from 'em."

The Fat Little Englishman laughed scornfully.

"And then, the minute you've got the patent pocket kingdom of yours in running order—bang! An earthquake will come along and pull the whole thing down about your ears!" he said.

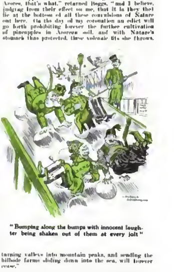
"Not after I get started," said Boggs. "No, sirree! No earthquakes in mine. I've been studying that corrugated sky-line of the Azores with considerable care, to-day, and it has given me a great thought. Do you ever eat pineapples, Mr. Bull?"

"Not if I know it," said the Fat Little Englishman. "They double me all up."

"Same here," said Boggs. "Now if one pineapple doubles you up, what effect do you suppose ten million pineapples—"

"What on earth have pineapples got to do with it?" roared the Fat Little Englishman.

"Pineapples are one of the leading industries of the Azores, that's what," returned Boggs, "and I believe, judging from their effect on me, that it is they that lie at the bottom of all these convulsions of Nature out here. On the day of my coronation an edict will go forth prohibiting forever the further cultivation of pineapples in Azorean soil, and with Nature's stomach thus protected, these volcanic fits she throws, turning valleys into mountain peaks, and sending the hillside farms sliding down into the sea, will forever cease."



"Bumping along the bumps with innocent laughter being shaken out of them at every jolt"

"Tell me, sir," said the Fat Little Englishman, as he walked up and down the deck later with the Student of Human Nature, "what do you suppose that fellow Boggs is driving at?"

"You," said the Student of Human Nature, lighting his cigar.

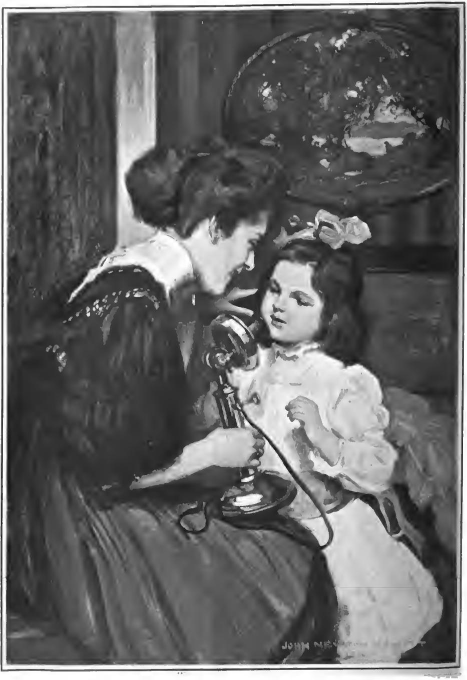
The Spirit of Christmas

By William Wallace Whitelock

HEART of the World, beat gayly—
This is the season of mirth.
This is the season when daily
Joy is renewed in the earth.
Checked are the looms and the spindles,
While through the silence there rings
Laughter of children that kindles
Echoes of heavenly things.

Heart of the World, beat strongly—
This is the season of hope;
Banished the doubts that have wrongly
Clouded life's generous scope.
Under the snow germs are stirring,
Fruits of the summer long flown;
Life has one purpose unerring:
Rip'ning the seeds that are sown.

Heart of the World, beat kindly—
This is the season of love.
Men, tho' they seem to grope blindly,
Follow the dictates thereof.
Learn from the ages this lesson:
Love is the treasure's key—
Then will the labor bless thee and thy neighbor,
And life be as deep as the sea.


JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

"HELLO, SANTA CLAUS!"

DRAWN BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

Stained Glass

IT is to the Chinese that we owe the making of stained glass. It is claimed that the first glass staining was done by the Celestials about the year 2000 B.C., but other authorities have it that the process was not discovered until after the beginning of our era. At any rate, it seems to be agreed that the art was original with the Chinese.

The Egyptians made sham jewels of glass at least five thousand or six thousand years before Christ. In some of the ancient tombs scarabs of glass have been found in imitation of rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and other precious stones, and the glass beads found in various parts of the Old World were quite possibly distributed by Phœnician traders to confiding barbarians as jewels of great price.

Very little mention is made in ancient records of the use of glass in windows. The climate of Greece and Egypt and the manner of life in those countries gave little occasion for it. But at Pompeii and Herculaneum there have been found fair-sized slabs of window glass not of very perfect manufacture and probably at no time translucent.

Remains of what was presumably window glass have also been found among the ruins of Roman villas in England. In the basilicas of Christian Rome the arched window openings were sometimes filled with slabs of marble in which were apertures to receive glass which may or may not have been colored, foreshadowing the plate tracery of early Gothic windows.

Stained and painted glass, existing as we find in mediæval windows, probably dates back to Charlemagne.

At the time of the Norman Conquest stained glass windows can no longer have been uncommon, but archæologists appear to be agreed that no complete window of the ninth or the tenth century has been preserved, and that even of the eleventh century there is nothing that can be identified quite certainly.

The great mass of early Gothic glass belongs to the thirteenth century, and when early glass is spoken of the expert generally has reference to the thirteenth-century product.

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"Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition.

"But I was young and did not want to die, so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me, and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair.

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it, and bought some Postum.

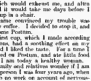
"The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my nerves and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum, and ate little food besides. I am today a healthy woman.

"My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own housework, take care of two babies—one twenty, the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do it all with the cheerfulness and good humor that comes from enjoying good health.

"I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life today."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.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Volcanic Sea-waves

OCCASIONALLY there appears a great wave sweeping across the calm surface of the ocean in the fairest weather and when no wind is blowing. There are few perils of the sea to be more dreaded than such a wave. Fortunately these are very rare, yet more than once a ship has encountered one. Only a short time ago a vessel of a British line was met by a wave of this kind, which rolled upon her like a wall of water, and, breaking against her sides, swept the deck with irresistible force, killing one sailor and seriously injuring others.

The cause of these singular waves is believed to be some disturbance of a volcanic nature at the bottom of the sea. Volcanoes exist in the ocean as well as on land; in fact, nearly all the volcanoes known are on or near the seacoast. It is easy to see that an upheaval at the sea bottom may start a billow at the surface of the water, when we remember that huge waves have been sent clear across the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco by volcanic shakings of the earth on the borders of Asia.

The world underwater is not only three times as extensive as that which is covered only with air, but it possesses many of the same great natural phenomena on a scale which is perhaps proportionately vast, but of whose existence we are made aware only by such indications as the volcanic ocean waves that ships occasionally encounter.

Men Who Never Unveil

THERE is a wandering tribe of the Sahara called the Touaregs, a strange people, supposed by some to have descended from the Crusaders, and distinguished by the wearing of veils, a custom that has occasioned much discussion.

The Touaregs guard their eyes against the glare of the desert by two veils, one rolled round the temples and falling down in front of the eyes, the other reaching from the nostrils to the edge of the clothing, covering the lower part of the face.

All manner of learned arguments have been adduced to explain this custom, but hygiene is obviously the only motive. This is shown by the statements of the Touaregs themselves, and by the sobriquet, "mouths for flies," which they apply to all who do not wear the veils.

It is said that the Touaregs never remove their veils, even at meal times. Indeed, they are so much a part of their wearers that any one deprived of such covering is unrecognized by his friends and relatives.

Cinderella's Slippers

IN transcribing the parchments of the old French chroniclers many mistakes were made, due, in great part, to the condition of the originals, which were sometimes almost undecipherable.

Of these errors one made by Perrault has been spread broadcast. When, in the seventeenth century, he was writing his fairy tales to amuse the courtiers of France, he had recourse to the old French chronicles. There he read that Cinderella, or whatever her name was in those days, went to the ball in slippers of "vair," the royal fur of that time—miniver, as it is now known.

Perrault, misreading the text, decked out his heroine in slippers of verre (glass), a very different thing. The real Cinderella probably went to the dance in those pointed, curving, fur-bordered shoes of mediæval days. But, thanks to Perrault, she will trip down the corridors of time in her little clattering glass slippers.

Names and Eponyms

THERE is a story to the effect that Brougham, on being chaffed by the Iron Duke as a man whose name would go down to posterity as a great lawyer and statesman, but who would be best known by the name of the carriage that had been christened for him, retorted that the Duke's name would no doubt be handed down to future generations as that of a great general, but that he would be best remembered by reason of a particular kind of boot named for him. This little story serves to illustrate the fact that many names, illustrious and otherwise, are saved from oblivion by comparatively trivial circumstances.

It is probable, for instance, that sailors will never let die Admiral Vernon's nickname "Old Grog," derived from his breeches, which were of grogram, but applied to the rum that the Admiral ordered to be served out to them.

The name of another drink—negus—has survived from the time of Queen Anne, when it was the favorite beverage of one Colonel Negus.

More common, however, than either of the above, is the name "sandwich," which commemorates the Lord Sandwich who invented it as a means of taking a hasty lunch while engaged in his duties at the Admiralty.

Certain towns and districts, such as Xeres, Oporto, Champagne, and Burgundy, are probably best known through the productions named after them.

Cayenne is probably better known outside France for the red pepper it produces than for being the locality to which French convicts are transported; while the town of Cognac, in France, owes its celebrity solely to the brandy distilled from its grapes.

Cologne is, perhaps, more famous for its manufacture of *eau de cologne* than for its splendid cathedral. Spa, in Belgium has provided a common name, applicable to most inland watering-places, while Guingamp, a small town in Brittany, is totally unknown to the large number of people who used the material named after it—gingham.

Building a Language

"GILBERTESE," the written tongue of the Gilbert Islands, is the work of one man, Dr. Hiram Bingham, who died some years ago, after having devoted the greater part of his life to missionary work in those islands.

When Dr. Bingham went out to the Gilbert group many years ago, he soon found out that one of the chief difficulties before him in his mission was the fact that the islanders had no written language. Accordingly, the ingenious missionary set about to supply the deficiency and to build a language, being obliged to collect his own vocabulary and construct his own grammar.

The good doctor experienced much difficulty in finding a Gilbertese equivalent for "prayer," a circumstance that led him into a ludicrous mistake. The word he did use meant "to practise incantations," a meaning precisely the opposite of what the missionary intended to convey.

He had the New Testament about three-quarters translated when, by reason of ill-health, he was compelled to return to this country. Ten years later, however, when he had gone back to the Gilberts, he was persuaded to undertake the task of translating the Old Testament into the new language. At that time he was quite advanced in years, and the work involved a direct translation from the Hebrew, with which the doctor had not been familiar for a long time.

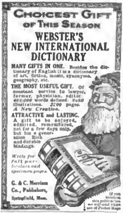
In 1890 he was enabled to read the proof of the last chapter of the last book of the Bible as done into Gilbertese.

Even this laborious task did not end the missionary's labors. He started to write a Gilbertese dictionary. When it was ready for publication, a messenger to whom the work was entrusted for delivery to the printer lost the manuscript, and the work had to be done all over again.

Cave-dwelling Snakes

UNTIL recent times no reptiles were known to have adapted themselves to existence in the darkness of caverns. Now, however, it is known that in the Malay Peninsula a species of coluber inhabits certain caverns, feeding upon the bats.

These cave-dwelling snakes attain a length of between eight and nine feet, and their coloring remarkably resembles that of the walls of the caverns. The rock is a yellowish crystalline limestone traversed with blackish veins, and these markings and colors are curiously reproduced in the snakes, many of which lurk on the ledges, in the semi-darkness, near the entrances, watching for bats.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Shadows of the Stage

TWO PICTURES

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."—SHAKESPEARE

By William Winter

SHAKESPEARE FRITTERED AT THE NEW THEATRE

"And so went to the King's, and there saw 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' which did not please me at all, in no part of it."—"PEPYS'S DIARY." *August 15, 1667*

A PERFORMANCE of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* more incompetent and dreary than that given at the New Theatre has not been seen. Falstaff without humor, Ford without credibility, Mrs. Ford without mirth, Evans and Caius without character, Page without meaning, Slender without comicality, Fenton without charm, and Mrs. Quickly without pungency constitute a ghostly group, depressing to behold and melancholy to remember.

The comedy of *The Merry Wives* is intrinsically and irremediably vulgar in subject, and when it is not brilliantly acted the indelicacy of its subject offends not only good taste, but tolerance. The usual custom, in presenting it, has been, after cleansing the text, to animate the acting in such a way as to divert attention from the element of coarseness in the story by brilliancy in the display of contrasted character and unctuous humor,—those being the attributes in which the play is peculiarly rich. In the presentment made at the New Theatre the dialogue has not been thoroughly expurgated or judiciously altered, and a style of acting has been adopted which, being partly that of comedy and partly that of farce, is hybrid and ineffective, so that the representation becomes insufferably tedious. The scenery with which the play is invested, particularly that of the last act, is exceptionally fine, conveying a sense of stability, helping the effect of illusion, and presenting the merit,—infrequent on our stage,—of rich, mellow, and deftly blended colours. The only entirely competent impersonation,—competent because consistently mirthful and continuously harmonious with the frolicsome spirit of the comedy,—is that of Mrs. Page, by Miss Rose Coghlan. Among the associate performances those of Shallow by Mr. Ben Johnson, the Host by Mr. William McVay, and Anne Page by Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter are commendable for definite purpose and a touch of nature. Miss Bateman-Hunter, indeed, presents a person much too sophisticated to be "sweet Anne Page," but an arch, piquant, charming girl. Mr. Louis Calvert, as Falstaff, disappoints an eager expectation. That character has long been absent from our stage, and a recurrence of it would have been warmly welcomed. The turgid, skipping, mechanical pot-belly presented by Mr. Calvert is not Falstaff at all, and the proffer of it, as an impersonation of a Shakespearian character, by an actor of ability and experience, can only be viewed with amazement. Mr. Calvert, of course, knows, as all students of the subject know, that the Falstaff of the Comedy is vastly inferior to the Falstaff of the History. Falstaff does not, however, in the transit to the Comedy, cease to be a sagacious and humorous person, and experience has proved that the best result, in acting him, is obtained when he is portrayed as, in predominant characteristics, the same man, shown under circumstances which, though humiliating, are comical. One remark that he makes is especially significant, as indicative of a correct ideal of the part. "See now," says the discomfited knight, "how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment"; and later he exclaims, submissive to taunts from all sides, "Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me. Use me as you will." Falstaff has intellect, worldly wisdom, strong character, abundant, inexhaustible, overwhelming, spontaneous humor, and rubicund sensuality: he revels in his jocund vigor, and he cannot help being comic, even in his narrative of the abject humiliations that befall him. Mr. Calvert's Falstaff is a large, business-like person, wearing an obtrusively obvious false paunch, moving hurriedly and lightly (as a man "in the waist two yards about" could not do, and as Falstaff never does), speaking in a thin, puny voice, doing stage business in a perfunctory manner, and diffusing a fog of dulness. Two or three times in the course of the performance a mild impulse to laughter is afforded by the spoken word; not even once by exposition of the character: yet the effect of an embodiment of Falstaff is absolutely dependent on personality,—the incarnation of his unctuous cheerfulness, his rosy self-complacency, his jocular drollery, his ludicrous vanity, his comic sapience, and the usual merry shrewdness of his sophisticated mind. An actor who does not cause any effect of mirth either in portraying Falstaff's ridiculous carnality and grotesque disgust or in uttering his exultant strain of egotistical loquacity and exuberant invective has not comprehended the character and is completely unsuited to it.

Without a good Falstaff the comedy is barren. It is worse than barren in this revival. Mr. Anson makes Ford a peevish, snarling, violent man, not a jealous one, and, apparently despising the part, he plays it in a wooden manner, completely ineffective,—substituting mechanical bluster for the adequate expression of mental distress, and snapping a dog-whip to indicate emotion. His business of hurling soiled clothes from the buck-basket into the faces of his associates in the scene would be beneath the dignity of a clown in a pantomime. Miss Edith W. Matthison, whose aptitude, such as it is, is exclusively for serious drama, gives an affected and tedious performance of Mrs. Ford, sour in aspect, finical in demeanor, and crude in method,—seeming, alongside of the buoyant embodiment of Mrs. Page by Miss Rose Coghlan, to be the constrained effort of a novice. Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, while making Slender sufficiently vacuous, fails to make him amusing, because he is an actor of thin and dry personality, who, as a rule, harps continually on one string. The aged and infirm actress who appears as Mrs. Quickly elicits sympathy, but she might not thus to be made an object of compassion. The kindness of Mr. Calvert and his expert promptitude in covering a lapse of memory, on the opening night of *The Merry Wives*, alone prevented a distressing fiasco. Some points of the stage-management would be discreditable to even the direction of a society of juvenile amateurs: Dr. Caius, for example, answers Mrs. Quickly's question about the green box ("Is this it?") without even looking at the object in her hand, and Falstaff, when sending his boy to Page's house, which is conspicuous on the right of the stage, drives him out on the left. Trifles, of course; but a *competent* theatrical representation consists of a mass of individually trifling details each one of which is correct. The one bright remembrance remaining from this production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is the blithe acting of Miss Rose Coghlan. It is Indian summer, indeed, with that actress now. the roses are no longer in full bloom; but she retains the dash and sparkle of old times, she still can animate the scene; she still acts with vigor, freedom, and precision; and, acting in a large theatre, she skilfully uses a broad method to produce the requisite large, bold effects. There is always a certain comfort to be derived from contemplation of a competent artist. Indian summer? True: but, as an old rhyme prettily declares,

"At four o'clock in the afternoon
'Tis warm as morning, and as boon."

An incompetent production of one of Shakespeare's plays is mischievous in itself and in its inevitable consequence. It wearies the audience and it tends to disseminate and strengthen a wrong opinion,—eagerly favored by exclusively commercial managers, all of whom are, naturally, opponents of the higher Dramatic Art,—that the plays of Shakespeare are no longer of any practical interest or use. Four productions of Shakespeare,—*Antony and Cleopatra*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,—have been accomplished at the New Theatre, and not even the best of them has surpassed the standard of mediocrity. The production and acting of *Twelfth Night* at the New Theatre was vastly inferior to the production and acting of that comedy by the Sothern-Marlowe company,—Mr. Sothern, indeed, being the best Malvolio that has been seen on our stage, except that of Henry Irving, since the days of Charles Fisher; while to rank the New Theatre presentment of *Twelfth Night* as equal, or even in any way comparable with, the production of it which was effected by Augustin Daly, in 1893, would be merely to exhibit ridiculous ignorance or gross incompetence of judgment. From the first, however, the endeavors made at the New Theatre have been treated with solicitous lenience,—the general disposition being to commend everything done there. That tone of "criticism" may be good-natured, but it is not salutary, it is not just, and it is not really kind. In theatres that are under avowedly commercial control actors are often compelled to perform against disadvantages of hurtful restriction, yet the performances thus given are expected to be meritorious and are condemned or ignored if they are not so. The New Theatre is supposed to be free from commercial restraint and ignorant, selfish dictation, and, accordingly, it might be presumed that the plays presented in it would always be of the highest order, and that the performances given in it would satisfy a reasonably high standard of artistic merit. The fact is that several objectionable plays have been admitted to the New Theatre, and that the average merit of acting there has been lower than the average merit of acting in the best of the "commercial" houses. Such a result, after all that was promised, is not auspicious. The founders of the New Theatre began a magnificent work when they made and endowed that institution. If their venture should fail, the experiment is not likely soon to be repeated. Many years, indeed, will pass before an attempt as generous and as liberal, involving the investment of millions of dollars, will again be made, to serve the cause of the stage by such practical favor toward the Art of Acting. The managers of the New Theatre have assumed a solemn duty, one that cannot be fulfilled by fatuous affectation of "new thought," the ministry of fads, and the encouragement of that wretched humbug, long prevalent in the Theatre of America, The Stage Producer,—a pestiferous incubus which battens on the brains of actors. The New Theatre is not the place for empirical theatrical practitioners to "learn their business." The correct principles of theatrical management are as well known as the correct principles of dramatic construction. The province of the New Theatre is to lead—to be New. With, for example, such a man as Augustus Thomas, or Daniel Frohman, or Otis Skinner, or Robert Mantell, or E. H. Sothern, or David Belasco, or such a woman as Mrs. Fiske (barring her injudicious personal ventures into Scandinavian dulness), at the head of it, a subsidized theatre might reasonably be expected to be managed with a single and competent eye to artistic excellence and the welfare of society,—that welfare being largely affected by the incessant influence of the Stage. It certainly would not be conducted as an annex to the trade of a shopkeeper. The dramatic company at the New Theatre should be made much stronger,—by including, for example, such actors as Tyrone Power, Arthur Lewis, Russ Whytal, Frank Worthing, John D. Kellard, Charles Cartwright, Adelaide Prince, Jessie Millward, and Ida Conquest, and it should be relieved of the superfluous "Producer." In this brilliant capital, with its millions of population and its vast wealth,—not to speak of the wide area of enterprise afforded by the country,—there is a wonderful opportunity for the use of great ideas and splendid plans of theatrical management. It seems indeed deplorable that, in the face of grand opportunity, our stage should still be restricted and minimized by the small-potato administration of the inefficient, inexperienced novice.

MR. PINERO'S "THUNDERBOLT"

It was said by an old poet, as counsel to poets, "Look into thy heart and write." But it might be added, "God pity the hearts into which some of us must look"—W. W.

In his play of *The Thunderbolt*, in some respects the best play that he has written, Pinero has provided an absorbing story of actual life, diversified and strongly contrasted types of character, situations of suspense, and dialogue which possesses the authentic sound of truth and which is adroitly and effectively interblended with action. The scene is laid in an English provincial city of to-day. The persons essentially concerned are, for the most part, members of one family, named Mortimore. It is premised that a wealthy member of that family has died, and that his relatives, the "next of kin," are eager to inherit his large estate. Search has been made for a will of the deceased, but no will has been found,—the reason being that a member of the family, Phillis Mortimore, wife of one of the deceased man's brothers, has stolen and surreptitiously destroyed it. The heirs at law, most of whom are persons of common, selfish, sordid character, are pleased that no obstacle should exist to their acquisition of a valuable inheritance, and they prepare to take possession of it. Phillis Mortimore, overwhelmed by remorse, confesses to her husband the crime that she has committed, and he, in turn, taking her fault and shame upon himself, apprises the expectant heirs that their deceased relative did, in fact, leave a will, bequeathing his entire estate to his illegitimate daughter, and he narrates to them the particulars of the theft and destruction of it, as having been effected by himself. That disclosure is the Thunderbolt, shattering a structure of many expectations and selfish plans. Discrepancies in the confession, however, are detected by two lawyers, who are among the auditors of it, and by means of their incisive questioning the identity of the actual criminal is disclosed. In the sequel the estate is conceded to the rightful heir, a lovely girl, who, with startling magnanimity, shares her inheritance with her father's relatives and connections, incidentally bestowing a portion upon a charity hospital,—her motive being one of compassion and extreme benevolence.

The several characters in this play are discriminated with peculiar and eminently felicitous skill. James Mortimore is a sturdy, honest, blunt, matter-of-fact, self-sufficient, dominant, coarsely animal Englishman, of the lower-middle class, acquisitive and uncouth, but conscientious. Stephen Mortimore is a greedy, peevish, querulous, narrow-minded, insincere, consequential, shrewd, grasping, utterly commonplace person. Thaddeus Mortimore is a kindly man, of a far finer fibre than that of his brothers, honest, affectionate, capable of sentiment, and made strong, at a crisis, by love for his wife, Phillis, the weak woman who has stolen and destroyed the will. Ann and Louisa, the wives, respectively, of James and Stephen, are reputable, insufferable vulgarians, of the domestic dullard order, addicted by nature to mean, petty, malicious views and spiteful gossip. Rose Mortimore, wife of Colonel Ponting,—a bumptious, perky, ruthless self-seeker,—is an addle-headed and spiteful copyist of the London fashionable lady. Helen Thornhill, the illegitimate daughter of the deceased Mortimore, is a bright, sweet, resolute, independent young woman, devoted to art and capable of earning her living, and, in a painful emergency, she evinces the heroism of an innately noble mind. The precision with which each identity is sustained, in naturally contrived and inevitably sequent situations, throughout colloquies that tell the story without superfluous words, is extraordinary and in the highest degree admirable. There are four acts. In the first the putative heirs are convened and the entangled circumstances are made known. In the second the felony is confessed. In the third the truth is revealed to all concerned. In the fourth an adjustment of affairs is arranged, accordant to Helen Thornhill's impulse of generosity and feminine heedlessness of law or justice.

The opening scene is reminiscent of the opening scene of Bulwer's comedy of *Money*, and in contriving that an innocent person shall shield a guilty one, by assuming the guilt, the dramatist has employed an old expedient. His use of old devices being new and his method brilliant, that does not matter. The scene in which Phillis confesses her crime and that in which Thaddeus is questioned by the lawyers are singularly vital pieces of dramatic construction and writing, and during the performance of them the audience is held in a tremor of suspense. In almost every particular the acting is worthy of the play. Mr. Louis Calvert's embodiment of James Mortimore,—solid with force of character, massive with resolution, firmly poised upon will, narrow in mentality, hard in temperament, and clearly indicative of that person's long experience of a grinding, bitter, harsh ordeal of life,—ranks with the best examples that the contemporary stage has provided of common human nature. The physical investiture of it is perfect. Mr. A. E. Anson, in the more complex and exacting part of Thaddeus Mortimore, provides a rare example of sympathetic and impressive impersonation, making the character distinct, sustaining it without deviation, and amply responding to the heavy demand which it makes upon deep feeling and fervent expression. The sweet, cheerful spirit of Thaddeus, before he knows that his wife has stolen the will, and his protective tenderness toward that wretched, suffering woman, after her confession, are shown in a manner that is lovely in its sincerity and simplicity. The pervasive tone of the performance is purely chivalrous. The false story of the theft and destruction of the will, told in the vain effort to protect his wife, is uttered with a subdued earnestness and a breaking voice that are truly pathetic, and the aggregate of the performance,—demeanor, speech, listening quietude, and expressive movement,—is such as clearly indicates quick perception of character, fine mentality, knowledge of human nature, and either an informing experience of sorrow or an intuitive grasp of the meaning of it. The manner of the exit, when the afflicted husband exclaims, "I never have regretted my marriage,"—meaning to testify his unshaken, abiding faith in the woman whose wrong-doing he knows but rightly attributes to weakness and not to wickedness,—is so fine that it illumines the actor as well as the character. The presentment of Phillis by Miss Thais Lawton lacks both the sense of character and the effect of feeling and is lachrymose and monotonous. That is a part for such an actress as Mrs. Fiske, who would be superb in it. Mr. Gottschalk makes the peppery little Colonel Ponting comically absurd and offensively rent in his utter selfishness,—as he ought to be. The sterling value of personality in the actor and of repose in the actor's art is graphically shown by Mr. E. M. Holland and Mr. Ben Johnson, in their respective performances of the two lawyers, Elkin and Vallance,—slight parts, but made of exactly the right importance by equable sustainment of dignity, good breeding, and judicial demeanor. Mr. Johnson's manner and tone of voice, in uttering the words "*Good* morning," as Vallance makes his final exit, are at once exceedingly amusing and subtly expositive of the faculty of suggestive expression, half revealing, as they do, a whole volume of meaning—the contemptuous disgust of a lawyer who is a gentleman for clients whom he despises and for the sordid attributes of human nature of which he has seen so much and grown so weary. Miss Olive Wyndham, as Helen Thornhill, pleases by her refinement of manner, the ease of her level speaking, and the earnest feeling that she evinces in the few moments of excitement which are provided for the part. Certain exasperating and certain ludicrous traits of the petty, conventional, commonplace female character are made sufficiently evident by Mrs. Harriett Otis Dellenbaugh, Miss Helen Reimer, and Miss Olive Oliver, as Ann, Louisa, and Rose Mortimore, who are, in a sense, echoes of their respective husbands. These performances would be better if they savored of Old England and not of New. At present the tone of them in "Down East"; but, even so, they are effective. Ann Mortimore's iterated assurance "that there are two sides to every question" is skilfully made, to illustrate the vexatious dreariness of the dullard mind, and Miss Reimer is clever in her utterance of it. Pinero has often shown in his plays,—and shown in an amusing fashion,—his contemptuous impatience with hide-bound character and stupid ways of life and thought. One of the chief charms of the representation of *The Thunderbolt* is the element of dramatic picture in it,—as when the attention of all the persons involved is centred upon one point, during Elkin's questioning of Thaddeus Mortimore. Every figure, in that scene, is expressive and every face eloquent. The opening of the play would sooner awaken the interest of an audience if the secret of the theft and destruction of the Will were sooner and more clearly intimated.

It is a pleasure to meet Arthur Pinero again in his proper field. For several years he has chosen to follow in the track of certain French dramatists who undertake to dispense "moral instruction" in the Theatre by exhibiting "the seamy side" of life, and, in such plays as *The Gay Lord Quex* and *Iris*, he has invited miscellaneous public consideration and discussion of the disreputable proceedings of bawds and blackguards. He now turns away from those tainted, tiresome, barren themes and emerges as the expert painter and delicate satirist of human nature who charmed society, long ago, by *Sweet Lavender*, *The Squire*, *The Cabinet Minister*, *The Magistrate*, *The Amazons*, *Trelawney of the Wells*, and *The Princess and the Butterfly*. He is a dramatist of brilliant ability, and the devotion of his fine talents to clean subjects is a public benefit. The company into which the spectator of *The Thunderbolt* is introduced,—for the most part neither pleasant nor lovable,—is literal, not ideal, being drawn, as Hogarth drew, from knowledge rather than imagination, but it is not revolting by reason of base propensity, and it inspires and retains interest. Human beings, whether generous or selfish, are shown in domestic relations and pursuits which are not controlled by erotic motive or swathed in the dense atmosphere of sensuality. The play accentuates contempt for meanness and greed, and at the same time it prompts a gentle pity for human weakness and error, while also it stimulates thought on the strange variety of conditions in which members of every community live, and thus tends to broaden an observer's perception of social systems and human fate. There is cause for wonder that a drama so surely effective and of such admirable worth and influence,—a drama which, for the most decisive elicitation of its beauties and its force, requires presentment in a theatre of moderate size, such as the Lyceum or the Belasco,—should have been so long in making its way to the American Stage, and that the observant eye of commercial speculation should have overlooked an obvious prospect of success. It was not just to the accomplished English dramatist that the managers who have profited most by his recent plays should have denied an American hearing for one of the best plays he has written. The founders of the New Theatre have reason to be well pleased, and no doubt they are, to observe that two of the most distinct commercial successes of the dramatic season, *The Blue Bird* and *The Thunderbolt*, are associated with their stage, rather than with the stage of commercial rivals who feared to take a risk.

The Mexican's "Roll"

ALMOST every Mexican in professional or business life carries on his person anywhere from two hundred to eight hundred dollars. Even the poor Indian in his blanket can more than likely produce greater sums than the average traveller.

Recently an instance of the kind was brought to the notice of an American, unused to the size of the Mexican's "roll." One Mexican of the middle class asked another in a casual way if he could change a thousand-dollar bill. The other pulled out a wallet from his inside pocket and counted out nearly two thousand dollars. It is no uncommon thing for a Mexican of the middle class to carry between one thousand and two thousand pesos on his person.

The check seems to have taken but small hold upon the citizens of Mexico, especially when amounts of less than one thousand dollars are concerned. They consider it much easier to pay cash than to give a check for amounts of fifty dollars and one hundred dollars, and maintain with some show of reason that a business deal can be put through with better advantage when the cash is in sight.

The lower classes carry their money in leather belts fastened round their bodies. These belts are hollow, and are open at one end. Into the open end the Indian slips his pesos or bills until he has the whole full. The belt is then taken off and hidden away, or the bills are changed for others of larger denominations, and still carried round the body. But the Indian is a stickler for *pesos duros* (silver pesos), and prefers them to any other class of money except gold.

To the Indian money is money, and a bank-book stands for nothing in his way of reckoning. A check he will not accept under any circumstances, because he does not understand it. A coin or paper currency is what he is after, and that is what he keeps his hands on when he gets it.

The King's Pie

THE city of Gloucester, in England, annually presents the King with a pie. Almost from time immemorial Gloucester, until the year 1834, followed the custom of expressing its loyalty to the throne by sending to the sovereign a lamprey pie. In 1834 the custom was suspended, but it was revived in 1893, and has since continued.

It was felt that the year of the Diamond Jubilee required some special effort, and therefore the 1897 pie, which was in May despatched to Balmoral upon a gold dish, was of a more than usually elaborate character. This pie weighed twenty pounds, and was adorned with truffles, fine prawns on gold skewers, and aspic jelly. On the top was a representation of the royal crown and cushion, with a sceptre to which were attached streamers of royal blue, and at the base were four golden lions.

By the survival of an ancient custom, the town of Yarmouth is bound to furnish to the sheriffs of Norwich annually a hundred herrings baked in twenty-four pies, which are then sent to the lord of the Manor of East Clareton, who conveys them to the king.

Your Daughter's Christmas

WHY not make it memorable by providing a Christmas present for her which will last her as long as she lives—something that will come around every Christmas time even though you may not be here to have the pleasure of personally giving it to her? It will be your loving forethought which will provide the gift on Christmas days yet to come, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing *now* that this will be *one* Christmas present that she will always be sure to receive. If, unfortunately, there should come for her Christmas celebrations without cheer—when everything may have gone wrong—when even bread and butter and roof may be in the balance—this Christmas gift of yours will step in and take the place of your parental care and affection—and see to it that she has the wherewithal to provide the three daily meals—and the roof—and the clothing—for her and hers. Rather attractive sort of present to give, isn't it? Better than some gift which brings only temporary pleasure and which has no permanent or enduring value. ❦ This Christmas gift that we are talking about—the Life Income Policy of the Equitable Society—which provides a definite, fixed, yearly sum for that dear daughter—giving her the policy on this Christmas day, and, if you so elect, the income when it becomes due, can be made payable on every Christmas day thereafter so long as she lives—and to nobody else—Something that a husband of hers cannot squander or misinvest—something that puts her beyond reach of the scheming adventurer—something that makes absolutely certain the necessaries of life if all her pleasures and comforts should go by the board—None too early to apply for it promptly when you see this, if you want to have the pleasure of giving it to her this Christmas. ❦ This sort of Policy would be the best Christmas present you could give your wife, too—if you have not already made some adequate provision which will insure her absolutely an annual income for the rest of her life.

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THE GOVERNMENT AND THE GET-RICH-QUICK INDUSTRY

By Franklin Escher

ONE of the most fascinating stories the late O. Henry ever wrote tells of the experience of a couple of professional "grafters" who, more or less against their will, were inveigled into a get-rich-quick proposition by which the stock of a "fake" mine was to be sold to small investors all over the country. Things went along beautifully and the money came pouring in, but the two professionals, hardened as they were, were afflicted with continuous qualms, until finally they sent back every cent they had received and quit the business in disgust.

Unfortunately, as has been shown by the recent government activity against concerns of this sort, most of the people engaged in the business don't look at it that way. The growth of the get-rich-quick industry, indeed, appears to have been something phenomenal of recent years. That concerns of this sort are operating all over the country has been generally known, but until Postmaster Hitchcock came out with the actual figures a couple of weeks ago, there was nothing like general realization of the extent to which the thing had gone. If, as Mr. Hitchcock estimates, "the swindling operations of the seventy-eight cases brought to a head this year have filched from the American people in a period of five years over $100,000,000," it can be imagined what a sum of money has gone into the hands of those concerns which have not yet been got into the toils.

For, after all, what the government has done so far is only a beginning—a good beginning and suggestive of a coming clean up, but only one step of many which will have to be taken before anything like that is accomplished. Gratified as the Postmaster has been by his success in rounding up some seventy-eight of these concerns so far this year, nobody realizes better than he does the extent of the work which has still to be done. And that he intends to go ahead and do it has been made evident in more ways than one. In Mr. Hitchcock's own words, "The crusade now in progress is the result of a carefully laid plan of some months ago, the first step in which was a thorough reorganization of the inspection service with the selection of a new Chief Post-office Inspector, and certain changes and reassignments in the force of inspectors in charge of the fifteen inspection divisions." That certainly looks as though the government meant business.

As soon as the crusade got well under way, Mr. Hitchcock goes on to say, it became apparent that the fraudulent use of the mails was going on to a far greater extent than had been imagined. A vast system of fraud "as extensive in its ramifications as the postal service itself had been developed by unscrupulous men who, through the grossest of misrepresentations, were stealing from the people millions of dollars annually." As extensive as the postal service itself—few of us, probably, had realized that the business had developed to any such proportions as that.

In its great work of rooting out these fraudulent concerns, the government is immensely aided by the fact that they are so absolutely dependent upon the mails. Through the insertion of alluring advertisements in newspapers not scrupling to take this kind of business, the get-rich-quick people can put their propositions before thousands of credulous persons; but when it comes to doing actual business with them, the mails have to be used. The very nature of the business, moreover, calls for dealings with large numbers of persons scattered all over the country, so that not only must the mails be used, but very large amounts of letters continuously sent out and received. Dummy offices and other dodges help a little, but with the post-office authorities keenly on the alert, it is a pretty difficult matter to use postal facilities to any great extent without attracting attention. This fact, that in order to carry on their business at all the fraudulent concerns have to use the mails and use them largely, makes it possible not only for the government to locate them, but to come down on them like a thousand of brick when it has got them located. And that that is precisely what the government proposes to do is very plainly stated by Postmaster General Hitchcock. "Formerly," he says, "the procedure in such fraud cases was entirely different. It was the practice to issue a fraud order against the guilty concern. This method proved to be ineffective; while it deprived the offending concern of the use of the mails, it was a simple matter for its promoters to reorganize under a new name and thus evade the law. In the department's present crusade the procedure has been to proceed immediately to the arrest of the principals in the fraudulent enterprises, the object being to secure the prompt conviction and imprisonment of the men who organize and promote these schemes to defraud. The results already accomplished by the department represent only the beginning. The work of investigation and prosecution will proceed with all possible vigor until the swindling of the people through the use of the mails is brought to an end."

The harm done by these concerns engaged in the business of selling worthless securities extends very much farther than in merely separating credulous persons from their money. It is bad enough to have small investors all over the country lose money which in only too many cases represents the savings of a lifetime, but when to that is added the fact that the whole business of the country is seriously hurt thereby, it will readily appear why the government's crusade is a thing of big importance.

The first of the two ways in which the operations of the get-rich-quick people have hurt general business has been through the diversion of capital from productive employment. A farmer in a remote town out in the wheat belt has, say, a couple of thousand dollars deposited in his bank. The bank makes the money work—loans it out, for instance, to some merchant who needs it to run his business. After a while the farmer to whom the money belongs gets interested in the literature sent him by one of these stock selling concerns and is finally persuaded to "invest." He calls upon the bank for his $2,000, the bank in turn calling in the loan made to its mercantile client. The money is sent on to New York or Chicago or wherever the promoters happen to be operating from, and that is the end of it. The upshot of that particular transaction is that the amount of business which was being done on that $2,000 comes to a stop and is done no longer.

When there is considered the extent of the business being done by concerns of this kind and the amounts of money which their far-reaching antennæ are sucking in from all over the country, it will readily appear that legitimate business is being deprived of a sum of money which each year runs into big figures. Postmaster-General Hitchcock estimates that during the past five years the seventy-eight concerns which have lately been brought to time have made away with one hundred million dollars of the public's money. In the opinion of the editor of the financial paper which more than any other has been active against the get-rich-quick concerns, operations of this sort are keeping five hundred million dollars out of investment channels. These are big figures, even when the whole business of the country is considered. If legitimate industry is being deprived of any such sum, it means that business is being done under a very severe handicap. Just at present, when the scarcity of banking capital is one of the most unfavorable features of the industrial situation, the matter is particularly important.

Diversion of capital from legitimate enterprise is, however, only one of the ways in which the existence of such conditions hurts business. Even more serious, perhaps, is the impairment of confidence brought about. Every dollar so lost makes timid and distrustful a great many other dollars. Every time a man in a small community loses his money in one of these ventures, the stories his friends hear about how it happened make them all the more determined not to run any risk investing their money in anything, but to keep it under their own supervision. Only too often, when a lot of money has thus been taken out of a small community, people get the idea that the money has been "lost speculating in Wall Street" and that Wall Street is responsible.

Plenty of money is lost speculating in Wall Street and Wall Street has a good deal to answer for, but between the swindling operations of these firms who make a practice of selling worthless stocks and the operation of the New York Stock Exchange there is not the remotest connection. Whatever any one may think of the practice of buying and selling actively fluctuating stocks on the exchange, it must be realized that that is an entirely different proposition from buying oil and gas and wireless securities concerning which the purchaser can get no possible information except from the seller. In the way in which the facilities afforded by the various stock exchanges are abused there is much that is highly regrettable, but there the trouble lies not with the exchanges so much as with the people who pervert their uses—in any case, the stocks and bonds dealt in on the exchanges are securities of more or less ascertainable worth, while in this other kind of business the whole thing is a swindle from top to bottom.

Wall Street, as the term is used, has plenty of things to answer for, but the marketing broadcast of worthless securities isn't one of them—most of the get-rich-quick concerns in New York, indeed, are not even located in the financial district. Misapprehension on this score, however, does do a vast amount of harm to Wall Street's legitimate function of providing capital for business to work on. Because of the operations of the get-rich-quick concerns and the idea, unfortunately so prevalent in remote districts, that this sort of thing is Wall Street, an enormous amount of money is yearly frightened away from what would prove profitable investment.

In the foregoing ways, the operation of these concerns against whom the government is now so vigorously proceeding is hurting the general business of the country. For the investor not particularly familiar with the financial markets, the remedy is twofold. Let him in the first place be wary of investment propositions promising to yield more than a fair rate of interest. Let him in the second place confine his investment dealings to firms concerning whose standing he has not heard this or that, but about whom he *knows*.

Legitimate propositions having within themselves a fair promise of gain do not have to be advertised all over the country to interest capital. Capital, on the contrary, is on the alert for every opportunity to interest itself profitably. Instances are to be found where propositions turned down by capital in the beginning, have afterward made good, but in the majority of cases, where there is a legitimate chance, that part of the financing at least which carries with it the big opportunity for profit will be arranged without public subscription. It is seldom, indeed, that the small investor is let in. He can well be suspicious of any proposition offering him an extravagant return for the use of his money.

With regard to the responsibility and standing of the firm with which he is dealing, the investor can hardly be too careful. Where he is located at a distance from any investment centre it may not be altogether easy for him to get the definite information he wants, but until he has got it and feels absolutely assured as to its reliability, he will do well not to commit himself. The reliability of the house with which the investor is dealing is his greatest safeguard.

One hundred and thirty-three million dollars have so far been expended out of the general fund of the United States Treasury for building the Panama Canal. To reimburse the Treasury and to provide additional funds to go on with the work, an act was passed by Congress, last August, authorizing the government to issue bonds to the extent of $290,569,000 at a rate not exceeding three per cent. Before long, now, some of these bonds will have to be issued and sold. Determination of the rate of interest they shall bear is about the knottiest problem which Secretary MacVeagh has yet been called upon to solve.

The "Panamas" so far issued, like the great bulk of United States government bonds, carry two-per-cent interest and sell at just a fraction above par. Any further large issue of canal bonds, therefore, bearing the same rate of interest, could hardly be marketed except at a substantial discount from par. And, as a consequence, the price of the old bonds would be bound to come down to the level of the new.

There are numerous reasons, practical as well as sentimental, why the Secretary of the Treasury is averse to doing anything that will result in causing new or existing issues of government bonds to sell below par. Most important of these is the fact that pretty nearly all of the outstanding "twos" are owned by banks who are using them as a basis for circulation and to whom the investment already stands in at a serious loss. We took these bonds off the government's hands at a price away above par, say the banks, and now it's up to the government to see that nothing is done that will result in a further depreciation in their price. We took the bonds in good faith and we are entitled to protection.

There being so strong an objection to putting out the bonds on the old basis of two per cent. and availability as a basis for circulation, Secretary MacVeagh is giving serious consideration to the question as to whether the new bonds can't be issued as a straight investment proposition—three-per-cent. interest, for example, and not available as security for bank-note issues. That would popularize government bonds and make them sell on their merits—as do the bonds of other governments. The only question is, Would a United States government bond bearing three per cent. interest and deprived of all special privileges maintain a price above par?

A little consideration of the price of the bonds of other governments leads inevitably to the conclusion that it would. British consols, which carry two and one-half per cent., happen at the moment to be depressed by the prevailing political turmoil, but taking the average price for last year and reducing it to a three-per-cent. basis, we find that the bonds sold at the equivalent of 100.52. French rentes, which carry three-per-cent. interest, averaged 97.20 during 1909, and are at present even better in price.

Both the erstwhile "premier security" and the French rente are bonds of the highest type, but in each case the fact must not be lost sight of that issue after issue has been poured out on the market until there are some 8,000 million dollars' worth of the bonds outstanding. Were a three-per-cent. bond to be offered to investors by the United States government, the offering would labor under no such handicap, but have a field absolutely untouched by previous issues. Under the circumstances, it would certainly seem as though the straight investment demand for a three-per-cent government obligation would fix the price above par and hold it there.

One of the most curious features of a money situation which is in many respects a paradox, is the lending out in the foreign markets of millions of dollars of American money. That the corporations here want to borrow and can't is proved by the big discount they are being forced to allow on such of their notes as they can persuade bankers to take. For mercantile requirements money is to be had, but only upon payment of a stiff rate of interest. And still, American bankers with foreign affiliations are lending out money in London and Berlin.

The explanation lies in the fact that while capital is scarce and timid, bank money, available for short loans on collateral security, is in full supply and on the lookout for profitable employment. For a banker to lock up his funds in bonds sold to start some new enterprise is one thing; to lend out money on collateral, and in such a way that at any time it can be quickly recalled, is something very different. With the situation as it is at present, the first proposition appeals to him, while the second does not. It is only one more of the many illustrations of the fact that bankers having money of their own and controlling other people's money, are at present determined to keep their funds "liquid." There are uncertainties ahead and they want to see how they are going to work out. In the mean time they are holding themselves and their money ready for anything that may come along.

"Three-notch" Roads

In certain of our States, notably in Missouri, there are to be found highways bearing the curious designation "three-notch" roads. Such a road is a public highway, as distinguished from a road leading to a sawmill, a church, a schoolhouse, or back in the woods to a farm house. A "three-notch" road is the kind that is sure to "go somewhere." Should one travel far enough along it, he will reach a town in due time.

Back of this odd designation is an interesting story. It appears that George III. decreed that all English public roads should be marked with his name. In England and his colonies public roads have so long been known as the king's highway that no one can positively state when the custom originated. When George III desired his name to be posted at convenient points on the highways in America, the refractory subjects of His Majesty here adopted the expedient of cutting three notches on trees, in that way avoiding specific reference to King George.

After the Revolution, of course, the name was universally omitted, but the three notches proved useful as a means of marking public roads. Virginia colonists, it is said, carried this system to Tennessee, Kentucky, and Indiana, and their children carried it on to Missouri.

Originally Missouri had no counties. Later, when these came, the State decided that, were the task left to the counties themselves, there would be little road-building. So the State constructed the roads, and marked them with three notches. Afterward, when the counties undertook the making of roads, they were designated in the timber country with two notches.

Prior to and during the Civil War this distinction was preserved, and "three-notch" roads were always through roads, leading from one town of some importance to another. Two-notch roads were less important highways, and roads not notched at all were either rail roads or plank roads.

A rail road was a road leading to some camp where men were splitting rails, while a plank road led to a sawmill.

The Nativity of Corn

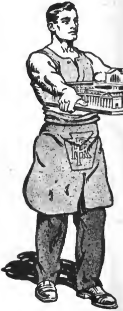
Corn, generally believed to have originated in South America, has been found growing in China; but the Chinese corn is of a unique species, and it is not a native of the Chinese region in which it was discovered. Researches show that it must have been brought to China long before the voyage of Columbus, for it could not have acquired its distinctive character in the comparatively few years that have elapsed since that period.

Chinese corn is a dwarf plant and its starch is very different from that of American corn. The leaves grow on either side of the stalk so as to protect it from the hot, dry winds of the desert. They form a sort of horn for the accumulation of pollen.

Chinese corn is excellent for planting in hot countries where common corn does not flourish.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

PRESENTS



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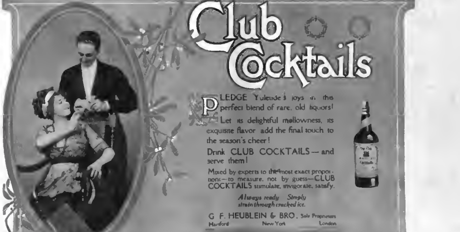

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THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 17)

lover, and his soul shall not miss heaven, neither his soul nor thine."

"And thine?"

"I am thy mother."

And Daphne stood firm. "Better I love thee, mother," she said, "than heaven on earth with my lover; better I love thee than his soul or mine in this world, better than all save his dear soul."

"I tell thee, sweet, cross my body, and his soul and thy soul shall be safe."

"But thy life on earth, and thy soul?"

"I am thy mother."

"I will not go."

Then came a wail of despair from old Elma at her daughter's feet upon the silver shield of the meadow, and then she was raised up by young Harry Edgehuks, and she stood with her leathern old face like an angel's for pure joy and forgetfulness of self. For her daughter stood in her lover's arms and his voice sounded like a song.

"Nothing on earth and nothing in heaven shall part me from thee, who hold my soul dearer than myself, and thy mother dearer than thyself, for, witch or no witch, thy mother has shown me thy angel in the meadow to-night," he said.

Old Elma stood watching them with her face of pure joy, and all the fierceness and the bitter grief of injury received from those whom she had not injured faded from her heart. She forgot the strange book which she had studied, she forgot her power of strange deeds, she forgot herself, and remembered nothing, nothing save her daughter and her lover, and such bliss possessed her that she could stand no longer upon the silver shield of the meadow. She sank down slowly as a flower sinks when its time has come before the sun and the wind which have given it life, and she lay still at the feet of her daughter and the youth, and they stooped over her and they knew that she had been no witch, but a great lover.

The Wealth of the Romanoffs

THE imperial family of Russia is held to be the richest royal family in Europe. It derives its wealth from three sources: the state treasury, the imperial domains (formerly church lands), and the so-called cabinet properties. The state treasury provides for the Tsar as the sovereign, the imperial domains are the joint property of the members of the House of Romanoff, but are administered by the head of the house; and the cabinet properties are the personal possessions of the reigning sovereign.

There are available no data upon which to estimate the amount of property held by the Tsar and other members of his house in their private capacity, but it is known to be very considerable, both in land and in gold.

The state treasury pays out something like $7,500,000 each year for the needs of the imperial house, principally for the maintenance of the palaces and in salaries to the officials and servants attached to them. The reigning Empress, for example, has an allowance of $100,000 annually; and the Dowager Empress has the same. Every child born to the Tsar receives from its birth until the age of twenty-one years nearly $20,000 a year, while the heir to the throne receives annually, in addition to maintenance of palaces, $50,000. Daughters receive a dowry of one million rubles, or about $500,000, when they marry.

The imperial domains, the chief source of the vast wealth of the Romanoffs, were originally Church lands. The Russian Church is far from poverty-stricken now; but the bulk of its great possessions passed to the House of Romanoff a century ago. The imperial domains comprise some 21,328,000 acres. About two-thirds of this area is forest, out of which a handsome revenue accrues. The timber from Archangel is known all over the world, while the estate of Bielovezh, that magnificent forest where are still preserved herds of the aurochs, annually provides for sale 2,000,000 cubic feet of timber. Another estate in the Vologda province produces 200,000 of the largest timber trees annually for the imperial sawmills there.

The other third of the area comprised in the imperial domains is highly cultivated land. The largest vineyards, producing the best wine in Russia, belong to the domains, and about $750,000 worth of wine is sold annually from this source. In the province of Samara is a sugar plantation, the factory on which produces 1,500 tons of sugar every year.

Mineral wealth is worked in a hundred places; fifteen hundred flour-mills, a thousand fisheries, a hundred wharves on various rivers, and eight hundred and fifty trading concerns of various kinds are among the minor undertakings belonging to the imperial domains. But the greater part of the cultivated are[illegible] rented to others, fifteen thousand lots for purely agricultural purposes, and ten thousand for the higher forms of cultivation—fruit, vineyards, etc.

The clear profit from all these sources is said to exceed $10,000,000 dollars per annum. During the last one hundred years, since the Church property was converted to the imperial use, a sum of $125,000,000 has been paid out to various members of the imperial house. Under the head of imperial domains is also included certain capital accumulated by various emperors, and to this must be added the $26,000,000 received from the peasants who were serfs on the imperial domains, as the price of their freedom.

The cabinet properties comprise some 115,000,000 acres, an area about the size of France. This property is almost entirely in Siberia, but it includes the best and largest of the gold and silver mines, worked and unworked, besides a fabulous amount of unexplored wealth both above and below the surface. Copper, iron, platinum, and other ores, besides gold and silver, are only awaiting the opening up of this unexplored territory to yield many more millions annually.

Where Chess Rules

CHESS is king in the German town of Ströhbeck. All the inhabitants, young and old, men and women, boys and girls, play at the ancient game with a skill and assiduity that are more than remarkable. Youngsters absorb the intricacies of the royal game just as they learn their A B C, and the Ströhbeck child is ever a match for the average player elsewhere.

Chess is taught in the schools of Ströhbeck, and the pupils carry chess-boards as the American school-child carries his satchel of books. The whole town breathes an atmosphere of chess.

Visit any local shop, and the shopman will lay aside his chess-board in order to attend to your wants, and pick it up the moment these are satisfied, to renew his attention upon some problem or to continue an exciting game with his assistant. At the cafés and other places of refreshment chess-boards and chess-men are provided for the entertainment of visitors.

Should you visit one of the old inns of the place called "The Chess Board," the genial landlord will show you, should you appear worthy of the honor, a set of chess-men presented to it in 1650. Two princes, the story runs, played upon this board and with these chessmen. The inscription on the board itself confirms all the town's privileges, so that, in a way, it may be said that the charter of the place is engrossed upon a chess-board.

The extraordinary popularity of chess in Ströhbeck is accounted for by a tradition concerning a certain Graf Gunzelin who was imprisoned in the tower there in the year A.D. 1011. He chalked out a chess-board on his dungeon floor and made some rough pieces. In time the jailer became interested in the Graf's manœuvres on the checkered field, and the two played together. The jailer ultimately taught the game to others, and it won a popularity which it has never lost in the quaint German town.

The Stork's Travels

IT has been ascertained, by marking storks with numbered rings, that these birds migrate from Europe to South Africa for the winter. A number of marked storks have been captured at various points in South Africa, and last spring one was caught near Jerusalem. It had come originally from Hungary, and was apparently on its homeward journey from South Africa, with four companions. This incident is regarded as showing that the storks, in passing between Europe and Africa, avoid crossing the Mediterranean Sea, taking by preference the longer journey by land around its eastern end. The question yet remains whether the storks breed during their winter season in Africa.

An Egyptian Hair-restorer

PERHAPS the most ancient medical prescription in existence is one that was deciphered by an English authority on a papyrus taken from an Egyptian tomb. It bears evidence that it was intended not for some bald male Egyptian, but [illegible] the mother of a king of the first dynasty who must have reigned about 4000 B.C. The prescription [illegible] as follows:

Dogs' paws (the calloused parts)	1	part
Dates	1	"
Donkeys' hoofs	1	"

Boil the whole in oil and rub the scalp actively with the mixture.

History does not record whether this hair-[illegible] ever proved efficacious enough to [illegible] queen to regain her lost tresses.

Odd Ways of Making a Living

In addition to being the life of trade, the competition that has grown more and more heated in every channel of business activity during the last few years has proved itself to be the life-giver, or mother, of a number of queer sustenance-gaining professions. In witness whereof, and by way of primary concrete illustration, there is "Cinder Ella," as she is best known—an aged woman with a brush for removing cinders from one's eyes, who ekes out her living in this fashion in the down-town section of New York. The curb market traders are her most lucrative patrons, and it is said her revenue sometimes amounts to as much as a dollar and a half a day.

Near the Five Points, in lower New York, there is an undertaker who, having failed to gain a living through ordinary undertaking methods, has had better financial luck since he inaugurated what he calls "home burials." The section in which his shop is located is inhabited by Chinese, Italians, and persons of half a dozen other nationalities, and, when one of these dies, the undertaker gives him a burial ceremony as nearly like that of his own people as he can. The ceremony goes gratis with the price of the casket, which is collected from the relatives of the departed.

The so-called "window vaudeville" performers are another result of the competition that drives individuals to make a living in odd ways. The comely woman attired in a bathing suit who "demonstrates" a patent shower bath in the window of one of the New York drug stores, the young man who gets six dollars a week for showing the passing crowds the way to manipulate a new style of easily tied neckwear, and the woman who sits in a shop window "demonstrating" on her own bare foot the relief-giving effect of a certain brand of talcum powder are illustrations. One of the oldest of all the more recent "window vaudeville" performers is a man who disguises himself to represent Theodore Roosevelt and who gets eight dollars a week for standing in a shop window back of a placard that announces prizes for any passers-by who are able to detect the slightest movement in his rigid body.

A score or more of different so-called "human dolls" have followed the foot-steps of the Roosevelt man in their effort to gain a livelihood by posing in store windows. Following the victory of Johnson in the fistic arena at Reno, negro boys by the hundred swarmed into Coney Island to take advantage of the fifty cents a day increase in pay that was advertised by those in charge of the booths where five cents allows one to throw three balls at a negro's head. So great was the popularity of this amusement on the part of the white brethren at this particular time, that many hard-up negroes availed themselves of the means thus afforded to make a living.

The man in evening clothes who flashes out the name of a certain brand of liquor on his transparent shirt-front as he saunters down the street by night is an oddity in quest of a living not less queer than the man who recently advertised in the London *Times* that, for small remuneration, he would impersonate any wealthy man who cared to engage his services, and in this disguise would meet all the "cranks" who might come to bother said wealthy man. "I can save my client's time and maybe his life," the advertisement was worded.

In Chicago, there was chronicled the case not long ago of a man who was earning his living, at the rate of about four dollars a week, by getting tips from men whose hats he ran after at a particularly windy corner in one of the busiest sections of the city. And there is an aged woman in Philadelphia who ekes out a living by loitering around the walks of Fairmount Park and mending the dolls and toys of the little girls who go there for their daily airing. She carries a cement preparation with her and her income is estimated at about five dollars a week.

Swift's
Premium Calendar
for 1911

"The Courtships of American Poetry"

Four large, beautiful pictures in 13 colors that everyone will prize—

Hiawatha and Minnehaha **Priscilla and John Alden**
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or—10 Wool Soap Wrappers.

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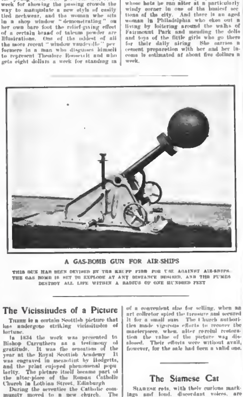

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The Vicissitudes of a Picture

There is a certain Scottish picture that has undergone striking vicissitudes of fortune.

In 1834 the work was presented to Bishop Carruthers as a testimony of gratitude. It was the sensation of the year at the Royal Scottish Academy. It was engraved in mezzotint by Hodgetts, and the print enjoyed phenomenal popularity. The picture itself became part of the altar-piece of the Roman Catholic Church in Lothian Street, Edinburgh.

During the seventies the Catholic community moved to a new church. The canvas of the altar-piece was rolled up and left lying in the schools, where it was eventually forgotten. When thickly encrusted with dirt, the whole thing was sold for a trifle to a broker, who thought so little of his prize that for a time he used it as a tarpaulin, covering an outhouse with it.

A travelling showman made a bid for the canvas, thinking it would do to ornament the front of his booth, but he did not get it. A last indignity was contemplated by the broker, who was seriously considering the advisability of cutting off the heads and making of them pictures of a convenient size for selling, when an art collector spied the treasure and secured it for a small sum. The Church authorities made vigorous efforts to recover the masterpiece, when, after careful restoration, the value of the picture was disclosed. Their efforts were without avail, however, for the sale had been a valid one.

The Siamese Cat

Siamese cats, with their curious markings and loud, discordant voices, are favorite pets both here and abroad.

In many respects these animals of Siamese breed are unique among felines. They follow their owners like dogs; they are exceedingly affectionate and insist upon attention, and they mew loudly and constantly, as if trying to talk. They have more vivacity and less dignity than usually falls to the lot of cats.

In color they vary from pale fawn through shades of brown to chocolate. There are two varieties, the temple cats and the palace cats, the principal difference between the two being that the palace breed is darker in color.

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IMPERIAL
EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE

Served Everywhere

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

[illegible]

C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE "SARAH BENSON"

(Continued from page 9)

They were arraigned and examined separately—the Irishman first. Gilligan made a bad showing. He confessed that there had been a plan to get at the water and liquors in the cabin, and that there had been much talk among the crew of revenging themselves on the captain and mate. The only thing that he steadily adhered to was that he had seen no one doing the killing and that he would not have "sullied his hands with the blood of a fellow man."

The impression he made was bad, distinctly bad. He was tripped into telling of seeing the cook chase Digby into the deckhouse. He saw him throw a knife overboard. In his endeavor to shield himself completely, he followed any lead. He stepped from the stand discredited entirely.

Ormsby followed him. His tale was weirder than the Irishman's. He had discarded the idea of complete innocence now, claiming that he had only listened to the plot, had urged against it. He confessed to having stolen the liquor in the captain's cabin, that he had brought it out, and that all hands forward were drunk; that, when the rush had been made, he had hung back, urging them to desist. Who hit him, or how he came to be found in the hold, he did not know. (In his first story, it was Smith who had done this when he had caught him eavesdropping.) He became confused; his testimony was riddled through and through. The foreman of the jury had grinned at his fellows when the talkative black had left the stand.

It came Smith's turn. The unexpected happened. They could not shake his story in the slightest. He held to it without the variance of a single detail. They couldn't trap him or trip him. The lawyer who was defending all three of the accused men was somewhat chagrined, for it is almost axiomatic that no person, innocent or guilty, can tell exactly the same story on the witness-stand. Slips will be made in some of the minor details, the witness will become nervous or uncertain under cross-examination; but Smith never wavered, not even in recalling the conversation between himself and Gilligan while they were below. He still insisted in his story of his attempt to recapture the ship and kill the negro. But not a blow had he seen struck, not a shot had he fired. He admitted that he knew the captain had a brace of revolvers in the cabin, he knew where they were hanging, for he had often seen them when standing his trick at the wheel. How one with two empty cartridges came to be found in the hold, where the wounded negro lay, he could not tell. That was one of the points that had upset Digby and thrown him off his guard (one weapon had been subsequently found in the hammock). Through every turn and manœuvre of the prosecution Smith stuck to his story. As he left the stand, the jury was nonplussed.

When it came to the summing up, the prosecutor asked for but one thing—a verdict of guilty for all three. He pointed out the condition of the vessel, the discontent, the plottings, the fact that one man had confessed he had stolen liquor from the cabin and brought it to the fo'castle, the finding of the two revolvers. He made much of Gilligan's forgetfulness and manner on the witness-stand; any one used to negroes could see the cook was lying! But when he came to Smith he flayed him. Here was the master mind! the one who had contrived it all, the one who had kept sober, and learned his rigamarole by heart, who had conceived the bold stroke of dying the signal of distress. The attorney admitted that he may have attempted to kill the cook. It was a wonder that he had not killed the Irishman, too, and appeared as the sole survivor—probably he had wanted him to help work the vessel! The prosecutor built up a strong story from a vivid imagination of the captain and the mate, of their brave fight against overwhelming odds. Maybe they had "done for" some of the other mutineers who appeared on the ship's papers—Forbes, the Englishman; Antonio, the Portuguese; and Diego, the Canary Islander. Where were they? How these three men and Forson, mate, and John Crabbe, the master, had met their death had not been brought out. The three defendants denied all knowledge of it; two claimed that they were down in the fo'castle, the third that he was unconscious in the hold. It was preposterous, impossible, these accusations and counter accusations. "Behold these innocents!" shouted the prosecuting attorney, "these men who claim your pity, who tell these contradicting tales." He fairly laughed in their faces, and, suddenly breaking off in his summing up, he sat down.

The jury hardly left their seats. In ten minutes they returned a verdict of guilty for all three. The cook, who had left in him some of the Oriental's fatalism, said nothing. Gilligan became a clumsy wreck; Smith alone kept his courage; he jumped to his feet and began a wild harangue. In his excitement he reiterated that he wished that he had killed the "lying nigger"! The court officers pulled him down and silenced him. The judge arraigned them all for sentence then and there, as murderers and mutineers. It was plain his mind had long been made up—they were all three to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. They were to be "hanged by the neck until they were dead" before the end of the month. In charge of guards they were led out, the black slouching surlily along, the Irishman supported on both sides, Smith, head up and defiant, cursing judge and jury and the "lying nigger" in one expansive breath.

It was in a Southern State, and it would not do to hang two white men and a black man on the same scaffold. Ormsby was to die on Thursday, and there was to be a double hanging on the day following. And here the tale takes another turn.

With the same fatalism that generally causes men of dark skins to meet such a fate unflinchingly, Ormsby ascended the scaffold; he had professed religion; he had prayed long the night before, but his lips were sealed as to the true story of the murders. Before they had put the noose around his neck, he asked leave to say a few words. Maybe it was out of curiosity that his request was granted. Standing there, and speaking so loudly that all could hear, he spoke as follows:

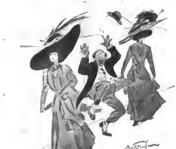
"Listen to me, to my last words. What Jonas Smith says is true! He or Gilligan had nothing to do with it. I killed them all, all but Tony, the Portuguese. The mate killed him with a belaying-pin—he helped me steal the liquor. I'd have killed the others too if they had come on deck. Forbes came at me with a broken bottle. I got the cap'n's pistols for to do it with. I fired two shots into the captain's body. They were below all the time. Smith hit me on the head in the hold. I was told if I turned State's witness that I'd get free. Them two men are innocent. You hear me, people—innocent. I done it. That's all—I've got to tell. I'm goin' to my God. Good-by!"

A few seconds later the trap was sprung.

The young attorney who had defended Smith and Gilligan, and was still convinced of their innocence, was present in the prison yard. The reporters made a record of this speech. It appeared in the papers. That night the young attorney saw the United States attorney and the judge. It takes a great deal of trouble and some expenditure of money to open a case that has been concluded in the way this one had. But the United States district attorney was shaken—even the judge was willing to listen. The attorney for the defence telegraphed to Washington. He knew some one in power there. Telegrams and inquiries kept the night wires busy. An hour before the time set for the double hanging, the Chief Executive commuted the sentence of Smith and Gilligan to imprisonment for life.

That was eight years ago. They are serving their terms now. If any one is sufficiently interested to wish further facts and names—the real names—he can be referred to the court records, page for page, and to the people who are now making efforts to redress what may be a wrong.

This is only the story of a story, as it may have happened. There are some people who think, who think—well, who have their opinions!



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It is claimed that the German Emperor has the most splendid stable in the world. It is situated in the outskirts of Berlin. Outwardly it resembles a palace and inwardly it has many of the appointments and characteristics of one. It is asserted that horses were never more palatially lodged than they are here.

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The Gentler View

PALE ADVENTURERS

By Florida Pier

MR. HENRY JAMES has prepared us, in spite of his long list of glowing heroines, for the substitution, in *The Finer Grain*, of faded, sensitive old gentlemen as the principal characters rather than the young people we always and sometimes wilfully feel to be most important, no matter what the emphasis of the author. His vivid young women are in this new book as in the others; but, though they may be the adventures themselves, they are only important in their relation to the innately Boston gentlemen so characteristic of James, and noticed by him so early that they almost owe their public existence to him, no matter how long they may actually have flourished in the city of their embryonage. His readers, therefore, have reached the point in this volume of admitting these old gentlemen to be his real heroines (we cannot somehow call them his heroes), and, their number suddenly looming large, they rise, a pale host, dimming completely Maisie, Daisy Miller, Charlotte and Maggie, and so many others.

There was, not so very long ago, that wonderful man in *The Ambassadors*. There were, as a matter of fact, two of them in that book, but it was the paler who survived the longer and who was triumphantly the entire book. It was he who had that rare experience in rural France, where he managed, with Jamesque felicity, to enter and inhabit for one long day the precise French landscape which on canvas he had once longed to buy, though he never felt equal to the value demanded. He wandered, always keeping happily within the frame, up the very road and past the identical willows, reaching finally the precise swollen, slowly flaming stream and delectably scented but frugally decorated auberge which he had always known lay beyond the dip in the hill. Such a day was of course a supreme adventure for the dear pale gentleman, as the chapter fairly amounts to for the reader, but then the entire book is his heyday of life. He had waited, as have all these other faded, elderly, and gently wistful men, almost a lifetime, without anything happening to him.

Their nationality is occasionally neglected, as in this latest book, with quite strong hints given of England being our hero's rightful place of residence. But we are not in the least fooled. If Mr. James likes to make it appear as though they grew natively in English soil, we do not mind, but we staunchly retain our rooted belief that if it had not been for New England they never could have been at all. It is their very arid New Englandism that makes them as important to Mr. James as they obviously are. Their spareness, their aptitude for getting so much out of a crumb—it has taken generations of New England to do that, just as it takes at least fifty years of their own barren willingness before their great adventures can possibly come to them. They are so gray and so tentative, so pathetically unbudding in the belated warmth that is finally theirs. There was Stransome, whose great adventure was dying, and Mr. Verver, and all the others who on a moment's pondering disclose themselves as having made all the stories possible. If they had not, through being deprived of everything so long, become exquisitely able to turn and fondle and twist the tiniest situation until all its dim facets took on wonderful lights, where would we have been?

There are moments, and they seem most frequent in *Mora Montravers*, when it was the epitome of nothingness that could happen to these gentlemen that constituted their adventures. They get such rich experience out of scanty fare and appear so amply nourished by it, so really replete and plethoric on what to any one else would be a complete nihility, that one is torn between gratitude for the lesson learned that everything is an adventure and one need be only alive to be constantly aghast, and an irritation felt against these depleted, dry, and shrivelled parties at producing such an effect of gormandizing on complete starvation.

Their lack is their great asset and their barren New Englandism is so complete as to denude them to a point where any fragment of a garment coming late in life takes on the sumptuousness of a great enveloping cloak. They fairly wolf whatever fare is thrown them, and yet to such dimensions has their appetite grown that it has passed the stage of mere hunger, and its pleasure is in delicately picking out which of its many pains shall be assuaged, and slowly satisfying past desires.

Having spoken thus harshly of them, one is shamed for one's crassness. These pale adventurers are so gray, so humbly claimless and expectant of being passed by, that it is ungracious to be less gentle toward them than Mr. James, who in judging their meagreness worth while sets us a lesson in fine manners that we gladly, if a little yawningly, [illegible]

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Dolls

THE doll has been used in the symbolical and ceremonial rites of all nations. Its first use was for worship or incantation, not for juvenile amusement. In certain countries the transition from the symbol to the child's toy was direct, as in the case of the dolls of the Moqui Indians. These, after playing their part in the religious ceremonials, were given to the children. In the Island of Malta children's dolls always represented different saints and are still called by saints' names.

From remote times dolls have been in evidence as symbols, the earliest illustration of real religious symbolism being found in ancient Egypt some two thousand years before Christ. When any one of importance died, there were placed in the tomb with him a number of doll-like figures of stone, wood, or clay called "ushabti," or "answerers," whose duty it was to attend upon the deceased. To-day at the rising of the Nile a doll is thrown into the river to bring about a "good Nile." In former times it would have been a human sacrifice.

As marionettes dolls may be found not only over Europe, but in China, Japan, India, Africa, and elsewhere, the details of the performance varying considerably, but the general idea of some form of moral representation being practically the same. Instances in which a doll figure acts as the receptacle of the spirit of the dead, or of a part of it, exist in such widely separated places as China, New Guinea, and Central Africa.

Dolls are perfect reproductions in miniature of the people who make them, not only in type of face, but also as regards costume.

The materials employed in the manufacture of dolls vary to a remarkable extent, those from the arctic circle being made of walrus ivory or drift-wood, those from the Congo of iron, while others from Central and South Africa are made of gourds. Indian and Burmese dolls are usually of the rag type gaudily dressed, and some from Mexico are of burnt clay. Special interest attaches to the dolls of European countries, as in many instances they illustrate unique and picturesque national costumes too often, unfortunately, going out of fashion.

Arizona's Petrified Forest

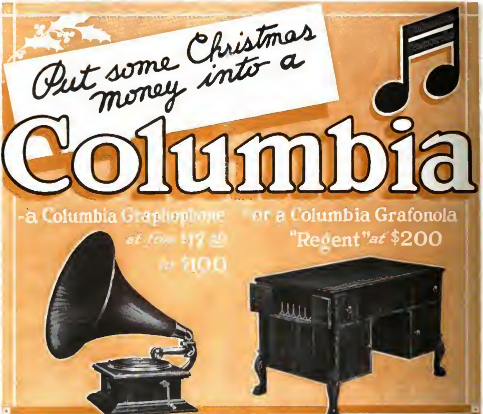
THE petrified forest of Arizona is the only one of its kind. For miles around the ground is covered with enormous logs petrified to the core which lie as they fell centuries, perhaps ages, ago. On a fine day they dazzle the eye with the most beautiful colors. Some resemble the amethyst, some smoky topaz, while others appear as pure and as white as alabaster. At times the chips of agate cover the ground to the depth of a foot, and it is easy to pick from them cross-sections showing distinctly every vein and even the bark of the original wood. One gigantic tree spanning a gulch forty feet wide is undoubtedly the only bridge of agate in the world.

Geologists have offered various speculations as to why such a large area of forest became petrified. The most plausible theory is that the great plain, now five thousand feet above sea-level, was at one time covered by a forest that became submerged in water strongly charged with minerals, so that at last the fibres of the trees became thoroughly soaked and so transformed into agate. Even at this day there may be seen many trunks that are packed in a deposit of fine clay. This, it is conjectured, was left by the receding waters. The erosion of the wind has, however, pulverized much of this clay and carried it away in the atmosphere.

Some of the finer specimens of agate are mounted by jewellers, but by far the greater quantity of the petrified stone is converted into table-tops and similar articles.

The Suicide of a Scorpion

PLINY believed that the scorpion pierced his body with his sting when ringed about with fire. This ancient idea has been substantiated by a priest stationed on the Island of Rodriguez, off the east coast of Africa, who proved its truth by placing a young scorpion within a large circle of lighted charcoal. Hardly had the insect been set at liberty when he ran straight forward until close to the burning wall of charcoal. Then he turned and ran in the opposite direction. When stopped by the wall of flame he came to a halt and plunged his sting into his neck. He struck but one blow, but that one was a deep, determined thrust. As he struck he worked his tail as a cobbler works an awl when piercing a hole in hard leather. Then the tail relaxed and the insect died without a movement, almost instantaneously. The little drama lasted less than a minute.



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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by

GEORGE HARVEY

THE NEW DECEMBER NUMBER

¶ This December number introduces the changes, the added pages, and the improved appearance of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. This number, too, begins the ninety-seventh year of its continuous publication. For its old friends—and for many new ones—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW this month has a greeting as warm as in the past. It is ninety-six years young, and the occasion is a happy one. To-day it is brighter, more fresh, more full and vigorous in its activities than ever before. The size of the page has been made slightly larger and the number of pages has been increased to one hundred and sixty.

¶ One feature of special importance begins in this December number—a new novel by Joseph Conrad. It is called "Under Western Eyes." This is, in all probability, Mr. Conrad's masterpiece—more than fiction, more than character-study.

¶ Among the notable articles in the December number are:

Some Lessons of the Election . . . *Edward G. Lowney*
Lyof N. Tolstoy . . . . *W. D. Howells*
The Clew to Modern Italy . . . . . *William R. Thayer*
The International Fame of Mark Twain . *Archibald Henderson*
Popular Election of United States Senators . *John W. Perrin*
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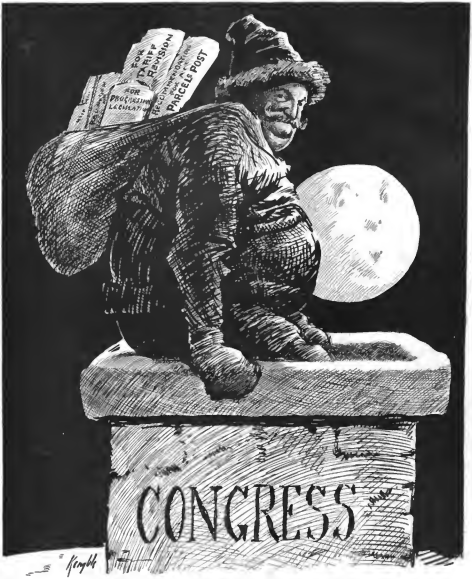
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Vol. LIV No. 2817

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George Harvey, President, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
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Comment

Mac Veagh vs. Aldrich on Economy

ECONOMY and retrenchment in the public service is a policy which nobody opposes, and which of late has been coming in for a rather extraordinary amount and fervor of endorsement. It has been left for Secretary MAC VEAGH, who usually says something in his annual reports, to point out that there may be danger to the policy itself in over-stressing its possibilities. Commenting on the famous claim of Senator ALDRICH that the government's business could be carried on for three hundred millions less than it is, the Secretary remarks that while people believe such enormous savings as that to be possible they feel little interest in such savings as, in fact, are possible; and he very plainly indicates that he thinks the Senator's claim preposterous. He says:

> When it is the fact that the entire ordinary expenditures of the government last year were less than six hundred and sixty millions, and when a great part of those expenditures is not reducible at all, as, for example, the interest on the debt and the pensions, one can readily see that there probably is not much more than three hundred millions gross left on which to save three hundred millions. Now, to effect a saving of three hundred millions when the whole expenditure amenable to any saving is three hundred millions is not easy.

The Secretary's point appears to be well taken, and his plaintive appeal for encouragement to those men in the departments who are attempting practicable but not magnificent economies appears to be reasonable. Frugality and saving are, in fact, hardly ever magnificent. That quality belongs to the other thing.

The President and La Follette

Following up his announcement, made when the results of the preliminary elections became known, that thenceforth he proposed to give equal recognition to all kinds of Republicans, the President has been inviting the Western insurgents to conferences, and they have nearly all accepted. It may be felt that the move comes so late in the game that the administration's gain from it must at best be limited; but on the other hand it is hard to see the necessity for Senator LA FOLLETTE'S rather curt refusal of the President's request to come and discuss with him the very important judicial appointments that were pending when Congress convened. Senator LA FOLLETTE'S behavior was natural, perhaps, in view of the cold-shouldering he and his fellow insurgents got during the special session, but it was hardly statesmanlike or even consistent. For he did give the President some general advice in his brief note, and there was no good reason why, having gone that far, he should not have gone farther and made his advice practical by making it specific. He advised the President not to appoint anybody "biased toward special interests." Why, then, should he not have gone and discussed particular men with reference to any bias they might have? The papers explain that the Senator wanted to be free when the nominations should come to the Senate for confirmation. But how would a conference have limited his freedom? It might, however, have affected appearances; and Mr LA FOLLETTE is said to be running for President, which means, we suppose, that he is running for an insurgent nomination for President.

The President and the Insurgents in General

This matter of the President's relations, during the rest of his administration, with the very powerful element in his party which has got out of touch with him is far from negligible. It is comparable to the now historical question of the relations of President CLEVELAND with the free-silver wing of his party during the latter part of his administration. There is so much talk just now of Democratic hopes and opportunities and Democratic candidates and platforms that one might almost fancy the Republican party had ceased to be a factor of any importance. But that would be going a trifle too fast, even for Americans. The Republican party is badly confused and divided and has had a bad beating, but does anybody seriously think it is dead, or even by way of dying? It is neither, but it is in danger of remaining divided, and therefore ineffective, for some years to come, somewhat as the Democratic party was for more than a decade after the great split of the nineties. But the difference between the two parties in composition and temper—the greater cohesiveness which the Republicans have always displayed, and the keener sense of the main chance—should forbid Democrats to hope that faction will play such havoc with them, or for so long a time, as it did with the now jubilant opposition. President TAFT'S task of conciliating the insurgents does not strike us as nearly so difficult as CLEVELAND'S task of dealing with the free-silver people. Feeling is indeed almost if not quite as bitter, but there is no such flat conflict of principle. There is not even a complete divergence of policies. The President himself stands squarely for a number of things that are distinctly progressive, distinctly a part of the insurgent demands. It is hardly reasonable to expect that in a year and a half—that is to say, between now and the national conventions—he can possibly bring the party back into its old wonderful solidarity and discipline; but it is a good guess that in 1912 it will again be more like a party than a mob—that at any rate it will not be two parties.

Mrs. Eddy

The tone of the newspaper comments on the death of Mrs EDDY indicates a decided increase of respect in recent years both for her character and for her achievements. Nor is it a case of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but a taking of one consideration with another, and giving a judgment of net approbation. Thus, to quote two of our more thoughtful and mentally exacting contemporaries, the *Sun* speaks of "the astonishing influence she exerted in thousands of homes for the amelioration of life and manners in some of the details of family and social intercourse," teaching cheerfulness of spirit and charity in judging deeds and motives. The Springfield *Republican* says her life was a marvel, and that having stumbled upon the truth that the influence of mind over the body is really profound and far-reaching, the credit cannot be denied her of having forced, however extravagantly, the valuable qualities of this principle of therapeutics upon the world.

So far as her personality goes, the work of sifting the gold from the dross can safely be left to future biographers, but the work of sifting what is sound from what is unsound from theories of religion and healing which have a million adherents is much more important. That is a work which will take time, and fortunately there is plenty of time for it to take, for Christian Science is too strong now to be squelched, and will run its course. Certainly Mrs. EDDY, and the theories, and practical applications of them, with which she is so closely associated, have had a notable influence on certain phases of the thought of her time. She was a pioneer—one of the most extraordinary of whom there is record—and there are few now who doubt that the body of facts and experience which has resulted from her pioneering is a valuable gain to knowledge.

The End of the Ballinger Commission

The reports of the BALLINGER commission—the majority's, the minority's, and Mr. MADISON'S—have gone to the House Committee on Agriculture. The committee doesn't know why. It doesn't know what to do with them. That may be why. It is probably expected and desired to do nothing with them. Only the majority report is new, and that addition leaves the collection still decidedly depressing. It is depressing because the three elements in the commission—the administration Republicans, the Democrats, and the insurgent Republicans—stand at the end, on the main issue of BALLINGER'S character and conduct, precisely where they were supposed to stand at the beginning. It is possible that all the Democrats argued their way precisely to the stand they took some months ago, when they demanded BALLINGER'S removal; that Mr. MADISON was equally judicial in his judgment; and that the Republican majority would have scorned to admit the slightest tincture of partisanship into their decision that the investigation fails to exhibit BALLINGER as anything but "a competent and honorable gentleman, honestly and faithfully performing the duties of his high office with an eye single to the public interest." But we should very much prefer not to be called on to believe that men acting as impartial judges could reach conclusions so diverse and yet severally so very nearly identical with what the blindest partisanship would have dictated. Of course these men are not judges. They are legislators—and politicians. But most of them have high standing before the public, and they were called on for a service as distinctly judicial as if they had sat in an impeachment trial.

There is some comfort in the majority's recommendation of the lease system for the Alaska coal-mines, which is directly contrary to Mr. BALLINGER'S recommendation in his annual report. Perhaps it was meant to show independence, and it is probably good policy. But if anybody finds his fame permanently heightened by service on this commission we shall be fooled.

Mr. Hill on Free Trade with Canada

Mr. JAMES J. HILL, Canadian-American, and who is probably in closer and broader touch than any other man with the business of both Canada and the United States, would seem to be a competent person to discuss their trade relations. He thinks they ought to have free trade by reciprocity, and he puts the naturally plain argument for it about as plainly as we have seen it put by anybody. Canada, he remarks, made us an overture in 1897 and we received it shabbily. We are now making overtures to her. Why the change of attitude?

> Two reasons, one social, one economic, account for it. The latter is that modern and rational definition of protection which limits it to the imposition of such duties as shall equalize the cost of production between the two countries concerned. Obviously a tariff policy, thus defined, cannot object to the most liberal trade agreement with Canada. The argument against low wages does not apply to her. Production uses as much labor there as here, and the wages scales are practically identical.

Is there, in fact, any protection argument whatever, old or new, under any definition of protection that a protectionist would accept, which does apply? The only one we can think of is the "infant industries" one, and that belongs to the Canadian protectionists, not to ours.

The New York Savings-Banks

There seems to be a savings-bank question in this State, and it is already discussed with some heat and likely to evoke more. Since in New York County alone there are about a million and a half savings-bank depositors, and their deposits amount to nearly a billion, one can easily see that any controversy about the policy of these institutions appeals to a pretty big public. The present controversy relates to the interest or dividend rate. One party, in which Mr. JOHN HARSEN RHOADES, a banker, has been very active, has for some time strongly urged the giving up of the four-per-cent. rate and the making of three and one-half per cent. the maximum except where a reasonably high maximum surplus has been attained. Their argument, put very briefly, is this:

Less than a quarter of a century ago the average savings-bank surplus in the State was nearly eighteen per cent. Last January it was a little over seven per cent., and of course, while the stronger institutions had surpluses of more than the average, the weaker—a majority—had less. Generally speaking, the two things on which the percentage of surplus at any one time depends are the amount of deposits and the state of the market for such securities as savings-banks can deal in: for it is insisted that the true surplus is always the "market surplus"—the market or liquidating value of the securities composing it. The market value of many long-time bonds held by savings-banks is now much less than at the time of purchase; and meanwhile deposits have been rapidly increasing, not only from without, but from within—that is, by accumulations of interest at the prevailing high rate. These facts explain the diminishing surpluses; and the diminishing surpluses mean danger, since a savings-bank is not merely an investment agency, but a *bank*, every one of whose deposits is a cash liability. The interest rate should, therefore, come down, in order that the surplus percentages may be raised to a safe figure—say fifteen per cent. But the weaker banks, struggling for deposits, cannot afford to lower their rates until the stronger lower theirs. The stronger should, therefore, take the lead.

The other side is presented by a depositor in one of the stronger banks, in a letter to the *Times*. Some of the stronger banks, with good surplus percentages, did, it appears, as long ago as last December, and again last June, lower their rates to three and one-half per cent. But the other banks did not generally follow suit. On the contrary, they generally adhered to the four-per-cent. rate, thereby actually drawing away deposits from the reducing banks. No wonder depositors in these stronger institutions are insisting that the others shall be built up some other way than by reducing their interest; and no wonder banks that have tried reduction are again announcing the old four-per-cent. rate.

Nevertheless, the argument for a lower rate seems to be sound in the main, and it ought not to be difficult to find a just way to bring it about. There should be a thorough and careful report by the Superintendent of Banks; a careful examination of the subject by the Governor; and then some careful—very careful—action by the Legislature.

The Stand-off in England

While at this writing the outcome of the elections in Great Britain is not completely visible, one can see that John Bull has got himself into an extremely British situation. The Unionists cannot gain enough seats to turn the Liberal government out. The Liberals cannot gain enough seats to govern without the Laborites and the Irish Nationalists, or even with the Laborites and without the Nationalists. As the Nationalists are thus apparently retaining the balance of power, it might be said that theirs is the real victory. But it is extremely doubtful whether they can, in the present state of public opinion and with the present grouping of parties, make any great use of their strong position to secure what they want. For though the government that attacked the Lords' veto retains power, the Lords retain the veto, and the question of what to do about it seems almost as open as before the dissolution. Looked at by and large, what has happened is that the democratic tide which passed the LLOYD-GEORGE budget has not proved strong enough to sweep away the second chamber, the great bulwark of conservatism in England. It has proved strong enough, however, to damage and weaken that bulwark. It has been strong enough to show plainly that there must be, very soon, a change in the British Constitution, to make it responsive to the forces that henceforth will more and more prevail. The precise character of that change will have to be determined, not by election after election, but by compromise—that is to say, by statesmanship. All the democracy in the world, and all the democratic devices and expedients for throwing responsibility back upon the people, will not rid us of the need of that factor in government—of the factor of leadership, and wise men in council. It is incumbent on the statesmen of England to agree upon a definite plan of amending the Constitution—a plan which shall not only be reasonable and wise, but have a fair chance of acceptance—and submit it to the people for approval.

Are England's statesmen of to-day equal to this demand? Their conduct of the campaign is not very reassuring. They have not been fighting it on a very high plane. Perhaps we have heard more of the "American-dollars" argument and the retorts to it than we should have heard if it had not been thought that we would find it particularly interesting. But again we have listened in vain for the high, clear note—the note of a GLADSTONE, a PEEL. It is hard to find in the speeches of Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, or even in the Premier's and Mr. BALFOUR's, any very great superiority to the personal, *ad captandum* ways of too much of our own American campaigning. The one reputation which the fight seems clearly to have strengthened is that of Mr. F. E. SMITH, of Liverpool, the rising young Conservative. The fact reinforces impressions first obtained in the gallery of the House of Commons. Whatever may become of the Liberal leadership after ASQUITH, a strong successor to Mr. BALFOUR is in sight.

Booker Washington's Political Influence

Some weeks ago, quoting the remark of Mr. J. C. MANNING, a progressive Republican in Alabama, that a vote for J. O. THOMPSON for Governor of that State was a vote to perpetuate BOOKER T. WASHINGTON's political influence in the South, we made this comment: "BOOKER WASHINGTON's leading political doctrine has been that the Southern negro should cultivate industry more and politics less. Is that the doctrine that progressive Republicans in Alabama object to?"

To which Mr. MANNING makes reply vigorously and at great length, both by letter and with the speech we quoted from. Mr. MANNING explains quite clearly that the kind of influence which he objects to Dr. WASHINGTON's exercising is not the doctrinal kind, achieved by precept and example, but quite another kind: to wit, the influence he has had with Republican Presidents in the matter of the choice of white men for public offices and for the so-called "refereeships." More specifically, Mr. MANNING declares that J. O. THOMPSON himself, Collector of Internal Revenues, referee of Alabama appointments, chairman of the Republican State Committee, and recently candidate for Governor, owes his political existence to Dr. WASHINGTON's influence with President ROOSEVELT. Mr. MANNING goes on to describe and denounce the Republican "office-holders' trust," headed by THOMPSON and controlled through him by Postmaster-General HITCHCOCK—a subject to which we have more than once alluded in these columns.

Evidently, in speaking of Dr. WASHINGTON's "influence," Mr. MANNING and this paper referred to two different things; and while we continue to feel that the head of Tuskegee is a wise leader and teacher, valuable to both races in the South, we can see that there may be a serious question of the value of his advice to Republican Presidents about appointments. That he should be consulted concerning appointments of negroes is natural and reasonable. It is, moreover, a hard thing to ask anybody to *refuse* advice on any subject when a President asks for it. Advising Presidents is such a choice kind of patriotism! But that Dr. WASHINGTON, by acting as a sort of referee of referees, should make himself—or be made—practically responsible for the management of the Republican party in certain Southern States, under the referee system—that is a policy whose expediency may well be doubted. Mr. MANNING attributes it to President ROOSEVELT. The thing for Southern Republicans to fight for is, however, perfectly plain, no matter what part any one man has played in the referee system. They should fight to get rid of that system altogether; and the way to get rid of it is to build up a real party, too strong to be controlled by Federal patronage. We have repeatedly expressed our cordial sympathy with those Southern Republicans who are working on this line.

More Subways

Our local rapid-transit negotiations proceed very hopefully. Mr. McADOO's fine offer for a modified triborough system has been met by an offer that looks even more attractive from the Interborough company. There is expectation at this writing that Mr. McADOO will go the Interborough one better, and then it will be to see whether the Interborough will come back. This open competition is exceedingly valuable to the city. Not only the comparative advantages of the rival bids have to be considered, but the question whether the subway traffic had best be a monopoly, or divided between two competing companies. On both sides of that question there are sound arguments. In the end the city will own and control the operation of all the subways, but it is argued that that beneficial public monopoly may come to pass sooner if an independent triborough system is now built. All this involves very big bargaining and decisions that look far ahead.

The Lesson of Long Messages

"Too long a message for such a short session." That seems to be the verdict on the thirty or forty thousand words which the President sent in to Congress on its opening day. An examination of the document reveals, however, that its length is due rather to the multitude of topics and proposals discussed than to the length at which they are severally treated. No wonder the President reflects, toward the end, that "the time has come to check the expansion of government activities in new directions, until we have tested the economy and efficiency with which the government of to-day is being carried on." Apparently the old nationalism has given the Washington machine plenty to do. If we are to take on the jobs of the new nationalism also, then we shall need a new national force and establishment at least as big as the old.

That, in fact, is the line of reflection the message induces. Not one of these many topics is unimportant. Not one but is entirely pertinent in an annual message. From the Panama Canal to magazine postage, from PEARY to ZELAYA, they are all subjects on which a President may well feel it his duty to submit recommendations. Yet the newspapers could not print nearly all he said about them. The public did not read half of what the newspapers printed. Congress, at this session, will not find time to take action on a third of the recommendations. Is it not plain that as things are the national government is called on to do too much governing? The revival of the idea that the States must do things has not come a bit too soon.

William Whitman's Valedictory

> We have seen the United States rise from a position of humiliating dependence on foreign nations for the greater part of the good woollen clothing of its people, to a position where nine-tenths of all the woollen fabrics bought and used in this country are made in American mills. We live in a wonderful age, in a land of stupendous achievement, but when all conditions, all difficulties, are considered, I doubt whether any field of industrial endeavor has witnessed a triumph more significant, more decisive than our own.

So, WILLIAM WHITMAN, of Boston, in his farewell remarks, when giving notice, on December 7th, that he could not accept re-election to the presidency of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers. It is a cheering sight to see this venerable tax-imposer scuttling off before the rising storm. Since the PAYNE tariff bill passed, everybody, including President TAFT, has damned the wool schedules. Mr. WHITMAN, the leading architect of them, is still proud of them, and well may be. With nothing but pride he recites what we have done for him; pride, not in our liberality, but in the great achievements of the woollen men as extorters. We agree that it is they who deserve the credit—what there is of it. We agree that there have been few more stupendous achievements in the industrial line than the success of the American woollen manufacturers for fifty years past in inducing their fellow creatures to subsidize their business.

But the jig is pretty nearly up for the woollen schedule. WHITMAN speaks of his retirement as prompted by yearning for the "solace of peace and quiet after long years of strife." Maybe so, but it is conceivable that he realizes that his methods as a woollenist have been so extensively advertised that some less notorious schedule-fixer will have a better chance than he next time.

Tolstoi

The significance of the recent wanderings of TOLSTOI in his closing days seemed to be physical and mental more than spiritual. Apparently the old man was not in a fully responsible mental state. Yet these last impulses of his brooding spirit were in character, and not out of keeping with his feelings and sentiments these many years past. Nor did they lack a Lear-like dignity of tragedy. Our modern man has little disposition toward pilgrimages or monasteries for his closing days, and is well content to die in his bed if so be he has one, but it was long since TOLSTOI had shown much likeness to a modern man. His spirit had been bowed down not only under the burden of his own searchings after truth, but under the profound distresses of the Russian people. Dissent from many of his opinions has had little effect upon the interest which Americans feel in him and their admiration for his genius and character. With his wife's distresses every one sympathizes. She has been the great wife of a great man, honoring, cherishing, and protecting him, faithful unto death.

Kidnappers Caught

There is general satisfaction and much applause for the New York detective service over the rounding up of a considerable gang of blackmailing Italian kidnappers in New York and Brooklyn, and the recovery of several stolen children. We have all known that the criminal practices of Sicily and southern Italy could not endure forever in New York, but the kidnappers and blackmailers have been very hard to catch. To net eight or ten of them at once under such circumstances and with such evidence of guilt as makes their conviction probable is a public service of great value, especially to our Italian population, upon whom these scoundrels prey.

Theodore N. Vail

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

THE recent election of Theodore N. Vail as president of the Western Union Telegraph Company was but an incident in one of the most active and successful of American careers. In another sense, it was a natural sequence in the progressive order of events. Mr. Vail's cousin, Alfred Vail, was a co-worker with Morse, and won a fortune as his share in the famous patent. While he was experimenting at Morristown, New Jersey, the lad Theodore was making toy lines of his own and learning the alphabet and how to send messages. When he went West to make his fortune he entered the regular service, but presently found himself in Washington at the head of the Railway Mail Service.

There he was found by Gardiner G. Hubbard at the psychological moment in the development of the telephone. The practicability of the new device had been fairly well demonstrated, but the promoters lacked money and creative and executive capacity. Where to find these essentials was their puzzle. "One morning," says Casson, in his *History of the Telephone*, "the indefatigable Hubbard solved the problem. "Watson," he said, "there's a young man in Washington who can handle this situation, and I want you to run down and see what you think of him." Watson went, reported favorably, and in a day or so the young man received a letter from Hubbard, offering him the position of General Manager, at a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars a year. "We rely," Hubbard said, "upon your executive ability, your fidelity, and unremitting zeal." The young man replied, in one of those dignified letters more usual in the nineteenth than in the twentieth century. "My faith in the success of the enterprise is such that I am willing to trust to it," he wrote, "and I have confidence that we shall establish the harmony and coöperation that is essential to the success of an enterprise of this kind." One week later the young man, Theodore N. Vail, took his seat as General Manager in a tiny office in Reade Street, New York, and the business began.

This was in 1878. Trying times ensued. The little company barely managed to exist for a long period, paying no salaries in full and often none at all. It was what Farmer Vail of Vermont would now call hard sledding, but nothing could tempt him from his undertaking and, one by one, he enlisted the aid of strong men until he was able to bring the hostile Western Union to terms and utilize the patents, whose validity was the source of seemingly endless litigation. Even then he beheld visions, since come true. Mr. Casson tells the tale:

In 1879 Vail said, in a letter written to one of his captains:

"Tell our agents that we have a proposition on foot to connect the different cities for the purpose of personal communication, and in other ways to organize a *grand telephonic system*."

This was brave talk at that time, when there were not in the whole world as many telephones as there are to-day in Cincinnati. It was brave talk in those days of iron wire, peg switchboards, and noisy diaphragms. Most telephone men regarded it as nothing more than talk. They did not see any business future for the telephone except in short-distance service. But Vail was in earnest. His previous experience as the head of the railway mail service had lifted him up to a higher point of view. He knew the need of a national system of communication that would be quicker and more direct than either the telegraph or the post-office.

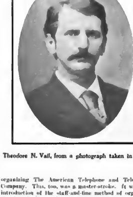
"I saw that if the telephone could talk one mile to-day," he said, "it would be talking a hundred miles to-morrow." And he persisted, in spite of a considerable deal of ridicule, in maintaining that the telephone was destined to connect cities and nations as well as individuals.

Four months after he had prophesied the "grand telephonic system," he encouraged Charles J. Glidden, of world-tour fame, to build a telephone line between Boston and Lowell. This was the first inter-city line. It was well placed, as the owners of the Lowell mills lived in Boston, and it made a small profit from the start. This success cheered Vail on to a master-effort. He resolved to build a line from Boston to Providence, and was so stubbornly bent upon doing this that when the Bell Company refused to act, he picked up the risk and set off with it alone. He organized a company of well-known Rhode Islanders—nicknamed the "Governors' Company"—and built the line. It was a failure at first, and went by the name of "Vail's Folly." But Engineer Carty, by a happy thought, *doubled the wire*, and thus in a moment established two new factors in the telephone business—the Metallic Circuit and the Long Distance line.

At once the Bell Company came over to Vail's point of view, bought his new line, and launched out upon what seemed to be the foolhardy enterprise of stringing a double wire from Boston to New York. This was to be not only the longest of all telephone lines, strung on ten thousand poles, it was to be a line *de luxe*, built of glistening red copper, not iron. Its cost was to be seventy thousand dollars, which was an enormous sum in those hardscrabble days. There was much opposition to such extravagance, and much ridicule. "I wouldn't take that line as a gift," said one of the Bell Company's officials.

But when the last coil of wire was stretched into place, and the first "Hello" leaped from Boston to New York, the new line was a success. It carried messages from the first day; and more, it raised the whole telephone business to a higher level. It swept away the prejudice that telephone service could become nothing more than a neighborhood affair. "It was the salvation of the business," said Edward J. Hill. It marked a turning-point in the history of the telephone, when the day of small things was ended and the day of great things was begun. No one man, no hundred men, had created it. It was the final result of ten years of invention and improvement.

While this epoch-making line was being strung, Vail was pushing his "grand telephonic system" policy by organizing The American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This, too, was a master-stroke. It was the introduction of the staff-and-line method of organization into business. It was doing for the forty or fifty Bell Companies what Von Moltke did for the German army prior to the Franco-Prussian War. It was the creation of a central company that should link all local companies together, and itself own and operate the means by which these companies are united. This central company was to grapple with all national problems, to own all telephones and long-distance lines, to protect all patents, and to be the headquarters of invention, information, capital, and legal protection for the entire federation of Bell Companies.



Theodore N. Vail, from a photograph taken in 1878

Seldom has a company been started with so small a capital and so vast a purpose. It had no more than $100,000 of capital stock, in 1885; but its declared object was nothing less than to establish a system of wire communication for the human race. Here are, in its own words, the marching orders of this Company: "*To connect one or more points in each and every city, town, or place in the State of New York, with one or more points in each and every other city, town, or place in said State, and in each and every other of the United States, and in Canada and Mexico; and each and every of said cities, towns, and places is to be connected with each and every other city, town, or place in said States and countries, and also by cable and other appropriate means with the rest of the known world.*"

So ran Vail's dream, and for nine years he worked mightily to make it come true. He remained until the various parts of the business had grown together, and until his plan for a "grand telephonic system" was under way and fairly well understood. Then he went to South America, into a series of picturesque enterprises, until he had built up a four-square fortune; and then returned to spend the remainder of his days, so he supposed, upon his big model farm—or farms, rather, for there are twenty of them—in Lyndon, Vermont.

But the telephone bell rang. In the spring of 1907, Mr. Casson continues, as he stood among his barn-builders, there arrived from Boston and New York a delegation of telephone directors. Most of them belonged to the "Old Guard" of telephony. They had fought under Vail in the pioneer days; and now they had come to ask him to return to the telephone business, after twenty years of absence. Mr. Vail laughed at the suggestion.

"Nonsense," he said. "I'm too old. I'm sixty-two years of age." The directors persisted. They spoke of the approaching storm-cloud of panic and the need of another strong hand at the wheel until the crisis was over, but Mr. Vail still refused. They spoke of old times and old memories, but he shook his head. "All my life," he said, "I have wanted to be a farmer."

Then they drew a picture of the telephone situation. They showed him that the "grand telephonic system" which he had planned was unfinished. He was its architect, and it was undone. The telephone business was energetic and prosperous. But it was still far from being the *system* that Vail had dreamed of in his younger days; and so, when the directors put before him his unfinished plan, he surrendered. The instinct for completeness, which is one of the dominating characteristics of his mind, compelled him to consent.

Since that May morning, 1907, great things have been done by the men of the telephone and telegraph world. The Bell System was brought through the panic without a scratch. When the doubt and confusion were at their worst, Vail wrote an open letter to his stockholders, in his practical, farmer-like way. He said:

"Our net earnings for the last ten months were $13,715,000, as against $11,579,000 for the same period in 1906. We have now in the banks over $18,000,000; and we will not need to borrow any money for two years."

Soon afterward, the work of consolidation began. Companies that overlapped were united. Small local wire-clusters, several thousands of them, were linked to the national lines. A policy of publicity superseded the secrecy which had naturally grown to be a habit in the days of patent litigation. Visitors and reporters found an open door. Educational advertisements were published in the most popular magazines. The corps of inventors was spurred up to conquer the long-distance problems.

There is nothing mysterious or ominous in the Vail plan. It has nothing to do with the pools and conspiracies of Wall Street. No one will be squeezed out except the promoters of paper companies. The simple fact is that Farmer Vail is organizing a complete Bell System for the same reason that he built one big comfortable barn for his Swiss cattle and his Welsh ponies, instead of half a dozen small uncomfortable sheds. He has never been a "high financier" to juggle profits out of other men's losses. He is merely applying to the telephone business the same hard sense that any farmer uses in the management of his farm. He is building a Big Barn, metaphorically, for the telephone and telegraph.

About a year ago the Gould holdings of Western Union stock passed into the treasury of the Telephone Company. There was no secrecy in the transaction. Mr. Vail had figured out enormous mutual advantages to the public and the telegraph and telephone companies and he acted accordingly. He engaged in no warfare. It is said that, on the very day when he came into control of Western Union, he engaged with President Mackay, of the very much alive Postal Company, that there should be no shadow of discrimination by the Telephone Company in its business relations with the two great telegraph companies, and, so far as can be judged from results, all hands are co-operating to make quick and accurate communication by wire in America as nearly perfect as inventive genius and co-ordinate effort can devise.

But Mr. Vail continues to "farm it" as hard as ever. Every week-end finds him in Vermont, planning and building and egging on an agricultural school which he has already established on his big estate for the boys of Vermont, on the theory, as he expresses it, that "'Back to the farm' is futile, because only failures come back, but 'Stick to the farm' is good because all that is or can be springs from the soil." A more rugged, more indefatigable, more sagaciously sensible personality than Theodore N. Vail it would be difficult to find, even in these United States.

THE MASTER OF TWELVE MILLION MILES OF WIRE

Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company since May 1, 1907, and of the Western Union Telegraph Company since November 23, 1910, who has brought into harmonious co-operation these two great systems, with over twelve million miles of wire, in order to provide a universal telephone, telegraph, and cable service for the American people

Mark Twain, In Memoriam

INTERESTING PASSAGES FROM THE TRIBUTES PAID TO THE GREAT HUMORIST AT THE MEMORIAL MEETING IN CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

THERE was no note of sadness in the memorial ceremony in honor of Mark Twain held at Carnegie Hall, New York, on the evening of November 30th. The auditorium was thronged with an assemblage of men and women distinguished in the arts, letters, science, and the professions, many of whom were his near and dear friends. Prominent men who had lived through stirring days with him gave of their recollections of mutual experiences. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Mark Twain Memorial Committee of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. William Dean Howells presided.

It was a brilliant assemblage that filled every available inch of space in the great audience-room. There was no suggestion of mourning anywhere. The stage was embowered in palms, in the midst of which stood a bust of Mark Twain between clumps of blooming daisies. Among those on the stage were Joseph H. Choate, Henry Watterson, Joseph G. Cannon, Joseph H. Twichell, Champ Clark, William Dean Howells (President of the Academy), Henry van Dyke, George W. Cable, William M. Sloane (Chancellor of the Academy), Childe Hassam, Charles Melville Dewey, Hamilton W. Mabie, Brander Matthews, John Luther Long, Joseph H. Choate, Jr., Thomas R. Lounsbury, Robert Underwood Johnson (permanent Secretary of the Academy), Ben Foster, John Burroughs, Daniel C. French, Thomas Hastings, Jesse Lynch Williams, besides other members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

The relatives of Mark Twain present included General and Mrs. Charles J. Langdon and Miss Ida Langdon, of Elmira, New York, the former a brother-in-law of Mr. Clemens; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eugene Loomis, of New York, the latter a niece of Mr. Clemens; Mrs. Charles Webster, a niece of Mr. Clemens; Miss Jean Webster; and Mr. and Mrs. Jervis Langdon, of Elmira, the former a nephew of Mr. Clemens.

Among others present were J. P. Morgan, J. Borden Harriman, Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll, Dr. Edward Quintard, Horace White, Miss Winifred Holt, Adolph S. Ochs, Colonel George Harvey, J. Henry Harper, Albert Bigelow Paine, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Milholland, Miss Inez Milholland, Mrs. Martin Littleton, Dr. A. Alexander Smith, Miss Mildred Howells, John D. Howells, Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Charles A. Dana, Miss Elinor Comstock, Professor Richard Gottheil, Mrs. von R. Phelps, William G. Choate, Finley Peter Dunne, Robert J. Collier, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Theodore N. Vail, William Rockefeller, Mr. and Mrs. Brayton Ives, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel F. Kellogg, W. J. Lampton, Will N. Harben, F. Hopkinson Smith, Booth Tarkington, Charles Rann Kennedy, Samuel M. Gardenhire, Arthur Ruhl, Charles Battell Loomis, Winfield S. Moody, "Marion Harland," Mr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Buel, Frank H. Dodd, Irving Bacheller, Nathan Straus, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, Mr. W. A. Nash, Judge and Mrs. Alton B. Parker, Rev. Junius B. Remensnyder, Hon. Franklin MacVeagh, Don C. Seitz, Hon. and Mrs. Seth Low, Frank A. Munsey, Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, Colgate Hoyt, Hon. William H. Hornblower, Professor J. Howard Van Amringe, Mrs. W. H. Schieffelin, Miss Jeannette Gilder, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Avery Doremus, Emil L. Boas, Isaac N. Seligman, Justice and Mrs. Greenbaum, Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, Edwin R. Seligman, ex-Justice Augustus Van Wyck, Hon. David Leventritt, Dr. John D. Quackenbos, Dr. and Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis, Mrs. Henry Villard, Louis Marshall, Major Charles E. Lydecker, General Stewart L. Woodford, J. T. Mahoney, Professor Thomas N. Balliet, Hon. Edward M. Shepard, Dr. and Mrs. Louis L. Seaman, J. Edward Swanstrom, Mrs. S. H. Olin, Karl Bitter, Denman Fink, Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull White, John Whalen, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rudge, Daniel Frohman, Rev. George F. Nelson, Dr. and Mrs. John H. Girdner, Mrs. Mary Austin, Dr. Virgil P. Gibney, General and Mrs. F. D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Putnam, Stuart G. Nelson, De Lancey Nicoll, Simon Brentano, Churchill H. Cutting, Carlton T. Chapman, Justice Peter A. Hendrick, Pliny Fisk, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hamblen Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Cravath, John Elderkin, Howard Mansfield, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Van Sinderen, George Chase, John F. Clarke, Dr. Titus Munson Coan, William J. Henderson, Charles H. Livermore, Henry M. Leipziger, Andrew D. White, Dr. F. de Sola Mendes, Edward Lauterbach, Chancellor John H. McCracken, Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Pritchett, Mrs. John Brooks Leavitt, Dr. and Mrs. Hermann Biggs, Chester S. Lord, Hamilton Holt, Frederick B. Opper, Will H. Low, Justice John M. Goff, Jacob A. Cantor, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, George W. Kirchwey, Frank Moss, Charles Dana Gibson, John D. Crimmins, J. Bishop Putnam, Rev. James J. Dely, Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, General George Moore Smith, Henry Arthur Jones, David Bennett King, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ellsworth, Miss Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Drake.

Introducing the Hon. Joseph Hodges Choate, Mr. Howells said in part:

It seems to me that we are met to-night, not so much to commemorate as to recognize a great man who still lives in us our contemporary, because in our several measure or manner we personally knew him. Others hereafter may prove him the greatest humorist, the kindest and wisest moralist, who ever lived. We who were of his acquaintance can best offer by our collective reminiscence a composite likeness of him which will keep him real and actual. In certain details our respective impressions of him must vary one from another, but in the large things, the vital traits that characterize, they must be alike. What he would do next no man could forecast from what he had done last; but he could be unerringly predicted from what he was, and he could be expected to happen wherever a magnanimous word, or a generous deed, or a sanative laugh was due. Sanguine, sorrowful, despairing, exulting, loving, hating, blessing, cursing, mocking, mourning, laughing, lamenting; he was a congeries of contradictions as each of us is, but contradictions confessed, explicit, aggressive, and I wish we might show him frankly as he frankly was and will always be to us.

Mr. Choate said, in the course of his remarks:

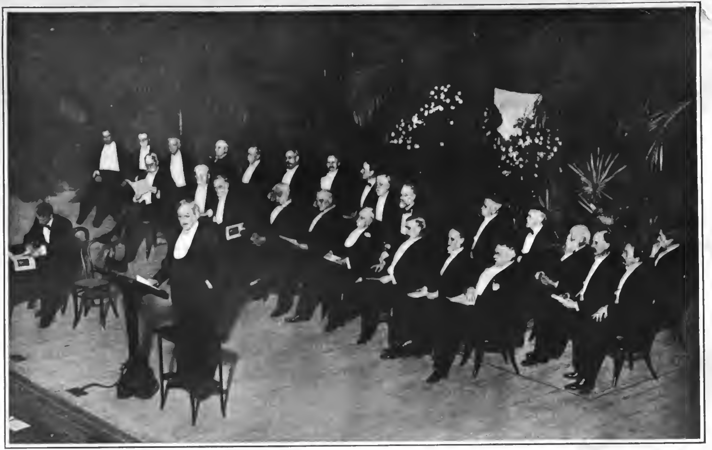
I believe that I am expected to say something of his success abroad, and particularly in England, where he came at last to be a popular idol, quite as much so as at home. Well, it was sixty years to a day almost from the time he was apprenticed to a printer in Hannibal for his clothes and board—"more board than clothes," as he said—until the crowning triumph of his life at Oxford. At the beginning of that long period English people had no idea that any good could come out of Missouri, or that a born humorist was then getting his education by setting type on the banks of the Mississippi who would live to challenge comparison and perhaps the leadership in wit and humor with their own Chaucer and Fielding and Swift and Dickens.

It must be admitted that they are sometimes a little slow at first over there at recognizing American humor. They have to get used to it and understand it, and then they are quite ready to claim it as the common property of the English-speaking race. When Charles Darwin, greatest of naturalists, first read *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* I do not know how seriously he took it as a new fact in natural history, but what a charming sequel it would have made to his *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication* which was just going to the press. The frog was certainly domesticated, and it did undergo the most wonderful variations. However that may be, that great philosopher soon became an ardent admirer of Mark Twain, and so continued to the end of his life, which accounts for his telling Professor Norton that for sleeplessness he had two cures under the headlight by his bedside—the Bible and *Innocents Abroad*—and on the whole he didn't know which he used the most.

Certainly no other short story that was ever told or written made such an impression on the English-speaking world or won for its author such lasting fame as that. It is one of the shortest on record, for after he has introduced Smiley and his fifteen-minute mare, and the bull-pup and his rat-terriers and chicken-cocks and tom-cats, and before he comes to the Frog there are but two short pages left to tell the story in. Not even Lincoln's immortal two minutes' speech at Gettysburg has found so many readers or is known so thoroughly by heart wherever our common tongue is spoken. And in England it soon became familiar not only to men of the highest culture like Darwin, but to the man and the boy in the street. I wish I

"UNCLE JOE" AND HIS SUCCESSOR, CHAMP CLARK

TWO OF THE PROMINENT SPEAKERS AT THE RECENT MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL IN CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK



HOMAGE TO MARK TWAIN'S MEMORY

THE SPEAKERS AND SOME OF THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AT THE RECENT CEREMONIES AT CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK, IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT WRITER

JOSEPH H. CHOATE IS SPEAKING. IN THE ROW BEHIND HIM SITTING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE: F. HOPKINSON SMITH, HENRY WATTERSON, JOSEPH G. CANNON, JOSEPH H. TWICHELL, CHAMP CLARK, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, HENRY VAN DYKE, GEORGE W. CABLE, AND WILLIAM M. SLOANE. IN THE REAR ROW ARE: CHILDE HASSAM, CHARLES MELVILLE DEWEY, HAMILTON W. MABIE, BRANDER MATTHEWS, JOHN LUTHER LONG, JOSEPH H. CHOATE, JR., THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON, BEN FOSTER, JOHN BURROUGHS, DANIEL C. FRENCH, THOMAS HASTINGS, AND JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS knew whether it were a real fact or only one of the author's yarns. But I have read that once at a dinner in London the gentleman who sat next him said: "Do you know, sir, how old that story of yours about the Jumping Frog is?" and he replied: "Why, yes; I can tell you exactly. I picked it up in the mining camp just forty years ago. It is just forty-five years old." "No, it isn't," said he; "no, it isn't. It's two thousand years old at least," and after that this fellow showed him a Greek text-book and as he read he cried: "There it is! There it is! My *Jumping Frog* in Bœotia two thousand years ago!" But the mystery of the Bœotian was soon solved, for it turned out that Professor Henry Sidgwick, Arthur Balfour's brother-in-law, had admired it so much that he had translated it into the Greek text-book, to take its place among the other ancient fables; and before the author's first visit to England it had been translated into French and German. How the French or German mind could ever master such a wonderful narrative passes all comprehension; and it was impossible, for Mark Twain himself undertook to translate it back literally into English and was wholly unable to identify his original Frog and loudly protested against its slaughter by foreign hands. . . .

To the average Englishman his works had one irresistible charm. I mean the plain English in which they were written. Not since *Robinson Crusoe* came out, about one hundred and fifty years before, had Englishmen read anything in such plain, clear, and simple language as we have in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, and most of his other books. Not a trace of Greek or Latin, for he had none of either except what was imbedded and rooted in the common speech of the people. In every sentence he meant what he said, and meant it so clearly and strongly that every one who read could understand every word—in striking contrast to some authors whose sentences you have to read over three or four times to discover what they thought they meant, and can only guess at it then.

No wonder that after his seventieth birthday had been duly celebrated by his own countrymen, as life was drawing to its destined end, the scholars and statesmen and authors of England should desire to pay him the highest tribute within their gift; and to this end Lord Curzon, the newly elected Chancellor of Oxford, himself one of England's most accomplished scholars and statesmen, invited him to come over and be given the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. Nothing ever touched his heart like that. He said he would gladly have walked to Mars and back to get that degree. . . .

From the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell's remarks the following are culled:

My acquaintance with the beloved man who is the theme of our memories to-night dates from the winter of 1867-8 when he was in Hartford attending on the publication there by a parishioner of mine of *The Innocents Abroad*, the book that first made him widely known as an author.

We were of nearly the same age—about thirty—were, by grace of favoring circumstances, brought much together from the start, and were soon launched on a friendship that through the whole more than forty succeeding years was to me from first to last the source of untold pleasure. At that time, though he was rising into notice and coming to be something of a celebrity, no one dreamed of the shining world-wide fame he was destined to achieve, himself least of all. I distinctly recall the mingled astonishment and triumph he manifested at the reproduction of an extract from his pen in an English periodical; and the same again when he had a letter from Mr. Osgood of the *Atlantic Monthly* asking him to contribute to that magazine. He could hardly believe his eyes when he read it. He did not, as yet, rate himself properly a member of the literary guild. He was hoping for permanent employment, in some capacity in the profession of journalism, in which he had served apprenticeship.

I am persuaded that it was not alone or chiefly his work judged simply as literature or as humor that accounted for his so quickly accomplishing the conquest of the world. It was rather—and in this I am sure you will agree with me—the genial, kindly, friendly, human soul in him that was everywhere expressed in it and made itself felt; and it was, above all, of the general heart that he laid hold, and his conquest was a spiritual one in that sense. He had, indeed, the keenest appreciation of the ignoble side of human nature, and was wont now and then, as Mr. Howells has told, to rail at the human race accordingly. He once broke out in a letter I had from him: "Oh, this infernal human race! I wish I had it in the Ark again—with an auger!"

Still, and notwithstanding, his predominant mood toward humanity was that of sympathy. He commiserated it far more than he despised it. He was ever profoundly affected with the feeling of the pathos of life. Contemplating its heritage of inevitable pain and tears, he would question if to any one it was a good gift.

"Would you," he demanded of me once—"would you, as a kind-hearted man, start the human race? Would you, now?" And I confess the interrogation gave me a turn. Yet he was not a cynic. He was not wanting in high admirations and generous tolerations.

The impressions of Mark Twain that rule my thought of him were acquired in the intercourse of the fireside—his and mine—in the course of a great many long summer afternoon rambles (we were both of the pedestrian habit), and in travels at home and abroad, in the close companionship of which we usually slept in the same room, often in the same bed, and hundreds of times—as I trust it is not amiss for me to recall here—said our prayers together.

He loved animals. One day during our "Tramp Abroad," when we were toiling up the long ascent above Chamouni from the Riffel Inn to the Gorner Grat, as we paused for a rest a lamb from a flock of sheep near by ventured inquisitively toward us; whereupon Mark seated himself on a rock, and with beckoning hand and soft words tried to get it to come to him. On the lamb's part, it was a struggle between curiosity and timidity, but in a succession of advances and retreats it gained confidence, though at a very gradual rate. It was a scene for a painter—the great American humorist on one side of the game and that silly little creature on the other, with the Matterhorn for a background. Mark was reminded that the time he was consuming in that diversion was valuable, but to no purpose. The Gorner Grat could wait. He held on with undiscouraged perseverance till he carried his point: the lamb finally put its nose in his hand, and he was happy over it all the rest of the day. A tenderer, more affectionate heart never beat in human breast. He who cheered and brightened the spirit of his generation with laughter had, himself, deep acquaintance with grief.

The Hon. Joseph G. Cannon said, in the course of his reminiscences:

In the early days in the West I often heard the unusual cry, "Mark twain!" as sung out by the lineman to the pilot on the old Mississippi River boats, indicating two fathoms of water or no bottom; but I never expected then to see it made one of the most popular names in the world of literature and given such a personality as it has had for many years through the genius of this man whose real name seems to have become secondary in his work and reputation. The announcement by the lineman was a most serious and hopeful fact for the pilot and the captain, indicating plenty of water and clear sailing. Mr. Clemens said that he confiscated this name from one of the oldest and most reliable pilots on the Mississippi River, because with that old man it was a sign and symbol and warrant that whatever was found in his company might be gambled upon as being the petrified truth.

We call Mark Twain America's greatest humorist; but I have taken him at his word, and I have his own warrant for accepting his characters as photographs rather than as creatures of fancy. And I have lived long enough to have been acquainted with early life in the West and some of the unique characters of that life who have passed away, but whose true photographs presented to this audience would appear like gross caricatures upon anything we have had in our American civilization.

I remember old Peter Cartwright, the militant Methodist preacher of the West, who denounced the Yankees as barbarians because they ate lobsters and oysters instead of good ham and bacon, and who, when he visited New York, said he purchased a small axe to blaze the way from the hotel office to his room. So when I have read some of the books of Mark Twain and laughed over some of his characters there has been a dim recollection of something close akin to them in real life. Tom Sawyer is the most natural boy I ever met between the covers of a book, and Colonel Mulberry Sellers is a daily visitor to the national capital.

When he came to Washington he had more influence with the legislators than others had, and he was frank to admit a selfish interest. He came to lobby for the Copyright bill and was not ashamed to admit that he had a self-interest in the legislation he sought. There was no altruistic humbug about his effort.

He wanted to go on the floor of the House to lobby, but those confounded "Cannon Rules" prohibited him, and they likewise so bound the Speaker that he could not recognize another member to ask unanimous consent to admit Mark Twain or any other man to the floor. Mark studied those rules and discovered that the only exception made was in favor of those who had received the thanks of Congress. So he wrote to me, and, acting as his own messenger, came into the Speaker's room one cold morning and laid the letter on my desk. It was as follows:

"*Dec. 7.*

"DEAR UNCLE JOSEPH:

"Please get me the thanks of Congress—not next week, but right away! It is very necessary. Do accomplish this for your affectionate old friend—and right away! By persuasion if you can, by violence if you must. For it is imperatively necessary that I get on the floor for two or three hours and talk to the members, man by man, in behalf of the support, encouragement, and protection of one of the nation's most valuable assets and industries—its literature. I have arguments with me—also a barrel; with liquid in it!

"Get me a chance! Get me the thanks of Congress. Don't wait for the others—there isn't time. Furnish them to me yourself and let Congress ratify later. I have stayed away and let Congress alone for seventy-one years and am entitled to the thanks. Congress knows this perfectly well, and I have long felt that this quite proper and earned expression of gratitude has been merely felt by the House and never publicly uttered.

"Send me an order on the Sergeant-at-Arms.

"Quick!

"When shall I come?

"With love and a benediction,
MARK TWAIN."

After reading that letter I repeated what I have said about the embarrassment of those rules not only as affecting him, but as affecting the Speaker; and he laughed as he said his joke must have been pretty clear for me to catch the point at the first reading. I called my messenger—a colored man who has served every Speaker for the last thirty years and who knows all the members—and I said to Mark Twain: "I am in full sympathy with you and will help you lobby. Neal will take you to the Speaker's private room, which is larger, more comfortable, and more convenient than this one. That room and the messenger are yours while you stay, and if you don't break a quorum of the House it will be your own fault."

He installed himself in that room, and the messenger went on the floor whispering to Champ Clark, Adam Bede, and others on both sides of the House, and in a few minutes there was not a quorum on the floor. They were all crowding into the Speaker's private room to see Mark Twain and promise him to vote for the Copyright bill, for he allowed no admirer to escape. After the day's session Mark came to me to say that those confounded rules were not so bad, after all, and that he didn't object to a "Czar" who abdicated and allowed him to occupy the throne-room.

The Hon. Champ Clark said, in part:

It came to pass that on a memorable day Mark Twain, lobbyist, with his world-wide reputation as his *avant courier*, descended upon the Capitol in dazzling attire, sweeping everything before him. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as was this great Missourian, for in the dead of winter he wore a suit of white flannels, white as the snow which filled the air, while all the world wondered. He created a profound sensation—as he, no doubt, intended to do, a sensation which, so far as he was concerned, was strictly utilitarian in character and cunningly planned for effect upon hard-headed, matter-of-fact, unimaginative solons. The newspapers were filled with Mark Twain and his unseasonable raiment. He was the theme of every tongue from White House to police station, from Porto Rico to far Cathay. Since Joseph's coat of many colors, no article of apparel of any other male person was ever so extensively advertised—not even excepting the wonderful coronation robes of George IV., or the cocked hat and gray overcoat of Napoleon, or the white plume of Navarre. With his snowy flannels, snowy hair, and snowy mustache he made a superb picture, one on which affection loves to linger.

The subject-matter of his lobbying was improvement in the copyright laws, which were sadly in need of improvement. It was a subject near his heart. He was intensely in earnest—persistent, enthusiastic, optimistic. He sent for me for three reasons: (1) We had had some correspondence on that vexed and vexing subject; (2) for years I had been a member of the Committee on Patents, which has jurisdiction in copyright matters; (3) he and I were both Missourians, ineffably proud of that imperial commonwealth. I was delighted to be of service to this remarkable man who had delighted millions and who will delight millions yet unborn. Mr. Speaker Cannon gracefully and graciously turned over one of his rooms to Mark Twain, and in it he held his court, somewhat, it must be confessed, to the demoralization of business in the Congress; for so long as he remained in the Capitol, it was almost impossible to maintain a quorum in the House, so eager were members to look into his face, shake his hand, form his acquaintance, and listen to his conversation. All men and all women and even the little children in the street vied with one another to do him honor.

George W. Cable said, in part:

The beauty of his mind was a beauty of form and color, so to speak, rather than of mechanism. The marvellous union of rudeness and grace in those vast natural formations in the West symbolize well the energy of his purposes, as the marvellous variety and intensity of their colors do the many passions of his spirit. Many, I say, for he was a packed cluster of passions. His passion for the charms of nature compelled him to blindfold himself to them, as it were, whenever he would use his pen. Every one knows how he had to renounce the beautiful study lovingly built for him and furnished with every appointment for ease and convenience because of the enthralling views of hill, vale, and stream to be seen from its windows.

It seems to me evident to all of us, if not to all the critical world, that that great human kindness of his was one of the foundations, the fundamental element of his humor, and by it he gained the heart of the world.

Colonel Henry Watterson offered the following recollections:

Just after the successful production of his play, *The Gilded Age*, and the uproarious hit of the comedian, Raymond, in the leading rôle, I received a letter from Mark Twain in which he told me he had made in Colonel Mulberry Sellers a close study of a certain mutual kinsman and thought he had drawn him to the life. "But for the love of Heaven," he said, "don't whisper it, for he would never understand or forgive me, if he did not thrash me on sight."

The pathos of the part, and not its comicality, had most impressed him. He designed and wrote it for Edwin Booth. From the first and always he was disgusted by the Raymond portrayal. Except for its popularity and money-making, he would have withdrawn it from the stage as in a fit of pique Raymond himself did, while it was still packing the theatres. The original Sellers had partly brought him up and been very good to him; a second Don Quixote in appearance and not unlike the knight of La Mancha in character. It would have been safe for nobody to laugh at him—nay, by the slightest intimation, look, or gesture, to treat him with inconsideration, or any proposal of his, however preposterous, with levity. He once came to see me upon a public occasion and during a function. I knew that I must introduce him, and with all possible ceremony, to my colleagues. He was very queer: tall and peaked, wearing a black swallow-tailed suit shiny with age, a silk hat bound with black crêpe to conceal its rustiness, not to indicate a recent death, but his linen was spotless as new-fallen snow. I had my doubts. Happily, the company, quite dazed by the apparition, proved decorous to solemnity, and the kind old gentleman, pleased with himself and proud of his "distinguished young kinsman," went away highly gratified.

Henry van Dyke read this poem:

MARK TWAIN

We knew you well, dear Yorick of the West,
The very soul of large and friendly jest,
That loved and mocked the broad grotesque of things
In this new world where all the folk are kings.

Your breezy humor cleared the air, with sport
Of shams that haunts the democratic court;
For even where the sovereign people rule,
A human monarch needs a royal fool.

Your native drawl lent flavor to your wit;
Your arrows lingered, but they always hit;
Homeric mirth around the circle ran,
But left no wound upon the heart of man.

We knew you kind in trouble, brave in pain,
We saw your honor kept without a stain;
We read this lesson of our Yorick's years,—
True wisdom comes with laughter and with tears.

How Man Grew Wings

A DETAILED AND AUTHORITATIVE REVIEW OF THE AMAZING PROGRESS OF AVIATION, WITH A RECORD OF ITS VICTORIES AND ITS TRAGEDIES

By Edward B. Moss

IN the closing years of the sixteenth century New England suffered a witchcraft scare which threatened to disrupt the colony. At Salem, Massachusetts, twenty women were executed on the charge of being witches. It was alleged that they flew about on broomsticks. Men and, occasionally, women fly to-day, but they are not subjected to persecution or accused of necromancy. Instead their feats are lauded, and they are hailed as rulers of the air. The leading authorities on aviation predict a quick passing of this stage of man-flight. To them it is but a forerunner of a new era when the air-ship shall be like the auto of the present, a pleasure-craft and commercial vehicle.

The pessimist laughs at their optimism, but the wonderful strides made in the science of aviation during the last few years give a basis for the aeronauts' prospectus. On December 17, 1903, Wilbur Wright drove his biplane 852 feet in fifty-nine seconds, travelling at the rate of nine and a fraction miles per hour, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. On October 28, 1910, Maurice Tabuteau broke all previous records for sustained flight and distance by riding through the air for 289 miles in six hours in his Farman biplane. The feat was accomplished in the aerodrome at Etampes, France, in a contest for the Michelin trophy and a money prize of four thousand dollars. Thousands of spectators watched Tabuteau's flight and marvelled at his sustained speed of more than forty-seven miles per hour.

During a period of slightly less than seven years aviation has passed from the impossible to a sport for which prizes of huge value are offered for the breaking of records, and the end is not yet. Rapid as the progress has been, aviation is not without its failures and martyrs. Such is the history of all great achievements. To fly like the bird has been the dream of man for centuries. Ancient and modern history and tradition contain many a reference to the conquest of the air. In the lore of every race can be found traditions of sky-soaring, but it remained for America to produce in the twentieth century a real bird-man who could and did fly, not once, but scores of times, and each time a greater distance.

The way was not easy, and disaster, disappointment, and even death were mile-stones in the conquering of the sky. Otto Lilienthal, the German engineer who built the first practical glider, gave up his life in the attempt to wrest the secret of flight from the air. Professor Samuel P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, gave the best years of his life to the study of aeronautics. He built model aeroplanes which flew like birds until the engine fuel was exhausted. Yet his man-carrying machine never rose in flight, because a perfect starting device had not at that time been invented. Professor Langley's efforts were ridiculed by the short-sighted, but he did not lose faith. "Man will fly," he told an intimate friend after a severe setback, "though you and I may not live to see it." His prediction was true, for man had already stretched his wings and soared into the region of the clouds for miles before Langley had laid away for all time the problems of this life.

The brothers Wright were deemed cranks when they first began their actual experiments. Few even of their townfolk gave serious thought or attention to their work, and they were of a truth "prophets without honor in their own country." The newspapers of the day contained many a quip and joke at the expense of the Wrights. The Dayton, Ohio, correspondents of the big city papers received many a sharp rebuff from telegraph editors when they queried regarding the length of stories they should send about the Wright boys and their flying experiments.

There came a sudden change, however, when Wilbur Wright drove his biplane through the leaping and bounding stage and up into the air. Flying was a reality! The men who had suffered the hardships and jeers that beset all pioneers in new movements suddenly found themselves attracting world-wide attention. They had solved the mystery of the atmosphere. They no longer leaped and bounded along the ground in their aeroplane; they flew. At last here was something new under the sun, and the world stood still and marvelled.

Ralph Johnstone (right) discussing a problem of flight with Orville Wright. Johnstone, before his death from a fall of 800 feet at Denver on November 17th, was holder of the world's altitude record

Not so the aviators. A new field of unlimited breadth and height lay before them. They flew, to be sure, but the air was not yet fettered, a subject to slave at the will of man. The science of aviation has advanced rapidly since the day when Wilbur Wright flew 852 feet in just one second short of a minute; but one-half has not been told, and the deeds of the bird-men of to-day will soon be forgotten in the wonders of the morrow. This is evidenced by the great strides made during the year now drawing to a close. There is hardly a department of aviation in which new records have not been made during 1910. The old marks for distance, duration of flight, height, and passenger-carrying have all been surpassed during the past twelve months, and so rapid is the progress that the records are being altered almost daily.

This department of aeronautics has not received the attention in the past that will be allotted to it in the future. The wonderful increase in the number of bird-men and flying meets, held under the management of those who knew little of the details necessary for a successful conduction of such exhibitions, has caused much confusion in the recording of such feats. Conditions are not uniform and time alone can straighten out the tangled records. Experts both here and abroad are working on the task, and during the coming year tabulations will be produced which will show in concise form each step in the battle of man to harness the one element which has until recently defied his efforts. It is sufficient for the present to divide aviation into distance and speed flights, altitude-soaring, and passenger-carrying. Each of these divisions can in time be subdivided and classified to types of machine, engine horse-power, and other mechanical features.

To the layman the question of distance and sustained flight naturally appears to be the most important, since it tells in miles and fractions of time the progress made in the conquering of the air. For almost three years following the memorial flight of December 17, 1903, the Wright brothers were the undisputed kings of the air. The initial volitation of 852 feet soon paled into insignificance as the distance covered by the Wrights increased. During 1904 the Dayton aviators made more than one hundred flights, the best being one of three miles on November 9th. The next twelve months saw fewer air trips, but longer ones as the mystery of air was by degrees mastered. On October 5th, 1905, Wilbur Wright drove his sky chariot a distance of twenty-four miles in thirty-eight minutes at Dayton and flying had passed the short-distance stage. It was, however, more than a year later before the first authentic European victory was wrested from the air by A. Santos-Dumont, who travelled a trifle more than 700 feet at Bagatelle, France, on November 13, 1906.

The number of the aeronauts multiplied rapidly, distance flights increased, and speed records were lowered. During 1907 the Wrights, Santos-Dumont, Léon Delagrange, Henry Farman, Louis Blériot, and a few others made many flights. The rush of air wings and the explosion of motors increased, until last year the bird-man clan numbered its hundreds of experienced aviators and thrice as many pupils and apprentices. Cross-country and cross-water flights grew numerous and spectacular. At the end of 1909 Henry Farman held the duration and distance record of 144 miles made in four hours seventeen minutes and fifty three seconds in his flight at Mourmelon, France. Marvellous as this feat appeared at the time, the record shifted twice during the first eight months of the present year. On July 10, 1910, Jan Olieslager, the Belgian aviator, flew 244 miles in five hours five minutes and five seconds at Rheims, France. Less than four months later these figures were brushed aside when Maurice Tabuteau in a continuous flight covered 280 miles in about six hours.

For the man on the ground the second most interesting feature of aeronautics is the carrying capacity of the aeroplane. The old jingle, "Up in a Balloon, boys, dancing round the moon" takes on added meaning these days, although it is necessary to substitute biplane or monoplane for the old spherical balloon in order to be up to date. At every aviation meet now there are any number of volunteers and applicants for free joy rides up into the atmosphere. To say that one has soared like a bird in an aeroplane marks one as being a companion of royalty, ex-Presidents, and other near-aviators and altogether a superior sort of person.

This is all right as far as it goes, but in order to reach a satisfactory commercial stage the aeroplane must be developed to the point at which it will carry passengers with reasonable safety. The automobile would never have reached the point of popularity which it now enjoys had the motor-car proved incapable of transporting more than the one person necessary to operate the machinery. With this in mind, the airplane-builders and operators are constantly experimenting to improve the lifting and carrying capacity of their sky craft. Progress in this department of aviation has not been as rapid as in others, but the

Grahame-White, winner of the Gordon-Bennett cup race of 1910

Le Blanc, holder of the world's continuous speed record, made at Belmont Park

Wynmalen, holder of the world's cross-country record with passenger

Louis Breguet, holder of the world's passenger-carrying record

Tabuteau, holder of the world's record for continuous flight, being congratulated by King Alfonso of Spain on the completion of a successful flight

experts confidently predict that the next few years will see vast strides in this direction.

To Leon Delagrange, who was killed at Bordeaux last January by a fall following the breaking of his monoplane wing, belongs the credit of the first flight with a passenger. Yet the interval between Wright's initial rise from the ground and Delagrange's feat was almost five years. It was not until March, 1908, that the aeroplane successfully swept up into the air with two men. Henry Farman was the passenger Delagrange selected for the trial, and the pair flew some four hundred feet before returning to the earth. The time consumed in this aerial journey was about three seconds, and the event was heralded around the world as another evidence of the wonders of aviation. On September 17th of the same year Orville Wright circled about Fort Myer, Virginia, for a distance of three miles with Lieutenant Selfridge as a passenger. When the four minute trip was completed the two men lay under a heap of broken planes and motor. The cause of the accident was the breaking of a plane and fouling of the propeller under the extra strain caused by circling in treacherous, gusty wind. As a result of the fall Lieutenant Selfridge died, being the first victim of a long list of killed in heavier-than-air machines and Wright was confined in the hospital for some weeks.

There were plenty of volunteers for the hazardous flights, however, and the passenger-carrying feats continued to grow in number and distance. Even before the accident which cost the life of Lieutenant Selfridge a woman had been initiated into the cloud clan. On July 8th Delagrange had made a flight of five hundred feet with Mlle. Therese Peltier as a companion, at Turin, Italy. At the close of 1908 the record was held by Wilbur Wright, who had carried Painleve about for forty-six miles in his biplane at Auvours, France, on October 10th in something like seventy minutes. With the opening of the 1909 aviation season new records sprang up both here and abroad. Orville Wright carried Captain Englehardt up near Berlin, Germany, for a trip of 1 hour 35 minutes 47 seconds on September 19th, and on October 2d had as a guest in his biplane Crown-Prince William of Germany for a ten-minute flight.

Other aviators were active, and Delagrange, Farman, Captain Cody (the English flier), Lefebvre, Calderara, and Legagneux vied with the Wrights in this feature of flying. The palm went to Louis Blériot, however, who on June 12th forced his monoplane to carry three men for a distance of almost one thousand feet. This achievement was accomplished at Juvisy, and his companions in the feat were Santos-Dumont and Fournier. These various efforts in the passenger-carrying line were easily eclipsed, however, during the year now drawing to a close.

On the last day of January, 1910, the sky pilots celebrated the new year when Van der Born flew about Châlons, France, for one hour and forty-nine minutes with a passenger. This was a new world's record for sustained two-men flight. One month and three days later Daniel Kinet erased these figures at Mourmelon, France, when he soared about with a man passenger for 2 hours 19½ minutes.

Henry Farman, however, gave a better demonstration of the aeroplane's lifting capacity when he gave a man and woman an aerial joy ride of 1 hour 2½ minutes, at Châlons, France, on March 5th. This was soon surpassed, for on April 10th Roger Sommer sailed about in the air near Mourmelon, France, for five minutes, sustaining in his flier three men and a woman. The real value of the feat can be realized when it is stated that the combined weight of the human cargo was only forty pounds less than the weight of the aeroplane. Another forecast of what is to come in the future can be gathered from the achievement of Louis Bréguet, who on August 25th took up five passengers at Lille, France, and skyplaned about for one minute and two seconds before dropping back to earth. Another demonstration of the carrying ability and use to which the modern airship may be put in future military operations was made on June 9th when Lieutenant Fequant carried two passengers across country from Châlons to Vincennes, a distance of 101½ miles, in two and one-half hours; and Henry Wynmalen, the Dutch flier, travelled from Paris to Brussels and return, a distance of about 350 miles, in 15 hours 38 minutes 28 seconds, elapsed time, making a new record for two-man aeroplaning.

Probably less effort has been expended in soaring than in any other direction of aeronautics. Aside from a record-breaking and purse-hunting feat, it has little value. Less than two years ago the altitude record was 360 feet, made by Wilbur Wright at Auvours, France, on December 18, 1908, in a sixty-mile flight. In less than a year the distance upward had been increased to almost 2,000 feet by Louis Paulhan at Mourmelon, France, on November 25, 1909.

These early climbs into the clouds were dwarfed during the present year, and before the summer had waned the altitude record stood to the credit of George Chavez, who previous to the flight across the Alps, which resulted in his death, rose to a height of 8,400 feet. These figures were in turn brushed aside when Henry Wynmalen disappeared entirely from view at Mourmelon, only to return with a new record of 9,174 feet. The trip aloft consumed more than two hours, yet he volplaned back in thirteen minutes. The limit of sky-soaring had not been reached, however, and it remained for an American, Ralph Johnstone, at the international meet held at Belmont Park, Long Island, in October to make a still higher climb.

This was one of the chief honors for which the birdmen fought all through the meeting. Johnstone disappeared from view of even strong field-glasses in a perfectly clear sky during the upward trip which required more than ninety minutes, and returned in less than ten minutes. His speed in volplaning back to earth was estimated at times to be more than 200 miles per hour. At Denver on November 17th he was killed by a fall of 800 feet.

While no such speed as this has ever been attained in straightaway or circular flights against time, some remarkable performances have been recorded during the past two years. It is a peculiar feature of aviation that danger of accidents decreases as the speed of the aeroplane is increased. On land the reverse is true. In automobile-racing, the closest parallel to aeronautic speed contests, the danger of accidents is greater at highest speed. In the air races the aviator feels safest when he is flying a mile a minute or even faster, for at such velocity his aeroplane is less affected by air "pockets," sudden gusts, flaws, and other unexpected and invisible dangers that beset the air lanes.

A study of the existing records shows that in speeding, as in other departments of aviation, the present year has been the greatest in the history of flying. With but few exceptions the existing records have been created during 1910. Some idea of the progress made can be gathered from a comparison of the best average speed in 1909 and this year to November 1st. On October 26, 1909, Delagrange averaged almost fifty miles per hour in a six-mile test at the Doncaster, England, meet. Santos-Dumont's supporters claimed 59.6 miles per hour at St.-Cyr, France, on September 12th, but this was not verified.

Just a year and three days after Delagrange's feat the international race for the Gordon Bennett Cup was held at Belmont Park, Long Island. The winner was Grahame-White of the English team, who flew 62.1 miles in 61 minutes 4.03 seconds, winning the trophy and the 1911 meet for England. His average speed for the full distance was 60.08 miles per hour. Even this speed was exceeded by Alfred Le Blanc of the French team, who circled nineteen laps of the course, a distance of 58.37 miles, in 52 minutes 49.03 seconds, or an average speed of sixty-six and one-half miles. Le Blanc averaged seventy miles per hour on his first lap and flew ahead of the world's record for every lap thereafter until he appeared to have the trophy won for France. Just after he started on his last lap the engine stopped for lack of fuel; the Frenchman lost control of his flier and crashed into a telegraph pole, thus ending all chances of winning the Bennett speed cup. These figures do not equal either the motor-cycle or auto records, but Hamilton's four miles at Memphis, December 21, in 3 minutes 1 second, was equal to 79.2 miles per hour. Every speed record from the five-kilometre mark upward has been bettered during 1910, and the end is not yet.

Marked advances were also made in cross-country and over-water flying during the year now drawing to a close. On May 29th Glenn Curtiss flew from Albany to Governors Island, New York City, a distance of 137 miles, in two hours and thirty-two minutes. Fifteen days later Charles K. Hamilton skyplaned from Governors Island to Philadelphia and return, a distance of 175 miles, in three hours and twenty-seven minutes, elapsed time. On August 20th Clifford B. Harmon sailed from Garden City, Long Island, to Greenwich, Connecticut, across Long Island Sound, a distance of twenty-five miles, in twenty-nine minutes. Curtiss made another spectacular flight on August 31st when he flew over Lake Erie from Cleveland, Ohio, to Cedar Point, Ohio, covering sixty-five miles in seventy-eight minutes. The next day he returned over the same route in 102 minutes. Arch. Hoxsey travelled 104 miles through the air from Springfield, Illinois, to St. Louis, Missouri, on October 8th in three hours and forty-two minutes without a stop.

During the international meet at Belmont Park three aviators competed for the $10,000 prize offered for a flight from the park to and around the Statue of Liberty and return, a distance of approximately thirty-four miles. John Moisant, the Chicago aviator, finished in 34 minutes 38.84 seconds, Grahame-White, the English flier, in 35 minutes 21.30 seconds, and Count de Lesseps, the French aeronaut, in 41 minutes 56.28 seconds. The honor of the most remarkable of all long-distance events during 1910, however, undoubtedly belongs to Henry Wynmalen, who on October 17th and 18th flew from Paris to Brussels and return, some 350 miles, in 15 hours 38 minutes 28 seconds, elapsed time. Wynmalen carried a passenger all the way and established a new world's record for long-

(Continued on page 25)

The cradle of aviation. The little building in the rear is the Wright brothers' first shop at Dayton, Ohio

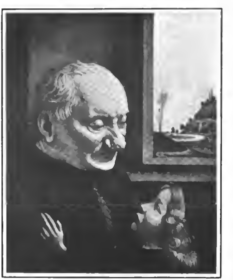
An Artist's Vision of Love

THE STORY OF THE PAINTING OF THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY GHIRLANDAJO, "AN OLD MAN AND A CHILD," WHICH HANGS IN THE LOUVRE

By Eunice and Constance Grosvenor

DOMENICO GHIRLANDAJO, one-time maker of gold and silver garlands, erstwhile broker, pre-eminently painter, looked down from his window upon the street and the passers-by. He held in his hand a sheet of parchment, and fingered his pencil idly, then made a rapid sketch of a portly dame and of a group of mendicant friars, catching at their characteristic movements, and expressing them in a few rapid strokes. He was past master at seizing a likeness, and, although these caricatures were but a diversion when he grew weary of more serious work, they were such vivid portrayals of types that he often found them of service when he was at work in good earnest.

A group of girls passed by. One looked up laughingly. He strove to catch the trick of movement as she turned her finely poised head, frowned at his failure, drew his crayon across the sketch, and cast it aside. He was turning from the window, when an uproar aroused his curiosity, and, gazing down into the street, he beheld an old man followed by a noisy crowd of boys. It was plain from their gesticulations and jeering cries that they were mocking him. Their terms of opprobrium had the stinging force of blows. He saw that the man's deformity was the cause of their derision. What a curious old fellow he was, with his shambling gait and abnormal nose, a nose swollen to thrice its proper dimensions, inflamed and covered with wart-like growths. This was too good an opportunity to miss. Here was something indeed to sketch, and in a flash he had seized crayon and parchment, and had made so forceful a picture that he roared with laughter at his portrayal of the comical old man. This little intermezzo refreshed him. He pinned the sketch to the wall, and turned back to work on the portrait.



"An Old Man and a Child," by Ghirlandajo

Ghirlandajo had not always been a painter. His father, Tommaso, had plied the trade of goldsmith, and had received orders from far and near for the votive offerings in precious metals for which he had become famous. He had also fashioned rarely beautiful garlands in gold and silver, and these chancing to find favor with the fair ladies of Florence, it came to pass that the name Ghirlandajo (maker of garlands) attached itself to him. The old Tommaso's popularity waxed so great that he was eager to have his son follow the same trade, and for a while Domenico had worked contentedly at his side. But as time went on, the boy grew weary of the tiresome routine of the work. He spent every moment away from the shop in diligently learning how to draw and to use color, and as he became more skilful in painting, the consciousness of his power came upon him. His energy was tireless in the pursuit of art. Even while working with his father, he often made sketches secretly of persons who came to the shop. Finally, feeling that he could stand the restraint upon him no longer, he left the good father and set up a *bottega* of his own.

One day a woman brought in a basket and asked if one of the apprentices would paint a garland of flowers upon its handle for her. The pupils laughed scornfully at this impertinence, and were about to turn her out, when Ghirlandajo reproved them by taking up the basket and declaring that he would decorate it with his own hand.

"Lose no chance to paint, no matter what you paint," was his comment.

One fine morning Sandro Botticelli, a former pupil of Ghirlandajo, came to the *bottega* to see the master's latest picture, a portrait of a noble lady of the house of Tornabuoni. Sandro pointed admiringly at the firm modelling of the girl's slim throat, and was flattering in his comment upon the distinction with which the subject had been treated.

"The painting of the brow—the hair—how skilfully you have painted them!" Sandro exclaimed. "And how vital you have made her!"

Ghirlandajo laughed merrily, clapped his friend on the shoulder, and said with mock boastfulness.

"Wait until you see my cartoons for the St. Jerome that is to be frescoed in the church of Ognissanti. I warn you that you will be hard put to it to outrank me in the competition."

Sandro met the boast responsively.

"He laughs best who laughs last. My cartoons may be preferred to yours, and my St. Jerome may adorn the walls of Ognissanti in spite of your confidence that you are to win." Thus speaking, he turned toward the door, but Ghirlandajo stayed him.

"I had almost forgotten that I had wished to consult you about a frame for my fine lady. To whom can I entrust the making of it?"

Sandro thought awhile and replied:

"I have it. There is an old man who lives high up in a little house across the Arno, near the wine-shop of the old Crinello. I know not his name, but it would be easy to trace him. Every one knows him because he is curiously disfigured. He is a good artisan in his way, and has done some rare work, which has won him the patronage of many a noble family. He lives in retreat to escape ridicule, and seldom ventures abroad."

Ghirlandajo caught up his hat to start forth at once in search of the frame-maker, anxious to have the company of his friend for part of the way.

The two artists set off, jesting as they walked, and parted at the bridge. As he left his friend, Botticelli repeated his minute instructions for finding the frame-maker. They proved misleading, however, and Ghirlandajo spent a weary hour in fruitless search. In despair, he was about to abandon his quest, and the day being hot, he entered the wine-shop that Sandro had mentioned, and called for a cup of wine to quench his thirst. Crinello, honest host that he was, brought it himself, and stopped to chat with the artist, who in earlier days had often patronized him.

"Many a day has passed since we have seen you here," said the shopkeeper, as he set the cup and flask upon the table. "And the other gentleman, your pupil, I hear that he too is a great painter."

The talk grew reminiscent. The fate of this and that comrade was discussed, and finally the artist mentioned that he had passed that way hoping to find a frame-maker who was said to live in the vicinity. Crinello's face lit up.

"Why, surely I know your man," he exclaimed. "A rare fellow at his trade. He lives hard by."

He beckoned to a boy who was at work in the shop.

"Take this gentleman to the dwelling-place of the old gilder with the bloated nose," he ordered. And Ghirlandajo, puzzled by this allusion, nodded his thanks and followed the boy.

"*Molte grazie, Signore,*" said the lad, as he took the proffered coin. "Mount up three flights, and you will find him."

The house was a poor, half-ruined building, and Ghirlandajo noticed with surprise that a splendid equipage upon which were blazoned the arms of the Tornabuoni was drawn up before the door. Sandro was right when he said that the old fellow had the patronage of the influential, he said to himself, as he climbed up the rickety stairs.

On reaching the top of the house, he paused to get his breath. The prattling voice of a child caused him to turn and look curiously through the half-open door in front of him. He saw a little boy, richly apparelled, near whom stood a liveried servant who carried a large gilt box.

"When I come again, you must have a little coffer just like the padre's—for me!" cried the child. As he spoke he rushed back into the room, and threw himself upon an old man, who sat apart near an open window.

Ghirlandajo caught his breath.

"Saints in heaven, what a picture!" he murmured.

In complete trust and confidence the child looked up into the face of the old man, deformed, it is true, but to the child beautiful and good. A soul, honest and sweet, beamed from his eyes; a kindly smile transfigured his face. The poor old gilder and the son of Florence's great house were linked together by natures equally pure and child-like. The impression, instantaneous as it was, was imprinted upon the artist's memory.

"I must put this on canvas," he exclaimed.

He had spoken aloud, and for the first time the others noticed that a stranger was among them. The child and the servant took their leave, and Ghirlandajo was soon busy instructing the artisan as to how he should follow the design for a frame that he wished to order.

Artists are proverbially absent-minded, and it was not until he had entered his *bottega* and chanced to catch sight of the caricature that he had pinned to the wall that Ghirlandajo realized that it was a likeness of the old gilder. A wave of contrition swept over him. That which had appealed to him purely from an artistic standpoint now seemed a necessity as a rendering of scant justice. Why, he had made a monster of the old fellow. His expiation must be complete. In rich robe of cardinal red he would paint him as he looked down upon the child with an expression that still lingered in the artist's mind so little short of angelic.

Those who paid tribute to the works of Ghirlandajo in the following year united in thinking that of all the paintings that had come from his facile brush, the picture of the old man and the child was the most wonderful. Sandro Botticelli phrased his sentiment tersely.

"When your ceilings and your St. Jeromes are forgotten," he said, "this presentation of the triumph of a beautiful soul will be treasured as your masterpiece."

Sunset on the Marsh

By Ada Foster Murray

Over the meadows' drift and rack
The wavering dream of a city lies;
Dim on the red day's circling track,
Thin, beaten gold, the sunset dies.

Tawny and mauve, and splashed with wine—
Or islands of emerald plumed with mist—
Acres on acres the rushes shine,
As the long sky deepens to amethyst.

Fair is this stretch of the countryside
In the morning gleam, in the evening glow;
But the swathe in the rushes grows more wide,
And the old earth gods are crying low.

They shrink from the urban pioneer,
From the rush of the town's engulfing tide.
Wait, little gods, ye need not fear,
For cities have fallen and men have died.

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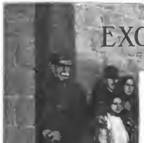
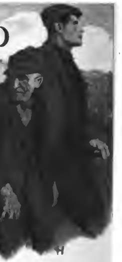




By C. W. Dawson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON

THE scowling gates of the jail swung wide and two men emerged into the sunlight. They jostled each other in their eagerness to reach the street, as if they feared that some excuse might yet be found to detain them.

Now that they had gained the open and knew that they were free, they paused irresolute, glanced back toward the prison, and stood still, gaping; it seemed almost as though they had already tired of being masterless and were coveting captivity.

The warder, who had unlocked the gates, leaned against the stonework, jangling his keys, watching them with quiet cynicism. He had seen it all before, how the routine and the iron discipline made weaklings out of men, robbing even the most daring of their initiative. He knew that the cruelest punishment of most prisoners is not endured in the cells, but in the first hours of release.

"Cheer up, boys," he said, kindly; "you'll get used to it. Seems kind o' strange at first, don't it, after all these years?"

One of the men nodded. He was an old timer, white haired and broken; he had been a sneak-thief for upward of half a century and had spent two-thirds of his manhood peering out from prison gratings. He was accustomed to be subservient, so he gave a watery smile and whispered hoarsely, "I guess we'll pull through all right, mister; and, if they don't use us right over there," waving his hand vaguely to indicate everything that was not captive, "we can always do something and get brought back here."

The second man frowned angrily at hearing himself included in the last part of this sentence. He was much younger than his companion and did not look over thirty. Tall and athletic in build, he carried himself with an erectness which was almost military. His forehead was broad, his features clean-cut and scholarly, his eyes gray and naturally honest. Despite his close-cropped hair and unfashionable attire, he had the indefinable distinction and courtesy of a gentleman born and bred.

Turning to the warder impatiently, he asked, "Can you tell me the way to the nearest station? I want to board a train going eastward."

The warder laughed good naturedly; he was amused at this sudden resurrection of caste spirit in a man whom it might have been his duty to have flogged yesterday. "Well, well!" he exclaimed. "So you've got important business already! We didn't give you much of a chance to get up the geography of this old town when first you came here, did we?"

Then he gave the desired information. As he stepped back into the jail and the two men moved away, he called out after them: "Say, boys, if you're ever hard up and want a bed and breakfast, you know where to come. It costs you nothin' at our hotel; me and the government is always happy to entertain old friends."

A group of people who had collected outside the gates to watch for the discharge of prisoners, hearing the warder's parting shot, set up a titter. The younger of the two ex-convicts flushed. Squaring his shoulders and holding up his head, he made toward the crowd with a gesture that was threatening. As though he had been stricken with smallpox, room was made for him to pass, the men falling back hurriedly and grinning up at him in ill-disguised terror, the women uttering little shrieks and gathering in their skirts to avoid contamination.

He walked swiftly, anxious to get away from these witnesses of his degradation and to reach some spot where his record was not known and he might be unashamed. His white haired companion tottered along behind, half running in his feeble efforts to keep up, at last, spent with the exertion, he cried, "Say, Knightly, you ain't goin' to desert an old pal, are you?"

Baden Knightly turned. "What's the matter now?" he asked, fiercely. "You've got no claim on me. All that happened over there is past," jerking his head in the direction of the prison; "I want to blot it out from my memory, and you must be forgotten with it. I'm going home to my wife, I tell you."

The old man bowed his head in assent and sniffled. "All right, lad. All right," he muttered, and without raising his eyes, turned to depart.

Knightly watched him shuffle a few steps, then called him back. "Here; but, Billy, tell me what's the matter?"

Billy paused, but he did not come back. "I ain't got nowhere to go," he faltered, "and no one to care whether I stay in or come out. I guess the jail's my home—out here I feel somehow lost."

"Well, but what do you think I can do for you?"

"Dun'no'. Just let me be with you a little longer, I guess. We was pals over there—and now I'm so darned lonesome that I don't know what to do about it."

Billy's voice broke, and he fell to shedding the easy tears of the aged. The next thing he knew was that Knightly's arm was round his shoulders. "Speak up, old friend," he was saying. "I'm going to be so happy to-day that you must be happy too. Now tell me, what is there that I can do for you?"

"Let me stay with you a little longer. I won't do you no harm, nor give you away. I'll behave myself. I'll just keep very quiet and pretend I don't know you. Let old Billy 'company you part way on your journey. When you're tired of him, all you've got to do is to tell him to go. Then he'll wait till you're out o' sight and do something to get himself arrested, and so get back home—over there."

Knightly thought for a few seconds; then, turning on his heel, "Come on," he said, abruptly.

They walked to the station in silence. It was Sunday morning, and the bells were ringing for service. On their way they met family groups moving churchward. In the jail-city most residents were familiar with the gait of a recently discharged convict; Baden Knightly suffered the humiliation of seeing mothers hastily collecting their children, as a hen does her chickens at a hint of danger, as he passed. He wondered whether Lucy in the old days, before her husband had become a pariah, would have behaved like that. Billy didn't wonder. He didn't seem to notice. He had been too long excommunicated to be able to muster the power of resentment; after forty years of such treatment, he took it as a matter of course.

On presenting themselves at the ticket-office, they learned that an east-bound train would be due in half an hour. The agent looked at them hard, and followed them with his eyes as they moved away. On the first opportunity he communicated his suspicions to the train-despatcher; the train-despatcher handed on his information to the baggage-master; when the east-bound train drew in, the baggage-master warned the conductor and the brakemen; so by the time the conductor had collected all the tickets, every passenger on the train was aware that two ex-convicts were aboard.

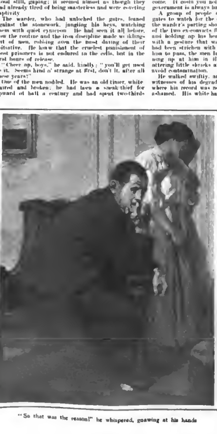
Knightly glued his face to the window, trying not to notice the cruelty of the questioning eyes. He watched the brightness of the spring, and feasted his fancy on the greenness of the grass. It was two whole years since he had seen anything like that; in the jail all seasons had been the same—an interminable stretch of grayness.

At midday they drew into Seaford, a pleasant little manufacturing town, and there they alighted.

"Billy," he said, turning to his companion, "this is where I lived before my trouble came. My wife has been true to me, and has always believed that I was innocent. She promised, when they took me away, to keep everything just the same, so that when I came back we might pick up our life where it was dropped. She hasn't kept her word, though; eight months after they carried me off our baby arrived, so it'll be all different. She hasn't seen me in two years—I wouldn't let her; and I've never had a glimpse of our little child. So you see our first meeting will be very hard, and—and," his voice broke and he whispered the last two words, "very sacred.—Billy, good-by; I'm going home now."

He held out his hand and the old man took it gently. "Good-by, pard, and good luck to you," he said. "I never had no home and I never had no wife; but I can guess what they means to those as have. Our friendship was made in jail, and I don't yet know what made a swell like you stoop to such a rotten old bum as I've become at seventy. I'll be back behind bars in a fortnight, I reckon; forty years in quod have spoiled me for the world. I'll never forget you, pard; and I hope to God I'll never set eyes on you again."

Knightly let go his hand and clutched him tightly by the arms, swaying him to and fro, peering down



"So that was the reason!" he whispered, gnawing at his hands into his eyes. He couldn't trust himself to speak yet; when he did, his voice trembled and his face quivered like a woman's.

"See here, Billy," he said, "you're old enough to be my father. My father's dead; he died two years ago. I'm going to give you a piece of my mind. You're an old fool. You're as good a man as God has made, and you don't know it. I'm not going to let you drift back to jail; d'you hear what I say? Another sentence would kill you. Here's all the money I've got; I don't need it any longer. In four hours' time you be round by the station entry; when I've explained things to my wife, I'll come back and fetch you. You're going to live with me until you find work. D'you hear that?"

Without giving Billy time to thank him, he hurried away.

The trolleys didn't run in Sealord on Sundays, so he had to walk. He remembered with a smile that this delay was his own doing, for, years ago, when he was a prominent citizen, he had helped to put through the Sunday anti-traffic law.

He came at last, on the outskirts of the town, within sight of a house, surrounded by woodlands, standing on a hill. Even at that distance he watched to see a face at the windows. When he reached the entrance into the grounds he could no longer restrain himself: doubling up his arms, he broke into a run. He arrived at the front door panting, and tugged at the bell. The sound of it echoed faintly through the house. He was a little disappointed in Lucy; he had notified her a week ago that this was to be the day of days. That she had not met him at the station was quite in order, for he had begged her not to do so; but she might have sent a carriage—and even now she kept him waiting. He grew impatient and rang again. Still no one answered. He took to battering the panels of the door with his feet and hands.

Presently he heard a movement in an upper room. A window was pushed open and a shrill voice exclaimed: "Good Lord! Don't you know it's Sunday? Making such a row and disturbin' folks' rest!"

He stepped back from under the veranda on to the lawn. A frowsy woman was looking down on him from his own bedroom; her eyes were sleepy and she was only partly dressed. He had never seen her before. "Well, speak up, man," she called. "What is it that you want?"

"I want to get into my own house," he said, sharply. "And who the devil are you?"

"Your own house, indeed!" the woman sneered. "You look like it. This house is Mrs. Knightly's; and she's gone away to the country, nine miles from here. I guess I know who owns this house; I'm left in charge."

She had withdrawn her head and was preparing to slam down the window, when he stayed her by saying, "Well, I'm Mr. Knightly, and I want to know my wife's address."

She leaned out again with a new interest. "Oh, so you're Mr. Knightly, are you?" she drawled, surveying him from top to toe. "Well, I never! I've heard about you. Got anything to prove it?"

"Yes. I can describe to you everything that's in that room."

The woman laughed brutally. "Bet yer you can't; everything that was in this room has been moved out."

After much palaver and anger and coaxing he persuaded her to give him his wife's address. She wasn't sure whether she was doing right about it, but there! she pitied the poor gentleman, she said.

All through the long and dusty afternoon he tramped; it was a warm day in spring and the effort was fatiguing. He was thirsty and hungry, having eaten nothing since the prison breakfast. But it wasn't his physical discomfort that troubled him; he was racking his brains to find an explanation for Lucy's removal. An inspiration came to him. Yes, that was the reason—it must be so. She knew that it would be hard for him to settle down at first in an environment where everything was known. A few weeks in the country, where they could overlive the past and the disgrace of the jail, would make things easier. It was just like Lucy to foresee, and understand, and plan.

But even now he couldn't imagine why she should have failed to notify him. There could be only one excuse—that she had written, and for some reason the letter had not reached him. He hadn't heard from her for a fortnight, which was curious. The letter had probably been delayed or lost.

Toward evening he topped the crest of a hill and looked down into a quiet valley. Its sides were divided into pastures, in which cattle were grazing. He could hear the lowing of the cows, heavy with milk, as the bars were thrown down and the dairymen drove them to the byres. Through the length of the valley ran a river, along whose banks the farms lay scattered. In its very heart was a village, hidden in elms, through whose branches the lights in the cottages twinkled. Above the elms a spire jutted out; he wondered whether she had prayed for him in the church that morning. As he watched, the sun sank under cloud and the moon drifted up from obscurity. His eyes filled with tears at sight of so much stillness and beauty; it was so far removed from the clamor and brutality of his last two years of experience. In a storm of uncontrollable passion, he covered up his eyes with his hands; the sudden kindness of the world was too poignant—more than he could endure.

At the foot of the hill he met a boy, and stopped him to inquire where the lady lived who had recently come to the valley. The boy scratched his head, repeating the words; then he brightened up and added, "It's Mrs. Knightly you'll be meaning, I guess—she's got a baby."

At this point he seemed to take more notice of his questioner and began to be less friendly. "Mrs. Knightly is a great lady," he said; "she keeps a rig and a girl to push her go-cart. What d'you want with her anyway?"

Having convinced the boy that his business was important in spite of his soiled appearance, he was directed to go straight down the main street, past the church, till he came to a double-fronted house with a white gate and green veranda.

He went forward hastily until he reached the white gate; then for the first time he hesitated. A doubt had shambled its way forward from the back of his mind—what if she did not want him? What if she should be shocked at his outward change? But his heart cried out for her. Mustering his energies, he dragged himself up the path.

The door was answered promptly by a tidy maid, dressed in black, wearing a cap and apron.

Was Mrs. Knightly at home? Yes, but just at present she was busy, putting baby to bed; could he leave any message, or would he call again later? He couldn't! Well, then, he had better step inside and wait. What was his name? He wouldn't give it! Then he could take a seat in the hall until Mrs. Knightly was ready.

Left to himself, he gazed stealthily round and pushed open a door to his right; he wished in his first meeting with Lucy to be quite private.

The room which he entered was evidently her favorite. He recognized the furniture; she must have brought it with her. A bowl of tulips stood on the table; she had always been fond of flowers, he remembered. A book lay beside the bowl. He picked it up, curious to see what she had been reading. It was a volume of Tennyson; the page was open at *Enoch Arden*. One passage had been underlined:

"But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
'If I might look on her sweet face again,
And know that she were happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth."

He smiled—so she had been thinking about him! In replacing the book his eye caught sight of a little garment thrown across the arm of a chair. She had been at work upon it; it was almost warm from her grasp. The needle, full of thread, had been carefully run into the stuff. He went upon his knees beside it, and kissed it reverently. It was the first belonging of his child that he had ever touched.

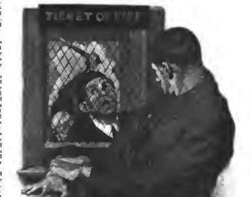
A footstep sounded on the stair; it approached slowly, reluctantly. He stood up. He tottered—his desire unnerved him and made him weak. Stretching out for support, he covered gropingly with his hands the baby garment which lay across the chair. A mist rose before his eyes, and with it came a sudden fear: what if he should go blind before he saw her!

The door opened and his wife entered. He waited for her to speak, but she said nothing. He had expected that she would rush forward with her arms outstretched; but she stood rigid. Then the blindness left him; his heart ceased throbbing; the passion cooled in his blood.

At last she spoke. Her tones were faint and tremulous. "So you have found me out, Baden, and have come!"

He stared at her till his eyes grew bloodshot. Then somehow he felt than an excuse was necessary. Speaking hoarsely, he said, "The woman at the house—she told me." Even to himself his speech sounded rude and rough, like that of an outcast and a vagrant.

"But she didn't tell you everything—about why I left. She couldn't. I hardly knew myself until it was done."


The club was raised and again descended

He made a desperate effort; he was determined he would embrace her and stepped toward her. She shrank back against the door, crying in terror, "Don't, Baden, don't. Not that." Then, as he halted, "How—how you have altered! I would not have known you."

His pride was touched; his disappointment turned to bitterness. In a voice thick with anger he asked, "Why aren't you truthful? Why don't you say it right out?"

"Say what?"

"How I have altered for the worse! That was what you meant. Now wasn't it?"

She did not reply; but, when he threatened to seize her by the hands, she nodded dumbly.

They gazed on each other, embarrassed, as though they had been strangers.

"Why was it that you left?" he asked at length.

She buried her face in her hands, and her body was shaken with sobbing. Catching her by the wrists, he held her fast, so that she had to look up. "Come now," he muttered, "speak out. Why was it that you left? That at least you shall tell me."

She panted, fighting to release herself. "Because—because of baby," she gasped.

He let her go and his face fell vacant. Staggering away from her, he sank into the chair. She watched him with mingled pity and repulsion. "So that was the reason!" he whispered, gnawing at his hands and nodding his head, "because of baby."

Slowly the intelligence came back to his eyes and he glanced up at her. "But why because of baby?" he faltered, and it was like a little child asking questions. "Lucy, I've never seen her—and I wouldn't hurt her."

There was silence for a minute. The woman was steadying herself that she might tell the truth at last. "While we were only two in the world I could bear it," she said, "and if the baby had been a boy, it wouldn't have mattered so much. A boy can fight for himself and is judged by his own worth; no one will avoid a boy because of his father. But somehow when the baby was a girl it seemed different. A girl can't fight. She isn't big and rough. She's so dependent on her men. And if one of her men is the cause of her insults— You know what I mean, Baden? It isn't that I'm cruel. I'm just saying what must be said. Who would love or marry a girl if he knew that her father had been—had been where you have just come from?"

"But you know that I was innocent?"

"Oh yes, I know; but what about the world? You can't make the world believe that. You've served a two years' sentence, and the world will never forget it."

"Then I'm not only to be legally punished, but damned eternally for a deed which you know I have not done! Is that it?"

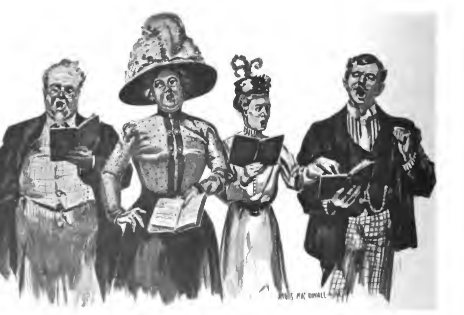
"Oh, Baden, I'm so sorry. But I can't help it. I could have been brave and would have stood by you, if baby hadn't come. I'm a coward, I know; and yet it isn't for myself—it's for her. I can't bear to think of what she would have to suffer if we lived together."

He staggered to his feet and laid his hand on the door-knob, when a thought stayed him. His lips twitched and a last spurt of anger blazed into his eyes as he turned upon her. "And why the devil didn't you tell me all this before?" he blurted out. "You must have known a good twelve months ago that you intended to desert me. What kind of an Iscariot are you, to sit down and write me long loving letters—all pretence—with this hidden in your heart! If I'd known a year ago, I might have got used to your cant and been able to bear it."

She crouched at his feet, for she feared murder; she even brought herself to kiss his hands. He drew them away from her so roughly that her lips spurted blood. "Good God!" he sneered, "what kind of a creature do you think I am? You needn't flatter me. D'you suppose I'd stoop to kill you?" Then he saw the blood, and his fury died out. He bent toward her till their faces nearly touched. "Lucy," he whispered, pointing at her lips, "did I do that?"

She did not answer him, for her throat was parched

(Continued on page 25)



THE VILLAGE CHOIR

A CHRISTMAS ADJUSTMENT

"WA-AL," said Mose Rowell, as he encountered his friend and neighbor, old Silas Peavey, on the turnpike, and the two old cronies drew up their teams for a short "visit." "I see by the almanac that Christmas is onto us, Silas."

"Yo-as," said Silas. "She's been a-comin' along at the usual rate all the year and fust thing we know she'll be onto us."

"What ya goin' to give Mirandy for Christmas this year, Silas?" asked Mose, offering his friend his plug, from which the latter helped himself to a liberal slice. "Same old thing?"

"Wa-al, no," said Silas. "Fact is, Mose, we're gettin' kind o' tired, up t' our house, o' these everlastin' hardware orgies that we been havin' this past forty year. Somehow or other a new wash-b'iler for a Christmas supprise don't seem to be as supprisin' as it used t' be in the days when we was younger, and Ma don't somehow seem to get the same glow o' satisfaction out of a brandy-clean, new-fangled kind of a clothes wringer that she did thutty year ago."

"Same way up t' hum," said Mose, with a sigh. "It sorter seems as if the old way o' handlin' affairs when the Yuletide comes hikin' along ain't no good these times. Mebbe we're got tired o' the sameness of it all. After you've gave your wife a set o' flatirons and a fresh warmin' pan every year for ten or fifteen years runnin', and she's been a-delightin' your sperrit with ear-tabs and red floss tossels for the team every Christmas for goin' on twenty years ye kind o' pine for suthin' different. But, by Hokey! I can't seem to find no new way o' celebratin'."

"It 'll stand a pile o' thinkin', that there problem, Mose," said Mr. Peavey. "But I think me and Mirandy has got it sort o' straightened out as far as we're consarned. We begun talkin' it over 'bout two months ago and there didn't seem to be nothin' in sight as would satisfy neither of us. We went down to Bill Sykes's hardware-store and went over his hull gosh blamed stock lookin' for a hint, but there didn't nothin' appeal to us. Then we took the trolley over to Spinksville and took a hull day inspectin' the contents o' the New York Store. They was a pile o' fine-lookin' mannycure sets and other parlor ornyments there, and we come nigh buyin' one o' the former in a red plush box to set on the top o' the melodeon; but it somehow seemed to be a waste o' good money to go in for a mannycure set when we don't neither of us set much store on our finger nails, not havin' any time lookin' after 'em in the summer boarder season and there bein' nobody around to notice whether our nails was shinin' like a milk-pan in the sun in the winter-time. So we come home from there clean disapp'inted and no nearer a settlement of the question than we was when we started out."

"By Grimes! it's hard t' know what to do," said Mose.

"Wa-al, we thought so; but all of a sudden I see the way out," said Silas. "The weekly paper come th' other night and there was the s'lution. The railroad was advertisin' special rates to New York an' back for Christmas week. Seven dollars for the round trip, good for fourteen days."

"Fine!" ejaculated Mose, slapping his knee with solid satisfaction at his friend's communication. "So you're goin' to take Mirandy to New York, be ye?"

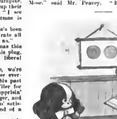
"Wa-al, no," said Silas; "not exackly. It 'ld cost a bit too much for the two of us, so we talked it all over and finally we decided that I'd go."

"Oh," said Mose, "that's nice for you, Silas. But what's Mirandy goin' to get?"

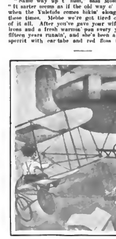
"Why," said Silas, "Mirandy 'll git a good rest while I'm gone."

Mose's face wreathed with smiles.

"Gosh! Si," he cried, enthusiastically, "that's a derned good scheme. I'll jine ye if I can work it on Sairy. Giddap!"



TEACHER: Who discovered America?
PUPIL: Some old sea dog.



CATCHING A RIDE.
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IN THE OLD DAYS

Eve had just tied a garland of maple leaves about her ankle.

"What on earth are you up to, my love?" asked Adam.

"I am trying on my new hobble skirt, sweetheart," returned the partner of his joys with a sweet smile.

AN APPEAL TO SANTA CLAUS

Hi there, Mister Santa Claus,
Hiking through the sky,
Careful lest you break the laws
Speeding swiftly by.
Better give your car a rest
In its onward flight.
Come down here and be my guest
Just for Christmas night.

I'll show you a thing or two
You'd do well to see:
Little people—not a few—
Waiting wistfully;
Hoping you will not forget
They are waiting there,
Doomed, I fear, but to regret
In the frosty air.

Cheery lot of little souls
You would find them all
If, in seeking out your goals,
You should pause to call.
There they stand all in a row,
Wondering what's the hitch;
Wondering why it is you go
Solely 'mongst the rich.

They would deem a bit of cheer,
Tiny though it be,
Sign that, when the Yule is here
With its songs of glee,
They were not forgotten; sign
Sent them from above
They were heirs to a divine
Thoughtfulness and Love.

Leave the wealthy to their own!
They don't need your care.
Let your loving smile atone
For the cupboard bare.
Seek the children of the poor,
Make their need your cause,
And you'll make your wreathes secure,
Mister Santa Claus

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Google

AN OPEN LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

November 30, 1910.

MY DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—If you don't mind, sir, I'd like to put a word or two in in time on the subject of what you are going to bring me this year. Last year you brought me a lot of fairly good stuff, but, after all, I've seen better things on sale in the stores, and if you don't mind bringing me a few things that I really want instead of a lot of things that I don't want there won't be any kick coming from yours truly. They tell me you are a pretty good sort of a feller and that you don't play any favorites, so I guess maybe you were only a little careless last year when you left me a couple of boxes of cheap candy, while the feller that lives next door got five pounds of the most expensive caramels on the market. Don't waste any of your energies making ear-tabs for me. I'd rather have a few cold ears and a real bicycle than the warmest ears in all Christendom without it. Same with slippers. The worsted ones you left for me last year were good enough, but what's the use of slippers when your father has a habit of using 'em for a hair-brush—not to brush his hair with, I don't mean, neither, but for other purposes which I leave to your imagination. Instead of producing peace on earth and good will to men those old slippers have left a very painful impression on my past, and when I see them lying around, instead of feeling happy about them they give me the cold shivers up and down my spine, and especially at the lower end.

As far as I can find out, you try hard to make a special study of the needs of small fellers like me, but, after all, there's a dickens of a lot of us, and it don't seem to make much difference how hard you study you can't always get things just right, and so I'm going to give you a list of the things I'd really like to have. If you can't give me all of them send along what you can, and I'll try to be satisfied. Here it is:

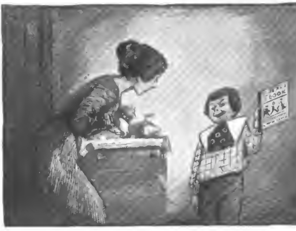
I. An air-gun that shoots bullets that aren't dangerous to life and don't make any noise when it goes off. I want this to draw a bead on the feller that lives next door, so's I can give him a few love taps without his knowing where they come from.

II. A revolver that shoots rubber bullets that you can fill up with red ink and that will bust when they hit whoever they are aimed at; also noiseless. I want this to fire at the cop that stands on our corner and fans me with his club every time I pass by. I don't want anything that will kill him, but a revolver like I speak of will come in handy in scaring him to death.

III. A pair of guncotton pants that will explode with a loud noise without hurting anybody every time your father turns you upside down upon his knee and larrups you with the hair-brush or the slipper already alluded to above. I don't want these in order to escape just punishment, but in order to make the old man think twice before he operates once.

IV. A complete set of fishing-tackle suitable for use down the air-shaft of a city flat like the one I live in. I don't want this for catching fish, but to hook hold of fruit baskets and preserve-jars and ice-cream freezers left out on the window-sills by the people that live in the flats below us. Also ginger-ale and sodywater bottles.

V. A porous plaster that's got a lot of stickum on both sides, so's I can put it in my French teacher's chair before recitation begins and keep him from jumping nervously around the room every time he thinks I'm not paying any attention. I don't want this for any revengeful purposes, but only to make the teacher stick to his place of business as a teacher should.

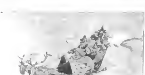


REASSURING

"WHY, WILLIE, WHAT IS THE MATTER? YOU'RE ALL ON THE BIAS!"
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, MAMMA; I'VE BEEN READING THE 'SLANT BOOK' ALL THE MORNING."

VI. A poll-parrot that ain't afraid to say what he thinks and has lived several years in a sailor's boarding-house. I want one especially that don't shut up every time you put him in a dark place, because I want to have some fun by putting him under the dining-room table on Sunday nights when the minister comes to tea.

VII. A box of torpedoes filled with red pepper that I can drop down the elevator shaft to where the janitor is at work without his being able to guess where they come from. I want these, not to pay off any old scores that I owe him, but to show him that he is wrong when he says that I am the noisiest nuisance that the Lord ever made.

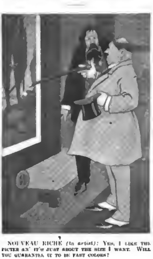


"COMING"
THE NEW SANTA CLAUS

If you can send me these things, I shall be very well satisfied with Christmas this year and will promise to try and be as good as I can until next Christmas comes around. If you can't get them in time I shan't mind if I have to wait until New Year's for them, and if you can't get them at all send me a five-dollar bill and we'll call it square.

From your loving little friend,

BOBBY.



NOUVEAU RICHE (to artist): YES, I LIKE THE PICTER AN' IT'S JUST ABOUT THE SIZE I WANT. WILL YOU GUARANTEE IT TO BE FAST COLORS?

ABSENT-MINDED

THE Professor had just sneezed for the thirtieth time, and it naturally attracted some attention.

"What's the matter with the Professor?" asked the visitor. "He appears to have a bad cold."

"Oh no," said Madame la Professeuse. "It is only his fearful absent-mindedness. I left him in charge of the baby for a few moments this morning, and when he cried he gave him the pepper-pot to play with instead of his rattle."

A MATTER OF LICENSE

"I AM very sorry, sir," said the innkeeper, addressing the noisy visitor, "but I shall have to ask you to leave, sir."

"Me, sir? Whaffor?" demanded the noisy visitor.

"You are intoxicated, sir," returned the landlord.

"Well, what if I am?" retorted the noisy visitor. "You gotta sign up there on th' wall sayin' *licensed to be drunk on the premises.* Ain'tcher?"

"Yes, I have," said the innkeeper, "but that's my license, not yours."

INDICATIONS

"JOHN," said Mrs. Binks, uneasily, the other night, "I am very much afraid that my bank is in a bad way."

"Oh, nonsense! my dear Maria—nonsense!" said Binks. "Why, it's one of the strongest financial institutions in the country. What ever put that notion into your dear old head?"

"Well, it's very funny," said Mrs. Binks, still unconvinced. "They've just returned a check of mine for twenty-five dollars marked *no funds.*"

AT THE FALL OF TROY

THE last Greek had just shinned down the off hind leg of the Trojan horse.

"Ah me!" sighed King Priam, as he saw what was going on. "If I'd only had the sense to tell those cusses bearing gifts that I wouldn't take anything from them short of an automobile, I should not now be so terribly nagged by the enemy."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

I GUESS my Grampa he's forgot
How nice a Christmas tree can look,
'Cause w'en our parlor doors slid back
He said an "Ah!" that almost took
Jus' ev'ry bit of bref away—
Ain't nothin' left for him to say

Exceptin', some day, we'll go 'xplore
Where 'tis th' Christmas tree was born
Wif all its little sparkly lights,
An' pretty strings of white pop-corn,
An' cranberries,—it's kind of snow
Won't melt an' run away, you know.

Away up on th' tippest top
There is th' bright an' shiny star,
An' snuggled all aroun' its feet
Is where th' tied-up presents are
That Santa Claus will 'stribute 'roun',
'N w'y I keep jumpin' up an' down!

Grampa an' me can't hardly wait
Till it gets time to see our things—
He says his fingers they're "all thumbs,"
'N w'y he can't untie th' strings—
'N'en my ten fingers come an' try
To make th' funny knots untie:

But Grampa "'lows that Christmas ain't
No kin' of time to bother 'bout
A-savin' strings"—that's w'y he reached
Somewheres an' got th' jack knife out—
'N'en he went back, 'cause he can't stay
Around wif Little Boys an' play.

'N' by an' by if Little Boys
Will grow up dreffle tall an' big
An' watch out sharp 'round Christmas-time
They might see, hangin' on a twig,
A big fat jack-knife, some fine day,
Nobody's goin' to take away!

My Grampa's seen th' kind of cent
That fits right in th' belly box
Th' Santa Claus bringed me—it can
Go in th' great big bank wif locks,
'N' it can buy all kin' of toys
That will keep still or make a noise!

Ain't nothin' in th' whole roun' world
My Grampa wanted like th' pin
A-stickin' in his silky scarf—
I watched right where he put it in—
He likes its little sparkly eye
That Santa Claus picked out to buy!

It's 'way pas' Grampa's bedtime now,
An' Little Boys don't sit up late
'Cept Christmas-times,—we bof waked up
W'en all th' coal slid down th' grate
'Tain't time to go to sleep an' dream
W'en folks is passin' 'round ice-cream!

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

Shadows of the Stage

By William Winter

ELLEN TERRY—HER PERSONALITY AND HER LECTURES

"*The voice so sweet, the words so fair,*
As some soft chime had stroked the air,
And, though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense."—BEN JONSON.

A GLOW of pleasure has, naturally, been diffused by the presence of Miss Ellen Terry before the theatre going public of America. The renowned actress appeared at the Hudson Theatre, New York, on three successive Thursday afternoons, November 3d, 10th, and 17th, and delivered three lectures,—her subjects being "Shakespeare's Heroines—Triumphant," "Shakespeare's Heroines—Pathetic," and "The Letters in Shakespeare's Plays." With those lectures she is now traversing the continent, speaking in the principal cities, cordially welcomed wherever she appears, and always, as in the past, winning golden opinion and the hearts of her audience by the charm of her sympathetic and beautiful personality. In the twenty seven years which have passed since Miss Terry made her first appearance here (October 30, 1883, at the Star Theatre, as Queen Henrietta Maria, in Wills's picturesque and pathetic play of *King Charles I.*), many things have changed; but no considerable change is visible in her. Time has only touched with a pensive grace the affluent beauty which it had not the heart to spoil. Her figure is still imperial. Her movement still evinces the buoyant freedom of the curling wave. Her smile still flashes like a sudden sunbeam. Her rich voice is still a strain of music. Her gestures still possess the ease, breadth, and spontaneity which always made them absolutely appropriate and expressive. She still is Ellen Terry, the foremost inspirational actress of her time; a woman of authentic genius, whose dramatic art,—often exquisite, more often lawless and wild,—derives an unpremeditated, enchanting felicity from her opulence of womanhood, tenderness of heart, unerring intuition, and passionate ardor of soul. Not in any period,—as far as can be learned from historic records: certainly not in this period—has the stage presented such a striking example as is shown by Ellen Terry, of the union of wild genius with practical sense in the conduct of professional life, and trained skill with vagrant, intuitive impulse in the art of dramatic expression. She has rivals in specific walks of the drama, but, essentially, as a personality and as an actress, she stands alone.

It is not as the actress, however, but as the lecturer, that Miss Terry now invites the public attention to her endeavors. When she was on the stage, in her rightful, natural environment, she was the acknowledged Queen: the supreme, unapproachable Ophelia; the perfect Beatrice, bewitching and pathetic beyond description as Goethe's Margaret; like a lily of loveliness as Tennyson's Rosamund; exquisite in the simplicity and purity, and heart breaking in the ardent passion and natural, woman-like grief, of Wills's Olivia; the incarnation of love not less than of mind as Portia; and the veritable rough diamond of humor and goodness as Nance Oldfield. The honor roll of her fine artistic achievements would be a very long one, and full of light. On the lecture platform she is not able to reproduce those images of dramatic power and beauty which long ago she revealed in the Theatre and left as a benediction in the public remembrance. The most that she does as a lecturer is to impart an occasional suggestion of some of them,—as in a recital of Portia's exposition of the quality of Mercy.

The public gain in listening to Miss Terry's discourses on Shakespeare has been, and will continue to be, the pleasure of mental and spiritual intercourse with a woman of fine temperament and rare physical charm. The actress has always been wonderfully skilful in her use of attire: it was not, as is customarily supposed, Burne-Jones who invented the Ellen Terry draperies, but Ellen Terry who devised them, and who inspired Burne-Jones to paint them; and, as she stands before the audience in her ample garniture of flowing white robes, gracefully disposed, she is impressive and fascinating. To see her as an actress was,—and perhaps it would be again,—to see a vital creature of beauty, passion, tenderness, and eloquence, a being, in Cleopatra's fine phrase, all "fire and air." But even to see her as a lecturer is a privilege. She is not, indeed, a good one: there is an art in lecturing, and as yet Miss Terry has not learned it. Her method is experimental. She does not speak with conviction, but rather with the dubiety of a person who seems either to be uttering the thoughts of another mind or uttering thoughts which have not been maturely and thoroughly considered. She overruns her "points." She makes no sufficient allowance for either laughter or applause. She drops her voice at the end of sentences so that some of her words become indistinct or inaudible. She lacks the decisive, dominant quality of authority, being at times uneasy, hurried, flurried, and, at such times, therefore, ineffective. Her views, furthermore (such of them as I have heard or read), are often incorrect, generally commonplace, and, in the matter of thought, superficial. All the same it is better to see and hear Miss Terry again as a lecturer than not to see and hear her at all. Moreover, it is not improbable that she will acquire facility in this new professional vocation, as time passes and as practice insures an ease of method. Her hits, as a speaker, now, are mostly made by quick little flashes of piquant comment and sudden transitions of playful tone,—as when, remarking on the historic doubt of Shakespeare's entire authorship of *King Henry VIII.*, she "just *knows* that Shakespeare *did* write it, at least Queen Catherine," and thus jauntily laughs the scholar-like commentators out of court.

Examination of all Miss Terry's views of the many characters in Shakespeare upon which, in her fleeting way, she has been pleased to touch, would tax a reader's patience. Brief reference to some of her views of *The Merchant of Venice* will, however, suffice to indicate the flimsy nature of her Shakespearian Commentary, and to signify the particular truth which has been disclosed by her advent here as a lecturer,—the truth, namely, that while she is important as an *impersonator* of Shakespeare's heroines she is not at all important as an *expositor* of them. In her descant on *The Merchant of Venice* Miss Terry declares that, notwithstanding her "speech of submission" to her lover (which, by the way, is not "a speech of submission" at all), Portia remains very independent and immediately hits upon a plan for the rescue of Antonio, which, without advice or assistance, without asking leave or opinion, she puts into effect. That is an error. The scene of the betrothal of Bassanio and Portia is, of course, followed by their marriage. Bassanio, leaving his wife at the altar, then returns to Venice, provided with money to pay the bond. There is an indication of lapse of time between the departure of Bassanio from Belmont and the subsequent departure therefrom of Portia. "You have a noble and a true conceit of god-like amity; which appears most strongly in bearing thus the absence of your lord." Portia's course of conduct is clear. Solanio has stated, of Antonio, "It should appear that if he had the present money to discharge the Jew, he would not take it." Jessica has warned Bassanio, in Portia's presence, that her father "would rather have Antonio's flesh than twenty times the value of the sum that he did owe him," and that "it will go hard with poor Antonio," unless Shylock is overruled by "law, authority, and power." In her extremity Portia, who wishes to see her husband as well as to save his friend, and who has a nimble wit, applies for help to her cousin, Dr. Bellario, a learned lawyer. Her first application is made by letter, asking for instruction as to how to proceed for Antonio's relief, and also asking for assistance in masquerading as a lawyer in the Court of Venice:

"See thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Dr. Bellario;
And, look, what *notes* and *garments* he doth give *thee*,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed,
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice."

It is, manifestly, impossible that, at this time, Portia can have thought of, or planned, the quibble which defeats and ruins Shylock, for the simple but conclusive reason that, at this time, she has not seen Antonio's bond to the Jew and does not know the terms of it. Miss Terry declares that this quibble "is not a man's idea," but "a woman's"; that it occurs to Portia and is employed by her as a sudden, desperate clutching at a last possible means of escape for Antonio, and that it is justifiable, if at all, only on the ground that "desperate diseases require desperate remedies"; that it is used for a good purpose; and that "people employ weapons against a mad dog, for the use of which they would be condemned if the dog were only wild and unruly." That view of the subject is preposterous.

The quibble employed by Portia is, unmistakably, the technical quibble of a lawyer, and of a shrewd and tricky one. There is almost positive evidence, in the posture of circumstances as well as in the letter of Dr. Bellario to the Duke of Venice, that Portia has, in person, consulted her lawyer-cousin before appearing in court: "We turned o'er many books *together*." Even assuming that this is only Dr. Bellario's thoroughgoing method of imposing on the Court, in commending his substitute, essential facts are evident. The Duke has submitted the case of Shylock *v.* Antonio,—in which he has taken exceptional interest ("twenty merchants, *the duke himself*, and the magnificoes of greatest port, have all persuaded with" the obdurate Jew),—to the consideration of counsel learned in the law, and, naturally, to the greatest authority known to him, in the hope of finding some method of escape for the Merchant. The Duke says:

"Upon my power, I may dismiss this court
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom *I have sent for to determine this*,
Come here to-day."

This, obviously, has nothing to do with the plans of Portia. It is incontestable that Bellario could not write to the Duke, as he does, of having received his letter, and of having "acquainted" the young doctor of Rome "with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the Merchant," unless Bellario had himself been first made acquainted with that cause by the Duke: the young Doctor declares in court: "I am informed throu'ly of the cause," etc.

The line and plan of Antonio's defence have been thoroughly worked out by Bellario: in the pleading of the case by Portia opportunity is given to the implacable Hebrew to withdraw, with great material advantage to himself: perhaps it was not quite certain in advance that the Court would sustain the wretched quibble: perhaps there was some decent repugnance to employment of such chicanery, if it could be avoided. But—not only has the ruinous technical quibble been thought out; the method of overwhelming the Jew and of inflicting fearful punishment upon him has been provided. The utterance of the speech beginning "Tarry a little" is no last, desperate effort to save a forfeited life; it is the deliberate voice of "justice according to law," which speaks, and it speaks the doom of Shylock. The Jew may take his pound of flesh, but if, in doing so, he shed one drop of Christian blood, his lands and goods are forfeit unto the State. This is no sudden effort of woman's wit,—no "blanket in the alarm of fear caught up,"—to shield Antonio. It is the letter of the Law. When Shylock, stunned and appalled inquires: "Is that the *law?*" the stern answer is immediate and conclusive: "Thyself shalt *see* the act"; and the location of that "Act" in the Criminal Statutes of Venice certainly would not have been known to Portia, and it is equally certain that it would naturally be known to, or be found by, "the learned Bellario," when engaged, at the Duke's solicitation, in preparing Antonio's defence. Nor is that all. Portia has been equipped with additional legal erudition, the substance of which she states in court, whereby, for having "indirectly, and directly, too" "contriv'd against the very life" of Antonio, Shylock's estate, even in the event of his not attempting to cut the forfeiture, is not only forfeit, half to the State and half to the object of his "lodg'd hate," but his life is placed at "the mercy of the Duke only."

The wiser course seemingly, for Miss Terry to pursue, as a Shakespearian entertainer, would have been to read or recite Scenes from Shakespeare, as once she did, in London, in association with Henry Irving, when they gave an impressive and eminently effective reading of *Macbeth*. The most illustrious of her female predecessors on the platform, Fanny Kemble and Charlotte Cushman, took that course and were brilliantly successful in it. To *act* is one thing; to *expound* is another: and the clangor of controversy that has been sounding on among commentators for two hundred years might well be accepted as a warning against unprepared adventure into the field of Shakespearian Commentary, where indeed the speaker must "speak by the card." Miss Terry's views, however incorrect or trivial, are very likely to be received with unhesitant credence, simply and solely because they are expressed by a great actress who ought to be sure of her facts and is presumed to be so. They are not entitled to any such acceptance.

The following words, instructive anywhere and certainly appropriate here, were written by the great actress, Fanny Kemble, one of the most intellectual women who have graced the modern stage:

"There is no reason whatever to expect that fine actors shall be necessarily profound commentators on the parts that they sustain most successfully, but rather the contrary," the reason being that "the dramatic faculty lies in a power of apprehension quicker than the disintegrating process of critical analysis, and when it is powerful and the organization fine, perception rather than reflection reaches the aim proposed."

Miss Terry as a lecturer on Shakespeare has provided a conspicuous example of that truth.

Purpose in Criticism

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," and one form of adversity is critical censure. A prominent theatrical manager has been heard to declare, "We don't want *actors;* all we want is somebody who can *get by*,"—that is to say, somebody not so bad as, inevitably, to be hissed off the stage; somebody good enough to be endurable, but not good enough to become an independent artistic power. That remark indicates a method of theatrical administration widely prevalent now, and that kind of administration urgently requires critical censure. It is, of course, the duty of the critic,—and also, it is his valued privilege,—to recognize, approve, advocate, and encourage every fine achievement and every worthy endeavor, but, most of all, he is under an imperative obligation of duty, to the theatre and to the public, to expose and condemn wrong-doing, to rebuke pretentious imposture, and to make sure, in so far as opportunity and ability permit, that nobody does "get by" who does not merit success. An important part of the utility of critical censure is the prevention of the success of persons whose works do not entitle them to succeed,—bad writers, bad actors, bad managers, and the like,—who, if left unexposed and uncensured, would continue to possess themselves of the material prosperity and potent reputation which rightfully are due only to genius, art, good work, and noble character. Critical censure which aims at that result has often caused great dissatisfaction, because it has prevented much professional incompetency, much artistic mediocrity, and much indecency from "getting by," and frequently, therefore, it is denounced as "destructive,"—a sounding word, highly prized by the numerous tricksters who practise, for profit, on public credulity. To "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" is only right; but it is wise as well as right to render unto Cæsar only the things that are Cæsar's, and, as far as possible to prevent the property of Cæsar from being appropriated by persons to whom it does not belong. Suppression of the professional nuisance known as the "theatrical press agent," more critical censure in the press, condemnatory of bad things, and total abstinence from puffery of actors and plays would cause a condition auspicious to the Theatre and serviceable to the public, and one which, for that reason, is much to be desired.

The World of Music

By Lawrence Gilman

PUCCINI'S AMERICAN OPERA

What are amiably called "historic occasions" are not infrequent nowadays in the opera-houses of the world. There was one of extraordinary significance at the Paris Opéra-Comique in April, 1902, with which the name of Claude Debussy is bound up; there have been several of large importance since then at Dresden associated with the name of Richard Strauss. There have been few of late years in America; but last week the Metropolitan Opera House indulged itself in an occasion which perhaps fairly deserves the swelling epithet. This was nothing less than the first production on any stage of a new opera by the most widely popular of living composers of music-drama: moreover, it was an opera derived from a play by an American, on an American subject: in other words, it was the first performance anywhere of Giacomo Puccini's opera, *La Fanciulla del West*, based upon David Belasco's *Girl of the Golden West*, the libretto arranged by Guelfo Civinini and Carlo Zangarini. Since we are choosing to regard the event as a not unimpressive one, the cast shall be given in full. Here it is:

Minnie	Emmy Destinn
Johnson	Enrico Caruso
Jack Rance	Pasquale Amato
Nick	Albert Reiss
Ashby	Adamo Didur
Sonora	Dinh Gilly
Trin	Angelo Bada
Sid	Giulio Rossi
Handsome	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Harry	Pietro Audisio
Joe	Glenn Hall
Happy	Antonio Pini Corsi
Larkens	Menotti Frascona
Billy	Georges Bourgeois
Wowkle	Marie Mattfeld
Jake Wallace	Andrea de Segurola
Jose Castro	Edoardo Missiano
Rider of the pony express	Lamberto Belleri

Mr. Toscanini conducted. The production, as to its details, was prepared under the vigilant and experienced eye of Mr. Belasco. The date was December 10th.

Of *The Girl of the Golden West* as a drama it is somewhat late in the day to speak at any length. Mr. Belasco's famous play was seen for the first time in New York at the Belasco Theatre on November 14, 1905, and it enjoyed thereafter wide currency and enormous popular favor. Mr. John Corbin then characterized it, with a precision which cannot be bettered, as, in the main, "good old melodrama of the kind that has been familiar from Third Avenue to Eighth ever since Bret Harte popularized the Wild West,"—though he rightly excepted the first act because of its veracious character-drawing and its sincere humanity. Melodrama the play is, of course—melodrama flagrant and unmasked; but it is uncommonly good melodrama; and there is no difficulty in understanding why it should have appealed to the composer who found in Sardou's *Tosca* a perfect vehicle for his remarkable gift of musico-theatric expression—a gift which, in its sort, is unsurpassed.

Let it be said at once that Puccini has produced what is in many ways an admirable score. In the main, it is a faithful and graphic embodiment of the drama on which it is based—it is difficult to see how the emotions and the events of Mr. Belasco's play could have found a more generally appropriate setting. The music has all of the play's melodramatic power, all of its stir and movement, and in sentiment it goes Mr. Belasco one better—indeed, Puccini's gold-hunters effuse emotion with a copiousness and exuberance that are a little disturbing to one's notion of the character and habits of the Forty-niners. They are, doubtless necessarily, Latinized Americans whom Puccini exhibits to us; but it is none the less disconcerting to the stickler for dramatic verity to see a stageful of red-shirted miners posed in attitudes of lachrymose abandonment under the redwoods or weeping upon each other's shoulders. A single detail will indicate in what manner the vitality and veraciousness of the original play have suffered in being passed through the sentimentalizing Latin imagination. It will be recalled by those who saw the play that Mr. Belasco brought the first act to a close with the Girl, left alone in the darkened barroom, ruminating tenderly upon the words of Johnson: "He said [I quote from memory] I had the face of an angel. . . ." Then, in a quick and delicious return to her usual direct and matter-of-fact habit of thought and her breezy manner of utterance, she exclaims, "O Hell!" and the curtain falls. Nothing could have surpassed that touch for luminous and revealing denotement—it showed us at a stroke the character of the girl: her blend of tenderness and drollery, romantic feeling and honest, good-humored bluntness, quick sensitiveness and primitive directness. Puccini and his librettists have chosen to omit the final and revealing exclamation, and have brought the act to a close with the Girl sighing rapturously to a passage of long-drawn sweetness in the orchestra. The effect is excellent in its way, but it is attained at a regrettable sacrifice of dramatic point and savor. A composer with a larger and richer sense of human character and a more plastic and resourceful power of expression would have seized with delight the opportunity given him by the dramatist for a moment of truthful and illuminating delineation. But on the whole Puccini has accomplished with remarkable success what he set out to do. He has achieved the not inconsiderable feat of writing eloquent and generally fitting music for a drama which, whatever its value *qua* drama, is indisputably American in impulse and effect. A good deal of the humor and raciness of the original play have evaporated; but in the main he has caught, with singular tact and deftness, the particular tone of the play, its mixture of rough humor and bravado, turbulence and passion, gayety and sentiment, its hectic color and ceaseless stir. There is little psychological differentiation, and the emotional quality of the music does not drive very deep; but then the drama of Mr. Belasco is not remarkable for its probing of the human soul or for bathomless deeps of emotion and poetry. Puccini has gone no farther than Belasco invited him to go—save in that occasional excess of sentiment which I have remarked. But he has taken the fullest advantage of every expressional opportunity. He has always been a master in his handling of dialogue, in his quick and vivid strokes of characterization and denotement. He has lost none of his cunning in this difficult art. His setting of the speech of the characters has point, aptness, contrast, variety, a notable justness in the choice of accent, rhythm, and tempo. His orchestral commentary is continually flexible and sensitive, as responsive as it is resourceful. In no other of his scores has Puccini attained such amplitude and variety of expression, such precision and felicity of definition. Whether he is delineating the sinister villainies and wicked triumphs of the malignant Rance, the gallantry and romantic ardor of the bandit-lover, the tenderness, jealousy, and *camaraderie* of the Girl, the boisterous pranks or the vengeful ferocity of "the boys," he is equally apt and veracious. In fertility of expressional detail, as in sheer dramatic power, this score is a noteworthy accomplishment. Its hold on the nerves, its interest for the intelligence, are unabating. It has scarcely a dull or unvitalized page, scarcely a perfunctory or ineffective measure. Puccini has by it definitely established himself as an excelling master of expression upon a plane which, to be sure, is seldom concerned with drama of the finer sort, but which, within its limits, is productive of indisputable satisfaction to the artistic sense.

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A new portrait of Puccini

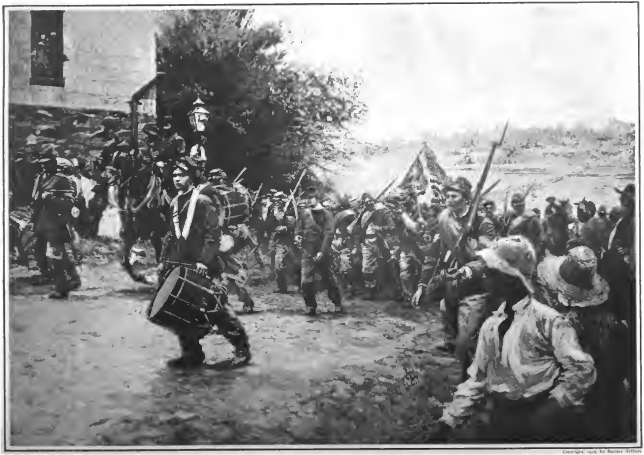
COMPOSER OF "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

Of the music in itself, apart from its quality as a dramatic agent, it is not possible to speak with so unqualified an enthusiasm. There is a great deal of writing in the score that is beautiful and moving, and much of it one can honestly delight in and honestly praise. But, to be quite frank, there is altogether too much of Debussy in it for those who are aware of Puccini's gift of authentically personal utterance. That he has a style of his own—a style that is distinctive and unmistakable—he demonstrated up to the hilt in *Tosca*, in *Bohème*, in *Madame Butterfly*. Why he should have thought it necessary—or, to view the matter in the most charitable light, why he should have permitted himself—not only to ape Debussy's harmonic and melodic manner, but to approximate certain well-known passages from the music of the unique Frenchman, passes comprehension. It is quite true that Debussy holds no copyright upon augmented intervals, whole-tone melodic progressions, and certain sequences of "ninth" chords, but it is nevertheless a fact, unfortunate for Puccini, that certain harmonic combinations, certain ways of grouping particular chords, certain ways of threading a melodic line, have become unalterably associated in the minds of experienced observers with the original and exquisite genius who gave the world a new order of music. That Puccini has been powerfully affected by the composer of *Pelléas et Mélisande* will be plain even to those whose knowledge of Debussy is based upon a limited acquaintance with his works; to those who best know the music of the Frenchman the evidence of his effect upon Puccini is plain upon page after page of *The Girl of the Golden West*. It is unnecessary to adduce particular instances; but the curious might be directed, for example, to the setting of Nick's words, in the first act: "Se ho ben capito voi siete li preferito;" to the theme which is heard, soon after Johnson's entrance in the same act, as an accompaniment to the words: "E all caso, tentare un baccarat"; to the passage in the love scene of the second act beginning: 'Sognavo . . . si stava tanto bene'." If the resemblance were merely a matter of occasional thematic similarity it would not be worth mentioning; but it is more than that. We are reminded of Debussy time and again, chiefly by the harmonic treatment, though his influence is felt even in the design of certain melodic phrases and in tricks of instrumentation. The score betrays an allegiance which was discernible in Puccini's music some years ago, and which was pointed out in these pages in a review of *Madame Butterfly* published October 26, 1907. It was remarked then that, since writing *Tosca*, Puccini had, in a spiritual sense, visited contemporary Paris. The pity of it is that he needed to draw upon no treasury save his own for ideas and for style. He possesses, in his own right, eloquence and beauty of a potent kind, a style of singular emotional fervor, vital, tense, nervous, and flexible—a style that consorts unhappily with the wholly different and unassimilable manner of Debussy.

It is pleasanter to speak of those qualities of the score—and they are many—for which there can be only hearty admiration. The music is less personal and less direct than the music of what seems still to be Puccini's most individual score, *Tosca*; but it has a richness and variety, an inventive fertility, a subtlety and complexity and finish of texture, which surpass anything in his previous writing. I have said that it is often both beautiful and moving. Some of this beauty and this emotional puissance must be credited to another heart and hand, but a great deal of it is incontrovertibly Puccini's. How striking, how unforgettable, is the entrance of the Girl in the first act; how lovely and touching is the music which brings the act to a close (even though I have wished that its dramatic implications might have been different); how brilliantly, with what skill and resource, with what color and dash and plasticity, this entire act is handled! The setting of the famous and thrilling card game, with the Girl throwing cold hands with the dastardly Rance for the life of her lover, is a triumph of melodramatic intensity and suspense; and in the third act there are superb pages. Puccini's besetting sin is his frequent melodic banality in passages of emotional exaltation, and this trait is responsible for some commonplace writing, as in the expression of Minnie's phrase (in her narrative in the first act), "S'amavan tanto," and in the love scene of the second act at the words, "Dolce vivere e morir e non lasciarci più!" But there is less of this facilely sentimentalized speech than in Puccini's earlier operas, and there is a corresponding gain in dignity and true eloquence.

It is doubtful if this music-drama, for all its charm and vividness, is as absorbing in its effect as the play of Belasco in its original state; it is doubtful if the music, admirable and fitting as it is, enhances the effect of the drama. Is this because music, as Blake said, "exults in immortal thoughts," and that no composer, however filled with genius, could make it take kindly to the task of adding anything to the effect of a play in which there is so much that is trivial, sordid, and external? The time has gone by, with most of us, for academic dogmatizing as to what music should and should not attempt to express; but even the most liberal must admit that Puccini's music is more effectually allied with the melodrama of Belasco when it is uttering the passion and anguish of the Girl than when it is uttering the desire of Harry and Joe and Dick for whiskey and cigars.

The production at the Metropolitan is of memorable excellence. Scenically and in details of stage management it will bear comparison with the superlatively artistic production of the play at the Belasco Theatre. Histrionically it will not bear this comparison. Miss Destinn, an admirable singer and an actress of intelligence and skill, endues the rôle of the Girl with little of the humor and charm that were infused into it by Miss Blanche Bates, though she is abundantly conscientious and sincere. But her impersonation is quite without illusion; and that is true, also, of Mr. Caruso's Dick Johnson. Destiny did not intend Mr. Caruso for the embodiment of romantic or gallant characters, and it is through no fault of his that he prevails in this part chiefly through his singing. Mr. Amato's Jack Rance is, likewise, deficient in subtlety and force, especially when it has to take its place in the memory beside the matchless portrayal of Frank Keenan in the original play. In spite of these defects, however, the production of the opera is surprisingly effective from many points of view. The difficulties in the way of an illusive and communicative performance were many and formidable.



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THE OCCUPATION OF LITTLE ROCK BY THE FEDERAL TROOPS

[illegible] OF THE CAPITOL AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

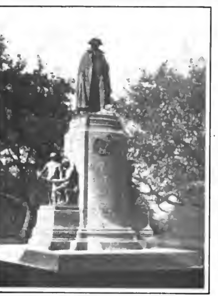
To Honor a National Hero

A MONUMENT to Baron von Steuben, the Revolutionary soldier, is to be unveiled in Lafayette Square, Washington, on December 7th, the Fifty-seventh Congress having passed a bill, introduced by the Honorable Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, appropriating $50,000 therefor, and creating a Steuben Monument Commission. This commission, advised by the late Augustus St. Gaudens, invited a number of well-known sculptors to submit sketch models in competition. Of these, the one designed by Albert Jaegers was accepted by the commission, upon the recommendation of Mr. St. Gaudens.

In designing the monument, the sculptor, with his associate architect, T. R. Johnson, consulted Cass Gilbert, the New York architect. They took into special consideration the location of the monument in Lafayette Square, to bring it into harmony with the general scale and mass of the monuments already erected there.

In the statue the General appears standing on an eminence, inspecting the great manœuvres of 1778. He is heavily cloaked to endure the hardships of the rigorous winter campaign at Valley Forge, and wears a sash, reminiscent of his service on the staff of Frederic the Great. With his hand lightly at rest on the hilt of his sword, he is following with keen interest the unfolding movement of the troops.

The group, named "Military Instruction," represents Steuben's life work, the work for which this nation honors and remembers him—the drilling and training of the American army. An experienced warrior is shown instructing a youth in the use of the sword. In the second group, America teaches youth to honor the memory of her heroes. A foreign branch is grafted into the tree of her national life. She welds to her heart the foreigner who has cast his life and fortune with the weal and woe of her people, embodying the idea of unity and fraternity of all nationalities under the guidance of a great republic.



The monument to Baron von Steuben in Washington

The Triumph of Celery

By H. L. PRESTON

In the fresh seasons, which are just before Thanksgiving and Christmas, the average consumption of celery in Greater New York is six carloads per day. The trade is of such importance here that there are three firms in New York that handle nothing but celery, and this is the only city that has exclusive celery-houses. It is only within the last fifteen years that celery has been a staple and obtainable in the markets the year around. There is not a day in New York now when crisp celery cannot be served. Twenty years ago, like peaches and berries, celery came only in its seasons, which were summer and fall. In those times it was a scramble to get celery to serve with the Thanksgiving and Christmas turkey. Now the California supply is at its height at Christmas time.

Michigan was the first State to grow celery in quantity, but to-day it is insignificant as a producer. Kalamazoo and celery, twenty-five years ago, were almost synonymous. To-day the general public hears little of Kalamazoo celery except as it is hawked at the depot and in the trains passing through that city. The leading celery-producing States are New York, California, and Florida. However, so universal has become the production that nearly every State has some. Formerly it was supposed that celery could be produced only in muck-land, but Florida and New York have dispelled this fallacy. Every gardener in New York can have his own celery by proper cultivation. Many home-owners in New York and Brooklyn plant celery as they do peas and beans. This celery can be kept in the ground until winter and a fresh stalk put on the dinner-table daily. When cold enough to freeze it can be placed in dirt in the cellar, and it will last until the end of December.

The most delicious celery is grown in New York State. In Orange County, and in the vicinity of Rochester, Arkport, and North Lima, the industry is extensive. These sections ship annually about 6,000 carloads of two hundred crates to a car. Each crate contains five to ten dozen stalks. The most desirable is the Golden Heart self-bleaching, the seed of which comes from France. All celery seed is imported.

Very excellent celery is produced in Orange County, New York, but the celery-beds there are not so extensive as in western New York. Two of the men who make celery an exclusive business in New York City live in Orange County, one at Middletown, and the other at Chester. Both grow, as well as handle, but their beds supply only a small portion of what they sell. The Middletown man last year cleaned up $30,000 from his celery farm. The time for planting celery varies as to location. In New York it is April; in Florida, September; and in California, August.

No article of food depends more on color for ready sale than celery. Its white stalks are to the trade what the handsome red is to the Jonathan, Ben Davis, and Baldwin apples. The whiteness is as deceptive, when celery is eaten, as the red is to the Ben Davis. The whitest celery comes from California, but lacks the flavor of the smaller stalks from New York or Michigan. As one receiver puts it, "California celery is made to sell, not to eat." Prices used to be very high. Twenty-three years ago this winter there was so little celery to be had in New York that, when orders were given for a supply for important functions, New Orleans was the only place from which it could be obtained. The crop was almost harvested. By dint of wiring, a dealer secured six barrels for New York. The bidding for this began before the celery arrived. So sharp did the competition become that one caterer bought the six barrels, each barrel equalling about two crates, at $150 per barrel, or $900 for the lot. Once in his possession, he made the other caterers pay an additional premium for what they wanted.

That is the highest price ever paid in New York City for celery. To-day such a condition could not exist. Celery is of such a nature that if handled in the proper temperature it is good for a month after it is harvested. All cars from California are lined and the majority of them come refrigerated. These shipments are frequently six weeks old when consumed, but, when properly washed, trimmed, and left in ice-water, the stalks are as crisp as when dug. The first indication of deterioration is the discoloration of the tops, but even when these are quite black the stalks can be trimmed and the heart is crisp and eatable. If Luther Burbank could grow celery which was all heart he would revolutionize the industry.

The most extensive fields of the world are in Orange County, California, of which Smeltzer is the central shipping point. About fifteen years ago a commission merchant of Kansas City named Smeltzer went to Los Angeles to investigate the extensive muck-lands of Orange County. Mr. Smeltzer was a handler of celery and realized its possibilities. He knew that nowhere in the East were there such muck-lands, and that there were thousands of acres in one continuous tract. With seed imported directly from France, an acre was planted. The results were more than had been expected. From this beginning grew the town of Smeltzer, which now has the largest celery-fields in the world. This year saw 5,000 acres under cultivation, and the shipments from Orange County alone will be 2,500 carloads. The industry has spread over California, so that outside this locality there are five hundred more cars produced for commercial purposes.

Orange County borders on the Pacific Ocean. The muck is several feet deep, is jet black, and so free from grit that it is as fine as flour. The fertility is rarely equalled anywhere, hence the celery-growers there have no fertilizer bills to pay. The cultivation is done largely by Chinese. The growers are organized and market through an agency, the sales being made at a price loaded in the cars. This year the price is twenty cents per dozen. The yield is unusually good. By March the shipping will be over.

Each year Florida has been getting its produce into the New York market earlier and still earlier. This season, January 15th will see the first shipments here in carloads. This State has done some wonderful work in celery-growing. The industry began on the west coast near Tampa. That City for years was the centre of the industry. Less than ten years ago the hammock lands around Sanford were tested for celery, and to-day that section ships more celery than all other Florida points combined. Land around Sanford, which ten years ago went begging at $1 per acre, cannot be bought now for less than $250, and some tracts are held as high as $1,000 per acre. One farmer last year had seventy-five acres in celery. The celery from thirty-two of these acres sold for $41,000. The cost of production and marketing was $13,600, leaving a net profit of $27,400, or nearly $1,000 per acre. Another farm of ten acres brought $14,426.75 from celery and $8,000 from lettuce, making $21,426.75, a yield of over $2,000 per acre. From six acres at Gary, Florida, one grower netted $6,000 last year from celery which took just ninety days to mature, and from the same piece of land he took a crop of lettuce which brought him about as much as the celery.

The Norse Watch-boy

IT is no uncommon sight to see a boy watching cattle in order that they may not stray, or keeping the birds off the crops; but a watch-boy, whose duty it is to keep a lookout for a school of fish and who sits in a sentry box set upon stilts, is a sight peculiar to Norway.

The scene of this lad's labors is the shores of some Norwegian fiord. His little sentry box is made of wood and is perched high upon posts. Here the boy sits, gazing out across the arm of the sea, employing his keen eyesight for the benefit of the farmers who depend upon him to give the alarm when a school of fish shall appear. They work contentedly enough in their fields, confident that the lad will let them know when it is time to reap a harvest from the sea instead of from the land.

When the signal is sounded the farmers leave their work, throw their big nets over their shoulders, and hurry off to their boats.

Sentinel boxes similar to those employed in Norway are in use among the fishermen on the shores of the Mediterranean, and it is supposed that the vikings brought back with them from some of their piratical raids the idea that has been put in practice ever since.

Why Fish Have White Bellies

THERE is no phenomenon of nature that escapes the investigating eye of science. Abroad they have been experimenting with flounders in order to determine whether the whiteness of the under sides of those fish is due to the exclusion of light, and the presence of color on their upper sides to exposure to light.

Fish have been kept in a glass tank having a mirror placed beneath, so as to reflect light upon their under sides. One of these prisoners survived for three years under conditions so strangely different from its ordinary habits of life, and it exhibited the development of spots or pigments on its lower surface.

The experimenters have concluded that it is exposure to light that causes the coloration of the upper parts of the bodies, not only of flounders, but of other fish, and, conversely, that it is to the comparative absence of light that the whiteness of the under side is due. They extend the same principle to explain the colorless condition of the skins of many animals that pass all their lives in caves.

A Trail of Twisted Trees

ALL manner of devices have been employed to mark a line of march, but it is thought that the most curious method of "blazing the trail" is that still to be seen in Africa.

In the year 1888, after a fierce battle with the Abyssinians, the dervishes pursued their foes as far as the lake district. The Mahdi's men had small knowledge of geography and little topographical intelligence. So the advance party, in order to mark the route for those who came after, and also to guide the force on their return journey, twisted the saplings along the way into living knots.

The war ended, but the tied-up trees grew and flourished, although uncouthly twisted and distorted, and are now the only reminders of that uprising of the dervishes.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box.

ADVERTISEMENTS

EAGER TO WORK

Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Michigan lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble.

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me, and I grew weaker than ever.

"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort, and prescribed exercise was out of the question.

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read at the time. At last, when it seemed as if I was literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts.

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Finance

THE VOICE OF PROPHECY

By Franklin Escher

THE list of "prophecies" made by eminent financiers during the past few years is a highly interesting document. In some cases coming conditions have been accurately foretold. In others, predictions have gone wide of the mark. Mr. Morgan's correct diagnosis of the situation back in 1903 and his expression of belief that the "undigested" securities would be taken care of have passed into financial history. So has Mr. Rogers's memorable statement, made in July of 1907, that "there is not the slightest reason why business should not show improvement." One of them was right and one of them was wrong. So it has been with many of these prophecies.

Oracular utterances by the "big men," nevertheless, carry great weight with great numbers of people—as was shown by the wet blanket thrown over the market by Mr. Hill's pessimistic outgiving of a couple of weeks ago. Possibly Mr. Hill didn't say exactly what the newspapers reported that he said; an exact statement has since been given out. But that Mr. Hill expressed himself as very pessimistic on the business outlook is accepted as a fact. In the minds of a great number of people, therefore, there has become rooted the conviction that business is on the down track and that we are in for a period of hard times.

Pressed for their reasons for believing that that is what 1911 has in store, most of these people answer that they just feel that things are going that way, but here and there you find a man who has his analysis of melancholy all in good shape and who can tell you just what the trouble is. Usually the arguments are brought out in about the following form: 1. The railroads aren't buying anything to speak of. Their net earnings are showing up worse and worse. If they are not allowed to raise their freight rates pretty soon, they will have to cut their dividends right and left. 2. The government is down on the corporations. The Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies are on trial for their lives, prosecution of the Sugar Company has just commenced, no big corporation knows where it stands. 3. Next year is going to be a year of tariff agitation. At its end a Democratic House will meet and nobody knows what will happen to the tariff. Business is always apprehensive of change in conditions long established. 4. The banking situation all over the country is in bad shape. There has been no let-down from the extended conditions of last summer. Loans are 300 million dollars more than they were at this time last year. 5. The country's productive capacity has increased too fast. To meet the demand set up by the phenomenal amount of railroad building of the past few years, capacity has been unduly extended. There isn't enough business in the country to keep the mills busy.

These are the main arguments—the pessimist pilgrim's scrip. A glance at them is all that is needed to see that in them there is much of truth—so much of truth, indeed, as to make them appeal to a good many intelligent people. There is sense in the idea that the government's prosecution of the corporations has hurt business, and there is sense in the idea that the railroads are not going to buy any more material than they can help until they know where they stand on the matter of rates. At the same time, and making full allowance for these unfavorable features of the situation, it is very much of a question whether their importance has not been exaggerated. There seldom is a time, it must be borne in mind, when there are not clouds in the sky.

Take, for instance, the first of these arguments about the ill-effect on business of the government suits against American Tobacco and Standard Oil. Commencement of the proceedings, it is true, did cause wide-spread uneasiness among investors in the securities of these and other corporations; but as time has gone on and people have had more chance to think it over, this feeling has become less and less acute. It has come to be realized, for instance, that even should the decision when it comes be adverse to these corporations, a *modus vivendi* is bound to be provided along with it. Whether the way out is in Federal incorporation or in something else, investors are coming to realize that not one dollar's worth of property will be destroyed and that any change which has to be made will be a change in form only. The whole matter of the government's suits against these companies is looked at very differently now than it was looked at a year ago.

The railroads' fight for higher freight rates, too, while necessarily more or less of a disturbing factor, is not exerting nearly the influence it did in its earlier stages. Whether this is because the public has come to believe that the railroads' needs for rate-increases were exaggerated in the early presentation of their case, or whether it is because people have come to believe that at least a moderate increase in rates will be allowed, is an open question. The fact remains, however, that as the time for the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision approaches, interest in the matter is on the decrease.

It must also be borne in mind, with regard to the influence of this matter of freight rates on the business situation next year, that the thing is bound to be settled one way or the other before 1911 is many weeks old. In January, or by mid-February at the latest, the railroads will know where they stand. And whether the decision is favorable or adverse, the end of the period of uncertainty will bring with it resumption of railroad buying. In spite of their claim that unless the rate increases are allowed they will be seriously crippled, the railroads, a good many people believe, will still remain in business. And if they are to remain in business and handle the freight originating from this year's big crops, the railroads will be forced into the market for an amount of material largely increased on account of the way in which they have been holding off. After January the question of railway freight rates is not likely to exert much of an influence on the business situation.

The third of the reasons given for expecting poor business next year is that tariff revision will be in the air and that industry will be very much hampered by uncertainty as to where the axe is going to fall. And in this idea there seems to be a good deal of reason, albeit the effect on business of a pending overhauling of the tariff is probably very much exaggerated. Revision when it comes, in the first place, will be by schedule and conducted in such a way as to disturb business to the least possible degree; while, in the second place, it may be that the good to business that an honest revision of the tariff will bring will far outbalance the temporary disturbance which the actual process may occasion. There are lots of people who believe that the present tariff is the biggest kind of a drag on business and that business will welcome the assurance that it is going to be cut down. In their opinion the fact that there is every reason for expecting real tariff revision, far from being an influence inimical to business, constitutes one of the most stimulating factors in the industrial outlook.

Again, there is the banking situation, pointed to by the pessimists as likely to prove an effectual bar to industrial progress. All over the country, they say, bank loans are enormously expanded—according to the figures just given out by the Comptroller, are 300 millions of dollars in excess of last year. Money-rates in Wall Street are easy enough, but capital for commercial requirements, it is shown, is difficult to get. Under the circumstances where is the money to finance a period of active trade going to come from?

Here, again, we have an argument with a great deal of truth in it and apparently very unfavorable, but the application of which must be made with the greatest care. Bank loans all over the country are very much extended—that is a matter of record. But does the fact that last summer's speculation in land, combined with the then prevailing high price of commodities, resulted in loan expansion prove that contraction of loans cannot take place? To the land speculation a most effectual check has been put; in commodity prices there has already been a most wholesome recession. Between the operation of these two strong corrective influences is it not reasonable to suppose that the banking situation will be greatly improved and rapid reduction effected in the loan account?

The report of the Comptroller just made public does not, it is true, show any appreciable reduction in bank loans between September and November, but during that time the influences operating toward betterment were not effective to the same degree as they will be from now on. With commodity prices down as they are now, speculation quiescent, moderate demands only being made upon capital, there seems every reason to believe that the position of the banks all over the country will be materially strengthened during the next few months. As it stands now, it is very far from being weak or suggestive of trouble to come. As it seems altogether likely to shape itself under the influence of the various considerations mentioned, it will be very far from an adverse factor in the industrial outlook.

To predicate business depression next year upon the banking situation at present, is to go out of the way to borrow trouble. To support a "boom" for any length of time the supply of available capital would probably prove inadequate, but the question at issue isn't whether the banking position is strong enough to support a boom. The question is rather as to whether there is anything in the present banking situation to warrant the belief that it will work toward industrial depression next year. To that question only one answer can be made.

The last of the pessimist's arguments concerns itself with the question of overproduction. On account of the tremendous amount of new railroad construction which has been going on all over the western part of the country during the past few years, the argument runs, the steel and equipment mills have enlarged their capacity to too great a degree. With the Southern Pacific building down into Mexico, the St. Paul and the Western Pacific pushing their way to the coast, and other big construction operations going on, the steel people, so we are told, became over-optimistic on the subject of orders and brought their plants up to boom-time capacity. With the completion of these big railroad projects, orders will go back to normal again and the mills be left without anything to do.

It is true that capacity has been largely increased during the past few years, and it is true that the big railroad-building operations have had a good deal to do with the enlargement of steel plants, but it isn't true that capacity has been brought up to a boom-time basis. Construction of new railways, moreover, is very far from having come to an end. Just at present, completion of the St. Paul extension and of the Western Pacific have caused a lull, but down in Mexico the Southern Pacific will be spending millions for another four years, a little farther north the "Orient" is being pushed through to the coast, while up in the Northwest the biggest kind of railway-building plans are just getting under way. Plenty of business is in sight. Given a return of normal conditions in the bond-market, making it possible for the railways once more to borrow, and soon enough it will be made apparent that the capacity of the steel companies is none too great to take care of the business which will be offered them.

Analysis of these various factors in the situation tends largely to rob them of their terrors. Offhand mention of the situation's "unfavorable" features may make it seem as though the outlook were pretty black, but a little closer reading of the main business barometers fails to disclose the signs of an approaching storm. If, for the slavish attention that is being given the voice of prophecy, there were substituted a more intelligent individual consideration of these things, the air would be cleared and the outlook brightened.

At one time this fall there was a good deal of interest in the attempt on the part of bankers abroad to make bankers here guarantee the genuineness of bills of lading. After the frauds perpetrated by some of our Southern cotton houses had cost the English bankers several millions of dollars there were a series of conferences, it will be recollected, which ended in a declaration by the English bankers that after October 31st they would recognize no more bills of lading drawn against cotton unless guaranteed by the American banker sending them over.

To this the American bankers strenuously objected. They would see to it that the railroads were more careful about issuing bills of lading, but no guarantee would they themselves give.

The expiration of the time given in the English bankers' ultimatum drew near. Just at its close word came from abroad that the time would be extended two months. After December 31st, it was announced, American drafts would positively not be honored unless the accompanying documents bore a banker's guarantee.

More conferences took place, the London bankers sending over a distinguished representative to urge the justice of their demands. But the American bankers were obdurate. You have got to buy our cotton, they said, and you are not in a position to make us give this guarantee. If you want a guarantee, go get it from some of our surety companies.

Sir Edwin Holden went back and shortly afterward word was received that the foreign bankers had withdrawn their demand for a banker's guarantee. They wanted it and tried to get it, but were simply not in a position to make our bankers give it to them.

The long drawn-out dispute is thus settled, and in our favor, but bankers here, determined that there shall be no recurrence of the conditions which brought about the trouble, are taking active steps to make the railroads themselves safeguard the genuineness of the bills of lading they issue. The Interstate Commerce Commission, too, has taken a hand in the matter, warning the railroads against their former loose practice of issuing bills of lading before the merchandise is actually received for shipment. By the commission's order the railroads are not only required to have the cotton actually in their possession before any bill of lading is issued, but the bill of lading must be dated as of the day upon which the carrier is finally instructed to send the merchandise forward.

The recent dispute between American and foreign bankers was a regrettable occurrence and caused a lot of bad feeling, but if it has resulted in the reform of what was a loose and dangerous way of doing business, it will not have been in vain. Bills of lading are one of the commonest forms of collateral for bank loans and ought to be above suspicion. If the railroads stick to the ruling of the Commerce Commission, there ought never to be any further trouble on this score.

Nineteen hundred and ten has been a lean year for the average brokerage house. A few firms who handle the accounts of some of the big operators have done fairly well, but not many of the houses dependent upon customers' commissions can show a balance on the right side of the account. Public interest in the market, throughout most of the year, has been at a low point.

Countless reasons can be given why this has been so, and some of them have no doubt had an important influence, but one thing above all others, politics seems to have had the effect of keeping the public out of the market. During the year's opening months, tariff revision and railroad legislation kept Wall Street's eyes constantly turned toward Washington. During the summer, considerations political held the stage to the exclusion of almost everything else. Then, a little later, the election was the thing. The close of the year finds attention concentrated on the government's attitude toward the corporations and the probabilities of real revision of the tariff.

Every Thursday morning the directors of the Bank of England meet to fix the minimum rate at which the bank will discount bills during the coming week. Because of the bank's preponderating influence in the London market and its ability to make effective whatever rate it may name, the Thursday morning meetings of its directors are watched with a good deal of interest by all the other markets.

On the first Thursday of the current month the directors of the Bank of England, much to every one's surprise, decided that the five-per-cent. discount rate, which had been in force ever since October 20th, was too high, and ordered it reduced.

That such action should have been taken in the face of the pending general election and the approach of what is normally the time of greatest money-market strain, is in itself the strongest kind of a commentary on the strength of the situation abroad. As things were developing in London toward the end of October, it seemed as though a reactive influence of no slight importance might be exerted on ourselves. By the recent action of the directors of the bank there seems to be indicated the passing of the danger of anything of that kind.

Echoes

A Matter of History

Henry Watterson has been saying things about George Harvey which we allow no man—doesn't matter how much we love him and how loyally we follow him—to say in our presence without resentment. In reviewing the present situation of the Democratic party, as brought about by the recent elections, Harvey touched upon a somewhat similar state of affairs in 1892, and observed that the Democratic party failed then, "partly because of the black fact of treachery in its own ranks when the time of its testing came. Ignoble men, holding its high places, betrayed their leader and their cause." That is the truth, written on every page of the political history of this country during the last eighteen or twenty years.

Mr. Watterson agrees with Harvey in effect, for he says that "the primary cause of the failure was that the party and the Administration did not live up to the platform on the faith of which they had come into power." That is partly true, but only partly true. The party was to blame. The Administration was not to blame. Mr. Cleveland did not make the Wilson bill, "laid in a morass and built on lines of water," as the great Kentuckian describes it. He did not even approve it; he really ought to have vetoed it; but it is worse than nonsense that Mr. Cleveland was in any sense responsible for it or its failure to meet the platform. Mr. Cleveland is out of the way now. He has not been in politics for fourteen years. Instead of trying to unload on him the sins and stupidities of the party he twice led to victory, Mr. Watterson ought to "get together" with George Harvey and the rest of the boys and forget as much of the past as he does not remember.—*John C. Hemphill, in Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Major Hemphill is right and Marse Henry is wrong, as Major Hemphill usually is.—EDITOR.

We Shall See

Colonel Harvey of Harper's Weekly has let us in rejoicing over the Tammany victory in this State to remind Tammany that "in the long run hogging does not pay." The Colonel talks like a major to Tammany concerning its duty to the party. "Tammany," he says, "must be moderate—very moderate in its askings." But, after all, a political organization that needs to be reminded that "hogging does not pay" can hardly be expected to wait until everybody else is served at the Thanksgiving dinner. Tammany is—well, it is Tammany. It has had many inducements and opportunities to change its spots and improve its manners, but it remains to-day the same all open maw, devouring appetite and rapacious stomach for the spoils that it was in Tweed's time.—*Rochester Democrat Chronicle.*

Nominated, Nominated

Colonel Harvey is already electing Woodrow Wilson President in 1912, and he is getting to be so dangerously near a correct political prophet that it almost seems like witchery.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Why, Certainly

Yet Mr. Murphy can't please every one. Take, for instance, that stern political moralist, Colonel George Harvey, of Harper's. He thinks he sees in Governor Dix a rival in the next Democratic convention of his own candidate, Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, and he is beginning to see Mr. Dix's administration ruined by Tammany Hall.

Cheer up, Colonel. Tammany Hall will make Governor Dix strong. When they begin to investigate the last four Republican administrations the result will make Tammany Hall look like a white-robed angel by comparison. Besides, Colonel, Mr. Dix and Governor Wilson are both good men. Either would make fine Presidential timber.

Then there is Mayor Gaynor also.—*New York Telegraph.*

Taking Notice

Colonel Harvey, who had more to do with persuading Woodrow Wilson to become a candidate for Governor than any other man, and more to do with having him nominated than any other man, now makes the prophecy which, in view of the Colonel's surprisingly accurate forecasts heretofore, is worth attention:

"We fully anticipate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Heavy Hitting

After a careful perusal of the current Harper's Weekly's observations on the general result of the election, we do not hesitate to award the I-told-you-so pennant to Colonel George Harvey.—*Columbus Journal.*

A Sure Thing

Editor George Harvey, of Harper's Weekly, is inclined to admit that Governor-elect Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, is likely to be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States against President Taft, who will be renominated by the Republicans. Colonel Harvey has already shown himself to be a good guesser.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Applause from the Gallery

On Election eve we reproduced Colonel George Harvey's forecast of the election from Harper's Weekly, and the editor hit the nail so squarely on the head as to excite admiration and applause from many of his brethren of the press. We again print the forecast as food for pleasing comparison with the actual results.—*Macon News.*

The Same

Colonel Harvey of Harper's publications had much to do with the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for Governor of New Jersey, and later he made a remarkably accurate prophecy of election results in various States. Therefore Colonel Harvey's latest political forecast is of special interest. It is as follows: "We fully anticipate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic National Convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."—*Rome Sentinel.*

If They Behave—Perhaps

Not a single miss as to actual result in the whole list! And it took some tall guessing to hit upon the retirement of Depew and Kean and the election of Foss. Colonel Harvey should be retained by the Democrats for the campaign of 1912.—*Shreveport Times.*

A Leather Medal

Colonel George Harvey gets the medal for political prophecy that pans out, and is highly entitled to the I-told-you-so privilege.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Waiting at the Church

Colonel Harvey has the freedom of the pasture for a couple of years, but it is our intention to keep him hitched again for a while in 1912 just as a matter of precaution.—*Houston Post.*

The Magic Number

Helmets doffed to the Colonel! We do not refer to the colonel from Nebraska, nor even to the colonel from Oyster Bay, where the adversary rolled up such a majority that there scarcely has been a peep from the Exalted Voice since; but to that other colonel, George Brinton McClellan Harvey, editor of Harper's Weekly.

Three days before The Thing happened, Colonel Harvey, who probably has found more joy in heckling Theodore than any other man in the United States, resorted to his Delphi, and drew from the oracle there the precise predictions.

Next time we are looking for a seventh son of a seventh son born with a veil we shall know where to go.—*Tacoma News.*

Correct

Editor Harvey of Harper's Weekly has his guessing-cap on again. This time he guesses—and with full belief in the accuracy of his guess—that the Democratic National Convention of 1912 will nominate Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, for the Presidency, and that the Doctor's Republican opponent will be William H. Taft, of Ohio.—*Hartford Courant.*

Reasonable Expectations Realized

Quite as was expected, Harper's Weekly nominates Woodrow Wilson for President next time. Harper's Weekly was the original Wilson man.—*Holyoke Transcript.*

No Real Danger

There are prophets in the land, but none of them can hold a candle to Colonel Harvey of Harper's Weekly. He has got old General Grosvenor backed off the board and beaten to a frazzle as a prognosticator of those political events which are preceded by their shadows. If the Colonel didn't have a nose for news and an artistic temperament he'd be in imminent danger of dying rich and disgraced.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Off the Dunce Block

Harper's Weekly before the election predicted the defeat of Roosevelt in New York, the election of Wilson in New Jersey, the defeat of Beveridge in Indiana, the election of Baldwin in Connecticut, and a Democratic victory in Massachusetts. All of these things came true, and Harper's Weekly may go to the head of the class.—*Sioux Falls Argus-Leader.*

In Due Time—Not Yet

The keen eye of Harper's Weekly has been focused on Woodrow Wilson now for a number of years, and the paper has been forecasting his fortune with the accuracy of a prophet. It reviews its own prophecy as to that eminent educator, economic scientist, and now statesman in its current issue, and adds:

"We now fully anticipate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic National Convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."

Colonel Harvey promises to continue the prophecy. While the time for the fulfilling of the last has not yet arrived, it is entirely possible that it will be, indeed, highly probable, especially when viewed in conjunction with the past performances of the prophet.

But the most important of all prophecies is yet to come. Will Woodrow Wilson be elected President of the United States? Of course, it will be finally made, maybe before the next National Democratic Convention, or maybe after. Whenever, it will be interesting.—*Norfolk Landmark.*

Partnership

Harper's Weekly joins the Birmingham News in advocating the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President in 1912.—*Birmingham News.*

As to Mr. Ballinger

Colonel George Harvey is naturally somewhat elated over his newly acquired reputation as a prophet, but we notice that he isn't allowing himself to become over-confident enough to predict the date of Secretary Ballinger's resignation.—*Columbus Journal.*

We once considered Mr. Ballinger a victim of persecution, but when he truculently declared that under no circumstances would he resign even to relieve the President of obvious embarrassment, our interest in his political fortunes began to wane.—EDITOR.

Is It Worth While?

Why should Harper's Weekly echo the senseless cry of "treachery" and seek to clear the Cleveland administration of the blame which justly belongs to it? With the country ringing with abuse of Taft and the Republicans for their failure to carry out their pledges, why should Cleveland and the Democrats of 1893-95 be extolled for repudiating theirs? Will Colonel Harvey kindly inform us?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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¶ Among its victories are the Atlanta A. A. Trophy (200 miles for stock chassis), the Prest-O-Lite Trophy (100 miles for stock chassis), taking both first and second; the Indianapolis Gold Prize (200 miles), taking first, second and fourth; the Illinois Trophy (203 miles on Elgin road course), taking first and fourth; Fairmount Park (205 miles), first in its class; the Algonquin hill climb and a number of national championships.

¶ Nationals ran second and third in the Elgin National (the next day after winning the Illinois Trophy), ran third and fourth in the Vanderbilt, and are always well up to the front, if not winners.

¶ Most of these races were strictly stock events—and no National has ever evaded the stock rules one iota. In many of the longest races the Nationals ran without a stop. Some of these races and a great number of minor races throughout the country have been won by owners of National cars, not professional drivers.

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The New Deal in Congress

By Edward G. Lowry

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ONLY three Democratic members of the House of Representatives elected this autumn have ever sat in a Democratic House; none of the other members elected this year has ever served in Congress when the Democratic party was in control. These three men who have earned survivors' medals are Champ Clark, of Missouri, who was a member of the Fifty-third Congress, J. F. C. Talbott, of Maryland, who saw service in the Forty-sixth, Forty-eighth, and Fifty-third Congresses, and William A. Jones, of Virginia, who was one of the Democratic majority in the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses. Champ Clark is the only national figure of this meagre number of Democrats who have weathered the political storms of the past sixteen years.

Who's Who in the House of Representatives will have its long-delayed revision. The old stock figures, Cannon, Payne, Dalzell, Tawney, McCall, Fordney, Mann, Olmsted, Loudenslager, Currier and the others go into eclipse. Veteran Democrats from the minority chorus take the parts of these retiring principal actors. Figures in the new cast which will come to the fore when the House is reorganized next winter are Champ Clark, of Missouri, Underwood of Alabama, Fitzgerald of New York, Sherley of Kentucky, Hay of Virginia, Padgett of Tennessee, Adamson of Georgia, Clayton of Alabama, Sulzer of New York, and others whose names at the present time are unknown outside their own Congress districts and States.

It is highly probable that Champ Clark will be the next Speaker. He seeks the honor as the hart panteth after the water brook. He should be the new Speaker. He has deserved it. A man who has been Democratic minority leader in the House of Representatives deserves almost any recompense that his party can give him when it comes into power. Mr. Clark is almost as picturesque as "Uncle Joe" and a man of much wider horizons. Anecdotes cling to him like burrs to a bird-dog. He is an utterly fearless and courageous man as this blasted eyesight can attest. He thinks nothing of wearing a flaming crimson necktie, and at the same time in his buttonhole two carnations—one a light pink and the other a dark, rich red. His desire for harmony does not extend to colors. His talk in newspaper interviews since the election has been unexceptional in tone and substance.

"I see no reason why the Democrats in the next House should fight," he has said. "For years we have been scrapping, snorting, and cavorting around the country and the Republicans have been standing solid as a rock. For the last two years I have worked early and late to bring harmony. I decided that I would have no personal quarrel with any Democrat. I decided that I would smooth the hair the right way on the hide. I do not know whether it was my work that did it or not, but at the last session we got together for the first time in seventeen years.

"I do not think that we will split up. We were able to stand together to a man at the last session when it came to the test. We will do so again. All our differences will be settled in the party caucus. The suggestion that has come from some quarters, and to which, I believe, Senator Rayner of Maryland has agreed, that we should have a big meeting, say, in Baltimore, to settle upon a policy is a good one, provided it is a representative meeting. The Democrats from California, Colorado, the Middle West, the South and East—from every part of the country—must have their say in it.

"When it comes to a question of further revision of the rules we will have to proceed carefully. Some are talking of a committee on committees in lieu of the appointment by the Speaker. I have never said that I was in favor of appointment by the Speaker. We will have to find out what the majority of the Democrats in the House believe is the right thing to do. It will all be settled amicably and for the best, I hope."

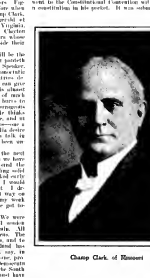
This sort of sane, responsible talk is not the night-rending howl of the bold Numidian lion. Mr. Clark's reputation as a "ring-tailed roarer" has been carefully built up over the Chautauqua circuits. Champ Clark the Chautauqua "attraction" and Champ Clark the man are two very different sorts of persons. His carefully built-up reputation as a geyser of loud speech does him an injustice. He is a man of wide reading and many natural attainments. In the political history of the United States he is thoroughly versed. His general knowledge of the public men of the early days of the republic cannot be outmatched by any member of the Lower House of Congress. His reading has been sound and it has been assimilated. He has a good historical background. An irrepressible streak of broad humor prevents him from taking himself as seriously as many another of his fellow members without a tithe of his abilities or broad general culture.

Nearly all of Mr. Clark's speeches are replete with apposite literary and classical allusions and quotations. He does not drag them in by the scruff of the neck from Bartlett, but introduces them naturally as they occur to him while speaking. His humor is pure homespun, and he rather affects the plain, blunt style of the man who blurts out what he has to say.

One of Champ Clark's pet bogies is the history writers of New England. He makes the broad general charge against them that they steal the reputations of other men for the sons of the New England States. Clark greatly admired that splendid old pair, the late Senators Morgan and Pettus of Alabama. Speaking of Senator Morgan once since the Senator's death, Mr. Clark said: "Justly he must be considered the father of the Isthmian Canal, though I have no sort of doubt, judging the future by the past, that the New England scribes will filch from him that glory and confer it upon somebody from the northeast corner of the republic." In the closing days of a recent session of Congress Mr. Clark bestrode his favorite hobby again.

"Some of these days," he said, "I intend to make an entire speech here about Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson as a duty to the living and to the dead. The conspiracy, for it is nothing less, and the chief proponent of it is Elihu Root, to pose Alexander Hamilton as 'the father of the Constitution' is one of the most preposterous and impudent fakes in history. I know how it will work. It is the New England school of book writers that does it. Somebody hints it and then somebody declares it, and the next you know it is clapped into the school-books. That title, 'the father of the Constitution,' belongs of right to James Madison, the great Virginian. These latter-day Hamiltonians are endeavoring to filch from James Madison the glory of being 'the father of the Constitution' just as Americus Vespucius filched from the great Genoese navigator the glory of fixing his name on a newly discovered world.

'The facts of history are plain. James Madison went to the Constitutional Convention with a plan of a constitution in his pocket. It was submitted to the Virginia delegation with George Washington at its head. They agreed to it and presented it as 'the Virginia plan.' Hamilton had a plan and somebody else had a plan, and the convention rejected the third plan, and they adopted Madison's plan in all of its essential features and he has been acclaimed 'the father of the Constitution' until quite recently."



Champ Clark, of Missouri

Mr. Clark confesses to a strong personal admiration for Colonel Roosevelt. He has never attempted to conceal this even in partisan debate on the floor of the House. His tolerant good-humor is shown to perfection in his characterization of and attitude toward Mr. Roosevelt. "Out in Missouri," said Clark one day on the floor of the House when Mr. Roosevelt was President, "there was a lawyer who so frequently urged courts and juries to take a 'reasonable view' that his saying passed into a proverb. That is exactly what should be done touching the President; but that is precisely what has not been done as a rule. He is such a belligerent personage that his slightest word is a challenge to mortal combat, and he cannot express an opinion on any question under heaven, even on a subject so prosaic and threadbare as the prospective state of the weather, without precipitating a row, his extreme admirers declaring that there never has been such a weather prophet on earth since Adam and Eve were driven with flaming swords from Paradise, and his extreme enemies vociferating that he knows no more about the weather than does the ground-hog.

"Personally I like him. He has treated me well and I have tried to treat him well. After the manner of strong men, he has pronounced virtues and glaring faults of character. I have never abused him. I have never grown hysterical in admiration of him. When he is right I support him cordially. When he is wrong I fight him tooth and nail. It seems to me that that is the way in which he would desire to be treated. He must entertain ineffable contempt for the invertebrate sycophants who grovel before him on all occasions and who, no matter what he says or what he does, throw high their sweaty caps in air shouting: 'Io! Triumphe! Io! Triumphe!'

"It is said that 'a king can have no friends,' and it seems that a President of the United States—any President—is in the same unhappy situation. It is claimed that Colonel Roosevelt is better than his party—this he could easily be without running any imminent risk of being translated, after the fashion of Elijah, in a chariot of fire by reason of his goodness. But whatever his virtue, whatever his faults, whatever else he may be, he is not a Democrat; for Democracy means the least amount of government the people can get along with consistent with the fullest enjoyment of their rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, while Republicanism means the greatest amount of government that the people will stand, and he of all men is the apostle of the maximum quantity of government. Occasionally, very much to the delight of Democrats and the utter confusion of Republicans, he appropriates or absorbs, borrows or seizes, a Democratic idea and from his high coign of vantage advocates it with tremendous force, for he obeys to the letter at least one Scriptural injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"

Mr. Clark is proud of the fact that for twenty-two years he held a record for being the youngest college president in the United States. He was placed at the head of the Marshall College, West Virginia, when he was twenty-three years old. Before he became a Congressman Mr. Clark was not only a college president, but also a hired farm-hand, a clerk in a country store, the editor of a country newspaper, and a country lawyer. The practice of the law led him into politics and politics brought him to Congress. He was chairman of the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis in 1904 and chairman of the committee notifying Judge Parker of his nomination. He first came to Washington at the beginning of the Fifty-third Congress, skipped the Fifty-fourth, and has been continuously re-elected. If Mr. Clark ascends to the Speaker's chair he will be missed in debate on the floor. The House enjoys the quality of his humor and his homespun speech. There is no surplusage of good debaters or entertaining speakers among the present Democratic membership, and there will be afforded ample opportunity for any of the new men who may be qualified to make names and reputations for themselves.

Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, should be one of the figures of importance in the new House. He stands in line of succession to become chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. That will be the most important committee of the House if the tariff schedules are taken up for revision, as it seems inevitable they will be next winter. Mr. Underwood has been in the House continuously since the beginning of the Fifty-fourth Congress. He is a good parliamentarian, and when the Rules Committee was enlarged last winter and the Speaker was excluded from its membership Mr. Clark insisted that he would not become a member of it unless Mr. Underwood also was named.

Representative John J. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, will be a marked figure in the next House. He will share with Asher Hinds the distinction of being the best parliamentarian on the floor. Hinds is at present the Speaker's parliamentary clerk, but at the Maine election in September he was elected to Congress and next winter will sit on the floor as a member. At the beginning of the present Congress Fitzgerald lost favor with his party associates in Congress by leading a group of twenty-three Democrats away from the minority and enabling the Republican "regulars" to prevent a complete change in the rules of the House. He, in great measure, restored himself when he entered actively into the uprising which resulted in throwing Speaker Cannon off the Committee on Rules and depriving him of the power of naming that committee.

Mr. Fitzgerald has very definite and clearly reasoned ideas, based on his study of the procedure and precedents in the House, of what powers the Speaker should have and what powers he should not have. He is one of that group of Democrats who believe that the Speaker should continue to have the right to appoint the committees of the House and name their chairmen. Another group believes that the committees should be named by a committee on committees, as is done in the Senate. This problem will be threshed out when the new Congress meets next winter, and Mr. Fitzgerald will be one of the most important figures in it. He is constant in his attendance on the sessions of the House and an active participant in all debates, whether important or unimportant. He is the ranking Democratic member on the great and important Committee on Appropriations and without doubt will be an active contender for the chairmanship of that committee.

Swagar Sherley, of Kentucky, is another active Democratic floor member and one who seems to have in him the capacity for good service, given the opportunity and the responsibility. He has been in the House only since the beginning of the Fifty-eighth Congress and never before held public office. He participates freely in debate and is a fairly engaging and persuasive talker. He seems an impetuous, high-strung, nervous person and throws himself very heartily and earnestly into whatever cause or side he takes. He will bear watching after the new House gets organized.

Hay of Virginia, Padgett of Tennessee, Adamson of Georgia, Clayton of Alabama, Sulzer of New York, are all veteran Democratic members who have taken an active part in the councils of the minority. They have good committee assignments, and of course will have better ones when their party actually comes into control of the House. They are seasoned members of Congress who heretofore have had no opportunity to show how capable they were under responsibility. So long as they were a part of the minority, their principal duty was to oppose the offerings of the majority. The time and the opportunity have now come to show the stuff of which they are made and how much they have profited by observation and experience.

HOW MAN GREW WINGS

(Continued from page 12)

distance two-man flight. His reward was the $35,000 prize offered for such a feat by the Municipal Council of Paris and other civic bodies.

Within the past two years the list of aviation fatalities has increased with alarming rapidity, showing that despite the marvellous strides made in aeronautics since the deaths of Otto Lilienthal, in 1896, by a fall from his glider, and Percy Pilcher, who was similarly killed in 1899, the conquest of the air has not been without its cost of human life. The following list includes the names of men who have given their lives in an effort to solve the secrets of the least known of all the elements:

Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, United States Army, killed at Fort Myer, Virginia, September 17, 1908, while flying with Orville Wright, who was severely injured. Cause: overturning of aeroplane while circling, due to fouling of propeller in gusts in the lee of a large shed.

Eugene Lefebvre, killed at Juvisy, France, September 7, 1909, by fall from aeroplane which overturned at great height. Cause unknown.

Enea Rossi, killed at Rome, September 17, 1909, by collapse of aeroplane of his own make. Cause unknown.

Captain Louis Ferber, killed at Boulogne, France, September 22, 1909, when thrown from his Voisin biplane. Cause: striking ground with plane tip.

Antonio Fernandez, killed at Nice, December 6, 1909, by fall of 1,000 feet. Cause: explosion of motor.

Leon Delagrange, killed at Bordeaux, France, January 4, 1910, by fall from great height. Cause: collapse of monoplane wings while making short turn.

Hubert Le Blon, killed at San Sebastian, Spain, April 2, 1910, by fall into harbor. Cause of accident unknown.

Harette Michelin, killed at Lyons, France, May 13, 1910. Cause: loss of control and collision with pylon on aviation-ground.

M. Zosely, killed at Budapest, Hungary, June 2, 1910, by fall from aeroplane of own construction. Cause unknown.

Eugene Speyer, killed in San Francisco, June 17, 1910, when glider attached to automobile capsized and crushed him in fall.

Thaddeus Robl, killed at Stettin, Germany, June 18, 1910, by capsizing of aeroplane at 300 feet. Cause: wind gust.

Charles L. Wachter, killed at Rheims, France, on July 3, 1910, by fall from monoplane which he was testing. Cause: breaking of plane.

Nicholas Kinet, brother of Daniel, killed July 3, 1910, at Brussels, Belgium, by fall of 600 feet. Cause: wire entanglement in motor.

Daniel Kinet, killed at Ghent, Belgium, July 10, 1910, by fall of 900 feet. Cause: breaking of rudder and fouling of propeller.

Charles S. Rolls, killed at Bournemouth, England, July 12, 1910, by fall. Cause: loss of control due to buckling plane.

Oscar Erbsloeh, killed July 13, 1910, near Leichlingen, Germany. Cause unknown.

Marquis Vavaldi, killed near Rome, August 20, 1910, by fall of biplane. Cause: loss of control due to engine trouble.

Van Maasdyk, killed August 27, 1910, by fall near Arnheim, Netherlands, during cross-country flight. Cause: stopping of engine.

George Chavez, killed September 23, 1910, near Domo D'Ossola, Italy, after flying over Alps above Simplon Pass from Brieg, Switzerland. Cause: collapse of monoplane wing.

Edmond Poillot, killed at Chartres, France, September 25, 1910, by fall of 60 feet. Cause: wind eddy.

Herr Plochmann, killed September 29, 1910, near Muelhausen, Germany, by 150-foot fall. Cause: collapse of biplane.

Herr Haas, killed October 3, 1910, near Metz, Germany, in cross-country flight by 300-foot fall. Cause unknown.

Captain Matzievich, Russian military aviator, killed near St. Petersburg, Russia, October 7, 1910, by fall of 1,000 feet. Cause: wind eddy.

Captain Madiot, French military aviator, killed October 23, 1910, near Douai, France, by fall of 100 feet. Cause: inability to control motor.

Lieutenant Mente, killed October 25, 1910, at Magdeburg, Germany, by fall from biplane. Cause: engine trouble.

Fernand Blanchard, killed October 26, 1910, at Issy, France, by fall of 100 feet. Cause: collapse of monoplane following flight from Bourges to Paris.

Lieutenant Saglietti, Italian military aviator, killed at Centocelle, Italy, October 27, 1910, by fall of 300 feet. Cause: loss of control, due to wind gust.

Ralph Johnstone, killed November 17, 1910, at Denver, Colorado, by fall of some 800 feet while giving an altitude exhibition. Cause: buckling of plane, probably due to faulty repair-work. At the time of his death Johnstone was the holder of the world's altitude record of 9,714 feet.

Signor Cammarata, killed at Centocelle, Italy, December 3, 1910, by fall from aeroplane with soldier passenger, who was also killed. Cammarata was an army engineer and the third member of the Italian Aeronautic Corps to be killed this year. Cause of accident unknown.

EXCOMMUNICATED

(Continued from page 15)

with terror of death. He caught her in his arms, and did not notice how she shrank. Holding her tightly to his breast, he said: "Oh, Lucy, tell me, why did you write those letters? It was cruel."

"Because I was afraid to tell you."

"So you went away instead?"

Her lips moved, and the word they framed was "Yes."

"Poor little woman," he murmured; "poor little woman!" Then he kissed her on the mouth and left.

When he got back to Seaford it was nearing twelve. The houses were in darkness and the saloons all shut. The air had grown cooler and it had commenced to drizzle. He limped painfully; his feet were badly swollen and he felt worn out. He faltered in his steps and sometimes he halted, overcome by dizziness, clutching at whatever was nearest. Once, when he had halted, he caught a policeman eying him suspiciously; straightening himself up, he tottered on.

He had just one desire in the world, and that was to find Billy; *he* would understand.

At the entry to the station he stumbled across him. His shoulders were huddled, his clothes drenched; he was beating his hands together to keep up circulation. It required but one glance to tell that this was not the Billy he had left.

"Got any money?" was his first question. "Shpent all yer gave me. Yer've kep' me waitin' mor'nn four hours. Had nothink ter do, sho I gor drunk."

Noticing the change in Knightly, he sobered up. "Wot's the matter?" he asked. "Wouldn't sh'ave yer? Poor old pal! Wot's we goin' ter do nex'?"

In looking at him Knightly felt nothing but pity; but he was actually pitying himself. "So that's what they'll force me to come to!" was the thought which kept running through his head. Then answering the old man's question as to what they were going to do next, "Get back," he said, shortly.

Billy stared in amazement. "Sho yer've foun' that out a'ready, have yer?" he stuttered.

Knightly paid him no attention. He was intent on a scheme for obtaining rest. When he had completed his plan, he outlined it to Billy, after which they parted.

Going to the ticket office, he asked for a lower berth on the midnight express, which was due in half an hour. The clerk, having filled in the number, advanced to the window, retaining the ticket and awaiting the payment of the money before passing it across to the purchaser. Knightly engaged him in conversation, speaking so hoarsely that it was difficult to make out what he said. The clerk bent farther and farther forward in order that he might catch his words. Watching his opportunity, Knightly grabbed him by the hand, tugging his arm through beneath the iron grating till he held him firmly.

Billy, who had been hovering about the ladies' room on the other side of the ticket-office, hearing the clamor, dashed his foot through the pane of glass in the door which entered at the back. The moment Knightly, peering through the grating, caught sight of him, he called to him to slip his hand through the broken pane, unlock the door, and clear out all the cash. Meanwhile the clerk, gripped fast by the arm, was bawling lustily for help.

Knightly saw the cropped head of Billy appear through the shattered glass, then his shoulder, and at last his hand, groping drunkenly for the key. He had found it and was about to turn it, when a club descended on his neck. The club was raised and again descended; then followed a shower of blows, sickening in their brutality. The old ex-convict was beaten down till, desisting from struggle, his body hung limply through the door frame and ceased to stir.

Knightly released the clerk; he had accomplished his purpose. Making no effort to escape, he seated himself quietly on the nearest bench. "That's done the trick," he muttered, gloomily, talking to himself. "We'll get back now. They'll give us seven years at least for that."

But in the case of Billy he was mistaken, for Billy was dead.

The trial was soon over. By his second offence Baden Knightly had declared himself to be a dangerous criminal and had become an old hand. Within six weeks they had sent him back to prison, with a ten years' sentence to work out.

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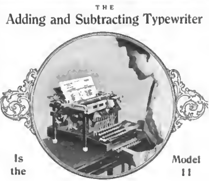

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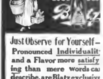
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The Gentler View

THE IMPORTANCE OF PARENTS

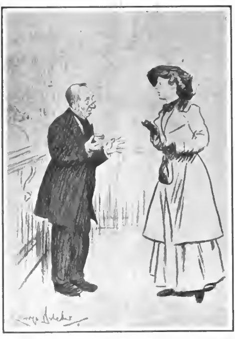
By Florida Pier

Matters of great importance are swayed by the same rule of fad and favor that governs lesser things, and just now the equipping of children has been quite taken up by the smartest of the intellectuals. Every one either belongs to a eugenic society or goes to lectures on the starting of children off with the qualities best fitting them to live efficiently. It is a test of one's civilization to speak of these things with a cool emancipation. Parenthood is made to seem so serious a thing that there may be an appreciable effect on the birth rate. It is admitted now, even by parents, that children do not owe them eternal gratitude for having been brought into the world, this being an old-fashioned burden laid upon the younger generation by the older. Some claim that parents owe their children everything, and may be called to account by their offspring for not having done better by them, and that, having caused them to be, because it was their duty and their pleasure, parents must not only provide for their children's future, but must before their birth and immediately on its taking place begin to give them the things necessary to make their future a certain and not a fearsomely uncertain matter.

Quite apart from the instilling into and training of characteristics in the child—in fact, putting aside the children altogether—the parents should be careful that they are the sort of people their children would like to have in the family. We all grow up in spite of our parents, not because of them, but even with this natural handicap our parents may be of great benefit to us. There are such brave and countless examples of people who have overcome their parents, who have fully expiated them and completely outgrown their training, that parents are apt to think they do not greatly matter and that they can be almost anything; in fact, they believe that their being parents at all excuses, as far as their children are concerned, their possessing any other merits. But this is a most unhappy and grievous mistake. Parents matter a great deal. Certain parents are a real asset, and they should, if they can any way manage it, be personages, or personalities, with—and this is only desired, not demanded—parents of their own who were by way of having done something themselves. The great difference between being a blank nonentity and a rich soul may be caused entirely by the taste your parents show in the choice of their friends. They should be so careful whom they know. It is all very well to invest money for one's offspring that may disappear in a night, but if they really have a care for them parents will fill their homes with illustrious folk, so that their children may in their old age acquire a fortune by writing volumes of reminiscences running on for chapters like this: "Remember the night the Prime Minister took the wrong umbrella from the umbrella-stand. Macaulay, then at the height of his fame, was coming up the front steps at the time, while Disraeli had just taken off his rubbers in the hall. There was a hearty laugh all round at this witty mistake on the part of the Prime Minister, and, catching me up in his arms, dear Mat Arnold said, 'Well, baby mine, was that not entirely too ridiculous a blunder!'"

Every one should be provided with at least one uncle who is a brilliant politician, family friends who drop in to tell your mother what the Russian ambassador has said, and gentlemen who let you sit on their knees while they read chapters of their latest masterpieces then in manuscript. That is the sort of start to give a child. Do not fancy that, by sending him to a good school during his most unintellectual years, parents are acquitting themselves as they should, while during every hour of the day for innumerable years the mother drones platitudes and the father exposes laconically his mental limitations. If parents take their duties seriously at all they should talk learnedly, brilliantly, and charmingly, whenever their children are present, instead of hampering by dulness of environment whatever inherited potentialities they and past ancestors contrived to scrape together for the child. It is the people whom children know who form the world they adapt themselves to live in. They draw the material for living from what they instinctively feel to be most used by those about them and employ the weapons which their elders show to be efficacious. In nine cases out of ten the child will fit himself for the world as it is depicted by those in his home; the tenth, who rises or sinks to a world of his own, cannot be affected by parents anyway and need not be taken into consideration.

Parents should and must stop training the children; what passes for training is generally suppression, irritation, warping, and dispiriting. The parents are the only ones who are in need of discipline. Children absorb and evolve. Parents by their every act expose humanity to marvellously alert young consciousnesses that are so grieved at their early disillusionment, and so puzzled at being asked to show respect and give implicit obedience to persons who so little deserve it, are so glaringly unreasonable, unjust, and pettily enjoying their sovereignty, that they become depressed, baffled grown-ups with only the usual difficulty and distaste. When parents are the two most charming and interesting acquaintances their children have—if they are fit for them their children may make friends of them—anything but dignity, courtesy, intelligence, and happiness will seem abnormal and absurd to youngsters who have always known these things, and tads of ten may be called educated when they are still not entirely clear as to the tricky results of nine times seven. The multiplication table is at best an unnecessary Slough of Despond, for if the child is a girl she will always count on her fingers—which signifies nothing—while if it is a boy he is shortly capable of understanding conic sections and his early education is a farce. The vital thing is that parents should not slackly permit themselves to be a painful predicament in which their children find themselves, but should endeavor to make the babies feel from the beginning that they can ask their young friends to the house without any danger of those two arbitrary grown-ups becoming a source of humiliation.



"This beetle paste I purchased here doesn't seem to kill the beetles at all."
"Ah! you see, madam the properties of this preparation are not to kill the beetles at once, but to undermine their constitutions." —*From The Tatler*

Books as Companions

Few persons can really choose the company they would *like* to keep; fewer can *vary* their company to suit their moods—except in *books*.

If you have a library in your home add a good book to it to-day. If you haven't a library start one *to-day* by buying one good book, and keep on buying, a book at a time. You will be surprised how soon you will have a ready companion for your every mood, and how little you will feel the expense, if you select your books with care. Perusal of the page headed "*Book Land*," appearing every Saturday in the *New York Morning American*, will be a great help in selecting the books *you* will like.

The Age of the Earth

An estimate based on a comparison of the quantity of salts in sea water with the quantity continuously supplied by the inflow, shows that nearly a hundred million years passed before the oceans attained their present condition. According to this estimate, dating from the time when the waters of the great deep condensed to form oceans, the minimum age of the earth is one hundred million years.

Sir Archibald Geikie calculates the age of the earth by the time occupied in the forming of the stratified or sedimentary layers of the terrestrial crust. Judging the formations of the remote past by relatively recent formations, he declares that a period of between thirty centuries and two hundred centuries must have passed during the formation of every depth of a metre; the time having varied according to the composition of the strata. Admitting that estimate, if the total thickness of all the strata is 30,000 metres, as it is supposed to be, between ninety million and six hundred million years were consumed in the course of the earth's stratification.

But science gives another way to estimate the age of the earth. On the earth's surface there is a very sensible compensation between the heat that the sun sends us and the heat that the terrestrial crust loses by radiation from its surface toward cold and infinite space. While the crust is losing by radiation, the centre of the earth is slowly but incessantly cooling and, as it cools, gradually contracting. The contraction causes the centre to recede or slip away from the surface of the crust, and the crust, no longer supported by the centre, sinks here and there, forming folds similar to the wrinkles on a withered apple. Those folds or wrinkles are the mountain chains. The total superficies of the mountain chains constitutes about 1½ per cent. of the total surface of the globe. This fact leads to the inference that the radius of the earth has shrunk a little less than one-hundredth of its primitive length.

The contraction of the earth's centre corresponds to a cooling of about three hundred degrees.

According to this calculation, at least one hundred millions of years, and at most two thousand millions of years, must have passed since the water condensed on the surface of the solid crust.

Radium Isolated

Hitherto the metal known as radium has been certain salts with a radium basis, such as bromide and chloride, pure metallic radium has not been known.

The isolation of pure radium has been accomplished by means of electricity, as the result of the unremitting labor of Madame Curie and her co-laborer, M. Debierne. Thus isolated radium appears as a white metal which alters rapidly when it comes in contact with the air, changing from white to the condition of black oxide. It burns paper, energetically decomposes water, and adheres firmly to iron.

This is about all that is known so far of this mysterious metal. The investigators had only one decigram of radium salt to work with. But since they sealed the precious metal in a tube as soon as they succeeded in isolating it, they will be able to study it at leisure.

TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN

By

BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT WOULD be hard to find in any language better specimens of pure narrative, better examples of the power of telling a story and of calling up action so that the reader cannot help but see it, than Mark Twain's account of the Shepherdson-Grangerford feud, and his description of the shooting of Boggs by Sherburn and of the foiled attempt to lynch Sherburn afterward.

These scenes, fine as they are, vivid, powerful, and most artistic in their restraint, can be matched in the two other books. In "Tom Sawyer" they can be paralleled by the chapter in which the boy and the girl are lost in the cave, and Tom, seeing a gleam of light in the distance, discovers that it is a candle carried by the Indian Joe, the one enemy he has in the world. In "Pudd'nhead Wilson" the great passages of "Huckleberry Finn" are rivaled by that most pathetic account of the weak son willing to sell his own mother as a slave "down the river." I have no hesitation in expressing here my own conviction that the man who has given us four scenes like these is to be compared with the masters of literature.

Mark Twain's Style

Consider the tale of the bluejay in "A Tramp Abroad," wherein the humor is sustained by unstated pathos, what could be better told than this, with every word the right word and in the right place? And take Huck Finn's description of the storm when he was alone on the island, which is in dialect, which will not parse, which bristles with double negatives, but which none the less is one of the finest passages of descriptive prose in all American literature.

Mark Twain, American

In Mark Twain we have "the national spirit as seen with our own eyes," declared Mr. Howells; and, from more points of view than one, Mark Twain seems to me to be the very embodiment of Americanism. Combining a mastery of the commonplace with an imaginative faculty, he is a practical idealist. No respecter of persons, he has a tender regard for his fellow-men. Irreverent toward all outworn superstitions, he has ever revealed the deepest respect for all things truly worthy of reverence. He has a habit of standing upright, of thinking for himself, and of hitting hard at whatsoever seems to him hateful and mean; but at the core of him there is genuine gentleness and honest sympathy, brave humanity, and sweet kindliness.

Mark Twain has the very marrow of Americanism.

Mark Twain, Humanist

Like Molière, Mark Twain takes his stand on common sense and thinks scorn of affectation of every sort. He understands sinners and strugglers and weaklings, and he he is not harsh with them, reserving his scorching hatred for hypocrites and pretenders and frauds.

Mark Twain, Humorist

After all, it is as a humorist pure and simple that Mark Twain is best known and best beloved. He is a funmaker beyond all question, and he has made millions laugh as no other man of our century has done. The laughter he has aroused is wholesome and self-respecting; it clears the atmosphere

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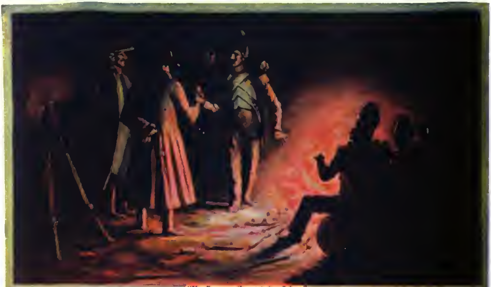

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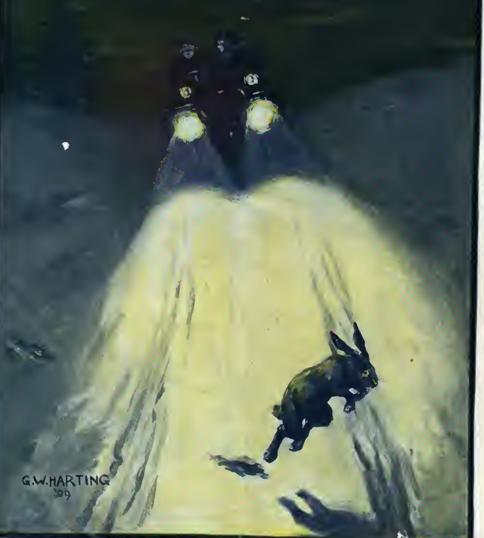
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

G.W.HARTING
'09

December 24 1910 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

THE NEW DECEMBER NUMBER

¶ This December number introduces the changes, the added pages, and the improved appearance of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. This number, too, begins the ninety-seventh year of its continuous publication. For its old friends—and for many new ones—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW this month has a greeting as warm as in the past. It is ninety-six years young, and the occasion is a happy one. To-day it is brighter, more fresh, more full and vigorous in its activities than ever before. The size of the page has been made slightly larger and the number of pages has been increased to one hundred and sixty.

¶ One feature of special importance begins in this December number—a new novel by Joseph Conrad. It is called "Under Western Eyes." This is, in all probability, Mr. Conrad's masterpiece—more than fiction, more than character-study.

¶ Among the notable articles in the December number are.

Some Lessons of the Election . . . *Edward G. Lowney*
Lyof N. Tolstoy . . . . *W. D. Howells*
The Clew to Modern Italy . . . . . *William R. Thayer*
The International Fame of Mark Twain . *Archibald Henderson*
Popular Election of United States Senators . *John W. Perrin*
The Leaves of the Tree—Henry Sidgwick. I. *Arthur C. Benson*
The Child and Social Reform . *The Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom*

The North American Review Publishing Company
Franklin Square, New York

A REMARKABLE BOOK

The Technique of Speech

By DORA DUTY JONES

A guide to the study of Diction according to the principles of Resonance, endorsed by eminent singers, actors and vocal teachers, including Monsieur Jean de Reszke, who in a letter to the author says:

"*C'est avec un grand intérêt que j'ai parcouru les pages de votre livre sur la prononciation. J'admire . . . la justesse de vos recherches scientifiques et je n'ai nul doute que votre ouvrage rendra de grands services aux chanteurs, et aux acteurs soucieux d'une articulation nette et musicale.*" (It is with great interest that I have perused the pages of your book upon pronunciation. I admire the accuracy of your scientific investigations, and I have no doubt that your work will render great assistance to singers, and to actors anxious to acquire a clear and musical articulation.)

THE MUSICAL COURIER
(New York)

". . . A work of the utmost importance to speakers, actors, and singers. . . . Our author very rightly finds fault with those who begin the culture of song before mastering the rudiments of speech. We have no doubt that the failure of many singers is due entirely to ignorance of the art of speech."

THE MUSICIAN (Boston)

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". . . Well worth the serious attention of people who may think it worth while to give some little trouble to the task of learning to speak pleasantly and musically."

THE REPUBLICAN
(Springfield, Mass.)

". . . David Bispham has given a cordial endorsement to what he considers to be a remarkable book, 'The Technique of Speech,' by Dora Duty Jones, a full review of which was given in these columns last fall. Mr. Bispham's word should carry much weight, for he both speaks and sings English beautifully.

"There are plenty of manuals of 'orthoepy,' correct speaking; what Dora Duty Jones has undertaken to give is a manual of artistic speaking."

THE JOURNAL (Boston)

". . . Of great value to all vocal teachers as well as to individual students."

THE EVENING POST (New York)

". . . The author has gone thoroughly into the question of our speech. A patient reconstruction of diction according to her standard would make one safe from the cavils of Mr. James or any equally fastidious critic."

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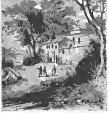
HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

A REMARKABLE FEATURE

An Unpublished Interview with Napoleon



NAPOLEON'S HOME AT ELBA

THE manuscript of this remarkable human document has just been brought to light in England. The author, Thomas Bingham Richards, visited Napoleon at Elba in 1814. He was granted a special audience with Napoleon, who talked with him freely and at great length. Mr. Richards, appreciating the importance of the interview, immediately wrote down a complete account of all that occurred and a verbatim report of the conversation. The MS. has remained unpublished in the hands of Mr. Richards' family, from whom it was secured for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

OTHER NOTABLE CONTRIBUTIONS

The Last Thing that Mark Twain Wrote

THE last thing that Mark Twain wrote—a touching and beautiful tribute to his daughter Jean—will be published in the January HARPER'S. It was written as the final chapter in his autobiography, and was completed only a short time before his death.

How an Ancient Riddle was Solved

PROFESSOR GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University, contributes an article of remarkable and fascinating interest telling how he has succeeded in deciphering the curious inscriptions on a famous Cretan disk. The discovery is one of remarkable importance, throwing new light on the Greek language of pre-Homeric times and on the history of Western civilization.

7 Unusual Short Stories

THESE stories are a group that has seldom been equalled even in HARPER'S. Among the authors represented are Perceval Gibbon, Margarita Spalding Gerry, Alice Brown, Amélie Rives, Norman Duncan, Fanny Heaslip Lea, Edward Hungerford, etc., etc.

MARGARET DELAND'S New Serial "THE IRON WOMAN"

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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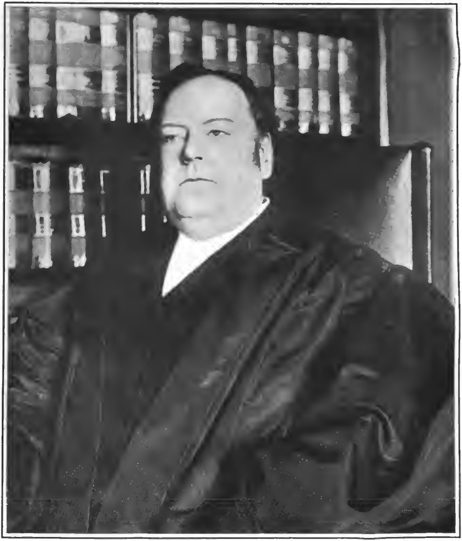

THE NEW CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES

Associate Justice Edward Douglass White, who has been appointed and confirmed as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, is a Democrat and a Southerner. He has been a member of the Supreme Court since February, 1894. Before his accession to the higher court he sat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, his native State. He represented Louisiana in the U. S. Senate from 1891 to 1894

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

Look Ahead

To Democratic statesmen: Forget 1912. Your party cannot help winning then unless you make blunders practically inconceivable. Fix your eyes upon 1916 and 1920, and so comport yourselves as to deserve the confidence and hold the support of the people for a period worth while. A tentative triumph isn't worth shucks. Witness 1884 and 1892!

Wise Action in Washington

The decision of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives to ask the new members to participate in a conference next month is the wisest imaginable. The country is entitled to know where the majority of the Sixty-second Congress is going to stand, with respect especially to the tariff. This information, it is anticipated, will be conveyed in succinct form by the preliminary caucus. Representative Champ Clark truly says:

> 1. We have promised to revise the tariff, which promise should be religiously fulfilled as all other ante-election promises should be fulfilled.
>
> 2. It will require months of unremitting and intelligent labor to collect the facts on which to base a tariff bill or bills, as the case may be, such bill or bills as will be wise and just, and such as we are willing to go to the country on.
>
> 3. The people have a right to know what we propose to do at the earliest moment consistent with the careful and intelligent preparation of a tariff bill or bills, so as to reduce the worry of uncertainty to a minimum.
>
> 4. It would be unwise and unfair to lay upon the members of the Ways and Means Committee the onerous and delicate duty of preparing a tariff bill or bills, and deny them sufficient time in which to accomplish that task carefully, intelligently, and with credit to themselves, and with satisfaction to us and to the country.

Clearly, the next Speaker fully appreciates not only the obligation to fulfil pledges made, but also the wisdom and propriety of enunciating the principle and method of contemplated action. He adds, explicitly:

> In the foregoing remarks I have used the words "bill or bills" because there are two theories of tariff revision much discussed at the present time: (1) Revision by one general bill. (2) Revision by separate bills for separate schedules.
>
> This is a matter not of principle but of method. Individually, I prefer the scheme of separate bills for separate schedules, taking the schedules with the most obnoxious features first—perhaps in certain cases having separate bills for particular items; but whichever method is decided upon, the Ways and Means Committee will need the same quantity and character of information, for at last a general bill would be made up of the separate bills on all the schedules.

This is plain common sense. As we interpret the purpose of the Democratic leaders, it is to clear the way for the collection and digestion of necessary data during the summer months, and to have a choice between a general or schedule-by-schedule revision upon the results of such inquiries. It is a safe and prudent method, whose adoption will go far to convince the country of the sagacity of Mr. Clark and his associates. To have postponed all action till after the actual organization of the next House would have been almost fatal from a political view-point and disheartening in every way. On the other hand, the spasmodic firing of separate bills at a surly majority during the present short session would have been childish as well as futile. The policy adopted is business-like and statesman-like and augurs well for the future.

A Self-ruling House

The only subject, other than the tariff, likely to be considered by the conferring members is the method of appointing committees. With respect to this, Mr. Clark says, frankly:

> That there is considerable public sentiment in favor of the House selecting its committees in some manner to be agreed on is manifest. It seems to be strongest in those debatable States where we must get the vote to elect a President and the House of the Sixty-second Congress in 1912. In all those States the independent vote is decisive, and the independent voters appear to favor the election of the committees by the House. So let it be. The plan meets my approbation. I hope it may be worked out so carefully and wisely as not to demoralize the House.
>
> Various schemes are proposed. Among them is one to have the caucus elect the Committee on Ways and Means, and an enlarged Committee on Rules, and empower one of those committees to select the others with the proviso that no member of any committee which selects committees shall be a member of any other committee. That plan or some other equally safe, sane and intelligently wrought out should be adopted.

Here again Mr. Clark disappoints those who predicted that he would reach for autocratic authority such as Speaker Cannon has exercised. Realizing that the people want relief from Cannonism and greater freedom of action for their chosen Representatives, he acquiesces with perfect equanimity. Few men in the same position, we venture to say, would have relinquished so graciously and readily prerogatives which he might have retained under the plea of necessity. By so doing, however, the next Speaker gives an example of striving for that harmony which he considers essential to fulfilment of pledges, which will not only produce a marked effect upon the minds of his fellow members, but will make directly upon the country a most favorable impression of his own breadth and sincerity. This is all to the good.

Bay State Probabilities

Appearances indicate that, if the incoming Governor of Massachusetts keeps on, he may yet succeed in re-electing Senator Lodge.

Chief Justice White

Everybody seems pleased with the promotion of Justice White. The Southerners like it because he is an ex-Confederate soldier, the Roman Catholics because he is a Catholic, the Democrats because he is a Democrat, the jurists because he is a great jurist, the Republicans because his appointment is large minded and popular, and the rest of the Supreme Court justices (so it is said) because they are greatly attached to him.

Only the lawyers who study the decisions of the Supreme Court know very much about the minds of the individual justices. One of the cases in which the mind of Justice White has come under view and wide professional observation was the Northern Securities case, in which he wrote the dissenting opinion, being joined in it by Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Holmes and Peckham. Quoting a passage from this opinion, our neighbor the *Times* says:

> He then proceeded to review the legislation and the adjudications upon the subject with a power of statement and of argument that has caused his dissenting opinion to become, perhaps more familiar to the bar and to the bench than that of the majority of the court. . Times without number it has been said that, if the majority of the court had been able to take the view held by Justice White and his associates in dissent, the statute forbidding unlawful restraints and monopolies would have become and remained a workable law, a law under which an honorable business could have been carried on in conformity with honest commercial practice, without exposing those who carry it on to the peril of arrest, fine, and imprisonment.

The President and the South

There is no doubt that the country was surprised when the President made a Southerner and a former Confederate soldier Chief Justice and nominated another Southern Democrat for associate justice of the Supreme Court. But there is no indication that any part of the country became indignant or frightened. Forty years ago such appointments would have been inconceivable. Twenty years ago a Republican President would hardly have dared to make them. Even to-day, although a President of almost any persuasion might feel free to disregard sectional lines in appointing to such high places, to cross party lines so freely is not so common, and it is doubtful if any Republican President we have yet had would have been, under the circumstances, drawn so strongly Southward as President Taft was. His freedom from partisanship and his disregard of sectional feeling are both rather striking. Perhaps his own experience on the bench, and his clearly announced position on Federal judgeships, sufficiently explain the former. His attitude toward the South can be explained only by a deliberate purpose, formed either before his election or very soon after it, and firmly adhered to. For he has apparently determined to do all that he can do consistently with his other duties to make the South like the rest of the country, and to make it feel itself like the rest of the country in its relations to the national government. For a while politicians naturally supposed that his sole object was to make gains in the South for his party, and that, no doubt, does seem to him a thing entirely desirable. But such gains as his party had made in that quarter were practically wiped out by the recent elections. It will not have another chance for two years to come. Yet the President goes on treating the South just as he did in the beginning. His really controlling motive in this matter is that of a statesman, not a politician.

We should not be surprised if there were Southerners, Southern Democrats, who, seeing that this is so, would feel a trifle better if in the election the South had shown more disposition to stand by the President.

The South's National Responsibility

Be that as it may, the South will very soon have a chance, through its representatives at Washington, to prove itself worthy or unworthy of such confidence as the President's. When the House of Representatives becomes Democratic its leadership at once becomes Southern. A Southerner will be Speaker; another Southerner will be floor leader; Southerners will be at the head of the leading committees. These men will have to make the record on which their party must go to the country in 1912, and that circumstance alone is sufficient to make their responsibility a heavy one. But the direct responsibility to the whole country for their management of its affairs is heavier still. Perhaps it may be taken as a compliment to the Southerners that the doubt about their fitness for such power, such a trust, is not a doubt of their honesty. As a group, they would seem to be rather singularly exempt from charges and suspicions of corruption, of subserviency to selfish interests, of commercialism. The question raised about them is different. Are they national men—national in habits of thought, in aims and motives, in calibre? Have they not been too absorbed in the problems of their own section, and particularly in its one chief and peculiar problem, to make themselves masters of the nation's problems? Has not their blind allegiance to one party, for local reasons, deprived them of that intellectual independence and freedom which their present task demands? In a word, are they not too provincial, too resolutely provincial, to take charge of the affairs of the whole country?

That, we think, is the country's real fear about them. We sincerely trust they will prove baseless. The South itself is growing and changing daily. It is a great section in every way. There is no good reason why its public men should not take their national duties and obligations and opportunities quite as broadly as the public men of any other section whatsoever.

Again Tempting Fate

We guess that the first three letters in the name of New York's new Senator will be She.

The Tariff Board

Senator Warren of Wyoming did well to get the recent Chicago speech of Chairman Emery of the Tariff Board put into the *Congressional Record* and also printed as a document. Apparently one of the things the short session may find time to do is to discuss, and possibly to act on, the proposal to enlarge the Tariff Board and make it permanent. Congress and the country ought, therefore, to know what the board itself thinks of its duties and powers and opportunities, and that is substantially what Chairman Emery's speech undertakes to tell. It is on the whole a decidedly modest speech. The chairman at the outset disclaims for the commission any ability or design to

> Change this sorry scheme of things entire.

He spends most of his time in calling attention to the difficulties and necessary limitations of its work. But he nevertheless holds that the commission is decidedly worth while, and that it ought to be made permanent. He fancies some one asking these four questions about its work: Is all this information necessary? What will it amount to? Can you get it? What can you do with it! And this is the way he sums up his answers:

> This information is really essential to a thorough understanding of the question; it will actually form a basis for a fair judgment regarding the tariff rates; it can be secured in quite adequate measures; and it must in the end have influence on public opinion and so on public policy.

Strong doubts concerning the third of these contentions have been expressed, and Mr. Emery freely admits that complete information cannot be obtained about relative costs of production, but he does think enough information for very practical uses can be obtained, since tariff rates are at best merely "rough business approximations."

Since the election, even stand-pat Republicans have been showing so much favor to the commission idea, favored from the start by the insurgents, that it bids fair to become a permanent part of the Republican programme and policy. Therefore only those who fancy the Republicans will never come back can feel that it is negligible.

Mr. Hitchcock's Report

Very general approval has greeted most of Postmaster-General Hitchcock's report. The country is glad to hear that the postal deficit is disappearing, that one-cent postage for ordinary letters may be approaching, that rural free delivery, though expensive, is not going to be curtailed. A great part of the country will also probably approve the suggestion that a move toward the parcels-post be made by permitting the delivery of eleven-pound packages on the rural free-delivery routes. Nor have we heard any complaints of the Department's zeal in running down people who have been using the mails for fraudulent purposes. Mr. Hitchcock is getting more credit out of his departmental than out of his political activities. The reorganized Boston *Herald* does, however, find something to criticise in his claim about the deficit. On this point the *Herald* remarks:

> The government figures are of extremely little value, since Uncle Sam fails to charge on the postal accounts items running high in the millions every year. The actual postal deficit would be an interesting problem for some research student to figure out. The careless theory that the franked matter carried free offsets the use of public buildings, which are supplied to the postal establishments without cost, may be very wide of the mark.

True, no doubt; but since the deficit has always been estimated in the same way, is there not probably a real significance, notwithstanding the faultiness of the method of computation, in its apparent decline? At any rate, we will give Mr. Hitchcock the benefit of the doubt. If he and the President should actually succeed in their most sweeping proposal, and get all the postmasters into the classified service, and in that way out of politics, we should be inclined to give the administration the benefit of still other doubts. It would be a really epochal achievement.

A Kind Word for Riches

Mr. Carnegie's latest great benevolence—the giving of ten million dollars to establish a peace foundation—has inspired many reflections about peace, and not a few about benevolence. It might also, quite as logically, serve as a text for observations on the "power of wealth." Unhappily, when that phrase is used, it seems natural to think first of wrong and cruel things that the mere possession of money has enabled men to do. Somehow an evil significance at once suggests itself. But cannot this be changed? May not the chief service to humanity of men like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller eventually turn out to be, not the specific good things they have done with their money, but rather the general example they have given of the possibilities of great wealth as a distinctly beneficent force and agency? Certain it is that there are a lot of extremely desirable things, extremely good things, that cannot be done in this world by any other agency than a great deal of money. Rich men of public spirit and intelligent foresight and princely generosity can help civilization along as no other class of men can. Of course, if we have socialism, things may be done differently; but as the world and human nature stand at present the right kind of rich people seem to be hardly less than essential. To get rich merely for riches' sake, merely for one's own sake, may be rather poor business; but to get rich, honestly, for the sake of the good one can do with a heap of money—that is a different matter. We are optimists enough to believe that there are a good many men in the world who really have precisely this ambition.

A Bill to Raise the Cost of Living

The Dayton, Ohio, Chamber of Commerce has bestirred itself to oppose a bill to forbid the Post-office Department to print without charge on stamped envelopes the name and address of the person to whom the letter is to be returned if not delivered. This bill bears the name of Congressman Tou Velle of Ohio, a Democrat, and the near neighbor of the Dayton people. The bill permits the return notice and the name of the post-office to which return is to be made to be printed on the envelope, but forbids inclusion of the name of the sender. The bill is the expression of the sentiment of sundry manufacturers of envelopes and of sundry printers, that the government is doing for nothing a little job of printing for which, if they had a chance, they could make us pay. For forty years or so the government has done this work without charge for buyers of not less than five hundred envelopes. The reason for doing it free is that it costs practically nothing. The return request and the sender's address are all put on by the same process, and the cost of the extra line of type doubtless disappears in profit that comes from increased demand. The economical way to print the sender's address on stamped envelopes is the way it is done now. That way is not only much less expensive, but much less troublesome. The backers of the Tou Velle bill invite Congress to forbid this economical process in order to give this job of printing to them, and enable them to charge for it not less than a dollar a thousand envelopes. They argue that it is socialistic for the government to do work that private enterprise can find a profit in doing.

The bill is simply a bill to increase cost to the users of stamped envelopes for the benefit of some manufacturers. There exists at present in the protective tariff rather more legislation of that kind than the country can stand. This country is tired of having manufacturers run to Congress to find them jobs. Does not Mr. Tou Velle agree with the voters in the late election that the consumer is paying enough as it is? That opinion was very prevalent in Ohio.

Champ Clark

The next Speaker's full name is James Beauchamp Clark. When he went out into the world he discovered that Clark was the sixth most common name in America, and that James was nearly as prevalent as John or the measles. James B. also was curiously numerous, and James B. Clark far from unusual. In the young man's town was a man of that name who used to get his letters and throw them away. This was very annoying. So the future statesman dropped James, and became Beauchamp Clark. Beauchamp is a well-known name out West. They pronounce it Beecham, like that of the Englishman who makes pills. Now, one of the incoming Speaker's hobbies is accurate expression, and it irritated him to be called Beecham, when he should have been called Boshom, with the accent on the shom. Painstaking investigation finally convinced him that only a Frenchman could say it properly, anyway, so he made up his mind to drop one of the syllables, and after due consideration he picked Beau as the one to go. Since then he has been plain Champ Clark, and is so designated almost invariably. We hear of Representative Underwood, Congressman Payne, *et al.*, but never of Representative or Congressman Clark. It is always Champ Clark, as if hyphenated, with accent on the Clark.

High Scholars and Low

An effort is doing in the Harvard graduate periodical publications to demonstrate so that the undergraduate can't miss it, that it is profitable to study in college. The wonder is that it takes so much demonstration. It might be supposed to be a self-evident, or at least accepted, truth, like the parallel proposition that it is profitable to eat at meals. It is insisted, though, that the undergraduate has the idea dug deep into his mind that high scholars don't amount to much in after-life, and that it is a good and necessary work to convince him that that *is not so*. So the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* has published a list of all the first scholars in Harvard classes from 1777 to 1887, and tells briefly what became of each one. The list shows, as might be expected, a high average of distinction and worldly success, and also a fair average of longevity.

A few days later the college published a list of the 178 first and second group scholars among the present undergraduates. It was immediately pointed out that to this scholarly company the seven most stylish boarding-schools for young gentlemen had contributed only seven members, which was very much below their proper quota. The inference is not that these comparatively stylish boys from the stylish boarding-schools are stupider than their fellows, but that they put a lower value on scholarship and try less hard to attain it. The concerns that interest them most are social and athletic, the teams, clubs, societies, and the experience of life.

This looks scandalous and deplorable to the graduate publications. The *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* says that "the college authorities believe that a student's chief goal should be proficiency in his studies." The fact confronts them that they have on hand, as doubtless their predecessors have always had, and probably their successors will always have, a large group of students who hold proficiency in studies as a concern of secondary importance, and whose primary aspiration is for immediate glory and preferment. Accordingly, they cultivate the social and athletic sides of college life at some cost of scholarship, and if they get into the clubs that they aspire to and realize their hopes in athletics, they feel justly enough that they have made good, and so their parents feel, and all their friends. When they graduate, they graduate with a distinction that is more to their taste and to the taste of their backers than any distinction of scholarship that the college can confer.

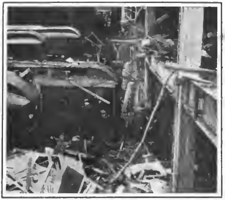
The Way of the World

That is the way of the world. The pride of life looms large among the motives that determine aspirations. It is interesting to be pointed at with the finger, to stand on the side lines, to compete headlong before the cheering multitude that pays admission, to deprecate the inquiries of the reporters, to be known to the graduates as a person of importance, and to exchange with them at chosen times and in chosen places polite attentions. One might argue: "These chosen youths get what they go after. Why insist that they shall get scholarship too? Would you leave nothing to the men who have neither social nor athletic opportunities and to whom scholarship is everything? Do you want to promote an aristocracy that shall have not only money and manners, but trained mental abilities? Would you leave to the have-nots not even their superiority in scholarship? Why so much solicitude to avert the natural consequences of easy circumstances? Would you have luxury and exclusiveness pay no penalties at all? Would you suspend the laws by which nature practises to make the odds even, and have ease of condition reap all its advantages without paying its natural toll of distraction of incentive? Besides, as it is, even the second-rate scholars get in one way or another a valuable meed of college education, and though they miss much, and seldom become true scholars, a fair proportion of them work out into faithful men, carrying their share of the world's burdens."

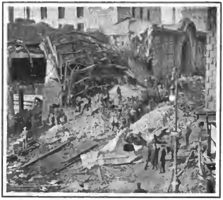
These arguments have some plausibility, but they do not reconcile the college teachers to the sight of large groups of likely youths wasting much of their time in college, and going out with their minds far less well trained and furnished than they might be. They know there is great need of accurate knowledge and trained minds in our world, and that in the long run it is work that maketh the man even more than manners. We wish them good luck in their endeavors to impart to the more idle young gentlemen a greater zest for scholarship. It may aid their efforts that we have just now, conspicuous in public life, an eminent scholar, a shining example of the mental equipment that they seek to encourage, and one who, as it happens, has spent some of his best energies in an impassioned effort to inject into college life the very enthusiasms that they seek to arouse. The colleges do their work pretty well as it is. It is a good augury that they are so little satisfied with it, and so bent on doing it better. Of course the high-rank college men average better in subsequent life than the low-rank men. As a group they are men of superior powers. The highest-rank men at West Point usually graduate into the Engineers, and the army engineers as a body are far above the average of army officers in efficiency and reputation. Nevertheless, there is always a kind of capacity at West Point that does not express itself by getting into the Engineers, but comes out strong in war, and there is always in a great college a certain amount of capacity that does not express itself in high scholarship, but comes out strong in actual life.

If Not McAdoo

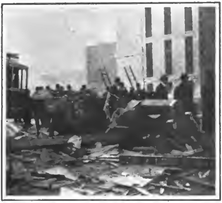
Could not Oscar Hammerstein build a subway?



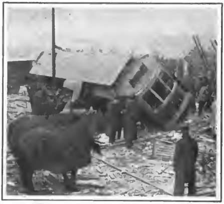
The car was being shunted into the charging station, the supply pipes from which may be seen hanging down. The explosion occurred in the building to the right



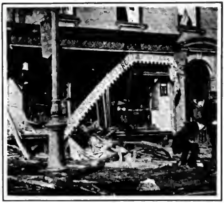
Searching for bodies in the ruins of the building on the left in which the explosion occurred, facing the northwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Fiftieth Street



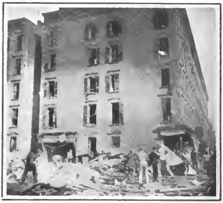
The explosion lifted and hurled a loaded trolley-car upon this automobile as both were passing the place of disaster. The chauffeur was mortally injured



The overturned car was blown off its tracks and dropped upon an automobile, partly visible under its rear end. Four passengers in the street-car were killed



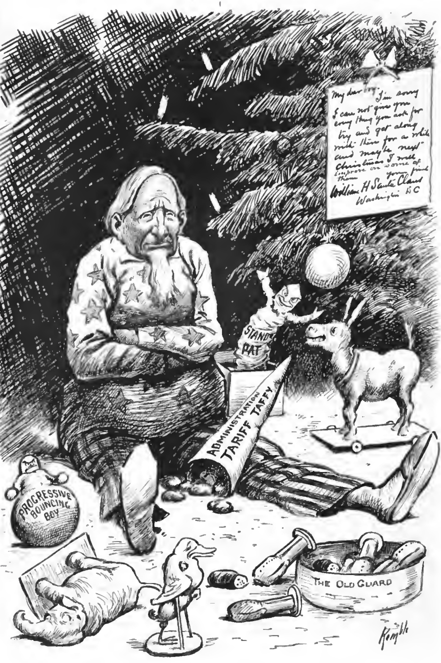
A wrecked store at Fiftieth Street and Lexington Avenue which received the full force of the explosion. Demolition of like character extended for several blocks



This building, occupying the northwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Fiftieth Street, across the street from the power-house, was badly damaged by the explosion

THE EXPLOSION WHICH SHOOK NEW YORK

AN ACETYLENE-GAS TANK USED IN CHARGING RAILWAY COACHES WITH ILLUMINATING GAS, SITUATED IN AN ANNEX OF THE MAIN POWER-HOUSE OF THE RAILROAD LINES RUNNING INTO THE GRAND CENTRAL YARDS AT LEXINGTON AVENUE AND FIFTIETH STREET, EXPLODED ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 19TH, SPREADING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOR MANY BLOCKS. THE LIST OF DEAD AND INJURED EXCEEDED ONE HUNDRED—THE TOTAL OF CASUALTIES WAS NOT KNOWN AS "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WENT TO PRESS


My dear boy: I'm sorry I can not give you every thing you ask for try and get along with them for a while and maybe next Christmas I will improve on some of them your friend William H Santa Claus Washington DC
STAND PAT
ADMINISTRATION TARIFF TAFFY
PROGRESSIVE BOUNCING BOY
THE OLD GUARD
Kemble

"I WISH SANTA CLAUS WOULD AT LEAST SWITCH HIS LINE OF CONFECTIONERY"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

West Point's New Chief

THE NOTABLE RECORD OF MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS H. BARRY, U.S.A.

By Charles Johnston

WEST POINT is outwardly a blending of Oxford and the Rhine, with Tudor quadrangles overlooking the traditional beauty of the river and the hills; inwardly the authentic expression of the American spirit, with its motto—"Honor, Duty, Country"—far more truly embodying the best spirit and promise of the New World than do our huge engineering enterprises and mountains of commodities. As one who loves the Military Academy on the Hudson has well said, the whole life of West Point is founded on honor; among the hundreds who yearly receive a splendid training there, no place is found for one who is capable of shading the truth or swerving from the fine line of honor. There are, perhaps, places and undertakings, in this wide land, in which Washington or Lincoln might seem incongruous and out of date. West Point is not among them.

From the day they enter the Military Academy at West Point, the cadets are the wards of the nation, and more particularly the wards of the Army, which undertakes to give them a broad and thorough training of mind and body, to make soldiers of them, and to bring out in them the spirit of the officer and the gentleman, provided they have in them the making of both, and which promptly finds a way to get rid of them if they fall short in these essential elements. By entering the Military Academy, the cadets submit themselves to an arduous training and strict discipline; from early morning, until evening, every moment has its prescribed duty, performance of which is rigidly enforced. There is equal measure for all, a fair field and no favor. Each cadet must learn to stand on his own feet. He is what he makes himself, through his own energy, devotion, and obedience. Neither wealth nor connections will avail him in the slightest degree; indeed, nothing is more characteristic of West Point than the fact that money plays no part whatever in the life of the cadet. Just as though he were a member of a religious order, which indeed he is, in the sense that military honor is his religion, he can neither receive money nor spend it; as a ward, all his needs are supplied, all his lawful wants are provided for. And to this fine training is due, perhaps, that splendid unworldliness which is so characteristic of the American army. The high ideal of West Point is equalled by its effectiveness, in every detail of an immensely varied life; an effectiveness hardly equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any institution in the world. It would be difficult to name any other department, institution, or organization in the United States, where the wonderful energy and application of the American spirit are found so finely blended with the idealism of the best spirits of the Republic.

Major-General Thomas H. Barry, U.S.A., into whose hands the destinies of West Point are now committed by the President of the United States, is a true son of West Point, and an authentic embodiment of its spirit. It is an exceptional thing for an officer of his high rank and distinction to leave the wider spheres of military duty and take charge of the training of cadets, but I think that General Barry would say that, like every son of the United States Military Academy, he owes much to West Point, and is, therefore, more than willing to do all in his power to pay the debt. General Barry is, I believe, the first member of his family to enter military life in the United States. He was born in New York, on October 13, 1855, in the First Ward of the city; and there attended the public schools, both day and evening classes, entering the College of the City of New York in 1872.

In the following year, 1873, he won by competitive examination a cadetship at West Point, offered by the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, uncle of the ex-President. He entered West Point that year, completing the four years' course and graduating in 1877. At West Point he was a careful student and an enthusiastic athlete; beyond this, there is nothing of special note to record of those four formative years. The future head of West Point plodded along in the usual way, and graduated without any special honors or distinctions about the middle of his class. But where the general standard is so high, special distinction is less necessary. As a cadet, he made many warm friendships among his comrades, and was held in high esteem by them, winning at the same time the confidence of the officials of the Academy. On graduating, he was appointed to the Seventh Cavalry, and served with that regiment until 1880, when he was transferred to the First Infantry, and joined it in Texas. With the First Infantry he served in Texas, Arizona, California, and South Dakota, taking part in the campaigns against Geronimo and his Apaches in Arizona from 1882 to 1886, and in the Sioux campaign in South Dakota in the winter of 1890-1891. His early service with the Seventh Cavalry was at the Standing Rock Agency on the Missouri River, the home of the redoubtable old Sioux warrior, Sitting Bull; his principal work there was scouting with small detachments after Indians who escaped from the reservation, and overtaking those who were working their way back.

The future General Barry was promoted to the rank of Captain during the Pine Ridge campaign, on February 25, 1891; and in 1893 was selected by the Hon. Daniel S. Lamont, then Secretary of War under President Cleveland, for duty in his office, where he remained until the end of Cleveland's administration. Up to the time of this appointment at the War Department he had served for sixteen years west of the Mississippi River without being detached from troops, or having received a detail of any kind. He was entirely unknown to Colonel Lamont, and took no step whatever to obtain the appointment. His long and continuous service with troops was a factor in determining his selection. His first work under Secretary Lamont, a work on which he was joined with a prominent New York lawyer, was to investigate the business methods of the War Department.

In January, 1897, he was appointed Major in the Adjutant-General's Department, presumably in recognition of his services at the War Department under Colonel Lamont, and went to Vancouver Barracks in the State of Washington, as Adjutant-General of the Military Department of the Columbia. He served at Vancouver until the outbreak of the war with Spain, when, at the request of General Otis, he was assigned as his Adjutant-General, and accompanied him to the Philippines. He served in the Philippines as the Adjutant-General of that department, and of the Eighth Army Corps, until February, 1900, when he was relieved and returned to the United States. It is worth noting that General Otis had recommended his appointment as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, with a view to retaining him in the Philippines as Chief of Staff. This purpose was presently fulfilled, for, after he had returned to the United States and served about three months in the War Department, on the urgent recommendation of General MacArthur, who had succeeded General Otis in command of the Philippines, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers and again ordered to the Philippines for duty as Chief of Staff. He left Washington about July 1, 1900, and on arriving in San Francisco received instructions from the War Department to go to China and report to General Chaffee for duty with the Peking Relief Expedition in its dangerous and dramatic work of liberating the Peking legations from the Boxer hordes and the army of the redoubtable Prince Tuan. When this special piece of work in China had been accomplished, he went to the Philippines and assumed the duties of Chief of Staff of that command, and remained there until mustered out of the Volunteer service as Brigadier-General, when he returned to the United States, in August, 1901.

Major-General Thomas H. Barry, U.S.A.

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF WEST POINT

After serving a short time in Washington, he went to Governors Island, the Isle of the Blest in New York Harbor, as Adjutant-General of the Department of the East. While there, he was selected by a Board of General Officers, and headed the first list of officers selected for the General Staff Corps. He served as Chief of Staff of the Department of the East until promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, United States Army, in August, 1903.

In January, 1904, the Department of the Gulf was re-established, with headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia, and he was assigned to that command, where he remained until sent to the Russian Army as observer in 1905. While with the Russian Army, he was again selected by a Board of General Officers for the General Staff, and upon his return to the United States, was relieved from the Department of the Gulf and again assigned on the General Staff and as President of the Army War College at Washington. This detail was against his wish, as he preferred duty with troops to service at the national capital. He remained on duty, however, as President of the War College and as Assistant to the Chief of Staff, until selected by the President for command of the Army of Cuban Pacification in February, 1907.

He was promoted Major-General on April 29, 1908. His work with the Army of Cuban Pacification is outlined by Governor Magoon in his annual report.

To sum up the military career of this very distinguished soldier to its present stage, he has served in every grade from cadet to major-general, including the grades of lieutenant-colonel and brigadier-general of volunteers. He was recommended for brevet for gallantry in action, and has received badges for all campaigns since the Civil War; that is, for Indian wars, for the Spanish-American War, for the Philippine Insurrection, and the China Relief Expedition, in all of which he served; a record which is conclusive proof of energy and effectiveness. His having been twice selected by boards of general officers for the General Staff Corps shows how completely he has won and holds the confidence of his military superiors and fellow soldiers. In addition to his duties as Assistant to the Chief of Staff and President of the Army War College, he was at the same time a member of the Board of Ordnance and Fortification, and of the Army and Navy Joint Board, and during several months he acted as Chief of Staff.

One more detail of service. In 1906 General Barry was selected by the War Department as one of the two generals assigned to witness the Grand Manœuvres of the German Army. General Barry and his colleague, General Duvall, crossed the Atlantic, on their way to Germany, in August. By good fortune, I was among the passengers by the same ship. One always views one's fellow travellers with a great deal of interest on an ocean crossing, and I remember picking out two men from among the large number on deck, as men I should particularly like to know. One was the splendid and venerable figure of our most distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. John Bigelow, formerly United States Minister at the court of Louis Napoleon; the other, as I soon learned, was General Barry. Major John Bigelow, the son of the venerable statesman, whose book *The Campaign of Chancellorsville*, has recently come out, was also of the party, and I afterward learned that he had been General Barry's classmate and room-mate at West Point, whither he later returned as instructor in French. I did not know General Barry's name or his military record when I went aboard, but no one could fail to be struck by the splendid military bearing that marked the born soldier; and, I may add, I was greatly struck during the voyage by another quality, his evident love of children, of whom we had a pretty sprinkling aboard, including one little Army maiden, rejoicing in the name of "Jack," with whom General Barry danced at the Captain's ball.

Immediately after the German manœuvres, came the disturbances in Cuba, and I believe General Barry's return from Europe was somewhat expedited in consequence. His work there was well summed up in an editorial in one of the leading New York dailies a short time afterward: "The promotion of Brigadier-General Barry will please the Army and was justified by the excellent work that General Barry has done in Cuba as Commander of the Army of Pacification. His troops are trained to the hour for any emergency in Cuba as elsewhere, and their behavior under trying circumstances has been admirable. Owing to the climatic conditions and frequent practice marches they are more fit than any other equal force of American soldiers"—and much more, with equal penetration and appreciation. On the day following, April 25, 1908, another journal said, "No appointment that has been made in a long time has pleased the Army more than that of Brigadier-General Thomas H. Barry, commanding the Army of Cuban Pacification, to a Major-Generalship."

Just before his appointment to be Superintendent of the Military Academy on the Hudson, General Barry was in command of the Department of California, with headquarters at San Francisco. There he had the honor, in the spring of the present year, of receiving that very distinguished soldier, General Lord Kitchener, who was on his way from Australia to England. In many ways the two men resemble each other. Both of them insist on rigid discipline and strict obedience, while at the same time neither will ever exact from a subordinate any service that he himself would not willingly perform. Each of them is every inch a soldier, and there is considerable personal likeness between them. The main difference is in the expression of the eyes. Lord Kitchener's have that cold severity which made him respected rather than loved. General Barry's show humane warmth, with humor lurking in the depths. From San Francisco, Lord Kitchener came East and visited West Point. The result may best be recorded in the words of Captain J. W. Nieragh, of Lord Kitchener's staff, who wrote in a Sydney paper: "In years to come all Australian staff and other permanently employed officers will have to graduate in the Australian Military College, and that college is to be organized with the United States Academy at West Point as a model."

The laws of the United States require that an officer shall serve two out of every six years with his regiment. For this reason those distinguished officers who are detailed as instructors at West Point in general serve there for four years. Should General Barry follow this average length of residence, there should graduate under his charge about a hundred and fifty cadets each year; that is, six hundred future officers of the American Army will receive their training under this distinguished soldier.

A Few Facts About Kansas

By I. T. Martin

THE fulsome letters of the State officials of Kansas, recounting the glories of the prohibitory law, and the manifold blessings following in its wake, intimate that in Prohibition mankind will find a panacea for every evil. But when the unvarnished facts are known concerning real conditions in Kansas, the comment of Horace Greeley, written years ago, to his friend, Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, seems still to strike the key-note of the situation:

"Rain—most profound—flooded rivers and streams—glorious soil—worthless politicians! Such is Kansas in a nutshell!"

The rain and the mud and the ice are omnipresent in Kansas to-day, just as in the days of Horace Greeley; the ice gorges still tear away the bridges and twist steel spans as though they were so much tinder. The soil is still glorious, and the politicians—well, they are a class indigenous to Kansas soil.

The political Prohibitionist of Kansas seems to believe that the end justifies the means, and oversteps the bounds of truth without a quaver; growing bolder, he perverts facts and figures in order to bolster up his cause, leaving himself dangerously close to the charge of hypocrisy.

For instance, the State law provides no salary for an assistant attorney-general, his remuneration depending entirely upon the fees he may be able to collect. There are innumerable cases on record in Kansas where violators of the prohibitory law have been fined ten dollars, with one hundred dollars attorney fees, the latter amount payable to the assistant attorney-general, or to whoever represented the State in the prosecution. It is also a matter of record that, at least in one county of the State, no man charged with unlawfully selling liquor has ever served out a complete jail sentence, if he could raise, not the money to pay the fine, but the money to pay the attorney fees awarded to an assistant attorney-general. The records of the same county show that, within a period of two years, an assistant attorney-general collected more than twenty thousand dollars in such fees.

The latest legislation in Kansas makes the prohibitory law a screaming farce, whereas of yore it was merely a joke. The law allows a fee of five dollars a day for the care of an intoxicated person, permitting also a few extra charges; the fee, however, to be collected by civil suit! The law also forbids a candidate from giving away, or allowing others to give away for him, cigars or liquor on Election Day—and that very clause proves that Prohibition does not prohibit in Kansas.

Whiskey or alcohol cannot legally be sold in the State, even for medicinal or scientific purposes. The physicians of the hospitals may not legally buy it in the State for use in connection with the administration of antitoxin, nor for baths in fever cases. The toper, however, may buy whiskey and gum camphor, or diluted alcohol, worthless for medicinal or scientific purposes, but excellent as intoxicants. Tinctures of various kinds, noted for the preponderance of alcohol, have a ready sale in the drug-stores of the State, and the monthly bulletins issued by the Kansas State Board of Health, reporting on various samples of tinctures where the percentage of alcohol is not up to the standard, show that the thirsty Kansan demands the full percentage of alcohol in his medicines.

One preparation of "bitters," famous throughout the length and breadth of Kansas, contains nothing more than a trace of a certain drug, mixed with a quantity of cheap whiskey, and is reputed to be put up expressly for the Kansas trade. One of the popular "home remedies" of Kansas, famous as a nerve soother, and put up by an enterprising Kansas firm, contains a statement on every bottle announcing that each fluid ounce contains 2 grains of opium, 8 grains of another drug, and 75 per cent. of grain alcohol!

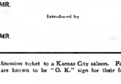
A chemist, who analyzes the various "remedies" and "temperance" drinks for the Prohibitionists of Kansas, recently reported on certain brands of Peruvian bark and gentian bitters, declaring them to be "about the same as whiskey," and containing from thirty-five to forty per cent. of alcohol.

The story is going the rounds of a good Kansas deacon who asked for ginger tea in a drug-store in a particularly arid spot. An athletic disciple of Carrie Nation promptly threw him into the street before he was given a dose of the preparation—ninety-eight per cent. alcohol in that part of Kansas!

Press reports recently told of the death of a Kansan who experimented with a mixture of whiskey and bay rum as an intoxicant, and told of the joys of another Kansan, who enjoyed a lemon-extract spree, the extract being heavily charged with alcohol and evidently prepared for home consumption.

A man was before a police court of Kansas City, Kansas, not so long ago, reputed to be suffering from the effects of "forty rod" whiskey. This particular brand is noted for its power to produce a "trotting jag," and a skilled imbiber of the stuff is said to be able to do one hundred miles without a stop. The Kansan in question had started a Marathon in the main hallway of his abiding-place, and a half-dozen witnesses testified that he had made not less than seventy-five laps, and was far from being ready to quit when the police called time.

A member of Congress from Kansas last winter addressed a Chicago convention and told the audience that "intoxicating liquor cannot now be sold in Kansas for any purpose whatever under the law, neither the scientist, the mechanical, nor the medicinal fellow can buy alcohol in the State." At the time when this statement was made, the warden of the Kansas State Penitentiary, then the president of the State organization of Prohibitionists, was sending out requests to the druggists of the State, inviting them to send in bids for hospital supplies for the penitentiary, including, among the items, ten gallons of alcohol. Thus, while the reputable physicians, the hospitals, the scientists, the photographers, may not legally buy alcohol in Kansas, the warden of the penitentiary may buy it, though he was president of the Prohibition society when he invited violations of the State liquor law, is now a member of its board, and, for years, has been the chief attorney for the organization, active in "law enforcement."



O. K. CLUB

MR.

Introduced by

MR.

An admission ticket to a Kansas City saloon. Patrons who are known to be "O. K." sign for their friends

Liquor is shipped into Kansas in car-load lots, by freight and by express; the liquor houses of adjoining States not only send advertising literature into the State but many have travelling men constantly on the road. One house in Kansas City, Missouri, has an arrangement with a local drygoods house whereby the "family orders" are shipped in packing-boxes as drygoods, and it is safe to say that the publication of the list of customers of that firm would show many people in Kansas heartily in favor of Prohibition—for the other fellow!

Saturday night "chip in" parties are common in Kansas, those not able to order liquor in barrel or packing-case lots patronizing the week-end "chip in" parties. Whiskey is the favorite drink of these revels, being the more easily handled. It is by no means an uncommon sight to see the young lads who are "raised away from the temptations of the saloon" hopelessly drunk as a result of these week-end sprees, the official organ of the Prohibitionists repeatedly reporting such scenes from the small burgs of the State.

There are Federal licenses away up in the thousands in Kansas, and yet the Federal officers are daily discovering "boot-leggers" and "jointists" who do a thriving business throughout the State without a license. The "boot-leggers" operate in empty freight-cars, on the sidings of the small towns, in the smoking-cars of the local trains. They carry their stock in their suit-cases, one such "salesman" having been arrested not long ago in a small town near Kansas City, Kansas, with the product of a small-sized distillery in his innocent-looking baggage.

Governor Stubbs, as well as many of the State officials, and all the Prohibition "orators," have repeatedly stated that "fifty per cent. of our jails and more than sixty per cent. of our poorhouses have been practically evacuated"—*via* the Prohibition route, of course. The Governor and these same gentlemen also refer repeatedly to the "unprecedented diminution of crime," Governor Stubbs including this statement in a Thanksgiving proclamation, as well as in his extensively advertised Chicago Prohibition speech. The one place where an honest student of real conditions would look for the signs of an "unprecedented diminution of crime," is the State Penitentiary at Lansing, Kansas. The attitude of the State officials in remaining silent as to statistics of this institution leads to but one conclusion—that the penitentiary has been purposely and studiously avoided, because its record refutes the claim that these gentlemen are putting forth in the world—that Prohibition has diminished crime.

The last biennial report of the Kansas State Penitentiary shows 818 Kansas prisoners on the place on June 30, 1906, "the largest number of Kansas prisoners ever confined in the institution." The same report "points with pride" to the fact that on June 30, 1908, the number of Kansas prisoners had been reduced to 776. From that date the publicity agents of the Prohibition movement have maintained a discreet silence with regard to the population of the penitentiary, content to refer to the empty jails of the wild and barren cattle-ranges as proof of the "unprecedented diminution of crime" following in the wake of Prohibition.

The record of the Kansas State Penitentiary has grown, however, since the date of that last official report, until 852 prisoners were enrolled there—a larger number than was enrolled during the previous "banner" year. The record is still growing, J. K. Codding, warden of the penitentiary, within the past few weeks, making a public statement to the effect that "the records show that we have 125 more convicts now than two years ago," which brings the population of the Kansas Penitentiary up to 901 inmates, with the chances that it is still growing!

Warden Codding has made every possible effort to keep down the prison record, even to the extent of making a public appeal to Governor Stubbs to exercise his power of parole, in order to prevent an overflow at the prison, to say nothing of the damaging effect of an over-crowded prison on the prosperity statistics of the Prohibition State!

Late in September, Warden Codding let in another flood of light on Kansas prosperity, by making a public appeal to Governor Stubbs for an additional appropriation of one cent per day, per man, for the board of the prisoners of the penitentiary, declaring that at present the prisoners were not sufficiently fed. To quote verbatim, the picturesque language of Warden Codding:

"The Kansas prisoners go hungry to bed."

Kansas has three penal institutions for men and boys, the penitentiary, the reformatory, and the Boys' Industrial School. At the close of the year 1907, the year following the closing of the open saloons, the records of these three institutions showed

The "wettest block in the world," in Kansas City, Missouri. The entire block, on both sides of the street, is given up to the saloon business, with the exception of a small grocery stand. The pillars of the elevated railroad, marked with a cross, indicate the State line

The "store-room" at Police Headquarters, Kansas City, showing some of the liquors taken in raids

that thirty-two prisoners had been sent from Wyandotte County, in which Kansas City, Kansas, is situated; for a little less than the first three months of the present year the records of the same institutions showed that Wyandotte County had sent eighteen prisoners to these penal institutions, and there were at that time several men under sentence, not yet received at either of the institutions. By the ratio thus established, the prison record for Wyandotte County for the current year will just about double the record of 1907!

Kansas maintains various homes for wayward girls, Wyandotte County having established in Kansas City, Kansas, the Wyandotte Juvenile Institute, for delinquent youth of both sexes, some two years after the closing of the saloons. Although the place is nothing but a shack on the outskirts of the city, as if in hiding from civilization, the county spent nearly six thousand dollars for its maintenance for the year ending June 1, 1908. Although the institute was established after the last saloon had been closed, and started out with one building, two are now necessary to house the inmates, the county having rented an additional building about the first of the present year, in order to accommodate the delinquent and dependent children of the largest city in Kansas, where a waiting world is told there is "an unprecedented diminution of crime and poverty."

Further proof of that "unprecedented diminution of crime" is shown by the fact that, where one probation officer handled the cases of the Juvenile Court of Wyandotte County, there are now two such officers, and an application has been put in for the appointment of a third, whose assistance is badly needed.

The chief probation officer of Kansas City, Kansas, attributes the increase of the dependent children in the city and county to the present high cost of living; while a State official, addressing a Topeka official gathering a few months ago, attributed the increase to the "Society Mothers" of the Sunflower State.

Kansas maintains a reformatory, of which the secretary of its board of managers said, in an address delivered in Topeka, before the February Conference of the Kansas State Charitable Institutions:

"We may be encouraged with what we are accomplishing at the reformatory, but we would feel a great deal better if we knew that some effort, with a fair show of success, was being directed toward stopping the supply. The first inmates were taken in August, 1895, and from that time to the present the institution has been growing. We now have two cell-houses, which accommodate two hundred men each, and the third is in course of construction."

Kansas also maintains an industrial school for boys, and another for girls, the former with four hundred and sixty boys enrolled during the biennial period covered by the last report; and the superintendent of the latter is quoted, in the last biennial report of the State institutions, as saying that the rapid increase in the dependent and delinquent classes presents a most formidable problem"—Kansas not excepted in the deductions!

While Kansas prosperity pamphlets are flooding the country, the largest city in the State, Kansas City, is grappling with a "trade at home" movement, bending every energy in an attempt to stop the tide of trade that goes over the State line to the live sister city in Missouri. Its one opera-house is darkened, to be sold at auction after a tumultuous career and a valiant struggle for life in the Prohibition city. The one amusement park, opened after the closing of the saloons, closed after a spasmodic season, to the bitter financial loss of its backer. The one modern hotel has been abandoned by the hotel man of more than forty years' experience who opened it under auspicious circumstances, and it is now run by a woman whose husband runs a corner bakery. The public night-schools of the city exact a fee of two dollars a month from their pupils, the money being paid into the school treasury, to help make both ends meet. On April 22d last nine firemen, five watch-boys, and one hose-wagon were discontinued, the Fire Department funds being unable to meet expenses. On April 24th, the lighting fund was $10,440 short; and the company furnishing the light was notified that the city would not be responsible for the debt.

The Right Reverend Thomas F. Lillis, Bishop of Leavenworth, who resides in Kansas City, Kansas, a deep thinker and an earnest student of the problems of the day, being vitally interested in every movement for good, can see nothing in Prohibition but an unrealized ideal.

"Absolute Prohibition has proven impracticable, if not indeed a dismal failure," said Bishop Lillis; "and there is probably as much violation of the law in those States where Prohibition is wide-spread as there is in those other States where the authorities have hesitated to enforce the present existing laws for the regulation of the liquor traffic.

"In scattered districts, in the hamlets, and in the small towns, Prohibition may be, in a large measure, successful and operative; but experience and close observation suggest that in congested districts, in large cities, and in the world at large, it is far better to regulate this much-discussed evil by high license and rigid law enforcement.

"In the State of Kansas the Prohibition law has been upon the statute-books for something like thirty years, and it is true that, in some few counties of the State, liquor cannot be obtained. If we are to believe the press reports, and if we are to give credence to the records of the various police courts, we must admit that Prohibition has most decidedly not prohibited in the larger towns of the State, and the law has written itself a failure.

"I do not by any means consider the liquor evil the greatest evil of the day, nor do I consider it the greatest danger to the happiness or perpetuity of our homes," concluded Bishop Lillis, whose last remark undoubtedly referred to the considerably more than two thousand annual divorces in Kansas, according to the latest available statistics. The orphanages, rescue homes, and even the prison reports of the State echo the disastrous story of broken homes, the chaplain of the Kansas Penitentiary having gone on record as saying that the "great majority of men in the prison are there because of homelessness."

Like Bishop Lillis, Dr. D. P. Darrah, one of the leading physicians of Leavenworth, believes that the only solution of the liquor question rests in high license and strict regulation of the saloons, the licensing board having the power to revoke the license of a man selling liquor to a minor, a woman, or to a man whose tongue is thickened with drink.

"Within six months," said Dr. Darrah, "I took care of at least five cases of delirium tremens, and have taken care also of any number of patients, both men and women, suffering from dipsomania, or sickness from drink. At least one of the cases of delirium tremens treated was due to the quality of the vile stuff sold in the 'joints,' rather than to the quantity imbibed, and all these cases were treated when Leavenworth was experiencing its strictest spasm of 'reform.'

"The cocaine and morphine habits are decidedly in the ascendency, and any physician will bear me out in the statement that the confirmed drunkard is not so pitiable as the drug fiend; yet those who are crying for Prohibition are making these fiends in startling numbers.

"The shelves of the druggists are filled with so-called tinctures, fluid extracts, patent medicines, and the like, which contain from ten to ninety-eight per cent. of alcohol, many of them used solely for the purpose of intoxication, and which the druggist may sell without any government license, though he may not sell pure alcohol or whiskey to the reputable physician for medicinal purposes.

"The alleyways, the cellars, and the garrets of Leavenworth," concluded Dr. Darrah, "are filled with 'dives' under Prohibition rule, and the number is constantly increasing.

"I know of one 'dive' now running in full blast, where, in order to enter, it is necessary to pass through two or three doors and as many guards. Men stand in line in that dive and await their turn to buy the vilest kind of whiskey, a condition that would be impossible, as well as intolerable, under high license and proper police regulation."

Captain R. J. McClure, in charge of police headquarters at Leavenworth, when asked if Prohibition prohibited in that city, said:

"Just come this way and let me show you our saloon." He unlocked a door in the rear of the place, showing a room piled high with liquor taken in the raids.

"We call this our saloon, or our poison-room," said the captain, "and most of the stuff is colored alcohol. The only wonder is that it does not kill instead of rendering senseless. It is a crime to put such stuff into the hands of a human being, but the profit is what the joint keeper is after, and he gets it, all right.

"While we may not have so many drunks under Prohibition rule," said Captain McClure, "those we have make up in quality what they lack in quantity. They are howling idiots, crazed with the poison of the dives. We call them 'crazy drunks,' because, where one policeman could handle an ordinary drunk, under present conditions two and sometimes three men are now needed to land an individual 'drunk' in the patrol-wagon. It looks as though we may yet need trained nurses and padded cells to care for cases once considered within the province of a policeman."

Captain Taylor, Chief of Police of Leavenworth, concurred in all that Captain McClure had said.

The Catholic priest, chaplain of the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, ranking as Major Doherty, declares that the increase of cocaine and morphine habits in the army is little short of alarming, and that it follows in the wake of Prohibition.

Colonel Sidney G. Cooke, governor of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, near Leavenworth, is an army officer who has seen many years of service. He knows the soldier as the student knows his books. He has observed conditions before and after the days of the canteen, before and during the "dry" wave of Kansas.

"You may quote me as saying, most emphatically," said Governor Cooke, "that Prohibition does not now prohibit, never did prohibit, and, in my firm opinion, never will prohibit drinking in this Home and vicinity.

"Many of these old soldiers are men who have all their lives been accustomed to drinking in moderation, mostly beer," said Governor Cooke.

"When we had a beer-hall here," said Governor Cooke, "we found it an important aid to discipline, and it greatly reduced the evils of intemperance. In fact, I considered it an indispensable agent in preventing intoxication and maintaining orderly conditions in the Home. The men are old men—almost every one of them infirm—to whom a glass of beer would be as a tonic; whiskey they cannot stand, and cheap whiskey is the chief stock in trade of the 'joints,' as beer cannot be so easily handled nor does it offer the immense profits of the whiskey.

"Whatever may be the opinion of theorists and philanthropists generally as to the desirability of repressing the use of intoxicants, it is the part of wisdom, it would seem to me, to recognize unchanging conditions in the great work of caring for these aged soldiers, and to me it seems the height of folly to apply to them the rule of statutory Prohibition, which has in large degree failed and been discredited in its application to ordinary communities. These men will not change their life habits. This must be taken as a fact which cannot be worn away by the false claims and sophistries of Prohibition and 'reform.'

"As a class," concluded Governor Cooke, "the veterans are temperate men, drunkenness being the fault of the minority. Since the closing of the beer-canteen, the arrests due to drinking have largely increased, the increase due principally to the drinking of bad whiskey instead of mild beer. The records are here to prove this; and since the canteen has been abolished and Prohibition made the law of the State, the men are compelled to patronize the whiskey-joints, to their individual damage and to the subversion of orderly conduct in the Home."

Captain R. J. McClure disposing of captured "stock" in an alley at the back of Police Headquarters

Illegitimate Lectures in Literature

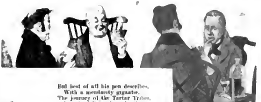
By Leonard Bacon

Decorations by F. Strothmann

I.—THOMAS DE QUINCEY

De Quincey was not stiff or staid,
He had no fear of Mrs. Grundy;
Bridge whist he very often played
In public, or at home on Sunday;
Or, if the day was damp or cloudy,
Enjoyed his opium *cum laude*.

Philosophers in high contempt
He held. Spinoza, Kant, and Herder
From his dislike were not exempt—
Witness the Gentle Art of Murder,
The moral of which cheerful sermon
Delights the Dyak and the Burman.



One always likes to read again
His essay called "On Conversation,"
Which not resembles, it is plain,
The action of expectoration
For he explains with vivid wit
Just how and when and where to spit.

But best of all his pen describes,
With a mendacity gigantic,
The journey of the Tartar Tribes,
In vein deliciously pedantic,
Suppressing with surprising tact
The absence of supporting fact.

Although of somewhat sombre type,
Whose outlook was not always rosy,
He only had to hit the pipe
To write a prose that was not prosy,
While we of a decadent time
Must prose for evermore in rime.

In closing I will only say:
The reader with an ounce of gumption,
Be his opinion what it may,
Will find our praises no assumption,
If, reason failing to convince, he
Re-reads the Essays of De Quincey.

New York's Great New Cathedral

By C. Grant La Farge

Architect of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine

(See the double-page illustrations in this issue.)

AFTER some eighteen years of practically continuous work of construction, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is so far advanced toward completion that it will shortly be used as a church. That is to say, there is a choir, structurally complete and fitted with stalls, organ, altar, and reredos, and a crossing which, being enclosed and under roof, will afford seating space for a large congregation. There are also two chapels.

All of the above, considerable though it doubtless is, is but a comparatively small part of the entire projected building. There remain to be done yet the nave with its western porch and towers; both of the transepts; the four flanking towers which will occur in the angles formed by the transepts and the nave and choir, under which will be entrances with porches; other chapels and dependencies; and last, but far from least, the great central tower. The present enclosing walls of the crossing are only a temporary device, as also is the low dome which roofs it. Whenever the great tower is built this dome will be removed, and, opening thus, made into a vast lantern with its vault far higher up than the present dome.

Let us look at the condition of the choir, that part of the building most nearly completed. The pictures show what has been done, but it may not be immediately apparent how much is unfinished. It is to be hoped that when the building is opened those who come within it will be sufficiently impressed by what is there to want more. But it must be realized that the eye of faith, which is not a universal human attribute, will be under requisition.

Only a very small part of the carving is done; rough, ugly blocks of stone appear over the arches above the great apsidal columns, and also between the arches that support the organ galleries. The mouldings of these arches are left in the rough, as are many of the capitals. The carving of all these parts is just as much a calculated part of the harmony of the design as any other of its elements. These elements include important fields of color treatment in mosaic, the panel in the reredos just over the altar, the little round arches over the great columns, their spandrels; the whole of the semi-dome of the apse, the spandrels above the organ gallery arches, the large arches above these, and the ribs of the choir vault. The whole scheme is so planned that a gradation of color treatment will lead to the mosaic picture of the semi-dome, which should be the culminating point of splendor in the decoration of the choir.

It is only by the use of mosaic that we can be sure of attaining the solidity of texture, the sober depth and richness of gold and color that befit such large surfaces, and that will hold their own with the translucent hues of stained glass. And it must be done as the old work was done, by the intimate collaboration of the artist and the craftsman, not in the stupid mechanical fashion of pretty much all modern mosaic, which is merely the output of a trade. We must have mosaic as sumptuous and mysterious as those of Ravenna or Monreale, and if we go about it in the right way and take the necessary pains, they may be had. Now, tastes may vary as to color decoration, but this choir is so designed that it needs it as much as a column needs a capital and base, and unless it gets it, and gets the best there is to be had, it will be a lame thing and a byword to those who know.

The same is true of the windows. There is purposely too much light now, so that it may be reduced by stained glass, and when this is done the very finest that modern times can produce will be none too good. It is safe to say that the central eastern window is as important a window as any in existence, and that importance is not lessened by the subject assigned to it—"The Light of the World." It is a case that imperatively demands a great work of art, and it is safe to say that we may just as well abandon all hope of having that, unless we give over the idea that such things are to be procured by competitive bidding among a lot of commercial glass manufacturers, as though the object in view were the purchase of linoleum. For here we come into the region of an allied but separate art, in which the drawing and specification and the oversight of the architect are not sufficient, as they may be with such work, for instance, as the wood carving. In short, the whole undertaking of the cathedral is one of very grave artistic responsibility, which does not and cannot very well rest upon the architect alone.

It will be seen, then, that however great the progress made, much still remains to be accomplished to give a full realization of even that which stands to-day about ready for occupancy. How long it will take to complete the entire cathedral is purely a matter of conjecture. In discussing this question it is commonly remarked that all the great cathedrals took centuries to build, but in any strict sense this is not the case. The great cathedrals of France were built within the period 1180–1240—sixty years—one of the most marvellous exhibitions of building energy the world has ever seen. True, they were not entirely finished, and never will be; the work suffered all sorts of interruptions: war, famine, pestilence, fire; and sometimes parts of it fell, as the central tower of Bourges. So it happened that in successive periods of time different parts of the cathedrals were built, each in the national and local style of the period.

But, notwithstanding all these accidents and interruptions, it still remains substantially true that in those sixty years these splendid churches were built, and, in any event, the whole sum of the years spent upon them in active work is astonishingly small, especially in view of the mechanical resources of the Middle Ages, and the extraordinary richness and complexity of the buildings. And surely, when we see Paris, or Amiens, Rheims, Chartres, Laon, Noyon, or Rouen, it is not an impression of unfinished work that we carry away with us. With the record of the past to regard, it is hard to believe that our community, with all its wealth and energy, its public spirit and generosity, will fail to give, and to give quickly, for the realization of that which, even though they may not at first sight grasp its practical utility, is worth while as the concrete and lasting embodiment monument here that could have few rivals.

It would rather seem that the great question is going to be what to undertake next; to the mind of the writer it should be the central tower. The cathedral is perfectly sure to get its nave and transepts, its porches and vestibules, and as many chapels as can well be huddled around it. The pinch is going to come at the building of the great tower, which seats nobody and will cost a great deal of money. If it is postponed until the end, it will share the fate of many other projected towers, and never be built. But if it could be built in our day, there would be a monument here that could have few rivals.

Its only competitors in dimension must be the steel-frame erections by which our industry expresses itself, and even they, huge as they are now and huger yet to be, can only rival in bulk this great symbol of the Christian faith, which starts more than 120 feet above sea-level at the ground, upon such a site as this. Rival it in dignity, in ideal, monumental quality, in the massive and enduring nature of its construction they cannot, however stupendous they may be. And so let us hope that, for the lasting glory of our city, this work may be the next step undertaken, so that the visitor to our shores may, beyond any peradventure, know that we are a people capable of great things in the realm of the imagination as well as of those that are material.

The Ship of Mystery

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FOSTER FOLLETTE

JOHN KINDERFORD GARDNER never did anything by halves. He hated the word "strenuous" as if it were a noxious living thing, and yet every act and thought of his was a perfect exemplar of the principle of strenuosity. He worked hard, and played quite as hard as he worked. He had been so engrossed with study and athletics while at college, and so over-driven with "making good" ever since, that he had never had time to fall in love. Now, at the ripe age of thirty-four, he suddenly found himself so completely, so overwhelmingly, so bewilderingly in love with Ellen Lee, one of his three hundred fellow passengers on the steamship *Australia*, that he could think of nothing else.

When he went aboard the *Australia* he was exhausted but happy. Four years of experiment followed by six years of tedious litigation had at last given his firm the best rain-proof material in the world and fortified their exclusive right to it by patent. Now he was on his way to London to secure the foreign patent rights, and he looked forward to the six days of rest on a slow ship to restore him to prime condition. Possibly it was his depleted resisting power no less than the idleness of life at sea that made him such an easy victim to the love microbe. At all events, a few days had reduced him to such a state of mingled hope and despair that he had been unable to eat more than a morsel of lamb and take a sip of claret at dinner—because he was determined on this very evening to ask Miss Lee the great question.

But he had reckoned without the concert and its consequences. His goddess had sat dutifully beside mamma throughout the long and deadly programme. Now mamma was starting for her stateroom, and the fair Ellen was devotedly following. "Good night, Mr. Gardner," she said, gently, with the merest touch of her small fingers on his burning palm. "Mother is leaving. I must go." The last words were uttered in involuntary response to the look on Gardner's deep-lined face—a look such as must have appeared on the face of a lone martyr when a very large lion approached him.

Nevertheless, she did go. Gardner had bestowed on her retreating mother a glance that should have turned her to stone, but the good lady, all unconscious of it, continued her serene progress, followed by the dutiful Ellen. The depth of his disappointment, his knowledge that, after all the apprehension he had hitherto endured, he must still undergo another day of the mental and physical torture of expectation, filled Gardner with rage. He paced the boat deck, smoking cigars that seemed wonderfully bitter, while he carefully bestowed a hearty and separate curse on each and every performer who had dragged out the wretched concert programme until past eleven o'clock.

"A pack of idiots!" he growled. "Idiots! And the wooden-headed imbeciles who encouraged 'em! Blast 'em! I'd like to heave the whole outfit overboard, and let 'em sing to the fishes. Gr-r-rh!"

The longer he walked the deck the hotter his wrath grew. His robust native energies, restored to their fullest power, were concentrated in swelling the flood of resentment he felt toward the entire ship's company. He decided at last to drop into the smoking room and soothe his wrath with a drink of Scotch and soda. He was driven to bolt the drink and flee again to the deck, because he saw old Professor Weismann actually approaching his table with the evident intention of boring him for hours with a long dissertation on his pet theory of the Cumean origin of ptarmigraphs.

For half an hour Gardner lounged against the rail and smoked, outwardly calm, but still boiling within as he dwelt on his disappointment. Again he approached the smoking-room, intending to have a night-cap, but the loud voice of the boresome Herr Professor made him retreat growling. It was too cold to stay on deck; so he determined to finish his cigar in his stateroom and return for his nightcap when the bore should have vanished. He stretched himself out on the lower berth and for a few puffs enjoyed to the full the tranquillizing effect of the tobacco. Presently his eyelids dropped shut, and he almost dozed.

"Better get after that Scotch, or I'll be too late," he said to himself. He slowly climbed the companion stairs, made his way along the deserted deck, and entered the smoking room. It was empty!

Gardner glanced about him. All the armchairs had remained in the picturesque disorder in which the last smokers had left them; the tables were strewn with ashes and cigar stubs, while the wind which came in at an open port caught up the stale smoke and emphasized the stuffiness of the place. He was annoyed and determined to hurry. He pressed the button.

The steward was apparently not far away, for almost instantly steps were heard in the corridor. Yes, Gardner heard steps in the corridor, but they didn't seem inclined to enter, and presently they became fainter and fainter, and finally died away. Evidently it was not the steward. Disgusted, he got up and jammed the electric button. He pushed it violently and then dropped back into the cushions, grumbling something about negligent service.

A minute passed—two—three! This was becoming unbearable. He got up again and gave several sharp, impatient rings, and then instead of seating himself he went toward the door, intending to welcome the steward with a few plain truths.

"Huh! He's probably asleep somewhere. Well, he'll hear from me—but through Medley!" Medley was the purser and perhaps the most affable of all the ship's officers.

But Gardner had not yet given up hopes of his whiskey and soda. As he made his way toward the bar, the dead silence that reigned aboard impressed him deeply. Not a sound was to be heard save the muffled thrum of the machinery and the splashing of the waves. All the lights were extinguished, except in the smoking-room, the library, and the bar. Eight bells rang out on the night air, and the man in the crow's nest sang his melancholy, "All's well."

There was no one in the bar. Gardner clapped his hands, so as to warn the keeper of his presence. It seemed as though a snore replied from the little side room. Exasperated, he shouted: "What a pretty lot of rascals you stewards are! Can't you give a man something to drink? Wake up, there! A whiskey and soda—and quick! D—n quick!" Nobody appeared, so he dashed into the little room, determined to have it out on somebody. But the room was empty! He hastily left the bar, and made for the grand staircase, sure of finding Medley in his office on the first landing.

But the purser was not in his usual place. After a moment of hesitation Gardner ground his teeth and beat a tattoo on the door, hoping to rouse the purser, who slept back of his office. No one answered, and he turned the knob and entered. The office was unoccupied, but the curtain drawn across the inner cabin door announced that Medley must be in the land of dreams.

"Medley! Oh, Mr. Medley!" called Gardner, slightly raising the curtain so that his voice might penetrate. "I say, Mr. Medley, wake up a bit—I appeal to your authority. The service on this boat is unspeakable. Something must be done, and at once!"

"He's probably just dropped off," muttered Gardner. "That's why he's so hard to wake!"

"Medley," he continued. "It's Jack Gardner that's calling you. I, Jack Gardner! I'm thirsty, and there is no one to serve me!"

Medley apparently didn't care.

"I say, Mr. Medley, you must excuse me for bothering you, but you'll admit that it is strange not to be able to find a steward to bring you a whiskey!"

Medley didn't seem to mind in the slightest.

Gardner angrily jerked aside the curtain. Medley was nowhere to be seen.

"That's the last straw!" he exclaimed. "There are his clothes on the chair. Here are his shoes. He can't be far off. I've only got to wait. But it is provoking!"

A trifle disconcerted, he let himself fall into a chair. Presently he got up and began pacing the cabin, finally going out on to the landing and mounting guard near the door. All about him reigned the deep silence of night. The labyrinth of corridors and companionways was strangely and mysteriously dismal. In time Gardner's anger died away, and he almost decided to go to bed, abandoning his whiskey and soda and his complaints until the morrow. But his obstinacy was uncompromising.

"My whiskey—by Gad! I'll have it, even if—if I have to wake up the captain."

As these reflections went through his mind, a happy thought presented itself. The chief steward's cabin was opposite the purser's! Why hadn't he thought of that before? The door was closed, and Gardner's scruples made him hesitate before knocking.

"Poor fellow—he's probably just turned in," he said. Then he added: "This will teach him that discipline is a mighty good thing!" And he thumped on the door.

He fancied he heard a sleepy reply, at which he exclaimed: "It's I—a passenger, who wants to be served!"

He waited to see the door knob turn and the astonished inmate appear. No one moved within.

"Oh—I say—chief steward!" he bawled.

No response.

"Chief steward! Chief steward, I summon you to appear! The bar and the smoking-room are abandoned. All your stewards are drunk or dead. Now I demand a whiskey and soda: your servants not being on hand, I'm obliged to have recourse to you. Answer me—answer, I say! Come out here—or—or—the purser will come and drag you out!"

Then Jack Gardner began kicking at the door with all the force that one can use when wearing dancing-pumps. But his noise didn't seem to disturb the chief steward. And Purser Medley still continued to remain invisible.

Half blind with rage, Jack rushed up the stairs and into the bar.

Still no one to be seen.

Then he went into the smoking room.

Nobody about.

He rang the bell.

No response.

There was not a sound to be heard anywhere. He re-entered the bar, determined to find some one or smash something, for the silence palled on him. But he contented himself with leaning over, seizing a whiskey-bottle, and pouring himself a generous glass. Once he had drunk, his troubled brain regained its calm and his fury gave way to an immense desire to laugh and take the whole thing as a joke.

"What a fool I am to be angry!" he soliloquized. "No one will ever believe it, but as sure as I'm alive, there's not a single steward on hand. Neither here nor in the smoking room nor in the library—and those are the only three places that I care anything about. When I go below I'll take the remainder of this bottle with me and I'll give it back to the chief steward to-morrow with my compliments. What a face he'll make! But, by Jove! it's his own fault; for no Christian has a right to sleep as soundly as he does!"

His sides shook with mirth, but suddenly his noisy laughter sounded strangely hollow in the dead silence of the night, and his merriment abruptly ceased.

"What's the matter with me, I wonder? Do I—is it—can I be afraid? Afraid of what? Of whom?"

No, certainly Jack Gardner was no coward; for as he poured out his second glass of whiskey his hand was as steady as could be desired, and he had now made up his mind to discover just how far the joke had been carried. But the seats in the bar were uncomfortable, and so he decided to go into the smoking-room. As he opened the door, he started instinctively, for everything was plunged in absolute darkness. Holding open the door, as his eyes gradually became accustomed to the obscurity, he presently distinguished the chairs and tables. All disorder had disappeared, and each object had been put in its place.

Gardner soon found an explanation for this.

"Why—of course—while I was down stairs trying to make Medley hear me, the steward returned and finding the place empty, tidied up and put out the lights. It's no use to wait for any one here. No chance of seeing them before to-morrow."

In the library all the lights had been extinguished.

"Well, you may say what you please," murmured Gardner; "but all this is devilish strange! I ought at least to have heard the men walking, unless—unless—"

Gardner mounted to the deck now, his back against the rail, his overcoat collar turned well up around his ears, and between his teeth he still held the stub of his extinguished cigar.

"Unless," he continued—"unless I am drunk! and then everything is explicable. Drunk or not drunk?—that is the question. But the proof that I am not intoxicated is in the fact that my mind is clear and I am steady on my feet. My sight is perfect. From where I stand I can see into the bar and count the number of bottles that—"

But he got no farther; for as he spoke the lights in the bar went out. He dashed toward the door—all was silence and darkness within. To reassure himself, he thought aloud:

"Well, I've had just about enough of this. We'll have the finish to-morrow. If I'm not drunk, I'm dreaming with my eyes wide open. And if I'm not dreaming, I've certainly gone mad. At any rate, there 'll be time enough to settle that in the daylight. I'm for the bed. I've had two good drinks which didn't cost me a penny, so I've got nothing to kick about. Good night, everybody."

As he walked down the companion toward his room, he rubbed his eyes and pinched his cheeks until they smarted with pain.

"Good!" said he. "I'm not asleep, so I must be mad! Delightful! I, Jack Gardner, the calmest, the most cold-blooded man I know! I've suddenly lost my senses without any apparent reason, between midnight and one A.M., the 19th of September, 1909, aboard the steamship *Australia*, in—in—in—"

He tried to recall the degrees of longitude and latitude which he had read posted up in the smoking-room a few moments before. But his memory refused to serve.

"I'll complete my information in the morning," he said. "Bed for me."

He had forgotten the purser, but as he caught sight of the open doors, the tousled bed, and the general disorder which he had caused more than hour before, fear seized him. Yes; he was really frightened. Something had surely happened. But what? He didn't hear anything. Everybody was asleep, or, at least, appeared to be—even the stewards, who ought to have replied to his ringing. What on earth could be keeping the purser out of bed at this time of night?

"In my place," mused Gardner, "any man with common sense would have given up trying to understand and would have turned in long ago. It's not my business to run this ship. Let 'em do as they please!" And without realizing what impulse prompted him, he gave a farewell kick to the chief steward's door.

"Can it be possible that I've gone mad?" he said, aloud, as he entered his stateroom. This hypothesis, which he had at first considered as a joke, now caused a shiver to creep all over his body. It seemed as though his very blood froze in his veins. But he refused to give way to his weakness, for the idea of madness was distinctly irrational, and he, Jack Gardner, a man of cold reason and reality, rebelled instinctively against anything so illogical.

"Everything," he told himself, "that has happened in the last hour is abnormal. There are reasons for it, of which I am ignorant. Now if I knew those reasons, I should be able to explain clearly the absence of the stewards, the chief steward, Purser Medley, and a lot of others."

He undressed and lay down, after having extinguished the light. He turned his face toward the wall, shut his eyes, and endeavored to sleep. But try as he would, he was unable to refrain from stretching his ear toward the silence without.

What a silence! It was too deep, too absolute, too infinite! It was not the common, every-day silence to which he was accustomed. Gardner turned on his other side, and drew the blanket up closer. He remained with his elbow on the pillow, listening—listening—

He heard nothing, absolutely nothing.

To be a passenger on one of the largest liners afloat, to be listening and then to hear nothing—no, absolutely nothing! It seemed impossible, for every one knows that the speed of so enormous a ship, no matter how calm the sea, naturally produces a certain amount of vibration; and then, there is always the whir of the engines. But Jack Gardner heard nothing—nothing at all.

Once again a cold chill ran down his spine. The first time that shiver had been purely physical, producing merely a chilly feeling on his skin. But now a deathly sensation penetrated to his very soul. Nevertheless, reason was still dominant.

"We'll see about all this!" he exclaimed, slipping to the floor and hastily donning his trousers, his slippers, and his heavy overcoat. Thus attired, he opened the door of his cabin and came face to face with the darkness. The light in the corridor had gone out. . . .

"Talk about your negligent service!" he exclaimed, as he turned back and felt for the electric button. But the lamp which he had extinguished a quarter of an hour before now refused to light.

"This is becoming comic"—and Gardner laughed an angry laugh which hardly reassured him. "What's the use of getting mad about it? Let's reason a bit. I'll go back to the beginning and separate the possible from the impossible; then perhaps we'll find an explanation. The important thing is not to lose my head. Now—now—"

He hardly knew where to commence, and after a mighty effort he succeeded in arranging his remembrances in their chronological order. He recalled each startling experience. He could not understand—but what was that? Yes; the engines had stopped. He passed his icy hands over his face, which was wet with beads of cold perspiration. Mechanically he felt to see if his heart had stopped beating. Slowly opening the door, he ventured out into the black corridor. With his arms outstretched, he bent his steps in the direction of the stairway. Recalling perfectly his directions, Gardner went first to the left and then to the right, and after the second turn his eyes were greeted by a pale blue light. He sprang in its direction; but it was only the moon, which shone down through the skylight of the staircase. He dashed up the stair and ran forward on the deck, as though the devil were at his heels. When he was obliged to stop for want of breath, he lifted his eyes and gazed on the vessel's four mighty smoke-stacks. From two of them issued tiny ribbons of steam; and these ribbons of steam were, with Jack Gardner, the only things that now moved aboard the *Australia*. Exhausted, Jack retraced his way, and finally dropped down on the last step of the ladder which leads to the bridge. His head buried in his hands, he seemed to be asleep, but a close observer would have seen that he trembled. His overcoat had slipped from his shoulders, and in the pale moonlight his shirt made a brilliant white patch.

Silently the time slipped by. The calm that reigned was universal. Not a ripple disturbed the glassy surface of the sea, in whose transparent mirror the lights of the firmament were reflected.

The *Australia* had ceased to advance.

How can one analyze the state of mind of a man whom a series of complicated and mysterious incidents has thrown into Jack Gardner's position? Rather, let us watch him.

After leaving the step on which he had crouched for a full quarter hour, he began his fruitless search for the officers on duty. And finally, after making sure of their absence, he directed his steps toward his favorite retreat, the stern rail. He spent several moments looking vaguely in the direction of the now motionless propeller, and then recommenced his inspection, only to find himself surrounded by the same silence, the same solitude. But his state of mind was less complicated than one might imagine. He had quickly regained control of himself by reasoning.

"I am," he soliloquized, "the victim of an illusion which will soon pass off. The impossible is not possible. My mind and my senses deceive me; but I am not their dupe, since I refuse to believe them. I'm sure I'm not mad."

He plunged his hand into his trousers pocket and discovered a box of matches. He lit them one by one as he groped through the labyrinth of passageways. At the door of each stateroom he stopped and knocked most sonorously. Finally he reached the room occupied by Miss Lee and her mother. He hesitated, with his hand uplifted—then his arm fell limp at his side.

"What will they think of me?" he murmured. "Suppose I knock, and one of them gets up to answer? I shall be lost forever in their esteem." He moved on; and then retraced his steps, lighting his last match in front of their door!

As the tiny red spark died away, he felt his resolution weakening, but not stopping to listen to the cry of his heart, he beat a hasty retreat, stretching out his hands in front of him so as not to encounter the wall.

Gardner made his way once more to the deck! A terrible weariness seized him. The moon was about to set, and a gentle breeze had sprung up; but the surface of the ocean remained smooth and transparent. Instinctively he felt for his watch. He had left it in his waistcoat pocket. This discovery dismayed him. At least his watch was going. Why was he separated from that little living trinket, his companion for so many years? Without his watch he was lost; he was in despair. And then the idea of seeking it, cost what it might, seized him.

Once again he fumbled for the balustrade—Heaven knows how many times he had already descended. His room was the fourth in the first corridor to the left. Nothing was easier than to find it. He counted the doors—"One, two, three." Then his. He entered. First of all he jerked back the curtains that covered the port-hole, and so got a faint gleam of moonlight.

He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and seized his watch. From the moment he touched it he felt that he was no longer alone. Here was something to keep him company—something which in his eyes was the last vestige of reality. Holding his cherished trinket in his hand, Gardner, feeling much calmer, seated himself on the edge of his berth. The moonlight that filtered in through the port-hole cast his shadow faintly on the floor. Then he remembered that he wanted to know the time.

His watch had stopped.

Jack Gardner lay sobbing like a child, when from somewhere down in the bowels of the ship a dismal moan seemed to respond to his sobs. And yet the echo of that moan, which revealed to Jack the presence of another living being, instead of reassuring him, plunged him deeper than ever into despondency. For in the mystery of the night that wail was so mournful and so sepulchral that Jack felt death must be approaching. A last flicker of courage impelled him to go in search of the source of the sound. First of all he tried to discover the direction from which the moan came. Nor was this as easy as one might imagine. He wandered along the maze of corridors, the noise augmenting or diminishing without any apparent reason. At length, as he groped about an opening by which one descends into the steerage, the sound became more audible. As though on hearing some one approach it had redoubled in force. It was then that Jack recognized the cry of a dog—a dog, who according to popular tradition, was "baying for the dead."

All Jack's anger died away and he was seized with terror, for he felt that the animal was prematurely deploring his inevitable fate, and Jack's fear was mingled with deep pity for the beast who was to share his destiny. That pity suddenly changed to a burst of affection, from the moment Gardner realized that the wail came from Miss Ellen Lee's little dog.

Why had he not thought of him before? Hadn't he used every effort to obtain permission from the unrelenting captain, who would not hear of the dog's being brought on deck? Hadn't he often put aside a tempting morsel in order to offer it to Toby when, accompanied by Miss Ellen, he had visited him in the butcher shop almost every afternoon? Yes, Gardner knew the voice too well to be mistaken. It was he who was calling from the depths of the ship. In spite of the animal's mournful howls, Gardner's courage was renewed, and without hesitating he seized the iron ladder and commenced to descend. Almost instantly he was enveloped in absolute darkness, but the cries of the dog became more and more distinct.

He was so absorbed in his task that he hardly observed that the same solitude, the same overwhelming silence, existed here as above. He was no longer in a state of mind to be astonished. To tell the truth, he was preoccupied by only two things, the lack of matches and the necessity of not getting lost.

But in spite of all he was confident in the success of his search, and so long as he held on to the ladder he was sure of being on the right trail. He must have gone down two flights, the barking approaching at each step. He grasped a third ladder and continued his descent, until his feet touching the floor warned him that he could go no further.

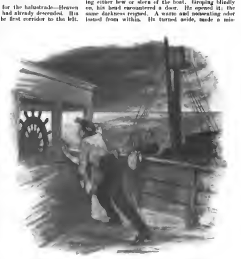
"Toby! Toby!" he called.

Toby didn't hear, and continued to bark.

"Toby! Toby!" he repeated, leaving the ladder and advancing resolutely in the direction of the noise. But his progress was almost instantly impeded, for he stumbled from a pile of coal against a long shovel, whose handle, in falling, gave him a severe blow on the head. His fingers presently encountered an immense clammy surface, while the odor of grease and carbonic acid fairly stifled him.

"I'm in the engine-room," he gasped. And Toby's howls grew fainter and fainter.

Half-fainting, he continued his way in the dim obscurity. Having never visited the engine-room of a giant ship, he had no remembrance to guide him, and presently he became completely lost, incapable of finding either bow or stern of the boat. Groping blindly on, his hand encountered a door. He opened it; the same darkness reigned. A warm and nauseating odor issued from within. He turned aside, made a misstep, and fell against a rigid iron bar. He grasped wildly in the air, and encountered a ladder. He was saved!



In a second Jack realized that the wheel was abandoned

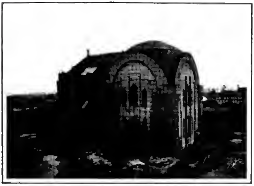
Saved from what? From the darkness and asphyxiation—but more alone then ever.

Presently he reached the deck, which he began to pace like a wild beast in a cage. He was hardly recognizable now, for his face was deathly pale beneath great streaks of grease and soot. His hair stood erect on his head and his clothes hung in rags about his body. Mechanically he approached the rail, only to start back in horror, his eyes, which were deeply sunken in their sockets, bulging with terror.

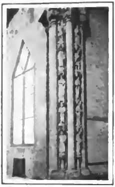
What had happened—what had he seen? Though the moon had disappeared, Jack Gardner was aware that the sea was much closer than when he had last left the deck. There was, therefore, but one conclusion—the *Australia* was sinking. Yes—sinking, and rapidly. Nothing could save him from his watery grave. Not even the life-boat which he sought vainly to lift into place. But, though he strained every muscle, his efforts were useless. The boat was too heavy for one man to move. Nerved by a last ray of hope, Gardner bethought him of the wireless room.

With a bound he reached the bridge. Why had he not come there before? The captain, the helmsman—where were they? In a second Jack realized that the wheel was abandoned, and as he made his way toward the tiny cabin reserved for the telegraph operator, a horrible presentiment stole over him. He had never worked a machine. The door was locked, so he broke in the window. But as he did so, the roar of the rising sea warned him that his moments were numbered. Following Heaven knows what impulse, he ran toward the smoke-stack, climbed the tiny ladder that led upward to nothing, and then, perched on the highest rung, he waited for the sea to end his misery. There was nothing left but death! He heard far below a series of explosions, a harsh, booming roar as of artillery fire—the bulkheads giving way?

"Your bath is quite ready, sir!" called the steward as he knocked on the cabin door.

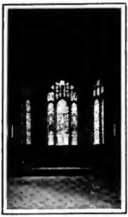


The rising Cathedral viewed across Morningside Park, the choir and crossing completed

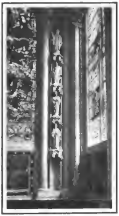


The sculptured pillars of a chapel entrance

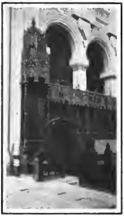
The chancel from the apex of t



Interior of the King
Chapel of St. Colombia

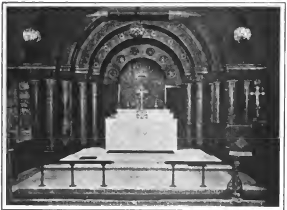


Religious effigies
in a chapel niche

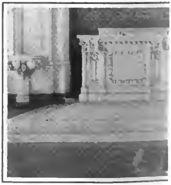


The Bishop's Chair in the
chancel of the cathedral

A distant prospect of the ca
is of a tile set in the chanc
tion: "Whosoever shall hav
pressed with his feet a tile
John the Divine at Ephesus,
the year DXL, over the tra



The mosaic altar in the crypt under the cathedral, the gift of Mrs. C. J. Wallace. Bishop Potter is buried beneath the slab in the foreground. There are 150,000 pieces in this mosaic



The marble main altar of the cathedral, also

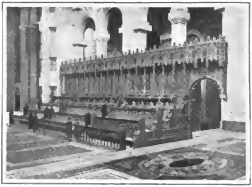
HOW NEW YORK'S GREAT

THE FIRST PUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPHS GIVING A COMPREHENSIVE IDEA OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL

AN ARTICLE BY C. GRANT LA FARGE, THE ARCHIT

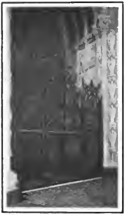
ome, 115 feet above the pavement

One of the imposing inner doorways



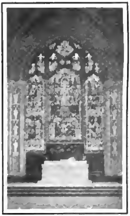
A section of the carved oak choir stalls given by Mrs. Levi P. Morton

edral. The smaller photograph and enclosed within this inscrip- prayed at this spot will have rom the ancient Church of St. ilt by the Emperor Justinian, in ional site of St. John's grave"



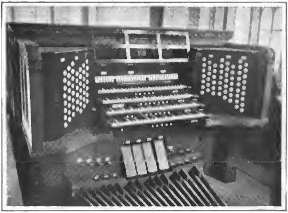
The wrought-iron screen at the entrance to the Belmont Chapel of St. Savior

The interior of the cathedral with its 90-foot columns



Interior of the Belmont Chapel, the first completed

ing the position of the ancient tile from Ephesus

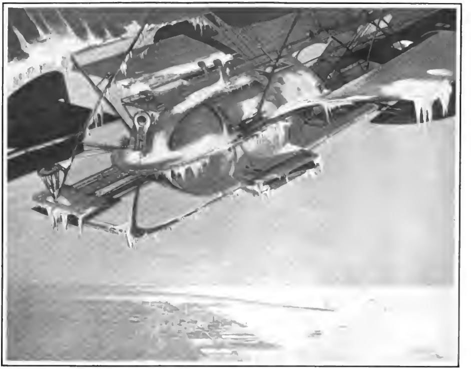


The keyboard of the great organ to be played for the first time at the consecration of the cathedral in Easter week. The organ is set in the balcony over the south choir stalls

CATHEDRAL LOOKS TO-DAY

F ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, THE SUPERB EPISCOPAL EDIFICE NOW NEARING COMPLETION ON WASHINGTON HEIGHTS

OF THE CATHEDRAL, WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 11



AFTER A STORMY PASSAGE

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

AN Aeroplane Extra of London *Punch* will be issued some time next month to announce that the consensus of opinion among the aerists is that, provided you can get your machine off the earth and keep it there, "all is plane sailing." We trust that a premature publication of this jest will not serve to diminish its force.

A new work on bridge to be published in Portugal at an early date eliminates the king and queen entirely from the pack, and elevates the two-spot to highest honors. It really looks as if the Portuguese had given the throne one final grand slam.

We are sorry to hear that the hobble skirt is going out. We were in hopes it would stay in, for we can never convince ourselves that a woman can be made to look attractive with her waist-line hobbing up and down over her ankles.

Now that bread is sold by weight according to the law, the graduates of our cooking schools should have little difficulty in getting profitable positions almost immediately after their diplomas have been conferred.

It really begins to look as if some of those European thrones were nothing more than rocking-chairs, after all. Perhaps the heads that wear the crown would rest more easily if they substituted lower berths for them.

We should not be too ready to blame a man for saying what he thinks. That is not where the real trouble lies. The awful thing is that so many of them should think what they say.

There is some comfort in the announcement that twenty thousand necktie-makers have gone out on strike. There's one thing the public will not get in the neck this season, anyhow.

The optimist, as some one has truly said, is the chap who sees the doughnut and not the hole. The pessimist is the one who eats it. Speaking of doughnuts and the much-abused hole, if they are sold by weight, the mere existence of the hole should make them cheaper. And, in conclusion, will somebody tell us whether or not, when a doughnut is cut in half, the hole is bigger than the half or the half bigger than the hole, or what? This is a nice little problem for somebody to work out in some idle hour during the chill of a winter night.

It has recently been announced, by a lady who is presumed to be an authority that husbands are not easy to train. The probable reason is that they are not caught young enough. But if a woman can't wear her husband *en train*, why not hobble him?

A gloomy philosopher of our acquaintance observes that love at first sight will later on be found seeing everything through blue glasses.

They say that all our cities are growing noisier and noisier all the time. We don't know how true this is, for we have not been listening, but as our contribution to the sum of human knowledge on this subject we will state it as a fact that on a recent visit to Camden we really could hear Philadelphia cavorting in the dim distance.

It may be some comfort to the dethroned monarch of Portugal to learn that his name will shortly appear conspicuously in that interesting collection of advance obituaries entitled *Who's Was in England*.

Braga is the name of the new President of the Portuguese Republic. Braga! Braga! The name sounds familiar. Have we ever had a Braga in our White House?

SCORN

MRS. NOOWED: I am dissatisfied with everything you send me, Mr. Grimes.

FARMER: I'm sorry, ma'am.

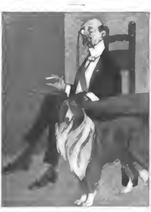
MRS. NOOWED: The eggs were not fresh.

FARMER: I had to buy 'em for you. The hens ain't layin'.

MRS. NOOWED: The milk is thin.

FARMER: My best cows hain't been doin' well this season, and I had to buy that too.

MRS. NOOWED (*scornfully*): And your butter is something awful. I suppose there's something the matter with your goat!



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.—WHICH IS HE?

BILL JONES AND HIS AEROPLANE

BILL JONES he took his aeroplane
  And scooted through the air;
He flew from Mexico to Maine,
  He soared most everywhere.
But when he started to come down
  As he at evening planned,
There was no place in all the town
  Where they would let him land.

He flew along until he saw
  A park not far ahead,
The which he went a-steering for,
  Tho' filled with solemn dread,
For, as he neared its gates below,
  Poor Billy Jones, alas!
Saw painted on a sign of woe,
  "Keep off the grass!"

Next thing he saw was just a church—
  A Baptist church, I think;
He sped toward it with a lurch
  That made poor Billy blink.
But when he got up close to it,
  Oh, omen dark and dire!
It bore a painted sign, to wit,
  "Keep off the spire!"

Again he mounted to the blue,
  And gazed this way and that,
Until there rose before his view
  An eighteen-story flat.
"Ah, that's the spot for me," said Bill,
  "To land without reproof."
But there he read the message chill,
  "Keep off the roof!"

And so it is that Billy Jones
  Still speeds along the sky.
He has to keep his weary bones
  Forever on the fly.
And no one lives to say him nay
  Up in the ether there,
With shouting notices that say,
  "Keep off the air!"

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

WINTER NOTES FROM QUEEHAWKETT

[*Reported by "The Bazoo"*]

THE movement to make Queehawkett a winter resort is gaining in strength. That winter resorts here is undeniable, as any one can see for himself if he will put his nose out-of-doors for ten seconds any morning at this season of the year.

The Queehawkett Mountain House has turned out to be an unexpected bonanza to the management, owing to the failure of the plumbers to clear out the water-pipes or to turn off the supply. The pipes burst week before last, with the result that the two basement floors of the edifice are now a mass of ice, which we understand has been purchased on the hoof by the Ice Trust.

During the thaw last week three of the cottages of the Hillside View Hotel slid from their foundations, and are now located in the cow-pasture back of Silas Muggins's woodshed. We regret to have to record the fact that a lawsuit is in prospect between the proprietors of the hotel and Mr. Muggins to settle the ownership of the cottages, Mr. Muggins claiming that the houses are on his land and are to be regarded as fixtures. Whether the laws of windfall cover the situation or not forms a knotty problem which the courts themselves will have to solve.

We are sorry to hear that there are dissensions between Parson Wigglesworth and his congregation. The heavy fall of snow last Thursday night, it will be remembered, caused the abandonment of the surprise party to the dominie, and the congregation has taken offence because Mr. Wigglesworth at the next Sunday's service rendered thanks for "the blessings of the storm."

While we are very grateful to our friends who have presented us with several pairs of handsomely knitted ear-tabs this season, we beg to inform them that our ears are not as large as they seem to think. The last pair received we are having made over into house slippers, since they fit our feet rather better than the members for which they were designed.

The band concerts on the village green will be suspended until further notice; the unhappy accident to Hije Wilkins, into whose trombone was poured the full force of the snow-slide from the band-stand roof on Saturday night, loosening and causing him to swallow the handsome teeth presented to him by the Village Improvement Society last Christmas, having taken the heart out of his fellow players. Mr. Wilkins is doing as well as can be expected, considering that since the accident he cannot sit or lie down without biting himself.

Owing to the heavy snows of the winter, visitors to the office of the Queehawkett *Bazoo* will please drive around to the second-story back window and enter there. We have been so busy keeping an eye on Congress that up to this we have been unable to find time to dig out the lower floor of the *Bazoo* building.

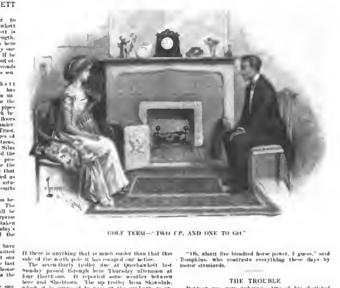
Si Witherslee's chin-whisker was frozen solid on the way home from meeting the other night; and, unfortunately, when he tried to stroke it, it broke off short, leaving him so unrecognizable that when he tried to enter his home Mrs. Witherslee did not recognize him, and knocked him senseless with a rolling-pin before he could explain the situation. A further unfortunate feature of the case is that Silas has been compelled, for the first time in many years, to purchase a neck-tie, an expense which during the lean season of the year is annoying and embarrassing.

Owing to the intense cold in our office, there will be no more issues of the *Bazoo* until the weather moderates, and the editor begs to announce that he is prepared at short notice to do odd jobs for his subscribers at reduced rates, shovelling snow or wood-chopping being specialties for which, through years of experience before he became a moulder of public opinion, he is particularly well fitted.

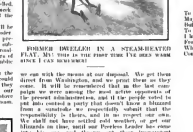
If the thousands of people who come here in the summer to get cool, and complain of the heat, could only be induced to visit Queehawkett at this time they would see how unfounded is their criticism of our temperature. The thermometer on our office stove registered two degrees below zero yesterday at noon. If there is anything that is much cooler than that this side of the north pole it has escaped our notice.

The seven-thirty trolley due at Queehawkett last Sunday passed through here Thursday afternoon at four thirty-one. It reported some weather between here and Slushtown. The up trolley from Skinsdale, which it is supposed to pass at the car-barn, is expected on or about Tuesday or Wednesday next.

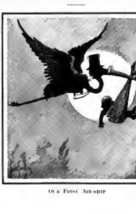
We beg to inform our subscribers who complain of our weather prophecies that we are doing the best we can with the means at our disposal. We get them direct from Washington, and we print them as they come. It will be remembered that in the last campaign we were among the most active opponents of the present administration, and if the people voted to put into control a party that doesn't know a blizzard from a sunstroke we respectfully submit that the responsibility is theirs, and in no respect our own. We shall not have settled cold weather, or get our blizzards on time, until our Peerless Leader has come into his own and thrown out these incompetent weather sharks who lead us on to all sort of indiscretions in underclothes with false promises of moderate meteorological conditions.



GOLF TERM—"TWO UP, AND ONE TO GO"



FORMER DWELLER IN A STEAM-HEATED FLAT. MY! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN WARM SINCE I CAN REMEMBER!



OUR FIRST AIRSHIP

THE CRITIC'S VIEW

"EXCUSE me, Watkins," said Penley, "but would you mind giving me your opinion of a little bit of verse I have written?"

"Certainly not," said Watkins. "Fire ahead."

"Thanks, old man," said Penley. "Here is the opening stanza:

"I am the wind that blows away,
I am the gale that ruffs the sea,
I am the zephyrs soft that play
In and about the woodland tree."

"Why," said Watkins, lighting his pipe as he meditated, "I should say that that was a very breezy poem."

ESTIMATED

"HELLO, Billy, old man! Whither away this lovely morning?" asked Billups.

"Why, I thought I'd take in the Horse Show," said Tompkins.

"Much of a show this year?" asked Billups.

"Oh, about five hundred horse power, I guess," said Tompkins, who contrasts everything these days by motor standards.

THE TROUBLE

BOLIVAR was very unhappy. One of his cherished schemes had fallen through, and the man he had counted on to pay his dividends had got away.

"Oh, well, never mind, Bolly," said Bunker. "What if Slithers did get away from you? There's just as big fish in the sea."

"That's true enough," groaned Bolivar, "but they ain't all suckers."

FROM AN IDLER'S RHYME-BOOK

AS TO TEMPER

WHAT, a maxim? Here's one—heed it!
Keep your temper! You may need it.
Careful be you do not lose it.
Some day maybe you can use it.

AS TO CERTAIN RHYMES

'Tis very fit, no doubt, that "sage"
Should rhyme with "age."
Yet be it not forgot that "truth"
Rhymes well with "youth."

AS TO FAME

To dwell upon a peak in Darien
May suit the taste of certain sorts of men,
But as for me my temper more inclines
To lowly vales, to arbors, and their vines.
I have no thirst to find myself apart
From those who travail in the realms of heart,
Who walk the ways the myriads have trod,
Content to leave omnipotence to God.

IMPERISHABLE

Build thou a temple high,
Its towers mounting to the sky,
Its turrets flashing in the sun:
And when 'tis done,
There comes at last a fatal day
When down it crumbles in decay.

Build thou a goodly name,
All writ of a resplendent fame
As one who served his fellow man,
And through his span
Did well the Father's work alway—
'Twill last to the Eternal Day!

LOVE'S BLINDNESS

Love may be blind, as some do say,
But I don't care a jot;
When Polly comes along my way
I'm glad that I am not!

A RECIPE

The Recipe of Youth I've found at last,
And of its many joys I'm daily drinking:
A thimbleful of boyhood from the past,
To one full quart of happy, cheerful thinking!

THE CLOSING YEAR

The poets sadly sing sad thoughts of dying years,
And drench the listening world with their poetic tears—
Not thus with me!
The coming hour of passage spells but victory.
A fleeting span of time completed is not dead,
Nor fills my soul with thoughts of sadness and of dread,
But thoughts of effort rounded out, in stature tall,
A record writ in characters indelible,
And if ourselves have lived it well, from day to day,
A memory to cherish and to love for aye!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Stuffing for Shakespeare

By Wendell Phillips Dodge

Cavendish Morton before making up

No mystery of the theatre is more fascinating than the mystery of "making up." The art of make-up is as old as the history of make-believe. Children are always at it, and actors have to make a fine study of it.

In making up, an actor should always remember that as little paint as possible should be used, for, while it is easy to disguise by a thick mask of pigment, the heavier the make-up the more difficult it is to convey sensitive emotional variations by the changing expression of the face. If it is possible to arrange one's own hair in a way suitable to the character so much the better, for, though it may in no way seem more real than a wig, it will prove infinitely more comfortable.

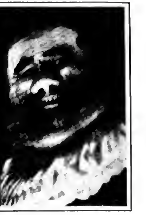
When the actor looks as much like the part as he possibly can without the aid of artificial disguise, he begins to apply nose-paste, paint, and powder, obliterating one characteristic and accentuating another, painting the eyebrows out and redrawing them, changing the color of the skin, putting shadows around the eyes and sinister lines running from the nostrils. He adds a roughly shaped beard or mustache of crêpe hair if the character demands it.

The illustrations show Mr. Cavendish Morton, an American actor, who weighs some one hundred and eighty pounds, converting himself into the four-hundred-pound Falstaff. The chief intention is to give great additional breadth to the head and face, and a certain exaggeration was permitted in order to show to what extremes make-up can be carried—extremes, however, that should usually be avoided.

The actor first washes his face with pure castile soap and warm water. He then rubs a little oil thoroughly into the skin, filling the pores and keeping them from being clogged with the paint. Then he puts on a wig with a silk bag attached to it, which hangs down over his face beneath the eyes. The bag is used to form Falstaff's puffy cheeks and double chin.

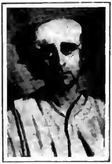
The next step is the joining of the edges of the silk around the eyes, mouth, and nose, with spirit gum, and the cheeks and chin are padded with air by means of a draw-string at the lower edge of the silk, which is tightened, imprisoning the air in the bag until the string is loosened and the make-up "mask" removed. Next, a large nose of toupée-paste is formed, and, after it has been slightly warmed in order to make it adhere securely, it is put on, a little spirit gum being used to cause it to adhere to the bridge of the actor's nose. When it is firmly attached the actor manipulates it with his hands to make it fit right and look right. After he has kneaded the toupée nose for about ten minutes it is difficult to detect where his own nose leaves off and the toupée nose begins.

Pouches of nose-paste are then placed under the eyes, effectually hiding the places where the silk is joined to the flesh, and these are blended with the false cheeks with a groundwork of "Number three" grease paint—this being a rather dark flesh color—made deeper with yellow, carmine, and a little lake, which is applied evenly all over the face. This done, the actor painter then dabs blotches of carmine mixed with a little yellow on the nose and cheeks. High lights of white mixed with a little yellow are next placed on the forehead, on the pouches under the eyes, and on the cheeks.

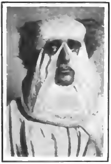


Sir John Falstaff—the final product

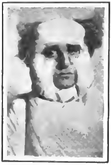
The subject has by this time become totally unrecognizable. His made-up face looks as a full moon would appear if seen directly over a flag-pole. An artificial beard and mustache are so placed that the actual outlines of the cheeks are lost. The beard is then blended into the cheeks with crêpe hair. The eyelashes are colored with a reddish yellow, making them seem smaller, and after a few large pores have been distributed on the actor's false nose, Sir John Falstaff is physiognomically complete. A huge false stomach covered with a padded chest-protector and a padded stomach-protector gives the proportions of the weighty knight.



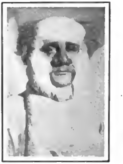
The wig in place, with the silk bag removed



The silk bag in place, ready for inflation



The bag inflated and the draw-string tightened



The nose of toupee-paste in place

The Lighthouse

By Herman Scheffauer

Tower of trust, how pale and slim,
  Firm-footed, tall and lone,
It daunts the ocean frontiers grim,
  Stone piled o'er shaken stone

Faithful its crystal peak unsheathes
  Swift javelins of the light
To thwart the slinking hag that wreathes
  Her fog spells through the night.

It lifts a torch to quell the main,—
  A sceptre o'er its strife,—
A seraph in the hurricane,—
  A pillar reared to Life.

Round, round about its branded marge
  Blaze white the driven waves;
It breaks the surges' swell and charge—
  The winds with all their staves!

Where the heaped, battering billows smite
  The stark reef's foaming lips,
Once haggard fog and traitorous night
  Lured down the 'wildered ships.

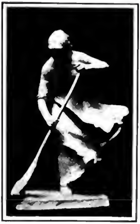
So men upbuilt a fabric stout
  And set therein a flare,
A crimson orb, a star to rout
  The ghouls of flood and air.

And there an ancient warden dwells,
  With eyes like agates sharp;
He harkens to the anchored bells,—
  The storm-wind's roaring harp.

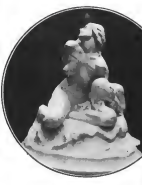
Valiant before the teeming port
  His stubborn shaft and spire
Stand challenge to the tempest's sport,
  Zoned by his pharos-fire

He sends a blessing down the night,
  And girds with hope the ships.
Safe in his keep the beacon light
  Draws thanks from human lips.

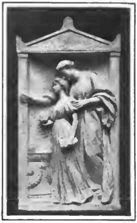
Out of the sea-wrath mounts a song;
  Gleams in the dark an eye—
And lo! their mercy makes more strong
  Our trust in sea and sky.



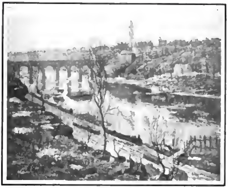
"A Windy Doorstep," by A. St. L. Eberle
WINNER OF THE HELEN FOSTER BARNETT PRIZE



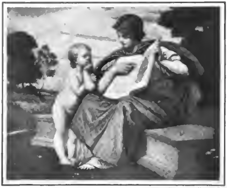
"Bondage," by C. A. Heber



Memorial to Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, by Daniel C. French

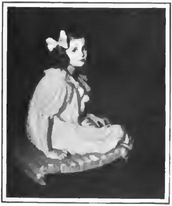


"Harlem River at Highbridge," by Ernest Lawson

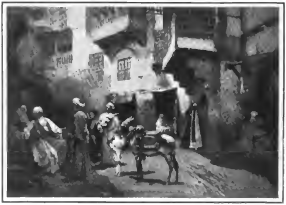


Copyright, 1910, by Kenyon Cox

"A Book of Pictures," by Kenyon Cox
WINNER OF THE ISIDOR MEMORIAL GOLD MEDAL



"Portrait of a Child," by Lydia Field Emmet



"Street in Old Cairo," by F. A. Bridgman

NOTEWORTHY EXHIBITS AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN

PICTURES AND SCULPTURE THAT STAND FORTH IN THE ANNUAL WINTER SHOW OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY AT THE FINE ARTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK

Finance

NEW YORK'S TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM

By Franklin Escher

THE train was well filled when it pulled into the Wall Street subway station, but by working his way to the end of the platform he managed to get a seat in the last car. At Fulton Street and the Bridge crowds were waiting, and the train started uptown with every seat taken and the aisles filled with people. When the doors were opened at Fourteenth Street, they were rushed by a crowd of people seemingly regardless of the very elementary principle that the same space cannot be occupied by two bodies at the same time. The Grand Central was a repetition of the same thing. As the train pulled out of the Seventy-second Street station there was just about the same amount of unoccupied space in the cars as there is in the proverbial box of sardines.

He had realized that the crowd was fully up to the rush-hour standard, and, wanting to get off at Ninety-sixth, had started to fight his way toward the door just after Seventy-second Street was passed. The train's arrival at his own station found him still fighting his way. Similarly its departure. At the next stop, 137th Street, he found himself projected out upon the platform, a button off his coat in the scuffle, and black rage in his heart.

In this pleasant frame of mind and with a vague sensation of looking around for something belonging to the transportation company that he could break, his eye happened to fall on the double-column "spread" on the first page of a newspaper lying at his feet. "City's Transportation Problem near Solution," it read. He picked up the paper. The account went on to state that, spurred on by W. G. McAdoo's offer to operate a new city-built subway, the company operating the existing system had agreed to double its mileage and go into partnership with the city.

Big headlines in his morning paper for several weeks past had given him some sort of an indefinite idea that important developments in the transit situation were pending, but beyond the fact that somebody or other wanted to build something called a "triborough," his knowledge on the subject was entirely vague and indefinite. But now it was different. His being carried two or three miles beyond his station gave him an interest in the matter that was very real and personal indeed. The article he was looking at was very well written; by the time he got back to Ninety-sixth Street he had read it through. When he got aboveground he bought two more evening papers and took them home. From then on he read everything about the subject that came to his notice. He had left the ranks of those who don't care and leave it to the property owners. He had become one of the fast-growing number of those who do care and who are interested in having the transportation question settled in the way best calculated to serve the interests of the people and of the city.

In that way—or in some other—the question is going to be settled within a short time. For years now, almost ever since the completion of the present subway, discussion has been rife as to just what should be done. That the need for better transportation was becoming more and more pressing was evident. Strong forces working at cross-purposes were, however, operative, and nothing was done. Finally the city itself took the matter in hand, had plans completed for a new and extensive system of subways, went so far even as to advertise for bonds for construction. That brought the matter to a head. Within a comparatively short time two offers were received. The first was from W. G. McAdoo, head of the system of tunnels under the Hudson River, who came forward with a proposition to equip and operate a new system of subways to be built by the city. The other was a sort of partnership proposition from the Interborough to the effect that the new subway should be built with a combination of city capital and Interborough capital, profits arising from the venture to be divided.

Exception may be taken to certain features of each of these ways of getting the new subways built, but it has become very plain that the matter will finally be settled by the adoption of one of the three plans proposed. Discussion of the matter, indeed, has narrowed down to the discussion of the good and bad points of the three plans in question. The first is for the city to go ahead with its original idea of itself building the much-needed subway, deferring till some future time the question as to who will equip and operate the system when it is completed. The second is for the city to build (with some slight modifications) the proposed line, an arrangement being entered into whereby the McAdoo or some other company agrees fully to equip and to operate the property. The third is for the city to put up fifty-three million dollars out of the one hundred and twenty-eight millions necessary to build the new line, the Interborough agreeing to put up the balance, construct the new lines as extensions to its present system, and operate them on a profit-sharing basis.

Each of these three plans contemplates the construction of substantially the same mileage, the general scheme being for a north-and-south line running down the east side of the city. Concerning the extensions to be built there is some variance, but, in the main, the backers of each plan agree that the crying need at present is for a north-and-south line which will relieve the congestion on the main stem of the existing subway. The original triborough scheme, upon which the city was ready to go ahead when the McAdoo and Interborough offers came in, was for a route which was to start at Pelham Bay and run down through the Bronx. Entering Manhattan far east of the present subway, this line was to run down Lexington Avenue for the greater part of the length of the island and was then to be carried under the East River and far out into Brooklyn. Substantially, this is the same line which the Interborough has offered to build in partnership with the city, and which the McAdoo interests offered to operate. When it comes to the question of making a choice between the plans proposed, location of lines will not be the determining factor. The city knows about what it needs in the way of new lines, something which seems to be very definitely appreciated by both the McAdoo and the Interborough interests.

To each of the three plans proposed there appertains a vast amount of detail, and between them there is opportunity for comparison almost unlimited; but, after all, the decision of the Public Service Commission and of the city on just one point is what will determine which plan will finally be adopted. That point is simply as to whether competition or regulated monopoly will give the city better transportation facilities. If the operation of the new lines is turned over to the Interborough, it means monopoly, subject only to the regulation of the Public Service Commission. If any one else than the Interborough is entrusted with the operation of the new lines, it means competition.

The snap judgment of the man who was carried past his station and dropped off at 137th Street would probably be that good healthy competition would result in the Interborough's being forced into giving better service, but the question is not one to be decided on a snap judgment. The old-fashioned ideas about the benefits of competition to a community have undergone important modifications during recent years. Thinking people no longer take it for granted that where two or more competitors are in the field, the public gets the benefit of better service. In some cases it does and in some cases it does not. Each case must be decided on its individual merits. The question as to whether the people of New York City will be better served if the Interborough is allowed to run the whole system of subways or whether it is better to have an active competitor in the field is not one to be hastily decided. Within a very few years New York seems certain to take rank as the biggest city in the world. To the growth of the city as well as to the comfort of its citizens the question at issue is of vital importance. Without doubt the advisability of competition as against regulated monopoly in its traction facilities is the most important thing the city has been called upon to decide in many years. Before the decision is given, the pros and cons will be carefully weighed.

Most important of the arguments in favor of maintaining the competitive element in the city's traction affairs is, of course, the argument about the standard of efficiency being kept at a higher point by the efforts of competitive companies to get business. If, for instance, there are two routes coming from the Bronx down to the lower end of New York City, it stands to reason that the company offering the greater degree of comfort and speed will get the larger share of the traffic. The very presence of a competitor means that each company will do everything in its power to please its patrons.

All of which is very true so far as the existing and the proposed lines will come into direct competition—that is to say in the long haul from the Bronx down to the lower end of the city. That kind of traffic, however, as every one who is familiar with traffic conditions knows, constitutes but a small part of the business done by the existing subway. In that regard, it is true, a route down the east side of the city operated, for instance, by Mr. McAdoo's company would compete with the Interborough, but that is about the only respect in which such a route *would* compete. The whole west side of the city, on which there originates so large a proportion of the present subway's business would be left exactly as it is.

The proposed subway system down the east side and operated by some one else would, it is true, offer a certain amount of competition to the Interborough, but it is very much of a question whether such competition would amount to enough to bring to patrons any real benefit. Already, it must be borne in mind, the Interborough has about all the business it can handle, while the city is growing at a tremendous rate. Several years must necessarily elapse before the new subways can be built. In the mean time the Interborough's traffic is bound to be continuously on the increase. Does it not seem reasonable to assume that by the time the new lines are ready to be put into operation, the present subway's west side traffic will have so increased as to afford all the business it can possibly handle? In that case, and assuming that the operation of the east side route is turned over to somebody else, how can the competition it will be able to afford the west side subway be expected to make any substantial difference in the latter's methods of operation?

The second point made in favor of competition is that future extensions which will in time come to be needed will be attainable much more easily if competitive conditions prevail than if one company is allowed to run the whole traction system. "Look at the way in which the Interborough during the past ten years has blocked every effort to build new lines," say the advocates of competition. "Not until they were absolutely forced into it by the McAdoo proposal and the imminent danger that their present monopoly would be ended did the Interborough people come across with a proposal that was worthy of consideration. Put the whole traction system into their hands and the city's growth will be greatly retarded by similar obstructive tactics and unwillingness to extend lines into new sections until profit is absolutely assured."

In this view of the case it must be admitted that there is a good deal of sense, and for the fact that so many people look at it that way the Interborough interests have only themselves to thank. During the past two or three years, while the need of more subways was becoming more and more acute, the Interborough did nothing and offered to do nothing in the way of bringing about the construction of the much-needed new lines. This year, it is true, three proposals to extend its lines were made by the Interborough, but in no way were these proposals proportioned to the city's needs, nor does any one appear to have taken them seriously.

At the same time it must not be lost sight of that the Interborough in possession of its present incomplete system, and not knowing what competition it might have to meet, is a very different proposition from the Interborough operating a complete system of subways and quite as anxious to see the city grow in every direction as any one else. For the unwillingness of the operators of the present subway, during the past couple of years, to extend their lines, there are reasons far different from mere selfishness and the desire to "work a good thing to death at the expense of the public." By the Interborough in control of the situation and knowing where it stands, these reasons would not be felt when the question of further extending lines comes up in the future. Every one is entitled to his own opinion as to the state of things which would prevail, but there seems at least to be good reason for the belief that with the Interborough in control under its proposed arrangement with the city, no difficulty need be looked forward to when the question of building further extensions comes up. It will have become too much a matter of the Interborough's own interest.

Turning now to the points which can be made in favor of regulated monopoly, it will be seen that of these the first and most important is the fact that with one company operating all the lines, the city's traction system will be far more homogeneous than if there are several competitors in the field. A large amount of subway travel, it is true, is straight north-and-south and confined to one line, but in no way does that alter the fact that a great number of people coming down the east side of the city want to get over to the west side, and *vice versa*. With the two subway systems operated by different companies, it will be little easier to do that than at present. Even should the two lines pass near each other it would still be necessary for passengers to come up out of one station and go down into the other to make the change.

In an article appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY of February 26th, Mr. William Barclay Parsons points out the disadvantages of such a state of things, comparing the subway system in Paris (a monopoly) with the interior service in London, where six companies compete for the local business. In Paris, it appears, the situation is quite analogous to that in Manhattan, the municipality owning the sub-surface railways and leasing them to a private company to operate. The figures showing the number of passengers carried most eloquently show the advantage of Paris's monopolistic as against London's competitive system. In the year ending June 30, 1909, the London subways (40.8 miles) carried 166,106,519 passengers. During the same period the Paris subway (30.2 miles) carried 282,246,230. All over the Paris system there is a uniform fare, with entire freedom of transfer at junction points. In London the station platforms are connected at nearly all crossing points, but every transfer requires an extra fare and in but few instances are the transfer arrangements made convenient.

With New York at the parting of the ways, and a decision about to be reached on whether we are to have competition or regulated monopoly, the practical examples of the two systems in operation afforded by Paris and London are being studied with a great deal of interest. Are we going to follow London's example of a system of unconnected lines or are we going to take advantage of Paris's experience and develop our existing system so as to give a maximum freedom of movement and carry the public in as many directions as possible, and as far as possible, for a single fare?

That question—of greater importance than anything the city has been called upon to decide in years—is to be settled soon. Sense and not sentiment must govern the decision. Personal feeling for or against any corporation must play no part. The whole question at issue is simply as to how the interests of the city can best be served. Will the maintenance of the competitive element result in the best service being given, or is, perhaps, the traction system of a great city, like the telephone, a natural monopoly?

Nature Study

The Pig

Roostin' on th' high-up fence is where
  You can look down on Mr. Pig
An' his "relations" walkin' 'round,—
  Some of 'em's little, some is big.
Th' little muddy one, off there,
  He can't have on a nice pink dress
'Cause he won't try so very hard
  To keep his clo'es real clean, I guess.

An' w'en your hat it tumbles down
  W'y, they all start to run away,
An' nen they stand right still an' "bark"
  At w'at it is that you will say.
But I ain't sayin' nothin' tall
  Till I can get it back real quick,
A-hangin' by its 'lastic on
  My great long fish-pole kind of stick!

Nen Mr. Pig jus' grunts—that's how
  He says I ain't worth listenin' to.
He will go mind his bizness now,—
  There's 'portant things that he mus' do.
He's goin' to eat, an' eat an' eat,
  Till he gets fat as he can be.
An' nen our Butcher-man he will
  Come 'round admirin' him, you see.

He mus' be hams, an' sausages,
  An' little strips of bacon, too,
An' if he's got "spare-ribs" to spare,
  W'y he will let us have a few.
An' Mr. Pig helps Katie lots
  'Cause he can make her crullers fry;
But Katie's got to have him round
  Or we won't have no pumpkin pie!

An' w'en my apple got to where
  Folks do not nibble it some more,
I put it down so's Mr. Pig
  Could come an' 'vestigate th' core.
'N' I was jus' advisin' him
  To try an' relish all his dinner,
W'en here come Nursie callin' me
  A naughty wicked little sinner!

Jus' s'pose *I'd* gone an' tumbled in
  Right after my straw hat—you see,
I'd look "jus' like a little pig"—
  Nobody 'd know which one was me!

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

Kings in Old Clothes

THERE is a man in London whose specialty it is to purchase showy costumes and discarded military and official uniforms for disposal in the Orient and in Africa.

It is said that even the retiring Lord Mayors of London have become almost by official tradition, this man's customers, and that the cocked hat, gold-laced coat, and knee-breeches that have formed an inspiring feature of the famous pageants in the Lord Mayor's processions, are as like as not the next year to delight the eyes of darkest Africa upon the proud person of some native.

Some amusing comments have been made by the Londoner who engages in this unique trade with reference to the eagerness with which the native in the interior of the Dark Continent takes over this discarded finery. He states that, at the bazars where his goods are purchased, he has seen blacks solemnly walking around with waistcoats buttoned behind instead of before, and even men wearing women's costumes. Enormously big fellows have been seen in clothes so small that one could not imagine how they got into them, nor how they could get out unless the stitching gave way.

It is related that the Prince de Joinville, when off the Gaboon coast, once received on his ship an official visit from two chiefs, father and son, who must have been customers of the Londoner mentioned. Each owned, for ceremonial occasions, a military uniform.

That of the father was a French general's, while that of the son was a hussar's. Its intricate cut, numerous buttons, straps, and buckles, together with the painfully small size of the uniform, proved too much for him. He sent the prince a despairing message, imploring help, and a relief party of delighted midshipmen was sent to dress him and bring him aboard.

They obeyed orders, but with the mischievousness of youth. They so tightened every fastening of the native's already overtight attire that the poor fellow was nearly bursting with combined pride and suffocation when he arrived. Every one agreed that he could never be got out of his mounted finery by any method less drastic than cutting him out.

It is said that no manner of wearing a complete costume ever equals in comic effect some of the savages' combinations of unrelated items. One venerable African chieftain received his European guests with an antiquated evening shoulder cape of pink flowered satin and spangles worn about his waist as an apron, while his white wool was martially crowned with a military helmet.

Still another conducted important negotiations with an exploring party clad simply and impressively in a woman's large Gainsborough hat, a pair of cavalry boots, and a necklace of the glistening tin ornaments used to decorate Christmas trees.

Lost—£100

YEARS ago when the electric telegraph was a new idea and a mystery to the masses, there came trouble one Saturday night in the Bank of England. The business of the day had closed, and the balance was not right. There was a deficit of just one hundred pounds. It was not the money, but the error, that must be found. For the officials and clerks there could be no sleep until the mystery had been cleared up. All that night, and all Sunday, a force of men were busy. The money was surely gone from the vaults, but no one could discover whither.

On the following morning a clerk suggested that the mistake might have occurred in packing, for the West Indies, some boxes of specie that had been sent to Southampton for shipment. His chief acted on the suggestion. Here was an opportunity to test the powers of the telegraph—lightning against steam, and steam with forty-eight hours the start. Very soon the telegraph asked a man in Southampton, "Has the ship *Mercator* sailed?"

The answer came back, "Just weighing anchor."

"Stop her in the Queen's name," flashed back the telegraph. "She is stopped," was returned.

"Have on deck certain boxes (marks given), weigh them carefully, and let me know the result," telegraphed the chief.

This order was obeyed, and one box was found to be somewhere about one pound and ten ounces heavier than its mates,—just the weight of the missing sovereigns. "All right. Let the ship go!" was the next order.

The West India house was debited with the one hundred pounds, and the Bank of England was at peace again.

A Famous Pipe of Wine

THE most celebrated of all Madeira wines was the "1814 pipe." It was fished up from the bottom of the Scheldt, a short distance above Flushing, in 1814, having remained there since 1778 in the cargo of a vessel that had been wrecked at the mouth of the river in that year.

It was sold by auction at Antwerp, the greater portion of it being secured for Louis XVIII., who despatched an agent with instructions to obtain it regardless of cost.

Several dozen were presented to the French consul at Antwerp, and he sold them to the Duc de Raguse. In 1858, after the death of the Duchesse de Raguse, four dozen remained in her cellars, and these were sold for more than their weight in gold to Baron Rothschild.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle. •*•

Try BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per jar. •*•

ADVERTISEMENTS

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Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—*caffeine*—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh, and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin, and weak.

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee; didn't think I could do without it.

"After a while I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—boiled until dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve, and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 pounds. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Swift's Premium Calendar for 1911

"The Courtships of American Poetry"

Four large, beautiful pictures in 13 colors that everyone will prize—

Hiawatha and Minnehaha **Priscilla and John Alden**
Maud Muller and the Judge **Evangeline and Gabriel**

This charming calendar depicts the courtships of the four most famous romances of American poetry—dear to every American as typical of the sweethearts of long ago. The scenes are historically correct, with all the quaint surroundings and costumes of the period. These fine pictures are taken from celebrated paintings and below each is a suitable quotation from the poem. There is no advertising on them to prevent framing.

Sent prepaid for

10 cents, coin or stamps,
or—One cap from a jar of Swift's Beef Extract,
or—10 Wool Soap Wrappers.

(In Canada 10 cents additional is required on account of duty.)

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

have passed another year of favor with the housewife because of their high quality and mild, delicious flavor. When you order, be sure to say "Swift's Premium" and you will get the best the market affords.

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Straits of Magellan

January 21, by S.S. Bluecher (12,500 tons), 74 days, $350 and up. Only opportunity to see South America right, whether on business or pleasure.

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By S.S. Moltke leaving New York, January 24, February 25 and March 28.

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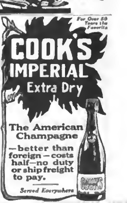

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The Confederate Submarine "Hunley"

THE submarine boat, according to the popular idea, is a most modern device, falling into the flying-machine, wireless-telegraph age. As a matter of fact, the submarine of to-day has yet to demonstrate its merits as a fighting craft, though theoretically it could accomplish wonders. Though boats of this kind were owned by the United States, Russia, and Japan, not one went into action during either the Spanish-American or the Russo-Japanese war, whereas, so long ago as 1864, a submarine torpedo-boat did go into action, attacking and sinking a man-of-war.

This distinction belongs to the Confederate States' submarine *Hunley*, and, crude and imperfect as was that strange little craft, its general plan has been followed in the most modern submarines.

The *Hunley* was constructed in the iron-works of Parks & Lyons, at Mobile, Alabama. For her hull the builders used what was most available—an ordinary cylinder boiler, forty-eight inches in diameter and twenty-five feet long. The limited interior space was still farther restricted by partitioning off compartments for water ballast, the tanks being filled and emptied by valves. Heavy pieces of iron were bolted to the keel in such manner that they could be detached by the crew, from the inside, in case it should become necessary to rise quickly to the surface. The screw propeller was attached to a shaft running through the boat. On this shaft were set eight cranks at different angles. These cranks were grasped and worked by the men, who sat upon the port side, the shaft being supported by brackets on the starboard. So confined was the space that when the men were in their places it was impossible to move from one end of the boat to the other. The commanding officer's position was in the bow, whence he controlled the rudder and the two iron fins which sent the boat up or down. The officer also attended to the torpedo, the total armament of the boat. This was a copper cylinder holding about ninety pounds of explosives, fastened upon the end of a boom twenty-two feet long, which extended from the nose of the craft. The only means of securing a fresh supply of air after the boat had dived was to come to the surface and remove a hatch cover.

Upon the completion of the *Hunley* at Mobile, it was decided that Charleston harbor offered the best field for operations, and she was accordingly moved to that city by rail. The narrative of her subsequent career is brief, but the story glows with heroism and devotion.

Despite the strange nature of the craft, it was not found difficult to secure a crew, and all was soon in readiness for an expedition against the blockading fleet. The crew took their places, the hatch covers were about to be bolted in place, when, while still alongside the dock, the boat was swamped by a heavy swell, and every man aboard was drowned. She was raised, and another crew volunteered. Again, and in almost the same manner, the boat was swamped at the dock, six men perishing.

After this occurrence the boat was turned over to her builder, Captain Hunley, and a volunteer crew from Mobile, men who had assisted in her building, were more or less familiar with the craft, and who, hearing of the two disasters at Charleston, had hastened to offer their services.

This time it seemed as though all things were to work satisfactorily. The men took their places, the hatch covers were bolted down, the lines were cast off, the boat moved away from the dock and dived gracefully, amid the cheers of the spectators. Minutes passed, then an hour, but the submarine did not reappear. Upon investigation it was found that the boat had driven her nose into the soft sand of the bottom with such force as to render it impossible for the crew to back off and rise to the surface. All had died from suffocation.

The *Hunley* was raised and prepared for service again. Already she had claimed twenty-three victims, but a fourth crew stepped forward instantly when a call for volunteers was made.

No further trouble was experienced, and this crew spent some time in getting thoroughly acquainted with the boat and her possibilities, practising diving and rising. It was found that in comparatively smooth water it was possible to make a speed of four miles an hour, but if the water was rough not nearly so good time could be made. As a test of the time it would be possible to keep the boat submerged, she was allowed to lie upon the bottom until the men could endure the lack of air no longer—for two hours and thirty-five minutes.

As the boat, when submerged, could only be steered by dead reckoning, it was necessary that any attack which she made should be delivered at night, when she could rise, take a sight, dive, and then steer in accordance with the observation. There was little probability that the small conning tower, the only part necessary to bring above the surface for an observation, would be observed on a fairly dark night, whereas the officer of the submarine could readily distinguish a man-of-war.

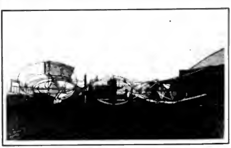
Many attempts were made to reach the blockading vessels off the harbor, but, as the nearest lay twelve miles away, it was found that only under the most propitious conditions would it be possible to go so far out and get back under the shelter of the forts before dawn.

Conditions seemed favorable on the 17th of February, 1864, however, and, late in the afternoon, the *Hunley* slipped silently toward the harbor mouth, never to return.

It was not until the close of the war, when divers examined the wreck of the United States man-of-war *Housatonic* that the fate of the submarine was surely known. Then it was discovered that, when at last the *Hunley* had reached her foe, destroyed and destroyer had gone down together, the little craft being dragged down by the suction caused by the sinking of the ship she had torpedoed.

The Largest Aeroplane To Date

LIEUTENANT SEDDON, an officer of the British navy, has constructed at Dunstall, near Wolverhampton, what is believed to be the largest aeroplane in the world. It



The largest aeroplane in the world, built by a British naval officer

is more than twice as large as a Farman biplane and weighs about a ton. It is propelled by two engines of eighty horse-power each, and the planes have an area of about one thousand square feet.

Lieutenant Seddon has incorporated a number of original ideas in his machine, among them being the basket-like frame and the peculiar construction of the planes.

Clocks that Strike Thirteen

Among the most curious clocks in the world are two in Worsley, Lancashire, England, that never strike one. Instead they strike thirteen at 1 A.M. and 1 P.M. One of them is over the Earl of Ellesmere's place called Worsley Hall, and is the original clock which the Duke of Bridgewater had placed in the tower. It is said that the Duke had the clock made to strike the "unlucky" number so as to warn his workmen that it was time to return after dinner, some of them having excused themselves for being late on the ground that they could not hear it strike one.

This recalls the incident when the big clock of the Houses of Parliament saved a man's life. A soldier in the reign of William and Mary was condemned by court martial for falling asleep while on duty on the terrace at Windsor. He stoutly denied the charge, and by way of proof solemnly declared that he heard Old Tom (the predecessor of Big Ben) strike thirteen instead of twelve. The officers laughed at the idea, but while the man was in prison awaiting execution several persons came forward and swore that the clock actually did strike thirteen, whereupon the soldier was pardoned and released.

Wells Cathedral contains one of the most interesting clocks in the whole world. It was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, a monk, in 1320, and embraces many devices which testify to the ancient horologist's ingenuity. Several celestial and terrestrial bodies are incorporated in the interesting movement and relationship. They indicate the hours of the day, the age of the moon, and the position of the planets and the tides. When the clock strikes the hour two companies of horsemen, fully armed, dash out of gateways in opposite directions, and charge vigorously. They strike with their lances as they pass as many times as correspond with the number of the hour. A little distance away, seated on a high perch, is a quaint figure, which kicks the quarters on two bells placed beneath his feet, and strikes the hours on a bell. The dial of the clock is divided into twenty-four hours, and shows the phases of the moon and a map of the universe.

"BOOSTING" CALIFORNIA BY POSTAL CARD

SAN FRANCISCO WANTS TO CELEBRATE THE COMPLETION OF THE PANAMA CANAL IN 1915. RECENTLY CALIFORNIANS HELD A "PANAMA-PACIFIC POST-CARD WEEK," DURING WHICH ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY WERE BOMBARDED WITH POSTAL CARDS URGING THEIR STATE'S DESIRE.

An oddity in clocks is the invention of a Frenchman, M. Paul Cornu. It consists of a dial mounted above a reservoir and having a sort of a seesaw mounted upon its support. The reservoir holds sufficient alcohol to last for a month, and this serves as fuel for a small flame that burns at one end. The heat from the flame causes the air to expand in the bulb of the seesaw directly above it. As a result the seesaw moves every five seconds. This movement is the sole motive power that actuates the hands.

In Switzerland clocks are now being made that do not require hands and faces. The timepiece merely stands in the hall, and one presses a button, which, by means of the phonographic internal arrangements, calls out, "Half past four," or, "Five minutes to ten," or whatever the time may be.

A Munich professor has invented a remarkable sick-room clock. When a button is pressed an electric lamp behind the dial throws the shadow of the hours and hands, magnified, upon the ceiling, so that invalids can see it from bed without craning their necks or putting themselves to any inconvenience.

A German shoemaker spent fifteen years of his leisure moments in constructing a clock of the grandfather shape nearly six feet high, made entirely of straw. The wheels, pointers, case, and every detail are exclusively of straw. The most remarkable fact is that it is reported to keep perfect time.

The Tsar of Russia is the possessor of a unique clock that records not merely the passing seconds, minutes, and hours, but the days, weeks, months, and years. The clock was invented and manufactured by two peasants, who presented it to the Emperor as a token of their loyalty. In St. Petersburg, too, is to be seen a clock having ninety-five faces, indicating simultaneously the time at thirty different spots on the earth's surface, besides the movements of the earth and planets.

The clock of Lyons Cathedral is a wonderful piece of mechanism, and the legend describing it is as follows: The cock crows; the bell sounds the hours; the little bells the Sancta Spiritus, the angel opens the gate to salute the Virgin Mary. The heads of the two lions move the eyes and the tongue. The astrolabe shows the hours in its degrees, and the movement of the moon. Moreover, the perpetual calendar shows all the days of the year, the feast days and the bissextile. The hours at which the chimes are complete are five and six in the morning, midday, and one and two o'clock in the afternoon. The chimes at the other hours are restricted so as not to interfere with the cathedral service.

Complicated, indeed, is the clock of the Beauvais Cathedral. It is said to be composed of 92,000 separate pieces, according to a French statement. One sees on the fifty-two dial plates the hour, the day, the week, and the month, the rising the setting of the sun, the phases of the moon, the tides, the time in the principal capitals of the world, together with a series of terrestrial and astronomical evolutions. The framework is of carved oak, eight by five metres, or twenty-six by sixteen and one-quarter feet. When the clock strikes, all the edifice seems in movement. The designer wished to depict the Last Judgment. This wonderful clock is the work of a Beauvaisian, M. Verite. He died in 1887.

The South Sea Finger-bowl

Civilized man did not invent the finger-bowl either in form or in use. It was used in the South Sea Islands some hundreds of years before Europeans and Americans found out that they were necessary to their own refinement. A bowl of water is handed round to every diner in a South Sea house.

This South Sea finger-bowl is half a cocoanut-shell, beautiful, useful, practically unbreakable, yet not of sufficient worth to prevent its being thrown away to-morrow and replaced by a fresh one from the nearest palm.

That Suit for Libel

Against the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Gave a Splendid Chance to Bring Out Facts

A disagreement about advertising arose with a "weekly" Journal.

Following it, an attack on us appeared in their editorial columns; sneering at the claims we made particularly regarding Appendicitis.

We replied through the regular papers and the "weekly" thought we hit back rather too hard and thereupon sued for libel.

The advertisement the "weekly" attacked us about claimed that in many cases of appendicitis an operation could be avoided by discontinuing indigestible food, washing out the bowels, and taking a predigested food—Grape-Nuts.

Observe we said MANY cases, not all.

Wouldn't that knowledge be a comfort to those who fear a surgeon's knife as they fear death?

The "weekly" writer said that was a lie.

We replied that he was ignorant of the facts.

He was put on the stand and compelled to admit he was not a Dr. and had no medical knowledge of appendicitis and never investigated to find out if the testimonial letters to our Co. were genuine.

A famous surgeon testified that when an operation was required Grape-Nuts would not obviate it. True.

We never claimed that when an operation was required Grape-Nuts would prevent it.

The surgeon testified bacteria [germs] helped to bring on an attack, and bacteria was grown by undigested food frequently.

We claimed and proved by other famous experts that undigested food was largely responsible for appendicitis.

We showed by expert testimony that many cases are healed without a knife, but by stopping the use of food which did not digest, and when food was required again it was helpful to use a predigested food, which did not overtax the weakened organs of digestion.

When a pain in the right side appears it is not always necessary to be rushed off to a hospital and at the risk of death be cut.

Plain common sense shows the better way is to stop food that evidently has not been digested.

Then, when food is required, use an easily digested food. Grape-Nuts or any other if you know it to be predigested (partly digested before taking).

We brought to Court analytical chemists from New York, Chicago, and Mishawaka, Ind., who swore to the analysis of Grape-Nuts and that part of the starchy part of the wheat and barley had been transformed into sugar, the kind of sugar produced in the human body by digesting starch (the large part of food).

Some of the State chemists brought on by the "weekly" said Grape-Nuts could not be called a "predigested" food because not all of it was digested outside the body.

The other chemists said any food which had been partly or half digested outside the body was commonly known as "predigested."

Splitting hairs about the meaning of a word.

It is sufficient that if only one-half of the food is "predigested," it is easier on weakened stomach and bowels than food in which no part is predigested.

To show the facts we introduced Dr. Thos. Darlington, former chief of the N. Y. Board of Health, Dr. Ralph W. Webster, chief of the Chicago Laboratory, and Dr. B. Sachs, N. Y.

If we were a little severe in our denunciation of a writer, self-confessed ignorant about appendicitis and its cause, it is possible the public will excuse us, in view of the fact that our head, Mr. C. W. Post, has made a lifetime study of food, food digestion and effects, and the conclusions are indorsed by many of the best medical authorities of the day.

Is it possible that we are at fault for suggesting, as a Father and Mother might, to one of the family who announced a pain in the side: "Stop using the food—greasy meats, gravies, mince-pie, cheese, too much starchy food, etc., etc.—which has not been digested, then when again ready for food use Grape-Nuts because it is easy of digestion?"

Or should the child be at once carted off to a hospital and cut?

We have known of many cases wherein the approaching signs of appendicitis have disappeared by the suggestion being followed.

No one better appreciates the value of a skilful physician when a person is in the awful throes of acute appendicitis, but "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Just plain old common sense is helpful even nowadays.

This trial demonstrated Grape-Nuts food is pure beyond question.

It is partly predigested.

Appendicitis generally has rise from undigested food.

It is not always necessary to operate.

It is best to stop all food.

When ready to begin feeding use a predigested food.

It is palatable and strong in Nourishment.

It will pay fine returns in health to quit the heavy breakfasts and lunches and use less food, but select food certainly known to contain the elements nature requires to sustain the body. May we be permitted to suggest a breakfast of fruit, Grape-Nuts and cream, two soft boiled eggs, and some hot toast and cocoa, milk or Postum.

The question of whether Grape-Nuts does or does not contain the elements which nature requires for the nourishment of the brain, also of its purity, will be treated in later newspaper articles.

Good food is important and its effect on the body is also important.

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Echoes

A Big Place Reserved for Texas

Much to our surprise and chagrin, Colonel George Harvey is giving trouble again. Because of his fickleness and penchant for jumping the fence and getting into the Republican pasture at the most inopportune time we have kept him hitched of late years because we could not trust him to stand while we went into the store to get the mail and a box of sardines. So docile did he become as a result of this restraint that we decided after the dawn of the Democratic year of jubilee the other day to ride him without saddle or bridle and to give him the freedom of the pasture in which to kick up his heels and snort.

We fear we shall have to hitch him to the post again and resume our disciplinary measures. Here before we have had time to consume a Thanksgiving turkey and lay before the Lord of Hosts the expressions of gratitude which become the occasion and the season, here is Colonel Harvey nominating a candidate for President for us.

"We now fully anticipate," he says, "the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."

Far be it from us to impeach the availability of Dr. Wilson. For him we entertain only feelings of admiration, respect, and confidence. He is Presidential timber of which to be proud. In character, statesmanship, scholarship, and Democracy he is a credit to the party, to his native Virginia, to his adopted New Jersey, and an honor to an appreciative republic. His elevation to the Presidency would be as the birth of a new day to a trust-ridden and demagogue-infested country. There is not one objection to him that we can discern at this time.

But, Colonel Harvey, we haven't reached the nominating stage yet, and you must remember that a lot of the boys are to be consulted before we fling our banners to the breeze. There are other Democratic sons who are entitled to be considered, sons of equal worth and availability, and we must carefully weigh the merits of each after we have prepared for the conflict. We are not ready at this moment, and the record upon which we are to go to the country is yet to be made. Dr. Wilson, Governor Harmon, and the other leaders are to perform some conspicuous service in the making of that record. We will be better able to settle the question of availability after all this has been attended to.

It will be a year before the party can even begin to see the light with respect to the ticket of 1912. We must nominate the most available man, availability being the chief consideration, since it is universally admitted that Wilson, Harmon, and others are in all respects up to the mark in character, capacity, and Democracy. And then when the time comes to nominate we must let the people have a say. Conceding Colonel Harvey's prescience with respect to matters political and his zeal for the cause when the cause meets his approval, we cannot leave the matter in his hands altogether.

So if he persists in ringing the dinner bell before the fire has been built in the kitchen, we shall have to call him down. We have a keen appetite for the blessings to come of Democratic government, but let all things be done in order. At present we are concerned as to what a new Congress is going to do to make a Democratic victory possible.—*Houston Post.*

Our patience with Brother George Bailey is limitless. Strive as he may to swerve it, his heart holds as true to the right as the needle to the pole. It is only a question of time when his slow coach will take its allotted place in the procession, well up to front, close behind the band.—Editor.

Innocence Abroad

One illustration which we made apropos of the false character of the Wilson bill will at once bear repetition and recall the earnestness with which the *Courier-Journal*, seeking to avert disaster, opposed it. It ran somewhat in this wise. During the halcyon days of Fifth Street, when Colonel Jake Castle, the dead-game sport of those times, ruled the roost, there floated into "tog" an entire stranger, from New Orleans, he said. He seemed to be loaded with greenbacks. They got up a head-swimming game of draw poker. The intended victim seemed the easiest. Finally, at the opportune moment, Colonel Castle dealt himself four queens and the entire stranger four jacks, and when all the chips around the table were up and it came to a showdown the entire stranger displayed four kings. "Take the money, stranger; take the money," said Colonel Castle. "But that warn't the hand I dealt you!"

No more was the Wilson bill the "hand" the Democratic party dealt the Cleveland administration, and when Colonel George Harvey and HARPER'S WEEKLY talk about "treachery" they need to bear this in mind.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Very well; we will bear it in mind. But there is no point in the illustration. In the game to which reference is made, the cards are dealt face downward. (*Hoyle*, pp. 6-7.) Consequently Colonel Castle could not have known what cards he passed to the stranger in his order, and the exhibition of the kings in plain view was proof conclusive that those were the cards dealt. Clearly, Colonel Castle's amiable observation was purely jocular. When Colonel Watterson assumes to take it seriously, he only betrays his own lamentable ignorance of a game whose laws are as fixed as the Constitution itself. (New Edition, revised, Chap. IV., sections 6-7.—Editor.

Only Nominated as Yet

Colonel Harvey has already nominated and elected Woodrow Wilson President in 1912. Are the orange and black to be pulled up under the red, white, and blue?—*Houston Chronicle.*

Victory in Sight

The Democratic victory was wide-spread and sweeping. It shows what can be done with a party united and aggressive and true to its own principles. The State of North Carolina, which seemed to have been wobbling two years ago, has reversed itself entirely and has reclaimed the three Republican districts, sending a solid Democratic delegation to Congress. Instead of being weak and apologetic, the Democratic party has jerked itself together and, following the advice of Colonel George Harvey, has indulged in some "plain mad, pig-headed fighting." It has not only reclaimed everything that it had lost, but it has put itself in line for 1912, and has shown itself not only worthy of confidence, but also entitled to a Presidential victory, which is apt to come.—*Savannah News.*

The Figure on the Horizon

HARPER'S WEEKLY must be given the credit for the discovery of Woodrow Wilson as a national and eminent political factor. As far back as 1906 Editor Harvey picked out the president of Princeton as a fit subject for Presidential lightning, and he has steadily and consistently stuck to it ever since. In the mean time Dr. Wilson has been growing on the country, until he not only looms up as Presidential size, but he is well to the front amid the ruck of the Democratic leaders for the nomination.

It must be admitted that there is no bigger or clearer figure on the Presidential horizon than Dr. Wilson, and in all probability he will be a strong contestant for the chief prize in the national Democratic convention of 1912.—*Macon News.*

None Whatever

George Harvey insists that he knew all the time that Woodrow Wilson would get there. Well, now that he's got there, is there any reason to assume that he will stop?—*Charleston News and Courier.*

From Away Back

Many men pride themselves upon being political prophets, but there is only one in America in the year 1910 who has made good to the claim. Early in the year, when most people believed the Republicans would continue to win victories, Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, looked for big Democratic victories, and he said so in his paper. Here is the record of this editor who is a prophet "as is a prophet" sure enough.—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

Well, Well, Well

Colonel Harvey's newspaper campaign, though unquestionably costly, was well arranged and carried out. There is no discounting the fact that the funds of "the interests" back of Professor Wilson's candidacy were well disbursed among the Philadelphia and New York newspapers, all of which surrendered more space to the New Jersey contest than they did to those within their own borders, with, perhaps, a single exception, that of Trenton's sentinel. It cannot be said, "all honor," but it can be said all credit to the sagacity of the expert politicians who planned and worked out to a successful issue the scheme to elect the Democratic ticket in New Jersey. They were master hands and heads that did the work.—*Camden Courier.*

Mammoth Ivory

SIBERIA furnishes a large quantity of ivory to the markets of the world, but the production of it belongs to another age and to a species of animal that does not now exist. The ivory is cut from the tusks of mastodons whose skeletons are found frozen in masses of ice or buried in the mud of Siberian rivers and swamps. The northern portion of the country abounds in extensive bogs which are called *urmans*. In these are found the tusks of the mastodon, from which it is inferred that these animals lost their lives by venturing upon a surface that would not bear their weight.

Even to wild animals these *urmans* are forbidden ground. The nimble reindeer can sometimes cross them safely in the summer-time, but most other large animals attempting to do so would be engulfed.

In the Museum at Tobolsk are numerous specimens of mammoth, and throughout this region they are by no means rare. When an ice-pack breaks down a river bank, or the summer thaw penetrates more deeply than usual into the ground, some of these antediluvian monsters are very likely to be exposed.

In many cases their remains are so fresh and well preserved, with their dark, shaggy hair and under-wool of reddish brown, their tufted ears and long, curved tusks, that all the aborigines, and even some of the Russian settlers, persist in the belief that they are specimens of animals which still live, burrowing underground like moles, and die the instant they are admitted to the light.

The farther the traveller goes northward, it is said, the more abundant do these remains become. They are washed up with the tides upon the arctic shores, and some extensive islands off the coast contain great quantities of fossil ivory and bones.

Tusks which have been long or repeatedly exposed to the air are brittle and unserviceable, but those which have remained buried in the ice retain the qualities of recent ivory and are a valuable article of merchandise. There is a great market for these mammoth tusks at Yakutsk, on the Lena, whence they find their way to the workshops of European Russia and to the ivory-carvers of Canton.

Animal Longevity

ELEPHANTS are probably the longest-lived members of the animal kingdom, their life averaging between one hundred and two hundred years. It is said that when Alexander conquered India he took one of King Porus's largest elephants, named Ajax, and turned him loose with this inscription upon his collar: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant, the story states, was captured three hundred and fifty years later.

It has been claimed that, as a general rule, there is a direct relation between the duration of life and the time required to develop fully; but to this there are manifest exceptions. The cat is mature before it is a year old; yet it may attain the age of twenty years.

Size also seems to have a certain relation to longevity, the elephant and the whale being generally held to be the longest lived of mammals; but here again enters the exception, since the little beaver lives more than twice as long as the rhinoceros.

The average ages of other animals are estimated as follows: Ass, 30 years; bear, 20 years; beaver, 50 years; camel, 75 years; cat, 15 years; chamois, 25 years; ox, 25 years; deer, 20 years; dog, 14 years; fox, 14 years; goat, 12 years; guinea pig, 4 years; hare, 8 years; hippopotamus, 30 years; horse, 25 years; hyena, 25 years; jaguar, 25 years; leopard, 25 years; lion, 40 years; monkey, 17 years; moose, 50 years; mouse, 6 years; pig, 15 years; rabbit, 7 years; rat, 7 years; rhinoceros, 20 years; sheep, 10 years; squirrel, 8 years; stag, 50 years; tiger, 25 years; wolf, 20 years.

While the average age of the whale is somewhere between one hundred and two hundred years, Cuvier asserted that it is probable that some whales attain the age of one thousand years.

Some thirty years ago one of the Rothschilds installed in the Zoological Gardens in London an animal then described as "the oldest living creature in the world." It was one of the giant tortoises of the Aldabra Islands, off the coast of East Africa, and at that time it had had a recorded existence of 150 years, in addition to the unknown increment of its age previous to its transportation to the Island of Mauritius. This was, it was thought, the same tortoise that was mentioned in the treaty between Great Britain and France when the island was ceded by the former country in 1810, and it had therefore changed its status as a national heirloom four times in a century. When the length of the life of other animals is contrasted with that of the giant tortoise, it is clear that the latter must enjoy some special advantage either of structure or of habit conducing to longevity.

In the Bishop's garden at Peterborough, England, a big tortoise died in 1821, whose life was said to have exceeded two hundred and twenty years.

The Lambeth tortoise, which was introduced into the garden by Archbishop Laud, about the year 1625, and died in 1753, owing to some neglect of the gardener, lived in its "last situation" 128 years.

In 1833, Sir Charles Colville, governor of Mauritius, sent to the London Zoological Gardens a tortoise weighing 285 pounds. It was four feet four inches long, and had been in Mauritius for sixty-seven years, having been brought to that island from the Seychelles in 1766, by the Chevalier Marion du Fresne. At that time it was fully grown, so that its real age was probably much greater.

CROWNING A CATHEDRAL

BISHOP MATZ PLACING A CAPSTONE ON ONE OF THE TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT DENVER, COLORADO. THE SUMMIT IS TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE FEET ABOVE THE GROUND

Mining for Coffin Planks

ONE of the most curious industries in the world is the business of mining for coffin planks, which is carried on in Upper Tonquin, a portion of the French possessions in southeastern Asia. In a certain district in this province there exists a great underground deposit of logs, which were probably the trunks of trees engulfed by an earthquake or some other convulsion of nature at a comparatively recent period.

The trees are a species of pine known to the natives, and also to some extent to European commerce, as "nam hou." The wood is almost imperishable, and has the quality, either through its nature or as the result of its sojourn underground, of resisting decay from damp. This quality makes it particularly valuable for the manufacture of coffins, and for this purpose it is largely exported to Europe.

The trees are often a yard in diameter. They are buried in sandy earth, at a depth of from two to eight yards, and are dug up by native labor as demand is made for them.

In many other places in the world trees are found underground in a very fair state of preservation. In Vermont certain meadows, which are now cultivated every year, are known to be underlaid with great masses of logs, which were brought down and deposited in great jams in floods, within the recollection of living men, and left where they were. In the course of time the interstices between the logs filled up with earth, and all were covered over evenly with more earth and vegetable growth.

Whenever any of these buried logs are dug up, they are found to be in a surprisingly good state of preservation; but the business of "mining" them has not yet become an industry.

The Oldest Organ

THE Swedish island Gothland, a Mecca for students of early Gothic architecture, lies in the Baltic Sea, forty miles from the mainland. In Wisby, the principal town of the island, may be seen the ruins of no fewer than ten churches, some of which date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The oldest of them is the Church of the Holy Ghost, completed about 1046.

A director in a German musical institution, who was especially interested in the study of mediæval organs, visited fifty-nine churches in Gothland, and in a village called Sundre came upon the remnant of what is unquestionably the oldest known organ in existence. The case alone has survived the fret of seven centuries, and its exterior is adorned with paintings dating from about the year 1210.

When this ancient instrument could no longer serve its original purpose, it was used as a sacristy, and for the safeguard of holy vessels and vestments was kept in careful repair; hence its excellent preservation to our day.

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The Gentler View

THE PLOUGHERS

By Florida Pier

We do not in the least object to the stodgy condition of our mind or the equally deplorable state of the minds of other people. We protect its glutinous consistency by concealing its entire existence from ourselves and others, making unceasing efforts the while to discourage minds of disturbing activity by dubbing them queer, unbalanced, and if the mind persists in its intense workings we reflect unfavorably on its possessor's parenthood. A dull man we grant respectability without inquiry. A brilliant one we penalize for his wits by suspecting an irregularity somewhere.

If the mind capable of taking daily exercise were content to do it alone without bothering about the type of mind owned by the average man, the average man would perhaps think well of the spontaneously alert mind. He would at least refrain from his hysterical denunciation of the slightest mental movement. But the quality most common among minds that work freshly and sharply is a sensitiveness to the dulness of the average man. His fallacious reasoning, his futile labors, his stolid stupidities, and spineless accustomed fears, are the very things that matter so painfully to a keen mind. The mind cares so much about the insensibility of his fellow men that he almost ceases to care about anything else, and he plunges into the unproductive ground of the average mind determined to plough up some of the stones, to furrow ruthlessly until he reaches some virgin soil where the man behind him, if he lacks the time himself, may plant a fresh idea. This being the work of the man of mind, it is hardly to be wondered at if the average man is resentful and attempts to dismiss the incident by accusing his assailant of exaggeration.

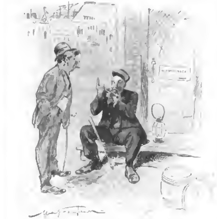
There is always a small body of ploughers. They are called various things, and they use divers mediums for their work. A great many of them write—some novels, some plays—and there are a few who talk, while a scattered minority live. But though they seem to be doing many things, they are always feverishly, devotedly ploughing. It is interesting that they, being developed so much above the mean, should be so invariably social. The clarified peak on which they come into being apparently serves but as a vantage-point from where they get an overwhelmingly comprehensive view of human stodginess, and, leaping down into it, they work with a fervor that makes even their grotesquer methods appear hallowed. They ask us to believe all manner of things, from woman being a spoiler in her sex campaign, to raucous music being above harmonious music, and blue trees behind hideous street prowlers being the only true beauty. Of course no one does believe that these excrescences of effort are recently discovered, though fundamental laws of nature, but if we were asked to believe anything less startling it would not so much as attract our notice. We would not cry out indignantly, and our belief in porcelain-finished paintings telling a pleasingly moral tale, Traviata's saccharine waltz to which death and adultery are liltingly sung, and an outraged denial that sex exists at all in woman or can be mentioned as existing in the world at large, would not be shaken as it is.

The people who shock us are the real missionaries. They work so hard and watch so anxiously for the slightest signs in us of uncertainty of anything except that somnolent surety that what is not is, and cannot be changed. If the ploughers see that we are shocked, if we visibly quiver, they sit back and draw a breath of gratitude. Our suicidal smugness has been leavened a little, and who knows, before a live man—that is to say, a great and rare man—dies, he may have removed one entire boulder of dangerous denial or loathsome self-satisfaction from the minds of hundreds of people. To die and leave a handful of the earth's population in honest doubt or sincere speculation, to go, having robbed them by force of a false premise, it would be a gallant life's work.

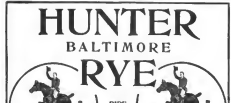
As we do not observe ourselves we cannot draw straight conclusions, and having no conclusions of our own, we borrow half thoughts from unaccounted-for sources, misapply them to things we learn of by hearsay, and with such a receipt for living, we breathe for seventy years or so, mere monuments of insensibility, with faith in our own infallibility and ignorant scorn of all else. It is not surprising that the ploughers weep at the spectacle we present, and smash our idols because they were so glaringly unworthy of us, while all the time real gods were non-existent only for lack of our worship.

We must be driven with whips to the sources (those fountain-heads visited by the few) in order to bring back ourselves the only possession a man needs, and the one he is longest in finding. We persist in believing the travellers' tales of people who never wanted to get to the source of things, and who, in all probability, would have failed to recognize it if chance had caused them to stumble at its brink. We believe that all is for the best because such a state of affairs needs no changing. We do not want to live; it is difficult and exposing, and with a little care can be nicely avoided. We contrive a comfortable evasion for ourselves, and we start our children off with a perversion of facts so that they too can be comatose all the days of their existence if they so wish; after which we are surprised, not to say grieved and displeased, at the lack of self-control on the part of the ploughers. What the ploughers say cannot be even half true, for if it were it would apply to us, and it being out of the question that we are anything but upright and enlightened people, the ploughers are of course ridiculous eccentric characters, and, above all, wits. If a man says something disturbing, call him a wit at once. Laugh or you are lost. If the truth of his remark made you jump, keep at it, and there is just a chance that you may be thought to be shaking with laughter.

The ploughers do not always know that they are ploughers. It is sometimes necessary to the success of their work that they believe all they say; consequently it is an insult to confront them with the epithet. There are only a few of them to a generation, but there springs up under their influence a goodly body of willing helpers. People who see that if one felt so inclined, if one deliberately preferred it, it would be quite possible to believe in even the madnesses of the ploughers; people who find it a stimulating exercise to go their lengths with the result that they are more supple in their normality afterward. They write book reviews praising the ploughers inordinately, and imitate their styles and ideals in short essays. They are average folk themselves, and their championship of the extremists has tremendous results. If these small, quiet folk, whom one knows to be leading perfectly humdrum lives—if they think such strange things, there may be the smallest, the most minute possible grain of truth in them. Then all the stuffy little people, unhappily, but driven on by the awful doubt that has entered their souls, begin to wonder if the things they have always thought wholly right may be only partially so, and they pause, they actually pause before laying down immutable laws for all mankind. They do not go so far as to say they catch glimmers of two sides of a subject, but the cocksure look goes out from their eyes, and the ploughers' most fantastic efforts are justified when the average man refrains from knowing absolutely and substitutes an encouraging, puzzled smile.



FRIEND. "And what are you going on strike for?"
NIGHT-WATCHMAN. "Fer th' eight-hour noight."



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Athletes in England sometimes inhale oxygen to strengthen their muscles and to increase their strength. Recently a professional boxer engaged in a boxing-match with a novice whose chief defect was lack of training. After the first round the novice was so exhausted that he was about to abandon the match. A doctor who was present administered a few whiffs of pure oxygen and the novice immediately recovered his normal strength, and with it an impetus not normal. He returned to the game, and just missed giving the knock-out blow to a very powerful adversary.

The repetition of the experiment proved that inhalations of oxygen enable the sportsman to attain the maximum of his vigor and endurance.

As a result of this discovery special reservoirs with radiating tubes have been placed on sale for the benefit of the sportsman, who can now "take oxygen" as he formerly took oxygenated water.

Explosive Flour

For many years it has been known that various forms of dust, when mingled with air in certain proportions, are capable of producing destructive explosions when brought into contact with flame.

This danger sometimes exists in flour-mills, an instance being the explosion of three flour-mills at Minneapolis in 1878. It was then demonstrated, by experiment, that two ounces of flour in two cubic feet of confined air, when ignited, would cause a violent explosion, and it was calculated that the contents of a flour-sack distributed through 4,000 cubic feet of air would cause an explosion capable of throwing a weight of 2,500 tons to a height of one hundred feet.

An instance is known where sugar dust in a confectionery-factory caused an explosion, and in another case dry soap dust proved equally dangerous.

TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN

By

BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT WOULD be hard to find in any language better specimens of pure narrative, better examples of the power of telling a story and of calling up action so that the reader cannot help but see it, than Mark Twain's account of the Shepherdson-Grangerford feud, and his description of the shooting of Boggs by Sherburn and of the foiled attempt to lynch Sherburn afterward.

These scenes, fine as they are, vivid, powerful, and most artistic in their restraint, can be matched in the two other books. In "Tom Sawyer" they can be paralleled by the chapter in which the boy and the girl are lost in the cave, and Tom, seeing a gleam of light in the distance, discovers that it is a candle carried by the Indian Joe, the one enemy he has in the world. In "Pudd'nhead Wilson" the great passages of "Huckleberry Finn" are rivaled by that most pathetic account of the weak son willing to sell his own mother as a slave "down the river." I have no hesitation in expressing here my own conviction that the man who has given us four scenes like these is to be compared with the masters of literature.

Mark Twain's Style

Consider the tale of the bluejay in "A Tramp Abroad," wherein the humor is sustained by unstated pathos; what could be better told than this, with every word the right word and in the right place? And take Huck Finn's description of the storm when he was alone on the island, which is in dialect, which will not parse, which bristles with double negatives, but which none the less is one of the finest passages of descriptive prose in all American literature.

Mark Twain, American

In Mark Twain we have "the national spirit as seen with our own eyes," declared Mr Howells; and, from more points of view than one, Mark Twain seems to me to be the very embodiment of Americanism. Combining a mastery of the commonplace with an imaginative faculty, he is a practical idealist. No respecter of persons, he has a tender regard for his fellow-men. Irreverent toward all outworn superstitions, he has ever revealed the deepest respect for all things truly worthy of reverence. He has a habit of standing upright, of thinking for himself, and of hitting hard at whatsoever seems to him hateful and mean; but at the core of him there is genuine gentleness and honest sympathy, brave humanity, and sweet kindliness.

Mark Twain has the very marrow of Americanism.

Mark Twain, Humanist

Like Molière, Mark Twain takes his stand on common sense and thinks scorn of affectation of every sort. He understands sinners and strugglers and weaklings, and he he is not harsh with them, reserving his scorching hatred for hypocrites and pretenders and frauds.

Mark Twain, Humorist

After all, it is as a humorist pure and simple that Mark Twain is best known and best beloved. He is a funmaker beyond all question, and he has made millions laugh as no other man of our century has done. The laughter he has aroused is wholesome and self-respecting; it clears the atmosphere

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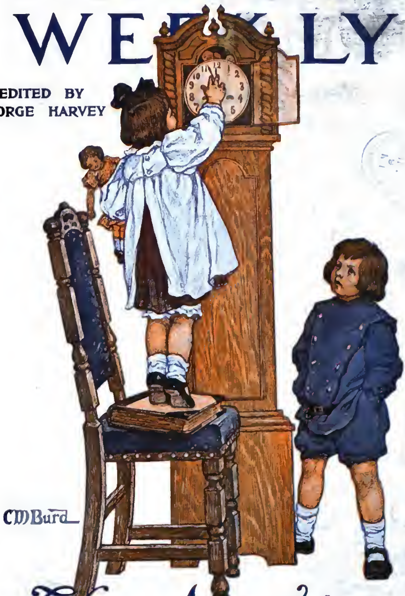
EDITED BY
GEORGE HARVEY



The New Year

December 31 1910 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by

GEORGE HARVEY

THE NEW DECEMBER NUMBER

¶ This December number introduces the changes, the added pages, and the improved appearance of The North American Review. This number, too, begins the ninety-seventh year of its continuous publication. For its old friends—and for many new ones—The North American Review this month has a greeting as warm as in the past. It is ninety-six years young, and the occasion is a happy one. To-day it is brighter, more fresh, more full and vigorous in its activities than ever before. The size of the page has been made slightly larger and the number of pages has been increased to one hundred and sixty.

¶ One feature of special importance begins in this December number—a new novel by Joseph Conrad. It is called "Under Western Eyes." This is, in all probability, Mr. Conrad's masterpiece—more than fiction, more than character-study.

¶ Among the notable articles in the December number are

Some Lessons of the Election	*Edward G. Lowry*
Lyof N. Tolstoy	*W. D. Howells*
The Clew to Modern Italy	*William R. Thayer*
The International Fame of Mark Twain	*Archibald Henderson*
Popular Election of United States Senators	*John W. Perrin*
The Leaves of the Tree—Henry Sidgwick. I.	*Arthur C. Benson*
The Child and Social Reform	*The Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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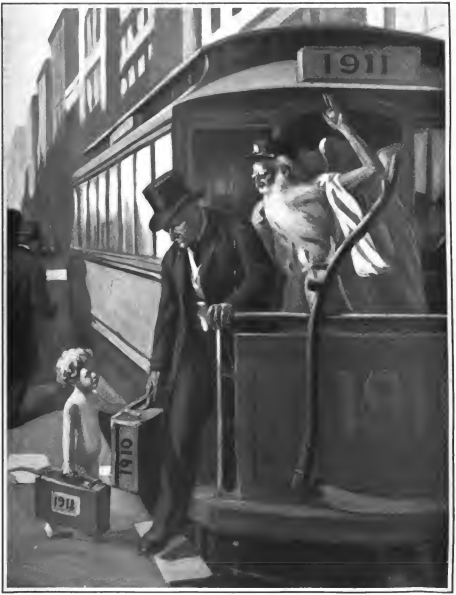

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIV. No. 2819

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

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Comment

1911

Happy New-Year to everybody!

Let us learn all we can this coming year. There never were such times for learning, and for applying every lesson as we get it.

The outlook is pretty good. Crops were very good this last year, take them all together. The Secretary of Agriculture computes that God gave agricultural increase to an amount closely approaching nine billion dollars' worth. That would be about a hundred dollars' worth of farm products for each one of us, which would go a long way if we didn't insist on taking too much of it out in eggs at winter prices, and Oregon apples. No doubt we shall raise enough to eat again this year, and some surplus to sell.

There is no hard thump due in business. We haven't been speculating and laying up repentances on that account. We are at peace with the world and likely to continue so. Living is very high, and we seem to require a great deal of it and of good quality, but there is a great deal to do and wages are good.

The difficulties ahead of us are difficulties of management and adjustment: industrial difficulties in adjustment of old enterprises to new laws; political difficulties in adjustment of old machines to new ideas and intentions. There never were so many new ideas loose in the world as now, but the world was never so well qualified to handle ideas. The temper of our people in the main is reasonable. There is no violent revolution in our air, but there is a great deal of patient pressure for improvement—for better administration of public affairs, better distribution of the products of labor, restriction of legislated privilege, carefuler guardianship and conservation of all public rights and properties. To attain to these good things we must work, and study, and learn at least enough to judge of the merits of expert advice, and follow it when it is good.

Mr. Shepard vs. the Railroad Problem

Mr. Edward M. Shepard, having appeared before the Railroad Securities Commission, was reported as having declared himself opposed to "Federal interference" with railways. He promptly denied the report, and his statement is eminently worth noting as the utterance of a fine intelligence fully informed about the larger aspects of the railroad problem. He said:

> My Democratic devotion to the just powers of the States does not go so far as that. On the contrary, I believe thoroughly in a great measure of Federal regulation of interstate commerce corporations. I was in favor of the original establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and most of the enlargements of its powers. I have always favored and shall always favor their resolute and ample maintenance. I did say, however, that I did not think it helpful for the government to take responsibility for the issue or character of railroad bonds otherwise than in enforcing publicity and truth-telling

And he added, on more general lines:

> I think it better every way for public honesty and thoroughness in the transaction of business, that the States shall exercise their undoubted powers rather than that the Federal government should go into a domain where its constitutional powers are doubtful and where there ought to be the intelligent and nearby watchfulness of home rule rather than a far-away and unduly centralized power at Washington

There are, no doubt, plenty of intelligent people who now go in for more centralization in this matter than Mr. Shepard is ready for. Perhaps their numbers are increasing. But Mr. Shepard's views will seem to countless others, at least equally intelligent, very sound Democracy. It would also seem to be excellent "old nationalism," and its perfect clearness, in contrast with the vagueness of the new-nationalism propaganda, is very much in its favor.

Commerce Court and Interstate Commerce Commission

Apparently Mr. Shepard's general attitude toward the problem is not so very different from President Taft's. As we understand the President's course up to the present time, he has neither committed himself to the radical and extreme policy of the new nationalism nor, on the other hand, has he taken any position that can be considered ultra-conservative and reactionary. He has again and again made plain his feeling that there is danger of overloading the central government with work, and that not merely the rights but the energies and activities of the States ought to be fully maintained. Yet he has favored the vigorous exercise by the nation of the powers which it clearly possesses over a great part of the field of corporate enterprise. There has been so much discussion of his recent appointments to the Supreme Court that the significance of his appointments to the new Commerce Court and to the Interstate Commerce Commission has perhaps not been fully appreciated. For the creation of the new court he is himself largely responsible; and he has evidently aimed, in his choice of the new circuit judges who will first occupy that bench, to make it appreciably a court of experts in railroad law. That, no doubt, was his purpose in taking Judge Knapp from the leadership of the commission and turning him over to the court. But he has also expressed the opinion that the commission, with the fuller powers and the new functions conferred upon it by the recent changes in the law, is become equal in importance to any court; and his choice of the men to fill vacancies in the commission, particularly the choice of Professor B. H. Meyer, of Wisconsin, shows that he wants those powers vigorously exercised, those functions thoroughly discharged. Meanwhile, the President is for passing no more laws on interstate commerce until we can see what will come of this faithful enforcement of the laws we have.

All this is in accord with the main hope of thoughtful people when Taft became President. That main hope was that he would turn from mere agitation of the problems of "big business" to the actual but gradual improvement, by constitutional methods, of our law and procedure concerning them.

As to Free Raw Material

Representative William R. Smith, of Texas, appears to have thrown down the gauge of battle to Senator Bailey of the same State, and the issue between them is not unimportant. Senator Bailey has for some time been the chief Democratic assailant of the doctrine of free raw material, declaring that it is not sound Democracy, but an innovation of the Cleveland days. Representative Smith now comes forward and makes an extended and interesting defence of the doctrine, as both good Democracy and good sense. His points are too many to enumerate, but some of them are very convincing. There is the argument—not new, of course, but never answered—that other manufacturing countries admit raw material free, and that for us to put a duty on it would be to impose on our manufacturers a positive tax; to take off such a duty would not be, as Senator Bailey and others have contended, a form of protection; it would be merely removing a burden and handicap which ought never to be imposed. The difficulty about defining raw material is not practically important, since we all know fairly well what is meant by the term. The tax on raw material, like every other tariff tax, is in the end paid by the consumers; yet meanwhile it operates to deny our manufacturers a fair chance in foreign markets.

In the matter of the Democracy of the doctrine, Mr. Smith is able to produce some telling citations from utterances of various Democratic leaders. Perhaps the most telling is one from Robert J. Walker, father of the tariff of 1846; but at a later period one finds Cleveland and Bryan in full agreement on the point. Hardly less effective is the evidence that, whether or not the doctrine is Democratic, it cannot be set down as Republican. That could be done only over the vigorous protests of the men with the best right to speak for the Republican party. These have pretty uniformly denounced the doctrine as the most insidious and dangerous of all forms of the Democratic low-tariff contention.

Campaign Methods

The unimportant results of the British elections, coming so soon after the much more decisive utterances of our American electorates, suggest a reflection about the methods of campaigning in both countries. Does violence in public speech pay? Is it worth while to overstate one's own case, to vilify one's opponents unduly, to grow sensational in one's appeals? In a word, is it good policy to "talk down" to ordinary popular audiences or to "write down" to the readers of newspapers? These methods seem to be still employed very extensively on both sides of the water. Witness particularly the "American dollars" exchanges in England and Colonel Roosevelt's behavior to Mr. Dix and Judge Baldwin and Governor Harmon. Did these methods pay, on either side? Our analysis of the results does not indicate that they did, and neither does our interpretation of the temper and tendencies of the electorates of the two countries. It is our impression that muck-raking and sensationalism, whether on the stump or in the papers, are distinctly losing favor and effectiveness; and that the public is gaining in ability to see through and to disregard immoderate one-sidedness of any kind. The means of information and of intercommunication are far ampler than ever before. Education is more general. These things will probably not mean the disappearance of the demagogue. He has survived many revolutions and much progress. But he needs to change his methods again.

Peanut Politics

Congressman Rainey's resolution providing for a committee of five to investigate President Roosevelt's travelling expenses is no more or less than a cheap and silly example of peanut politics. The plea that it should be made "in justice to the Pennsylvania Railroad stockholders" is disingenuous and ridiculous. That is a matter wholly between the stockholders and the directors, and if any genuine complaint has been made we have not heard of it. In any case it is no part of the business of the government to prosecute or to persecute. Undoubtedly President Roosevelt accepted courtesies from the railways, in conformity with custom, and as his predecessors had done before him. That he violated any statute by accepting passes after the anti-pass law was enacted is not alleged. If official practices prior to that time are to be made a subject of investigation, the inquiry should comprehend the innumerable favors sought and obtained from the railways by Senators and Representatives. The fact that the resolution singles out Mr. Roosevelt is enough in itself to prove its unfairness and its animus. No good purpose can be served by its adoption and none is anticipated. The obvious intent is to put Mr. Roosevelt in a false light before the country. It ought to be unnecessary to say that such an attempt at mere nagging is unworthy of Mr. Rainey or any other Representative. The resolution should—and we have little doubt will—be consigned contemptuously to the waste-basket, where it belongs.

Scar't of Him

The late elections seemed to leave a very lively impression that the ex-President is loaded and requires to be handled with judgment. A New Haven despatch to the New York *Times*, dated December 18th, says that the Colonel is for George P. McLean for Senator from Connecticut (in place of Mr. Bulkeley), and McLean's friends are delighted, but have begged him to use his influence quietly, and not to come out with any statement. A Detroit despatch to the same paper, dated December 20th, says there is a mutiny in the Detroit Board of Commerce because its president threatens to invite the Colonel to address that body on January 12th. The mutineers, as quoted, say that Mr. Pinchot came there and Congressman Denby was beaten, and Miss Tarbell came there and Senator Burrows was beaten, and that they want no one else to come and "create distrust and uncertainty in the business world." If such resolute social-improvers as Mr. Pinchot and Miss Tarbell have already dealt with the Board, it ought to consider itself to have been inoculated against agitation and fit to sit without dismay under any speaker.

Lodge and the Tariff Commission

The devotion of certain originally stand-pat Senators to the Tariff Commission is quite the most striking Republican development since the Republican hard times began. PAYNE has come over completely both to the commission idea and to the plan of revision by schedules. ALDRICH, in the Senate, is amazingly complacent with both proposals. But nobody, in either House or Senate, can be compared with LODGE for really fervid advocacy of these saving ideas. "Tearful" is hardly too strong a word to describe his speech in the Senate in favor of them both. He has now, he says, taken part in five revisions of the tariff, and the superiority of the newly proposed method over the old is overwhelmingly evident to him from those experiences—"especially," he adds, "from my experience of the last." Nobody will question the sincerity of his distaste for what has come to him on account of that latest experience with the log-rolling style of tariff-making. Neither can anybody call him a new convert to his present position. As compared with PAYNE and ALDRICH, he is a regular father in Israel. He has been in the faith half a year. "I have advocated a commission," he truly declares, "in every speech I have made on the tariff during the past six months." That is to say, he has been for it ever since Congress adjourned last June and he went home and started his fight for re-election. It's a mean man that would ask where he stood when the commission idea was under debate in the special session, or where he was when the conference committee struck out of the law the clauses giving the commission the authority to do the work which it is now doing. We are quite hopeful that the commission will be really useful in getting information which Democrats as well as Republicans need for dealing thoroughly with the tariff; but its chief present value seems to be as an ark of refuge for eminent Republicans who had no part whatever in the original fight for it.

Rules

TALLEYRAND said language was for concealing thought, and one is frequently tempted to believe that the rules of legislative bodies are for preventing legislation. Both the Senate and the House have been showing recently how their respective codes of rules can be put to that use. During the long session the House adopted the device of "Suspension Day" in order to give a chance to bills that might otherwise be smothered in committees. On Suspension Day any member can move to discharge a committee from consideration of a bill he is interested in. There are four Suspension Days in a short session. Last Monday being Suspension Day, and there being apparently some danger of the passing of Congressman GALLOWAY'S service-pension bill, the new rule was invoked to get another bill, a tremendously long one, out of committee—not to pass it, but to kill time having it read. The House spent the day reading that bill and voting on motions to adjourn. It will probably spend the remaining Suspension Days the same way.

Meanwhile the Senate, having troubles of its own, was also falling back on parliamentarianism. The Vice-President had decided, a day or two before, that when the roll is called and a Senator gets up and announces a pair he is present. After full debate, the Senate now decided that a Senator who does this is not present, but absent; that his getting up to announce himself paired is, in fact, a confession that he is not in the Chamber. To reach that decision, however, a quorum had to vote that there was no quorum; then the roll was called to see whether there was a quorum or not.

Meanwhile, *à propos* of Senator CUMMINS'S effort to amend the rules of both Houses by joint resolution, Senators have firmly insisted on the constitutional right of each House to "determine the rules of its proceedings." Evidently it is also assumed that each has the right to make rules which shall operate to prevent it from proceeding at all.

The French Spoliation Claims

Senator BRISTOW may not have accomplished much of a practical nature by his long speech on the French Spoliation Claims, included in the Omnibus Claims bill, but he stirred up a lot of history. It was, however, history that had been stirred up a good many times before. Those claims, as directed against the American government, are just one hundred and ten years old, since 1800 is the date of the convention by which the United States agreed not to prosecute them against France. In origin, however, they are older still, some of them dating back almost to the beginning of the French Revolutionary wars. They were first presented to Congress in 1802, and since then Congress after Congress has dealt with them, committee after committee has reported on them, orator after orator has discussed them, President after President has approved or disapproved of them. WEBSTER reported on them once, EDWARD EVERETT, EDWARD LIVINGSTON, CALEB CUSHING, RUFUS CHOATE, and CHARLES SUMNER each reported on them thrice. FRANKLIN PIERCE and GROVER CLEVELAND both vetoed bills to pay them. On the other hand, BENJAMIN HARRISON and WILLIAM MCKINLEY both signed general appropriation bills satisfying certain of them, there being, however, no way to veto these without vetoing all the other items the bills carried. The actual amount appropriated by the present Omnibus bill to satisfy claims of this group is only some eight hundred thousand dollars, and it is hoped that the claims still unsatisfied will not aggregate more than half a million. These amounts do not look very big to the United States to-day. But to the struggling little republic of the year 1800 they looked tremendous, and they came precious near being the cause of a war with France.

The Pure-garments Proposal

The colder it gets this winter, the better should be the chances of Representative MURDOCK'S bill to apply the pure-food principle to the alleged woollens and worsteds which under high protection most Americans have to put up with. The few Americans who escape shoddy altogether are those who are rich enough to go abroad and buy their clothes, or rich enough to stay at home and pay at least two prices for them. Even when one is able and willing to pay, one is by no means sure, unless one is something of an expert, of getting anything really "all wool" for one's money. The imitations are clever and various, and it is not usually possible to apply a chemical test. The practical outcome is that ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred, if not nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, are wearing on their backs clothes that are not in the least what they pretend to be and ought to be. An equal if not greater number are also sleeping under blankets that are even less like what they should be. That is perhaps the most serious aspect of the whole matter. High-tariff blankets and high-tariff underclothes are about the meanest thing protection does to us. They are responsible for the illnesses of many who might otherwise be well; and they are responsible for the discomfort of many who are already ill.

If the government has a right to protect people from being cheated in what is sold to them to eat and drink, it is hard to see why it has not an equal right to protect them from being cheated in what is sold to them to wear and to sleep under. The principle of Mr. MURDOCK'S proposal would seem to be sound; and it is quite certain that something on that line ought to be done.

Do the French Know It?

LAFE YOUNG at the White House.—*Newspaper Headline.*

Mr. YOUNG is the Iowa statesman appointed Senator in Mr. DOLLIVER'S place.

Is it known, do you suppose, to the French people that LAFAYETTE is a familiar given name in this grateful Republic, and that because it is a little long for use we usually cut it down to LAFE?

A New Building Needed on Ellis Island

In the year ending the 30th of last June over 850,000 aliens were inspected under the immigration law at Ellis Island. The law says that every alien who does not seem to the inspector "clearly and beyond a doubt" entitled to land shall be held for special inquiry. "Relatively few immigrants from northern Europe are so held," says Commissioner WILLIAMS, but those coming from other parts of Europe, particularly the southern and southeastern parts, require close attention, and sometimes, last year, a thousand of them were held for special inquiry in a single day. Since the quality of immigrants is not improving, that is likely to happen again. A large proportion of the detentions, says the Commissioner, are due to serious physical defects found by our surgeons. The law forbids admission to persons with such defects, either physical or mental, as may affect their ability to earn a living. Mr. WILLIAMS says the facilities at Ellis Island are not at present adequate to due inspection of the class of immigrants that are coming now at the rate they are coming. When four or five thousand low-class immigrants come in in a single day there is neither time nor space for the surgeons looking for physical and mental defects to make the careful observations which the law very properly requires. So the Commissioner wants Congress to appropriate $455,000 for a new building on Ellis Island, with room enough in it not only for special inspection of the doubtful aliens, but also for the proper accommodation of detained cabin passengers, and the preparation and filing of statistical records. Every immigrant's arrival is recorded, it seems, at Ellis Island. There is a steady and increasing call for extracts from the records from applicants for citizenship, sometimes as many as three hundred a day.

It is to be hoped that the Commissioner will get the new building and get it promptly. The cost of it is trifling compared with the importance of the work which it is needed for. It should be remembered that the maintenance of a strict standard of admission at Ellis Island not only sifts the aliens who reach this port, but it determines the quality of those who start. It must be remembered that the gathering of emigrants to America, herding them to various ports, and selling them steamer tickets is an organized business pursued for the money there is in it, and that by far the most important check on it is the Ellis Island inspection, which turns back on the steamship companies the unfit applicants for admission.

"Common Sense in Politics"

We have received, and beg gratefully to acknowledge, the Hon. JOB E. HEDGES'S useful and edifying work on *Common Sense in Politics*, and heartily recommend it to all politicians, intending, performing, practical, visionary, theoretical, and reformatory. "That the Constitution of the United States was a divinely appointed instrument no thoughtful man will deny," says Mr. HEDGES, and thereby he attests his own political piety. As a thoughtful man himself, he declares that "the corroding evil in American political life is hypocrisy, and not larceny." This work was published just before the late election, in which Mr. HEDGES took an active part, but it still expresses his sentiments.

Inspecting the Colleges

At the instance of the Carnegie Foundation, Mr. MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE, an industrial engineer, has been inspecting the physics departments of five universities, two colleges, and an institute, to see if these institutions seemed to be run on sound economic principles, and to be giving the public as much as their endowments and incomes warrant. The universities inspected were Harvard, Columbia, Toronto, Wisconsin, and Princeton; the colleges, Haverford and Williams; the institute, Massachusetts "Tech." Mr. COOKE considered such phases of management as the getting of full use out of expensive recitation-halls, the committee system of administration, the expenditure of time by accomplished experts on concerns of general management not in their line, fixity of tenure by professors, and the proportion of research work to instruction.

From the cash-register standpoint Mr. COOKE finds the best conditions at Columbia, which he praises for vigor of business administration and excellence of organization. These are very valuable merits, and Mr. COOKE'S report is a notable compliment to President BUTLER'S administration of the great university of which he is the head. Of course the cash register is an imperfect measure of the concerns of the spirit, and those concerns enter deeply into the work of education. Nevertheless, the side of college administration that Mr. COOKE has been inspecting is very important, and the better it is managed, the better the chance for the other end of the work to be well done.

Either Way

Politics were the passion of DAVID B. HILL'S life, says HARPER'S WEEKLY. Grammar are evidently Colonel HARVEY'S passion.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Colonel GEORGE HARVEY says of DAVID B. HILL that "politics were the passion of his life." We fancy that Colonel GEORGE is a citizen who occasionally commands his groceryman: "If you have any good molasses, send me up some of 'em."—*Houston, Texas, Post.*

Have it your way, but isn't ours just as pretty? The dictionary says "Politics is," but it quotes LOWELL as calling politics "them," and FROUDE as saying "Politics are matters of faith." To the same mind, we take it, politics may be plural or singular according as that mind is in a comprehensive or an analytical mood.

Christmas Customs in the Old Carols

"I pray you, sirs, both more and less,
Sing these carols to Christemas."

This was the polite invitation of one John Audeley, a blind and deaf chaplain at Haughmond Abbey, in the year 1426. It was this habit of song, by both more and less, that has retained for us the old traditions and customs which still make Christmas the most lustrous and beautiful season in the year. Nor should it grieve even the most pious to know that Christmas celebrations antedated Christianity. The Yule-log, the decorations of ivy and holly and mistletoe, the great feast and the boar's head and the wassail bowl all belonged originally to the feast of the winter solstice, and it was probably in Britain the brilliant policy of St. Augustine to retain the beloved festivities and merely change the significance. Yuletide was the feast of the Sun, and we can reconstruct from such records as remain to us a picture of the early Briton and his midwinter fête. After all, the change was not so great; one letter turned the feast of the Sun to the feast of the Son, and man's worshipful gaze from nature to humanity.

By some of the early legislation we can find out that a good deal of pagan rioting lasted into the Christian festivity. In A.D. 408 stage plays were forbidden on solemn festival days; this law was reiterated in 425, and especial stress laid on the feast of the Nativity. In 614 all "filthy plays" on the Kalends of January were prohibited. Doubtless out of these repressions grew up the miracle plays and the mystery plays. Just as the drama grew up out of the church, broke bonds and went into the market-place and the streets, so the early carol based itself on the Latin hymnology, but little by little included the customs and symbols and traditions of the people.

These early Christian songs offer us a wealth of literature, of history, and of tradition. If one attempt a rough classification of their content, one finds first songs of the Virgin, who is praised as a "brighte byrd," a "rosa sine spina," a "mayde and moder milde"; a few songs of Joseph, who always figures as an aged man, songs of the converse of the Virgin and her Babe; songs of the Angel Gabriel, "*Eve mutatio Nomini*"; songs of the three Kings, of the Shepherds, the Angels, the Cherry-tree, the Three Ships, the Wassail Bowl, the Boar's Head, and the "Holly and Ivy."

Those songs are most beautiful which are least hampered by dogma and dwell simply upon the dramatic aspect of the great story. Now and then modern poets, like Swinburne, Christina Rossetti, George Macdonald and William Morris, have been able to catch again something of the sweetness, the charming simplicity, the dramatic surprise and quaint humor of these early pieces.

Of all the songs of the Virgin perhaps the loveliest one is that early fifteenth-century carol:

"I sing of a maiden
That is makeles."

with its repetition of the line "He came al so still." A very odd little song dates from the same time and has as its title, "M and A and R and I," and opens up with a definite proposition:

"Of these four letters purpose I,
M and A and R and I;
They betoken Maid Mary
All our joy of her sprong."

It ends with a really delightful picture:

"God that sitteth above the sky
With M and A and R and I
Save now all this company
And send us joy and bliss among!"

Many of the early carols have the Latin refrains taken directly from hymnology, and certain refrains, such as "Verbum caro factum est," "Res Miranda," "Misterium Mirabile," occur repeatedly. The word "noël"—probably some form of nouvelle—is used constantly with the last syllable repeated:

"Nowell, ell, ell, ell, ell, ell, ell, ell, ell, ell, ell,
Mary was greeted by Gabriel."

The word "byrd" signified "lady" then, but its use, as applied to the blessed Virgin, has a double charm by its suggestion of wings, of an angelic nature, of descent from a brighter sphere. The Mother of Christ is almost equally often referred to as a bird and as a rose.

"As I lay upon a night
My thought was on a bird so bright (Alleluia)
That men call Mary full of might
Redemptoris Mater."

And the early fifteenth-century carol opens:

"O blessedful bird, full of grace,
Of all mankind thou art solace."

Of the conversations between Mary and her Son there are many. In some she complains that He, being a king of men, should have chosen to be born in a manger. Others in which He explains to her that it is best for Him to be born in a "crib with hay and grass," and that, none the less, "Lords and dukes shall worship Me and so shall kings all," and He ends sweetly:

"My mother dear, when time it be, thou take Me up aloft
And set Me right upon thy knee and handle Me full soft.
And in thine arm
Thou lap Me warm
And keep Me night and day;
And if I weep
And may not sleep
Sing thou by-bye, lullaby."

More than any other modern, George Macdonald has caught the tone of these conversations between Mother and Child in the carol in which the Mother says to her Son:

"'For Thou art King of men, my son,
Thy crown I see it plain:
And men shall worship Thee, every one,
And cry glory, Amen!'

"Babe Jesus opened His eyes so wide!
At Mary looked her Lord—
And Mary stinted her song and sighed.
Babe Jesus said never a word."

The songs of Joseph are few, but quaint and interesting, and nearly all mention his being an "aged man truly." It is difficult to trace the tradition of the Cherry-tree, but it appears as early as in the Coventry plays. Joseph and Mary are walking in the orchard where the cherry-trees are in full bloom, and while they look the cherries ripen, and Mary tells Joseph of the future coming of her child and asks him to give her cherries. When in anger and misunderstanding he refuses to do so, the tallest tree bends itself down to her and she plucks the cherries, and Joseph at the same time understands the miracle. One exquisitely lovely song begins:

"All under the leaves and the leaves of life
I met with virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary, mild,
Our Lord's Mother of Heaven."

Evidently it was the song of one with no care for continuity or singleness of subject, for in the midst of recounting the death of Christ he breaks off again with:

"O the rose, the gentle rose,
And the fennel that grows so green,
God give us grace in every place
To pray for our King and Queen."

One can almost picture the little green coppice in which such a song was made: where the "leaves and the leaves of life," roses and fennel, and the king and queen, and enemies all, and John the Evangelist, and the stories of the Christ were all gathered together and woven into one song. The trees play a part again in the old song of the three ships:

"As I sat under a sycamore-tree, a sycamore-tree, a sycamore tree,
I looked me out upon the sea,
A Christmas Day in the morning.

"I saw three ships a-sailing there, a-sailing there, a-sailing there,
The Virgin Mary and Christ they bare,
A Christmas Day in the morning.

"He did whistle and she did sing, she did sing, she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
A Christmas Day in the morning."

Whistling was perhaps not so undignified a performance then as now, for many of the old carols represent the shepherds' whistling and the singers whistling. Mainly, the burden of the day was:

"Man, be glad in hall and bower,
This time was born our Savior."

The idea of Mary and Christ coming in ships is very old, and there are said to be old stone sculptures dating from 1500 which represent the ship's prow and the figures of the Saviour and His Mother.

One of the loveliest songs dates about 1613 and is perhaps a degree more sophisticated than the earlier ones:

"Out of the orient, crystal skies
A blazing star did shine,
Showing the place where poorly lies
A blessed Babe divine."

The last stanza has an odd refrain:

"The shepherds dwelling there about
Where they this news did know,
Came singing all even in a rout
Falantidingdido, Falantidingdido, Falantidingdido."

There are fascinating old songs to be found telling of the holly and ivy decorations:

"Get ivy and hull, woman, and deck up thy house,
And take this same brawn for to seethe and to souse."

Songs for the wassail show us that feasting as early as 1548 included partridges and rail-birds, and Herrick in his wassail song gives lovely pictures of the bounty of the larder. "Larks in hot sauce, ladies for to pick," together with bread, ale, and wine, the "boar's head with mustard armed so gay," "Capons y baked with pieces of the roe, Raisins and currents with other spices mo," are all mentioned about 1450, and the same feast boasts partridges, plovers, woodcock, and snipe. It is almost a pity that the feasting and the decorations should have remained with us while the outdoor singing and the making of carols should have fallen into comparative disuse.

Correspondence

THE NEGRO AND THE DEMOCRATS

Chicago, Ill., November 14, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In your issue of November 5th you have repeated your graphic predictions of 1904 and 1908 which speaks well for your gift of prophecy, at least.

In the same issue and in that of the 12th instant you refer to the assumed appointment we are to have of Mr. W. H. Lewis, as an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, not yet settled, however. It is high time for the negro voters of this country to try a little insurgency. If they should try it, they would probably have a better chance to get appointed to political offices at other times than just before election.

There are many misconceptions about this so-called American "Negro." 1. Mr. Lewis is no more of a "negro" than the late Colonel Roosevelt is a Dutchman; in fact, about seventy per cent. of our native American population have quite as much "negro blood" as Mr. Lewis. It will be noticed, too, that President Taft, in deference, perhaps, to our susceptible American sensibilities on the "color" issue, is rather "removing" than appointing pure blacks to office. It may allay race friction and prevent heart-disease! 2. The greatest misconception, however, is the oft-repeated statement that *it is high time for negroes to become insurgents and vote the Democratic ticket.*

As a Republican voter since 1872, a participator in every Presidential campaign, except 1888 and 1904, and identified with this "negro race," having lived South during "reconstruction," and wisely at the North and West since, permit me to say there has not been a campaign, State or national since 1872 when the voters of African descent have not openly, freely, and, as some of them thought, consistently, voted the solid Democratic ticket. Why not? Gratitude is not the sole prerogative of any one of the races of our Republic. This generation did not emancipate us! Further, negroes not only followed Sumner, Schurz, and others for Horace Greeley, but some of them have kept it up until this last insurgent campaign.

Every intelligent Democrat, North and South, knows that Southern Democrats who complain of negro solidarity know better; they only use this as a pretext. Negro Democrats helped elect Governor Brown in 1908, and Hoke Smith was glad to have them this year. More have not flocked to the old Democratic ticket because "Southern Democracy" has an "ancient fish-like" savor; it has been too retrogressive; has not accepted in good faith the promises and pledges of post-bellum legislation; but on the contrary, has made known its purpose to repeal the legislation which determined the national franchise, and by State legislation it seeks to degrade in every way a patient, long-suffering people into an American *Ilotae*! The negro is not unmindful of the indifference, ingratitude, and cold-blooded heartlessness of the present Republican dynasty. I was in the South from November to May, 1907–8, in the wake of Mr. Hitchcock's dragnet for the convention. I know of the many promises that were made. He knows how they were kept! The Republican party is far fallen from its high estate, and well does the negro know it; but he notices, too, and this puts a damper upon him, that no steps lead back from the bear's cave! What he does look hopefully, expectantly, forward toward, is the formation of a new party tied to no traditions old and unelastic—no mere servant of caste or trusts, but a party of all the people, for the good of all the people, irrespective of race or religion.

I am, sir,

Niger-Nigrorum.

ONE TERM FOR CHAMP CLARK

Philadelphia, November 21, 1910.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—George William Curtis of loving memory first taught me, through the columns of Harper's Weekly, the undesirableness of voting with a party when it forgot or ignored the purposes for which it was founded. He was the first great insurgent.

Since 1872 I have followed very keenly the course of Harper's, finding much to admire, and much to criticise. I could not help thinking that Mr. Bryan would have made a much more acceptable President for the country than Mr. Taft. I wonder if Harper's does not now, privately, agree with me. But "to my mutton!"

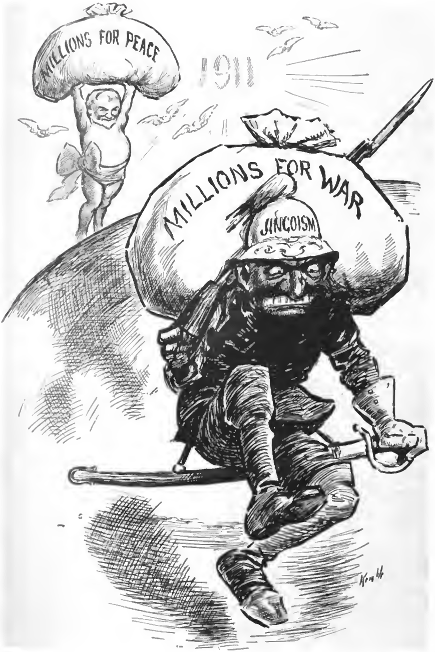
Your forecasts of Woodrow Wilson's political career brought up to date in the current number of Harper's is nothing short of wonderful. New Jersey has much to thank Harper's for. There is not the slightest doubt but that Mr. Wilson will make an ideal Governor and that his stewardship in that office will prepare him for the higher honors and responsibilities at Washington. However, there is one man head and shoulders over any man in the country who deserves and should have one term as President of the United States, and that is the forthcoming Speaker of the House, Champ Clark, of Missouri. He, by his great fight against the Payne-Aldrich plain robbery tariff, when he had to contend with the foes of honesty in the Republican party, and fight the traitors within his own, he laid the foundation of the great Democratic upheaval which made possible the victories that Wilson, Harmon, Foss, Baldwin, and Dix achieved on November the 8th. The tariff was the issue then and will be the great overshadowing issue of 1912. Henry George, Jun., in an interview in the *Evening Post* says and will say, in forecasting the coming battle in Congress,

"Who meets this description more completely than Champ Clark, the present leader of the minority side of the House? He led the fight against the Payne-Aldrich act, and his pledges, character, great abilities, and long consistent legislative record give highest warrant for his continuing that fight, and fulfilling the people's mandate to reduce the cost of living by revising the tariff downward."

America has often deserved the stigma of not properly rewarding the men who have given all their strength, all their heart, and all their talent to her service. A notable example was Thomas Brackett Reed, who, by Hannaized tactics, was denied the privilege of serving his country as President. The country would go far toward removing the stigma by making Champ Clark, of Missouri, President in 1912, and in 1916 Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey.

I am, sir,

Ryerson W. Jennings.


MILLIONS FOR PEACE
1911
MILLIONS FOR WAR
JINGOISM
Kemble

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

John Bull Yea-and-Nay

THE ENGLISH VOTERS' INDECISIVE RESPONSE TO MR. ASQUITH'S APPEAL AGAINST THE PEERS LEAVES IRELAND ONCE AGAIN IN COMMAND OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE recent British elections disappointed both parties by leaving both parties practically as they were. Neither side gained and neither lost. The coalition of Liberals, Irish Nationalists, and Labor men will face the new Parliament with virtually the same majority that they commanded at the dissolution. Their opponents return in undiminished strength. Ought one then to describe the contest as a drawn battle? When a Government with a majority of over 120 appeals to the country on an issue of transcendent importance and is returned to power with a following that is neither larger nor smaller than it was, is the result to be hailed as a triumph or a defeat or a mixture of both? The question is not an easy one to answer, nor, except for reasons of party dialectics, is it essential that it should be answered at all. What is essential are the facts, and the facts are not altered by giving them this name or that. The Liberals, of course, argue that having been returned to power in three successive elections by a majority in each case of over 120, they may fairly claim that the country is with them. They point out that the recent election was fought out almost wholly on the House of Lords issue, and that the Unionists, by pledging themselves not to introduce tariff reform until it had been submitted to a referendum, coöperated in the task of narrowing the questions before the electorate down to the single question of the House of Lords. And on this question the Liberals maintain that their policy had been clearly defined months before, had been debated in the House of Commons, had been embodied in a bill. Everybody knew what it was; nobody who voted for the Liberals could pretend that he was voting in the dark. When, therefore, the polls disclose a Liberal majority of over 120, are not Liberals justified in construing it as a national verdict of approval on behalf of their scheme for dealing with the House of Lords? Have they not received a mandate from the people to go ahead with the policy thus emphatically indorsed?

To this the Conservatives reply that the action of the Government in hurrying on the dissolution immediately after the failure of the conference left the Opposition no real opportunity to formulate a House of Lords policy of their own; that practically only ten days were given them in which to lay counter proposals before the country; that though they made the most of this brief period of grace and outlined one scheme for the drastic reconstruction of the Upper Chamber and another scheme for solving deadlocks between the two Houses, the time was too short to allow the electorate to weigh and ponder the alternative plan thus submitted to their judgment; and that the country, therefore, passed its verdict on a one-sided and incomplete presentation of the case. Moreover, the Conservatives maintain that no Government would have dissolved Parliament with such unfair and precipitate haste if it had not felt pretty confident of returning to power with an increased majority. But the Government did not succeed in increasing its majority. It only succeeded in holding its own. In other words, it failed to secure that decisive ratification of its policy which could alone warrant Ministers in prosecuting it as mandatories of the nation and which could alone persuade the Conservatives to accept it as the settled wish of the people. When a Government that proclaims its intention of bringing about a fundamental change in the Constitution and that appeals to the country for the necessary strength to carry it through, is returned to power with the same majority, no smaller and no larger, as it already possessed, can it pretend that there is any overwhelming sentiment of approval in favor of its policy? What the elections, at any rate, made clear is that there is an earnest and powerful minority, amounting to nearly one-half the entire electorate, that is firmly and by conviction opposed to the Government's plan. When that is the case, is it possible to conceive of a vast constitutional revolution being effected by the mere force of the party that possesses in Parliament a majority that is out of all proportion to its majority in the country?

Again, ever since the election came to an end the Conservatives have been insisting that the Government's majority must be appraised with reference to its composition as well as its size. Figures, they maintain, are not everything; the mere numbers of a given majority are rarely a true index to its real value and authority. Every one remembers that after the election of a year ago the Government considered a paper majority of 124 so inadequate for its purposes that it thought of resigning before Parliament had even met. To-day, according to the Conservatives, the same Government with virtually the same majority is in a position that morally is at least as precarious. Its following is not less heterogeneous than it was before. It is still, for all effective Parliamentary purposes, dominated by the Irish Nationalists who form two-thirds of its majority and who have only to vote against the Government and with the Conservatives to bring about its immediate downfall. But the people of Great Britain have an unconquerable aversion to seeing their politics controlled by the Irish Nationalists.

It is one of the penalties for their inspired mishandling of the Irish question that they pay with the worst possible grace. Any Government that depends for its existence upon the Irish vote starts its political life fatally discredited. "The feeling of the average Englishman on this point," said the London *Outlook* recently, "may, if you like, be criticised as petty and anti-Imperial, though, as our readers know, in the opinion of the *Outlook* it is neither. But whatever one's view of it, no one with any eye for the realities of politics can deny that it is at once ineradicable, instinctive, and in a large sense natural and justifiable. It is natural and justifiable because in Ireland, while there is an infinite volubility of speech, there is little real political thought or political education and hardly even the semblance of democracy; the personnel, experience, and training of the Irish Nationalists fall far below the standard that obtains in England, Scotland, and Wales; they represent the priest, the publican, the gombeen man, and the boss far more faithfully than they represent the people; they are supported almost entirely by American dollars, though the Irish, if they chose, would be perfectly capable of financing their own political movements; their members, according to any test that can be adopted, are over thirty in excess of what they should be; their intervention in British politics is directed to an end that the majority of Englishmen, as we believe, regard with extreme repugnance; and their interest in the present crisis is confined to clearing a subterranean passage for a measure that would be instantly annihilated if it dared to show its head aboveground. For the British Constitution as such the Irish Nationalists avowedly care nothing.

Their sole object is to demolish the power of the Second Chamber to refer a home-rule bill to the electorate, to retire to a Parliament in Dublin when the work of destruction is accomplished, and to leave the rest of the United Kingdom to get along as best it may under a Constitution that would lower the political reputation of Great Britain to something below that of a South American republic. For these reasons we are justified in looking to motives, to surrounding circumstances, and to internal values, instead of fixing our eyes solely on numbers. For these reasons a Ministry that is unable to maintain itself in office if the Irish vote is against it suffers a loss of weight and authority that no Parliamentary dexterity can counteract."

It will thus be seen that the recent election by no means made an end of the British crisis. The Government, however, have the power and the intention to proceed with their scheme. The ministerialists are in no mood whatever for surrendering an inch of the ground they conceive themselves to have won. They have a majority of over 120 and they mean to use it; and all suggestions for another conference or a settlement by consent will fall, for the present, upon deaf ears. For the present, but not, I think, for all time. When Parliament meets at the end of January or the beginning of February the Government will at once introduce their bill for abolishing the veto of the Lords on finance, for making it impossible for the Lords to reject any bill that has passed the House of Commons in three consecutive sessions in two years, and for shortening the duration of Parliament to five years. This bill will undoubtedly be adopted by the House of Commons by the full strength of the Government majority. It will then be sent up to the House of Lords, and the Lords will assuredly refuse to accept it as it stands. They will propose various amendments providing for radical changes in the composition of the Upper House—changes that will include the abolition of the hereditary principle and the introduction of an elective element, and that will go a long way toward redressing the present disparity between the two parties—and providing also for a machinery of joint sessions and the referendum when the two Chambers are at loggerheads. These amendments the Government will, of course, throw into the waste-paper basket. They will take their stand on the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill. A deadlock will thus be reached that can only be broken in two ways. Either there will be a settlement by consent or else the Government will be obliged to obtain the sanction of the Crown to create the five hundred peers or so who would be necessary to carry their proposals through the Upper House. The latter course is entirely constitutional; it may be the only means of solving an otherwise insoluble difference of opinion between the two Chambers. But clearly, and especially when adopted on such a scale, it is a course that no statesman would resort to, unless and until every other means of arranging a settlement had been tried and had broken down. For the creation of five hundred puppet peers would be a measure so extreme, so fundamentally ridiculous, so wholly unworthy of the old national reputation for political sanity, that it would infallibly lead, sooner or later, to a wide and sustained reaction. Even if the peers gave way before the threat to submerge them with an army of new men, the instincts of the country would be profoundly shocked by the whole transaction. Moreover, what validity would public opinion attach to a measure forced upon the statute-book by such means? What chance would it have of becoming a fixed and permanent feature of the Constitution? The answer is, none whatever. Mr. Balfour, toward the end of the election, clearly warned the Government that if their bill ever became law it would be repealed at the first opportunity. The further this controversy progresses, the more obvious will it become that no settlement of the constitutional issue can endure which does not command the assent of all parties; that the Government's triumph at most can be only temporary; that vital constitutional changes effected by the mere mechanical force of a party majority, and for party and not national ends, can be and will be undone and reversed by the same instrument; and that the methods by which Ministers propose to enforce their will—that is to say, the creation of hordes of new peers and the dragging of the Crown into the strife of parties—are precisely the methods most certain in the long run to defeat their own object. And when one reflects that in a few months the Coronation ceremonies will be taking place and that the Imperial Conference will be in session, one may be sure that national sentiment will compel the politicians to find some other way out of their entanglement than the way of partisan violence.

When Margaret Laughs

By Charlotte Rudyard

A TENDER curve of Cupid's choicest bow,
A dart of fun in sylvan violet eyes,
Two rounded clefts in cheeks of purest snow,
Where red and warm a bed of roses lies—
When Margaret laughs.

A tempting tilt to gracious head of gold,
And straight beneath the frank brow's high disdain,
The flash of treasures that the mind can hold—
The golden glance remote from bliss or bane—
When Margaret laughs.

There chimes the silver tinkle of a bell,
In maze of melody surpassing sweet;—
There runs a joyous brook through quiet dell,
The perfume of old gardens at its feet.—
When Margaret laughs.

One greets that careless ring of girlish glee
As he would hear a sudden bird-song start;
More wondrous strains were never borne to me;
I only know content is in my heart
When Margaret laughs.

What Taft Has Done

AN IMPARTIAL SURVEY OF THE PRESIDENT'S CONSTRUCTIVE RECORD

By Charles Johnston

DURING the closing debates on the tariff, in the summer of 1909 and even more after the Tariff Act received his signature, there was a good deal of criticism of President Taft, and criticism which found no outlet in words, expressed itself, perhaps even more decisively, in the voting at the recent elections, in representative States like New York or New Jersey, the President's own State of Ohio, or Indiana.

This critical feeling, which unquestionably had its chief cause in the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act, seems to me to lose sight of certain fundamental facts, and therefore to be, to a large extent, unfair and unjust; an injustice which, I am persuaded, needs only to be recognized, to be repaired.

The fundamental facts apparently forgotten are these: the power of the President differs enormously in the three departments of government, the legislative, the executive and the judicial, and the President has been most severely criticised in connection with legislation, precisely the department in which the Constitution of the United States not only gives him least power, but is most jealous of his power, while the really marvellous constructive work which he is doing, and has already done, in the executive department, where the Constitution gives him full swing, is quite underestimated, if not almost wholly unrecognized. And, what is even more striking, that constructive work demonstrates precisely that regard for the interest and well-being of the community at large, for a supposed neglect of whose interests in legislation the President is taken to task. And the really marvellous work which President Taft has accomplished, on his own initiative, and along lines devised by himself, in the department of government really subject to his will, is of much wider scope and more certain to work for the general welfare, than would have been the desired legislation, even had it been attained in the largest possible degree. In a word, President Taft has a large balance of accomplishment in his favor precisely where the unfavorable part of popular opinion attributes to him a deficit.

The most remarkable thing in the working of government in the United States, as compared, let us say, with England or France or Germany, is this: that there exists no regular machinery whatever, whereby the President, as head of the party in power, can introduce legislation in either of the Houses of Congress. In England, the Prime Minister can and does introduce legislation, more than that, he completely dominates the introduction of legislation, and, unless the Prime Minister lends his approbation and countenance, the private Member of Parliament cannot even introduce a bill, no matter how good it may be in itself, and no matter how necessary may be what it seeks to accomplish. In France, the Premier Minister, or President of the Council of Ministers, by whichever title we may choose to call him, has a similar power, though he has not a certain Parliamentary majority at his back, as is, or at least used to be, the case in England. He is compelled to arrange for the support of groups in the chamber, by concessions; but he still has practically preponderant power. In Germany, the Chancellor of the Empire is practically the representative of the Emperor, and the head of the Emperor's party in the legislative body; and he must secure a working majority for the Emperor, who is not outside party life as is the King of England. But Germany is moving in the English direction, of ministerial responsibility to the parliament, rather than to the sovereign, and this will mean that the working head of the government will also have a working majority in parliament, and will dominate legislation.

In this country, the contrast is complete. There is neither an assured parliamentary majority for the President, nor can he, even when his party has a majority both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, either dominate or even initiate legislation. He can only introduce a bill by the favor of some friendly Senator or Representative; and, once it is introduced, there is not the slightest guarantee that it will be passed as he wishes it. His recommendations to Congress have little more than the force of pious opinions, and, though, like the Prime Minister of England, he is the head of the party which has commanded the widest popular vote, yet he is in fact as helpless to procure legislation as is the constitutionally limited sovereign of England. This is what I mean by saying that the Constitution of the United States has shown an extraordinary jealousy of the legislative power of the President; a jealousy no doubt largely due to a desire to make impossible such an abuse of power as was shown, for instance, by George III.

While this is so, it seems to me eminently absurd and unfair to blame, for legislative failings, the one man who, by the Constitution, is expressly shut out from legislation, the one man whose hands are legally tied. For, while each one of us, as private citizens, is represented in both Houses, in the Senators of our State, and the Representative of our electoral district, and can demand, and to some extent obtain, an expression of our views in Congress, and therefore in legislation, the President has no representative in either House, and thus stands alone in the whole nation, unless he chooses practically to violate the spirit of the Constitution, by bringing various forms of pressure and coercion to bear on individual legislators.

We elect and send to Congress our Representatives; and our State Legislatures elect and send to Congress Senators, precisely for the purpose of legislating, we hedge and limit the legislative activity of the President with extraordinary precautions, and then, when legislation does not meet popular demands, we lay the blame on the shoulders of the one man precluded from exercising legislative power, the President of the United States. What we ought to do is to recognize that not the President, but the legislators, must bear the responsibility for legislation, and deal with them accordingly. And this, indeed, we seem to have done, with some eloquence and precision, at the recent elections.

The recommendations of the President in favor of particular legislative undertakings have little more than the force of pious opinions. Yet pious opinions have immense force, when they rest on essential principles and are expressed with lucidity and force. If the President puts forward a plan at once lucid and practical, it may conquer by sheer inherent force, in spite of constitutional limitations. And it happens that, in connection with the Tariff Act, President Taft did put forward certain plans which thus won their way by sheer excellence. The most vital of these is, perhaps, the idea of the Tariff Board, already ripening, in spite of some legislative hostility, into a really effective Tariff Commission. Mr. Taft holds, I believe, that all our Tariff Acts whether Republican or Democratic in origin, whether the McKinley law, the Wilson law, the Dingley law, or the Payne law, have two inherent defects: first, they represent the result of bargaining and bartering between interested parties, very slightly considering the advantage of the ultimate consumer, even when likely to raise revenue and encourage certain forms of production, and, secondly, every Tariff Act is preceded and accompanied by a prolonged period of agitation or stagnation due to uncertainty, by no means good for the nation's trade. Our tariff-making savors too much of fever and inflammation. It is marred by partisan interest. It is certain to distribute favors unevenly, and therefore unjustly.

President Taft proposed and supported a plan which cuts at the root of both these evils. That plan, the scope of which is really immense, finds a meagre expression in the second section of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act, where three or four lines are consecrated to it, out of hundreds of pages: "To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section, and the officers of the government in the administration of the customs laws, the President is hereby authorized to employ such persons as may be required." Surely slender enough, yet the small end of a vitally important wedge. For the purpose of employing "certain persons," Congress voted the President the magnificent sum of $75,000, and thus the germ of a Tariff Commission was created. Those three or four lines in the act, with the accompanying small sum of money, are a fair measure of the influence of a President, even a very popular President, in legislation, as limited and hedged by the Constitution of the United States.

President Taft at his desk in the White House executive offices

President Taft, undiscouraged, went ahead. He chose three distinguished men to form his Tariff Board—Professor Henry C. Emery, James B. Reynolds and Alvin H. Sanders—and immediately set them to work, in a field in which the Constitution did allow him ample power.

For the composition of his Cabinet, the President of the United States is much more completely responsible than the Prime Ministers of England and France. The English Premier chooses the members of his Cabinet, it is true, or at least chooses those whom he recommends to his sovereign. But his field of choice is strictly limited. The members of the Cabinet must be members of the majority party in Parliament, whether of the Upper or the Lower House; and further, if members of the House of Commons, they must, on being chosen by the Prime Minister, resign their seats, and go back to their constituents, who then have an opportunity to say whether they will send them back to Parliament as Ministers. And this they by no means always do. Therefore the choice of the Prime Minister is, in fact, limited to the few dominant men in the dominant party, and, when chosen, these Ministers are responsible in particular to their own constituents, and to Parliament in general.

But the President of the United States is subject to no such limitations. Here, the Constitution has been extraordinarily liberal to him. The men he chooses may not be parliamentarians at all. They may be of the opposite party, or of no party. In this way, President Roosevelt put Mr. Paul Morton, a Cleveland Democrat, into his Cabinet, and President Taft has made a similar choice in his Secretary of the Treasury.

It is held in law that "what one does through another, he does himself:" and, if the President is compelled in the fullest measure to bear the blame for the real or supposed misdoings of members of his Cabinet, he should, in all fairness, enjoy the praise for whatever is done well, by men who are in a special degree his own choice, responsible primarily to him, rather than, as in England, responsible to Parliament. The President should, and does, direct and guide the activities of his Cabinet. He is the unifying and co-ordinating force between the heads of the great departments of the government.

In a peculiar degree, President Taft was such a directing and unifying influence, in one great piece of work which grew out of the Tariff Act. The Payne-Aldrich Act introduced this country to the principle of a maximum and minimum of tariff duties, to be applied according as foreign nations did not, or did, accord to this country the status of a most favored nation, in their tariff arrangements.

Those who know of the acrimonious disputes between India and England, on tariff questions, even though both are parts of the same Empire; or those who remember the details of the tariff war between Russia and Germany, which made the reputation of Finance Minister Witte, realize what possibilities of strife lay in the maximum and minimum clause of the Payne law. This clause opened the way for a long series of very delicate negotiations between the United States and foreign countries which had protection in one or another form; and this means practically the nations of the earth. And these negotiations had the peculiar feature that they had to be carried out by the co-operation of two departments, the Department of State, in whose hands the actual dealing with foreign powers lies, and the Department of the Treasury, which had to supply the detailed information which served as the necessary basis of this negotiation. This latter function, the supplying of detailed tariff information, fell to President Taft's newly chosen Tariff Board.

It is not long since the head of an insurance company in New York received an annual salary of $150,000. Just one-half of this sum, equal to the pay of that one official for six months, had, with difficulty, been obtained from Congress, for the working of the new Tariff Board. Yet this Board was entrusted with the details of fact which served as the basis of tariff negotiations and arrangements with all the nations under heaven; and, what is beginning to be recognized, it acquitted itself admirably of its task, doing work as trustworthy and effective as it was

On the piazza at Beverly

modest and unobtrusive. Within a few months, in the period between August 5, 1909, when the Payne bill became law, and March 31, 1910, arrangements were successfully completed with all nations, and the United States was put on the basis of a "most favored nation" in its tariff relations with every country in the world. President Taft very modestly sums this up in his recent message; in reality, it is a magnificent achievement of lasting value.

With France, Germany, and particularly with Canada, there were certain complicated and difficult questions, which might well have taken a wrong course and caused lasting detriment. As a matter of fact, special victories of peace were won in each of these cases, and, as the President points out, a very favorable opening for a larger measure of reciprocity with Canada has been made.

The small but very efficient Tariff Board, having successfully acquitted itself of this task, was at once directed by the President to undertake another piece of work, of great significance. This is the procuring of information which may in time form the basis of a just, honest, and reasonable Tariff Act, and at the same time avoid the "chills and fever" of tariff revision and commercial stagnation.

Public opinion, which had strongly condemned certain aspects of the Payne-Aldrich Act, strongly commended the work and the existence of the Tariff Board. This strengthened the hands of President Taft, who was thus enabled to take a farther step in making that Board what he believed it ought to be. On June 25th of the present year he obtained a larger authorization from Congress, together with the sum of $250,000, for the Tariff Board. Thus strengthened, that Board now set to work on the Tariff Act, preparing an admirable Glossary of the tariff, to use President Taft's happy phrase, "translating the Tariff Act into English." The Board set itself first to discover exactly what it should and could do; and then directed its energies to certain parts of the Tariff Act, namely, to the pulp and paper schedule, the wool and woollens schedule, and the farm-products schedule, with the declared intention of taking up next the schedules covering chemicals, metals, and cottons; thus, it will be seen, overhauling those parts of the Act which have been subjected to the severest criticism.

Thus the way for quiet, non-partisan, piecemeal revision of the tariff has actually been entered on, through the initiative of President Taft. The first great step has been taken toward "taking the tariff out of politics," a reform as vital in principle, and as benign, as taking the civil service out of politics is recognized to be.

The next part of President Taft's constructive achievement relates to the giant corporations, which are so large and important an element in our national life; an element on the one hand marvellously effective and embodying a marvellous genius for organization, and, on the other hand, at times threatening to overtop the very powers of government which created them, and to which they owe their legal existence. In a sudden outburst of energy, the great corporations grew much more rapidly than the power to control them. They threatened to get out of hand altogether, and dominate the Republic.

President Taft has taken the first great step toward effectively controlling these gigantic growths, and insuring that their wonderful activities shall be beneficent instead of menacing. And the initial step was taken precisely in connection with the Payne Tariff Act, which brought the President so much unfavorable criticism. This initial step was taken in that section of the Payne Act which provided for the taxation of the net profits of corporations, and the gain was twofold. In the first place, these taxes brought in the sum of $25,000,000, to be added to the $333,000,000 of revenue yielded by customs duties under the Payne Act; and, in the second place, and even more important, they opened the way for a systematic control of corporations, by getting on record a large amount of trustworthy information concerning them, information sworn to by their presidents or officers.

In this same field of control of corporations President Taft has further to his credit the amendments to the Interstate Commerce Act, which check the tendency of railroads to become monopolies; which limit the watering of stock, and create the Commerce Court, the direct purpose of which is to prevent corporations from shielding themselves under "the law's delays."

This much, of achievement, in this field; and, of promise, the principle of national incorporation, which would give the Federal government further power to control corporations, and also power, where necessary, to put an end to the legal existence of corporations which had abused their privileges, and preyed on the public.

Perhaps under this same heading we should mention the nation-wide achievement of postal savings-banks, the chief opposition to which came, probably, from banking corporations which feared to find in the government a successful competitor for the money of depositors. And, if President Taft succeeds in carrying out his wish, we shall be able to add the nation-wide parcels post, which will come into effective rivalry with those highly monopolistic corporations, the great express companies; a rivalry likely to redound to the general good.

To sum up this part of the subject: The criticism directed against President Taft was colored by the notion that he had given the people up to the corporations. In reality he has taken most important steps toward insuring that the corporations shall be genuinely the servants of the people, promoting the people's interests and the people's welfare.

This is not the Culebra cut, but a cut of fifty-two millions in national expenditure, due to reorganizations initiated by the President. And indeed it seems quite probable that President Taft will gain most enduring fame, not so much by his establishment of sound tariff relations with the whole commercial world, nor by the steps he has taken toward the control of corporations, great and notable achievements as these are, but rather as one who has shown the way to genuine national economy, and who has already accomplished marvellous results in this direction. Here, where the Constitution at last allows him a wide sweep of power, he has shown himself a most worthy trustee of the people, scrupulously and most effectively careful of the nation's money. And here, be it noted, his party cannot claim a dominant share of the credit due, since many of the most striking economies have been carried out through a Secretary of the Treasury who is not a member of that party.

President Taft has proved himself an exceptionally able Finance Minister. When he came to the national capital, Mr. Taft found an extraordinary state of confusion and lack of co-ordination in the departments of government. Many of the details of administration dated from the days of the fathers and the eighteenth century. It was like carrying transcontinental freight in wheelbarrows. Things had been heaped together, they could hardly be said to have grown. There was duplication, confusion, inefficiency, and complexity.

Profiting, I think, by his practical experience as an administrator in the Philippines, where he had to do so much creative work, Mr. Taft began to overhaul, and to direct the overhauling of, the whole complicated and overgrown structure. He soon found that in every department the work could, by the application of modern administrative methods, be much better done, at much less cost.

It was not at all a question of dishonesty or personal inefficiency. President Taft is very clear about this, and very highly commends the energy, honesty, and efficiency of the great body of public servants. Not the personnel, but the system, was at fault. Rather, there was almost no system in the modern sense. As a single example: at some of the minor ports it cost $4.00 to collect $1 of customs revenue. And this is symptomatic of the whole structure.

Here, then, Mr. Taft is achieving, and has already achieved, the most noteworthy results; results directly beneficial to the nation as a whole; results briefly summed up in the words, "a fifty-two-million-dollar cut." Which is, of course, a million dollars a week saved to the American people. At the same time, one cannot help wondering what fate has in store for the many government employees whom these economies will deprive of situations and incomes. Let us hope that the growth of our industries will make new places for most of them.

In the decisions of the law courts President Taft cannot, in the nature of things, intervene. But this by no means implies that his influence is not felt there. It is felt, and is likely to be felt increasingly, in two chief directions: first, in diminishing the law's delays, and, secondly, in the choice of men of light and leading, to fill vacancies on the Federal bench. The Great Charter embodied the promise "to delay justice to no one"; and two notorious murder cases have recently shown the world how effectively England can carry out the punitive side of this promise. Even more vital is the constructive side, the securing of swift and sure justice in civil cases. Mr. Taft is strongly impressed with the vital importance of this, and he is bringing strong pressure to bear to bring about a thorough revision and modernization of legal procedure, beginning at the top, with the Supreme Court.

Much might be said of the way in which this eminently constructive President is impressing his personality on other departments of his administration. But these are the salient points; enough has been said to make it clear that, where the Constitution allows the President the largest power, Mr. Taft has achieved the most noteworthy results; where his power is limited by law, as in legislation, the results he has reached are, in a sense, even more remarkable, precisely because of the limitations he has had to overcome. Taking it all in all, a noteworthy constructive record, in less than two years.

Mr. Taft in an earnest mood

McGinniss That Was

By Berton Braley

McGinniss is dead; but, begorry,
He left a great record behind;
He died at the height av his glory
—An' he was the glorious kind!
His inimies called him a grafter,
An' maybe he was, but I know
He was head av the legions av laughter
An' I'm happy to think av him so.

He was brimmin' wid blarney an' banter,
An' buzzin' wid humor an' fun,
He rollicked through life at a canter
Whin it wasn't a race or a run;
To women—the best or the worst one—
His voice was a tindher caress,
He'd spend his last cint like the first one
Wid a manner no words cud express.

He was fond av good dinners an' suppers,
An' fond av good liquor as well,
An' though he was oft on his uppers
Be heavens, you niver cud tell!
For his smile was a warm one an' winnin';
His manner was gracious an' bland;
In virtuous ways or in sinnin'
Oho, but McGinniss was grand!

McGinniss is dead an' departed,
But he was a Man to the ind;
Big-handed, big-voiced, an' big-hearted,
A frind that was always a friend!
From New Year's clear through to December
He wint the whole route, good or bad,
Ochone, we'll be proud to remember,
An' sure to be missin' the lad!

BOWING *the* READER, IN

by H.B. MARRIOTT WATSON

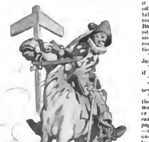
Illustrated by

T D SKIDMORE

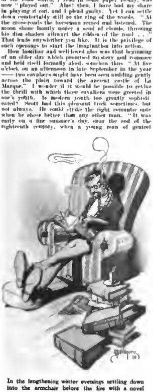
THAT famous art critic, the late R. A. M. Stevenson, once told me that he and his still more famous cousin used to discuss the most attractive openings to stories. "Bob" was wont to plead for a wayside inn, for (I think) the snow without, a roaring fire, and a little company assembled about it with glass and pipe. And that there is something indefinably fascinating about this setting it is impossible to deny. There is a lure in its very contrast of comfort and inclemency, in the age long traditions of the hostel, in its alleviation of the country wilderness, in its significance as a place of change and passing traffic, in its adventitious adventurousness, as it were a trap to catch the flying incidents of fortune. R. L. S., however, held out for a seaport, as might have been conjectured from his admirable use of such material, "the smell of tar, that current of romance," a schooner or a brig, I'll dare swear with raking masts, and the green sea swelling round the wooden piles of some sea front or pier. Romance has its own roads to our hearts, and there is probably nothing to choose between them. Yet we do choose. In the lengthening winter evenings I can picture myself settling down into the armchair before the fire with a novel before me which begins in some particular way for preference. I don't know that I would give the choice of R. L. S. a place above his cousin's. Either would captivate me in these hibernal moods. Even can I fancy some such start as, "Without a great wind was roaring among the trees. . . ."

It often is at this season, and it happens to be roaring as I write; but, alas! the bright blown sky detracts from romantic suggestion of this particular sort. Romance has a score of delicate appeals. There is that of the road which, I read in some paper to-day, was now "played out." Alas! then, I have had my share in playing it out, and I plead guilty. Yet I can settle down comfortably still to the ring of the words, "At the cross-roads the horseman reined and listened. The moon shone faintly under a scud of clouds, throwing his dim shadow athwart the ribbon of the road . . ." That leads anywhither you like. It is the privilege of such openings to start the imagination into action.

How familiar and well-loved also was that beginning of an older day which promised mystery and romance and held itself formally aloof, somehow thus: "At five o'clock on an afternoon in late September in the year —— two cavaliers might have been seen ambling gently across the plain toward the ancient castle of La Marque." I wonder if it would be possible to revive the thrill with which those cavaliers were greeted in one's youth. Is modern youth too greatly sophisticated? Scott had this pleasant trick sometimes, but not always. He could strike the right romantic note when he chose better than any other man. "It was early on a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man of genteel appearance . . ." *The Antiquary, Guy Mannering, The Talisman,* and others proffer proof of Scott's willingness to usher in his story to appropriate harmonies. But he was oftener heavy handed in his introductions. In those early days of the novel to get your story started was a formidable and portentous affair. It had to be explained elaborately beforehand by means of themes, letters, historical synopsis, and a philosophical precis. It had to be ushered in with ceremony, with pretences which no one was expected to accept, but which were called for of courtesy and custom. Yet that Scott understood the right spirit of romance and served it on occasion is evidenced by his agreement with R. A. M. Stevenson. Turn you to *Kenilworth*, one of his highest romantic tragedies, and read: "It is the privilege of tale-tellers to open their story in an inn, the free rendezvous of all travellers, and where the humor of each displays itself without ceremony or restraint." There, perhaps, is a much better explanation than I have been able to proffer of the enchantment of the "inn opening."



"At the cross-roads the horseman reined and listened. The moon shone faintly under the clouds"



In the lengthening winter evenings settling down into the armchair before the fire with a novel

In the days of my boyhood there was nothing more fascinating than the explosive ungrammatical starts of Mayne Reade, threatening horrors and mysteries as they did from the threshold. It is long since I saw one of those old favorites, and I may be parodying them when I remember: "A great empty desert. Silence. A huge bird is flying slowly toward earth. What is there below the rocks to which it is moving? A body . . . two bodies, are stretched. . . ." No, I feel that is rather a fake. It doesn't ring true. Mayne Reade always did, as true as those mysteries which we knew in reading to be historical truth.

Some one (I know not whom, but a heavy responsibility rests on him) deviated from the old romantic openings and made a new start. It was quite a creditable departure, and inoffensive at the worst. But one good custom sometimes may corrupt the world. Who was it who first began, "As I take up my pen to tell the story of those brave old days, I can hear around me the happy voices of my grandchildren, and through the din the dear voice of one whom I had the privilege to serve then—and of whom these pages—" It runs somehow like that, doesn't it? Alas! I find it now in all but all the historical romances I read for pain or pleasure. Mr. Stanley Weyman's practical method we know and have no quarrel with it. "Associating as I did with M. Le Duc on such intimate terms, and being familiar from the necessities of my position in his household. . . ." The narrator is a very faithful and accurate historian, I'll go bail.

It was probably Mr. Kipling who originated the abrupt and facile methods now in vogue in many quarters. "It was all Mackay's fault. If he hadn't had that C. B. nothing more would have been heard of it all. But as it was the draf' wouldn't stand it. Mulvaney. . . ." It is a formidable weapon, and taking enough in master's hands, but how it palls with inferior treatment! It has the advantage of plunging in *medias res*, which in our old school days we were told was an excellent plan. But it has its disadvantages; it may be misunderstood. I remember once jumping off like that with a phrase, "The two women were talking"—only to be hauled up by a stern printer's reader with the ruthless query, "What two women?" But the opening affected perhaps more by lady novelists has this advantage still more plainly. This consists in fragments of conversation thrown at the readers, as thus, without indication as to the condition or relation of the speakers.

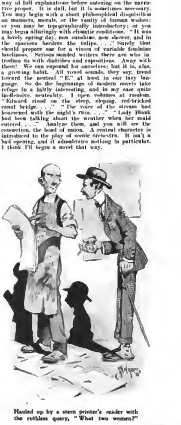
"'I don't think she will, somehow. You see, there's Janet.'

"'I hadn't forgotten Janet, but it would be awkward if she didn't.'

"'Perhaps she couldn't.'

"'You seem to me to be wilful about it. George never took it that way.'

"'Did George ever take anything that way?' asked the first speaker with a contemptuous laugh." I may be wrong. Perhaps it was the second speaker, or there may have been three. In such cases I have carefully to count the number of sentences over a page or so to find out who has said a particular thing,—and when I have found out who the speakers are, and in what relation they stand to each other, I have to go back and read the dialogue again. So you see there is something to be said for the old-fashioned way of full explanations before entering on the narrative proper. It is dull, but it is sometimes necessary. You may begin with a short philosophical disquisition on manners, morals, or the vanity of human wishes; or you may be topographically introductory; or you may begin alluringly with climatic conditions. "It was a lovely spring day, now sunshine, now shower, and in the spacious borders the tulips. . . ." Surely that should prepare one for a vision of variable feminine loveliness. Serious minded writers there are who introduce us with diatribes and expositions. Away with them! We can expound for ourselves; but it is, alas, a growing habit. All vowel sounds, they say, trend toward the neutral "E," at least in our lazy language. So do the beginnings of modern novels take refuge in a fairly interesting, and in my case quite inoffensive, neutrality. I open volumes at random. "Edward stood on the steep, sloping, red-bricked canal bridge. . . ." "The voice of the stream had hoarsened with the night's rain. . . ." "Lady Blank had been talking about the weather when her maid entered . . ." Analyze them, and you will see the connection, the bond of union. A central character is introduced to the play of scenic orchestra. It isn't a bad opening, and it adumbrates nothing in particular. I think I'll begin a novel that way.



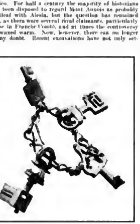
Hauled up by a stern printer's reader with the ruthless query, "What two women?"

Digging Up Caesar's Camp

By Garrett P. Serviss

FRANCE has discovered a new Mecca and one of world-wide interest. It is the site, now at last definitely fixed, of one of the greatest victories that history records—a victory that opened the way to the Empire of the Cæsars. The strangest thing about it is that this digging up of buried history should occur, not in some far-off, half abandoned land, where tradition is lost in the shadows of antiquity, but in the heart of one of the most civilized countries on the earth, which has never been without a dense population and has never ceased to be prominent in human affairs.

The scene of the discoveries, now attracting universal attention in France, is the curious, isolated Mont Auxois in Burgundy. Here, as is now known beyond the possibility of doubt, Julius Cæsar performed his most wonderful exploit, for Mont Auxois has been proved to be the famous Alesia of the *De Bello Gallico*. For half a century the majority of historians have been disposed to regard Mont Auxois as probably identical with Alesia, but the question has remained open, as there were several rival claimants, particularly Alaise in Franche-Comté, and at times the controversy has waxed warm. Now, however, there can no longer be any doubt. Recent excavations have not only settled the question of site, but they have resulted in discoveries entirely unexpected and of the most interesting character. Even the name has clung to the place, in changing forms, for two thousand years, and it may now be read in that of Alise-Sainte-Reine, a little, picturesque, old town which hangs high on the shoulder of the historic mountain. At Alesia, where the conquest of Gaul was virtually completed, Cæsar, with an army of scarcely 50,000 men, held 80,000 Gauls in a grip of iron, and at the same time and with precisely the same force fought off and annihilated a rescuing host of 250,000.


A bunch of ancient keys uncovered by the excavators

This feat of arms, accomplished twenty centuries ago and unparalleled in the annals of war, now rises into vivid reality for the visitor, who crumbles under his foot the very soil that was cast up by the entrenching tools of the legionaries and grasps in his hand the weapons that they and their enemies fought with—swords, lance-heads, javelin points, bucklers, and the strange iron hooks (the *stimuli* of the Commentaries) which were sowed on the ground in front of the Roman works to catch the feet of the assailants. More than a thousand pieces of bronze and silver money, which must have been in the pockets of the combatants, have been found in and around the buried fosses where the fighting was fiercest. There is probably no other known battle-ground which makes history start into life as does this one. Standing on the height above, as in the gallery of a theatre, one has the entire scene before the eyes exactly as it was described by Cæsar, and it is no difficult feat of imagination to see the great Imperator himself, in his scarlet cloak, with bared head, hurrying across the smokeless plain amid the reverberating cheers of his men, and by the magic of his presence and his personal exertions turning defeat into victory. From that moment he was "the foremost man of all this world." And there, too, fought Mark Antony, the Antony of Shakespeare, winning under the master soldier's eye laurels which he was afterward to drop at Cleopatra's feet.

It is not, however, the glory of Cæsar, but that of his great opponent, Vercingetorix, which is concentrating the patriotic sentiment of France upon Alesia. In newspapers, in pamphlets, and in lectures one sees and hears the name of Vercingetorix extolled as that of the representative hero of the Gallic nation, the type of uncompromising resistance to invasion and of nobility of soul under crushing defeat. Hundreds of eyes are strained from the windows of passing trains on the trunk line from Paris to the Mediterranean to catch a glimpse of his colossal bronze statue towering above the trees on the height that he so gallantly defended; while the railroads offer facilities for excursions to the place, and illustrated postal cards spread broadcast the fame of the discoveries made, and still being made, under the direction of the archæological commission charged with uncovering the stage of one of the world's greatest dramas. During the past summer there has been an extraordinary influx of visitors strolling over the ground, watching the workmen in the trenches, thronging the improvised museums, handling the "finds," and re-reading on the spot the story of the prodigies once performed here.

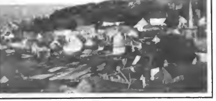
In order to understand the nature of the work at Mont Auxois, and especially the patriotic fervor that it has aroused in France, it is necessary to recall in a few words the closing scenes of Cæsar's career in Gaul.

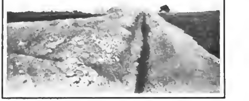
It was the year 52 B.C. Cæsar, believing that his conquest was practically completed, had gone to northern Italy, where he was employing his laurels in the game of Roman politics, then running against him. The Gauls, learning of the difficulties that beset their terrible enemy at home, resolved to seize the opportunity of his absence to overwhelm the legions that he had left encamped in their country. At this critical juncture, and for the first time during their long fight for freedom, they found a leader worthy of their cause in the young chieftain Vercingetorix, of the mountainous country of Auvergne, which thus far had taken no part in the war. History is silent about Vercingetorix up to the time when he suddenly matched himself against Cæsar; but he must have been an extraordinary genius, for he came within a hair's breadth of success, and of all the Gaulish chiefs he was the only one who commanded virtually universal obedience from the ocean to the Alps and from the English Channel to the borders of the Roman province. He took hold of his work with the iron hand of a master. Every tribe was required to furnish its contingent, and any hesitation, or dereliction, was punished with merciless severity. A day was fixed for a simultaneous uprising, and the tragedy opened by a massacre of Romans in the valley of the Loire.

It was the depth of winter when Cæsar heard of the revolt. But his usual good fortune attended him, for he had just completed an arrangement with Pompey which would enable him to leave Italy. Sweeping up the few troops that could be collected in haste, he hurried to the rescue of his imperilled legions. Probably no man but Cæsar could ever have reached them. The account of his first movement thrills the reader even at this distance of time. It was the swoop of an eagle at a call from its nest. Over the winter-clad Cevennes, through six feet of snow, by paths which the Gauls believed to be impassable, he forced his rapid way and smote the newly revolted Arverni in the absence of Vercingetorix, who did not dream that Cæsar was already back in Gaul. Then, leaving his handful of troops entrenched in the midst of their astonished enemies, he rode, with a few attendants, straight across the country, careless of the danger or neutralizing it by his speed, to the valley of the Saône. Here he was in a commanding position; a few sharp orders concentrated the scattered legions under their general's eye—and there was Cæsar, once more at the head of his army!

Vercingetorix, recalled by distress signals, flew to the aid of his countrymen, expecting to entrap Cæsar—for even the Arverni did not know that the Roman general had gone, leaving Decimus Brutus in command of the entrenched camp. But while Vercingetorix was busy with Brutus, Cæsar swept through the centre of Gaul and revenged in the Loire valley the massacre of Romans with which the revolt had begun. Vercingetorix turned upon him, and for the first time the two leaders were face to face. In a flash the young chief was taught a lesson which he only once afterward forgot—that there was no standing against Cæsar in the open field. Then he resolved to starve the Romans out; he would leave them no refuge and no food. At his orders the Gauls burned their homesteads, their villages, the very grass and grain in their fields. "The horizon at night was a ring of blazing fires." The plan of Vercingetorix might have succeeded if he had relentlessly carried it out. But there were opposing counsels, and to one of the most unfortunate of them he listened. He consented, though with reluctance, that instead of burning it the Bituriges should defend their capital Avaricum, the modern Bourges. Cæsar took Avaricum by storm and permitted the slaughter of forty thousand men, women, and children. He himself has recorded it. The fury that this deed aroused among the Gauls mightily strengthened the cause of Vercingetorix, but the immense stores which the Bituriges had collected in Avaricum nourished the half-starved legions, so that the physical advantage

The colossal bronze statue of Vercingetorix, the Gaulish hero, by Aime Millet


Alise-Sainte-Reine, with a view of Mont Auxois from the northwest, and of the statue of the Gaulish hero


A newly opened trench on the plateau of Alesia. This was actually dug by Caesar's legionaries as he himself describes

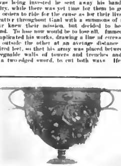
A testimony to the healing qualities of the sacred spring—a sculptured portrait left behind by a grateful patient, together with a fragment of the pedestal

remained with Cæsar. With his now well-fed army, the conqueror advanced upon Vercingetorix in the mountain land of the Arverni. The Gaulish chief took refuge in his fortified capital of Gergovia, near the modern Clermont Ferrand, a fastness on the summit of a plateau surprisingly like that of Alesia. Cæsar invested him. A fierce battle occurred under the walls, and for the first time Cæsar was defeated, and with such loss as he had never yet suffered. He says he did not order the assault, but he was present and by no effort could he save the day. He retreated from Gergovia, and the flame of patriotism among the exulting Gauls leaped into a universal conflagration. Even those who had hitherto been faithful to Cæsar now turned against him.

Vercingetorix, adhering to his plan of avoiding a battle in the open field, followed his enemy into the Saône valley. Here, carried away by the enthusiasm of his men, he ventured upon a cavalry fight, in which he was routed. Then he retired to the height of Alesia, and once more Cæsar invested him.

Now opens the last scene of the drama. Nature has set the stage with magnificent hand. Mont Auxois is a nearly flat-topped hill, rising steeply between five and six hundred feet above the bottoms of enclosing valleys that have been cut out by circling rivers and ridged at the top by almost vertical precipices varying from thirty to one hundred feet in height. The landscape is one of the most beautiful in France. The summit of the plateau is kidney-shaped, nearly a mile and a half in length, and half a mile in its greatest width. On this airy height was situated the city of Alesia, already ancient in Cæsar's day, and, for reasons presently to be explained, a sacred spot in the eyes of the Gauls. In this fastness Vercingetorix placed his eighty thousand fighting-men, and Cæsar, with 50,000 legionaries, immediately surrounded him. An assault was not to be thought of: Cæsar remembered Gergovia. But it was possible, he thought, to turn the plan of the Gauls against themselves, and by cutting off all supplies starve them out. It was known that Vercingetorix had provisions sufficient for only a month, and Cæsar, whose soldiers were as skilful with the pick as with the sword, hemmed in the hill with a line of fosses defended by towers and entrenchments nearly eleven miles in length.

On the west of the isolated plateau spreads out the broad valley of Les Laumes, in which meet the two little rivers Oze and Ozerain, one of which has ploughed out a steep-sided valley on the north and the other a similar trench on the south of Mont Auxois. On the east a depressed neck connects the plateau with Mont Penneville. Cæsar's line of *contravallation* ran through the bottoms of these valleys and rose over the Mont Penneville neck. As soon as Vercingetorix found that he was being invested he sent away his handful of cavalry, while there was yet time for them to get out, with orders to ride for the cause as for their lives, and to scatter throughout Gaul with a summons of rescue. Cæsar knew their mission, but decided to hold his ground. To lose now would be to lose all. Immediately he duplicated his works, drawing a line of *circumvallation* outside the other at an average distance of six hundred feet, so that his army was placed between two impregnable walls of towers and trenches, and able, like a two-edged sword, to cut both ways. He could at the same time keep Vercingetorix in and his rescuers out. If he were crushed between the two he knew, at least, that there was not a man in his legions who would not die like a Roman. Owing to the fact that for greater security the *circumvallation* had to be carried over the tops of the Mont de Flavigny on the south and the Montagne de Bussy on the northeast, the outer line was about two miles longer than the inner.



"Caesar's Cup," a beautiful silver vase found in the Roman fosses

After the investment was completed there was little fighting. Vercingetorix knew that he could not force the Roman lines without the concurrent aid of his friends outside. So he waited on his hilltop and Cæsar waited in the valleys. Now occurred one of the most painful episodes ever woven into history. Alesia, as we have said, was an ancient city, and its inhabitants were loath to leave it even after Vercingetorix had chosen it for the scene of a struggle that meant annihilation for one side or the other. But there were not provisions sufficient to feed any mouths but those of the actual fighters, and Vercingetorix ordered the helpless inhabitants, the old men, the women, and the children, to quit the place. Deaf to their entreaties, he drove them out and down the slopes toward the Roman lines. But Cæsar was not the man to be moved by compassion when military necessity forbade it, and he would neither suffer the miserable, starving wretches to pass through his works nor give them food! Since, in his *Commentaries*, he has not mentioned the final upshot of this heartrending episode, historians are left to supply the omission as best they may. Some, in accord with the general tradition, suppose that the unfortunates wandered on the exposed slopes until they died of hunger; others, inspired by the nobility of character universally ascribed to Vercingetorix, have relieved their feelings with the supposition, or rather the hope, that the Gaulish hero eventually relented and suffered them to share the starvation fare of his troops. But the general belief is that they perished miserably between the lines, and an old tradition derives the name *Les Laumes*, now borne by the valley that faces the scene, from *les larmes* ("tears"), the reference being to the wailing of the women and children rejected by their own soldiers and pleading in vain for succor to the iron-hearted Romans.

The rescuers were long in coming, and the thirty days named by Vercingetorix as the limit of time during which he could hold out had long since elapsed before the eyes of the watchers on the beleaguered plateau were gladdened by the sight of thousands of fluttering pennons and gleaming lances swiftly approaching over the hills to the west of Les Laumes. If the Gauls were late in arriving, they came in force. There were 250,000 of them, gathered from as far away as Belgium. Vercingetorix was ready for them, but so was Cæsar. The Gallic hero prepared to rush down from the heights as soon as his friends began their assault on the outer line, and the Romans prepared to hurl back the assailants from both sides simultaneously. The first encounter was not encouraging to Vercingetorix. The rescuers swarmed heedlessly down into the valley, and Cæsar trapped them with his cavalry and ground them to pieces before Vercingetorix could strike an effective blow on his side. After this lesson the Gauls kept to the hills and began to exhibit some generalship. There was a weak point in Cæsar's outer line and they discovered it. Into the Valley of Les Laumes from the north projects the long nose of Mont Rea. Cæsar had found that he could not carry his *circumvallation* far enough back to include the highest part of this great hill, and as the side of the projecting nose was precipitous it created a partial break in his line. Through this break the Gauls suddenly poured sixty thousand picked men and pushed the Romans in disorder down the hill. Vercingetorix, watching the manœuvre from his aerie, instantly attacked the *contravallation* at the opposite point. The crisis had come for both Gauls and Romans.

From a point on the Montagne de Flavigny, now believed to have been located, Cæsar watched the struggle and sent division after division to the aid of the hard-pressed legionaries. Finally it became evident that only his personal presence could save the day. Making himself as conspicuous as possible, he hurried through the valley between the lines, everywhere encouraging the troops, until, arrived at the point of danger, he threw himself into the fight. The broken cohorts coalesced again in his presence and, throwing away every weapon but the short sword, precipitated themselves upon the Gauls. But Cæsar did not expect to win by simple *élan*. Before leaving his post he had sent his cavalry to scale Mont Rea and assail the Gauls in the rear. As soon as the horse began to thunder down the height behind them the Gauls were thrown into a panic. Cæsar seized the opportunity and ordered an advance. The enemy were ground between two millstones, and in a few hours the Roman cavalry were pursuing and cutting them down in all directions, and their army of 250,000 had vanished. Vercingetorix on his side had not been able to cross the Roman fosses.

It was the end—as sudden as dramatic. Vercingetorix, with what remained of his eighty thousand men, was already at the point of starvation, but now, say his eulogists, he rose to the height of moral grandeur. Summoning his chiefs about him, he said to them that he had undertaken this war with the hope of preserving the freedom of Gaul. He had failed, and he wished to bear alone the responsibility of that failure. If they wished to kill him his breast was open to their swords; if they wished him to make terms with Cæsar he would do his best. They chose to demand terms, but Cæsar would grant none. It must be unconditional surrender or starvation.

Tradition fixes the scene of the final interview between Cæsar and Vercingetorix at a point near Les Laumes where a picturesque old bridge spans the Oze. It is a subject that the artists have not neglected. Cæsar, haughty, implacable, is represented sitting in front of his pavilion, with Vercingetorix, lean with hunger, but unconquerable in spirit, standing before him. Since he can obtain no mercy for his countrymen, Vercingetorix disdains to plead for himself. He throws down his sword, folds his arms, and looks his conqueror unflinchingly in the eye. It was an opportunity for magnanimity that would have magnified Cæsar in the eyes of future ages, but he did not seize it. Instead he put Vercingetorix into irons and sold his starving soldiers to the slave contractors who followed everywhere, like jackals, at Cæsar's heels. In the terrible Mamertine dungeon in Rome Vercingetorix waited six weary years until Cæsar found leisure to celebrate his triumph. Then he was led chained through the streets behind the car of the conqueror, and at the end of the pageant, while Cæsar mounted to the capitol, was held back to the dungeon and strangled.

Such is the story of Alesia. As long ago as 1861–65, when Napoleon III. was writing his *Life of Julius Cæsar*, excavations were made around Mont Auxois at the expense of the Emperor himself, with the purpose of settling the dispute as to the true location of Alesia. Napoleon's excavators discovered unmistakable signs that the mountain had been surrounded in ancient times by a double line of fosses and fortifications precisely like those described by Cæsar. They also uncovered remains of the peculiar defences contrived by the Romans to protect their works, such as the iron *stimuli*, the concealed holes in the ground that were filled at the bottom with pointed stakes hardened with fire, and the places where trunks of trees with entangled branches had been arranged in long lines of impenetrable *abattis*. They found a great number of Roman and Gaulish weapons and hundreds of coins, both Gaulish and Roman, *all of which bore dates anterior to 52 B.C.* Some of the Gaulish coins bore the names of the chieftains who fought with Vercingetorix, and at least one that of Vercingetorix himself. Most scholars were convinced at once that Alesia had been found, and in 1865 the statue of Vercingetorix that now crowns the plateau, the work of Aimé Millet, was unveiled.

During the four centuries after its conquest, while Alesia remained an important centre of population, industry, and worship, its life appears to have been very animated. The semicircle of the Roman theatre, which has not yet been completely uncovered, has a diameter of about 270 feet; the baths are extensive. A peculiar feature of Alesian life was the worship of the waters of a sacred spring, to which four of the temples appear to have been devoted. It was a kind of antique Lourdes, and many "ex-votos" have been found left by sufferers who imagined themselves to have been cured by the miraculous waters. Some of these are sculptured images representing the features of the patients or the parts of the body that were affected by disease.

But in popular interest nothing can exceed the remains of the works of Cæsar. The discoveries made in the time of Napoleon III. have been verified and extended. Close by the railway station at Les Laumes a section has been cut in the grass-covered ground at right angles to the line of the Roman trenches which has the convincing force of a geometrical demonstration. The surface of the valley consists of a vegetable and movable soil, the deposit of centuries of meteorological wear and tear. Beneath this, at a depth of about three feet, is an ancient, solid, immovable stratum containing no vegetable matter and filled with imbedded pebbles. Now Cæsar records that in front of the *agger*, or principal parapet, of his works he caused two deep fosses, or trenches, to be dug. In the section which I have just mentioned, cut at right angles to the line of the *agger*, these fosses are revealed as in an engineer's drawing. They have been filled to the top with the surface soil, but their outline stands out with startling clearness, because the eye at a single glance sees the difference in color and composition between the soil that has drifted into and filled up the trenches and the virgin stratum in which the trenches were sunk. The line between the two is surprisingly sharp and distinct. It is no exaggeration, then, to say that the visitor can actually take in his hand the very earth that felt the strokes of the legionaries' spades when, under Cæsar's eye, two thousand years ago, they threw aside their arms and dug for life.

The Shrimp

By Lida C. Schem

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE B. SMITH

IT was a pathetically small and ragged figure that came in out of the rain, which was whipping down upon the pavement as if in chastisement; pathetically small and ragged and piteously frail and thin. He was not even as tall as the counter; his garments hung loosely upon his slight frame and were amazingly frayed along the edges, and his trousers, which were so long that they overlapped the soles of his shoes, had been beaten by the combined energy of rain and wind into ridiculously close union with his fleshless limbs. The same sportively brutal elements had pasted his long, unkempt hair down over his ears and over his significantly low forehead, and had streaked his face and hands, as by digital impression, with the cheap dye from his frowsy cap, which he now twirled unremittingly between his fingers, as he stood before the assembled office force, in a hoarse, raucous whisper asking for "wurrk."

They asked him what he could do, in apologetic tones, for he was so tiny, so diminutive, that they, who were strong and well clad and well fed, felt brutally elephantine and prodigious in comparison—as if health and robustness were shameful things in the presence of such paucity, such poverty. In his low, squeaking voice, blinking his eyes simultaneously, the words falling from his lips with lightning rapidity, he answered, "Eu'thin'."

They laughed at that, but their laughter spoke of increasing embarrassment, not of amusement. Already he had established a hold upon them because of his weakness, and they could not suffer him to infringe further with impunity. They—five of them pitted against the baby figure in man's clothes, shivering with wet and cold—assumed an attitude of defiance as a defensive measure. He was too young, they told him, to be employed, and they quoted the law, which said not under fourteen years, to which, blinking his eyes with the same snappish velocity as before, he replied:

"Yessir." He made no movement after that, but stood in the same submissive, meek posture, twirling his poor, soaking wet cap. And so, to lend weight to their victory over him, they told him they could not employ little boys of six or seven years. And he blinked his watery, bleary eyes, and submissively, bleatingly uttered, "Yessir."

It became evident to them that he lacked the intelligence to apply the general rule to himself. So, kindly—they could afford to speak kindly now they had saved themselves from him—they explained matters. For a moment he stood as before, his emaciated little fingers busy with his cap, his eyes closing and opening automatically; then, with a haste which was almost appalling in its abruptness, he tore at his coat, and from some invisible pocket, with a prestidigitator's speed, pulled forth a creased and greasy paper, which he handed them without comment. It was a birth certificate with an affidavit—his "working papers"—and his age was seventeen.

They looked at him and marvelled. And the wonder with which they regarded him was not unmixed with alarm. The victory of which they had been so certain was not theirs, after all. He had faith in that magic paper that attested his age, and he had faith in them. What need to argue in words, when he had beaten them on their own grounds?

They left the justice of his attitude, and of one accord they discovered that they needed him. The chief clerk wanted a boy to be more particularly at his beck and call. The bookkeeper had some labelling to do; the shipping-clerk some sampling; and the manager, remembering his four-year-old at home, who was bigger and stronger than this seventeen-year-old, placidly agreed to the munificent remuneration of three dollars a week, which the Shrimp had asked.

For that was what they called him by unanimous consent. No one could have said who was responsible for the designation; in some subtle way, their minds working in the same grooves, they evolved the term, and it fitted like the proverbial glove. They didn't suspect—how could they?—that he was enormously, morbidly sensitive concerning his stunted growth, and that they might as well have applied a lash as the nickname. If they had given the matter a thought, which they didn't, they would have argued that he lacked the brain capacity to be sensitive about anything.

They found him stupid, but they had not expected to buy a mentality at three dollars a week; they found him in need of ablutions—they provided soap and water and taught him the beauty of cleanliness; they found he had but one jagged, wretched set of rags to his back, so they clubbed together and bought him a suit. They thought it would write joy across that weazened, blank little face, but when they showed it to him, in all the trim neatness of its seven-ninety-eight newness, he merely blinked his eyes and uttered his chronic monosyllable, "Yessir."

They did not despair even then. They had bought a little human machine for three dollars a week, that could walk and run errands and fold circulars and pick up things and generally do as it was told. They had not bargained for a human soul capable of feeling and expressing pain and joy, and they set themselves the task of humanizing the little automaton.

They went about it systematically, and began by giving him lunch-money, for he had gone until then without a midday meal. To their consternation, he carried into the office as his first luncheon a canister of ill-smelling coffee and a huge slice of cheap pie. Having swallowed this, he produced a lighted pipe from one of his magician's pockets and, jumping upon the window sill, crawled out through the open window, and curling up on the outer ledge, began, or rather resumed, his smoke.

The bookkeeper remonstrated with him. Didn't he know that tobacco was even worse for little boys than coffee and pie? To which, pipe between his teeth, in his cracked, squeaking whisper, he answered,

"Terbaccer's chepper grub, under darn sight more fill'n'."

That, at least, was human, and a thought rolled into one. The office was amazed and delighted with this sign of awakening intelligence. They congratulated themselves. Their humanizing influence was beginning to bear fruit.

And so it was. His nails, which at first had been chewed to the depth of one-fourth their natural size, began gradually to assume the aspect of belonging to a human being. Occasionally he began to wear a collar in addition to his ready-made tie, and on one red-letter day he came in with glossy, shining boots. But the mystery of this extravagance was explained when he told them that the "shine" was a "trade deal" given in exchange for an errand. He was monstrously proud of his boots while the gloss lasted, and rubbed and polished them every spare moment through the day with a rag steeped in typewriter oil. This was the first time he evinced any personal pride, and it was significant that the thing which inspired it was his boots, which were too large for his feet, which in turn were too big for his body.

He became loquacious presently, and took them into his confidence concerning "Me fadder'n mudder." It was startling to the office to learn that the grotesque little wraith, who had ensconced himself so securely in their midst, really had a home, and a bed, to which at night he took himself and the rags which covered him and which seemed adhesive rather than cohesive, for he had discarded his patches only intermittently, invariably resuming them in bad weather. It would have been less of a surprise to them to learn that he slept in a leaky stable or an empty loft, or in some equally impossible place. The office had worked itself into such a frenzy of virtuous sympathy that it resented the idea of the Shrimp's enjoying even the poorest comfort as an intrusion, making their compassion less necessary, and liable to dull its edge. And yet he boasted of a home—they could not help speculating as to its dimensions and equipment—and of an invalid sister—"inw'lid sister," he called it. The latter they mistrusted entirely. An invalid sister, in connection with the Shrimp, seemed as much of a luxury as a chafing-dish or a piano lamp. Brutally, crudely, they even suspected the Shrimp of working on their sympathy, or trying to, with nothing more material in view, however, than the achievement of a purely artistic triumph.

They were convinced of the sister's actuality, however, one cold, rainy morning, when the Shrimp wafted into the office looking very much the same as on the morning of his advent—a poor, desolate, umbrellaless, scarcely human-looking creature, without a dry thread on his body. They asked him how he had managed to get quite so wet, and he told them in his blinking, feverishly fitful way that which harrowed them all they could wish for and thawed every dormant corpuscle of pity in their blood. He had tramped the five weary, dreary miles lying between Forty-eighth Street and the office, as he tramped them every morning, to save five cents. This saving, multiplied by six through the week, gave him the lordly sum of thirty cents to dispose of, which on Saturday he invested in candy for his "inw'lid sister."

He seemed, too, to be wholly unconscious of doing anything noteworthy, anything so far above the plane that could have been expected of him as to render his action monumental, colossal. That he did this repeatedly, unstintingly, incessantly, in their eyes constituted him a combination of hero and martyr; and now, their thirst for the blatantly extreme having been appeased once more by the little creature, and their compassion roused to the uttermost, they cast about for means of alleviation, assuming the form finally of an additional weekly contribution of thirty cents, to enable him to purchase the mean little package which was his sister's one end-of-the-week delight and to ride to business as well.

One morning, arrayed in their gift, his one suit of clothes worthy of the name, he stated brusquely, immediately on entering the office, that he was "gonterquit." Nothing short of a volcano rising bodily out of the bay, and fully equipped with lava and the other effluvia of a Vesuvius in good working order, could have more greatly astounded them. The office force left its several employments, and, encircling him, yielded to the seductions of wonderment. Yet the Shrimp betrayed neither satisfaction nor concern at the impending change. Blinking incessantly, he received the homage of their unchecked curiosity in taciturn silence, and only after repeated shrapnels of incisive questioning did they elicit the statement, made without any perceptible note of triumph, "I'm gonter de stage."

They looked at one another, unbelief in the improbable contending with belief in the possible. What company was he going to join? What part was he to play?

The Shrimp regarded them uncomprehendingly. "Dun'no'," he said, and showed them a card. "Thet's de feller," he tumbled the words from his mouth pell-mell, "wot's engaged me." But of his duties he could tell nothing.

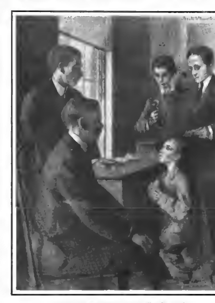
The cold shoulder was shown the Shrimp that week. But he was blissfully unaware of it. He ate his lunch of pie and coffee, and smoked his pipe, and tripped and stumbled over his pontoon shoes much as usual; and when Saturday evening came he trudged into the august presence of "de boss," and twirled his cap in silence until it would please the great man to notice him. That event taking place, he said, jerkily and a little uncertainly, "I jescame tersay goo'by."

"Good-by, little man, and good luck to you."

"Yessir." They had long ago learned to accept that, his maid-of-all-work word, in place of "thank you," and "de boss" smiled drearily and went back to his figures.

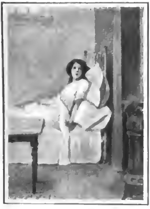
In the outer office he went from desk to desk and offered to shake hands. His hands were shockingly dirty, and they went through that last ceremony in a spirit of manly heroism, for they would not have offended him for worlds—though he had hurt them so sadly.

Five minutes after the door had closed upon the pathetic little figure, the bookkeeper said senten-



He stood before the assembled office force, asking, in a hoarse, raucous whisper for "wurrk" tiously. "So that's the last of the Shrimp," in the perfunctorily lugubrious voice of one returning from an interment.

And yet it was not. A month passed, and the opening night of the play in which he was to appear arrived. The office force, individually and collectively, had voiced their intention of "treating themselves"



In the one room, which served as a kitchen, stood the bed of the invalid sister

to see "what sort of a figure the Shrimp would cut." Their chance to do so passed with the first night into the region of things impossible, for, the morning after the first night, the Shrimp, unkempt, tousled, frowsy, appeared punctually at nine. A murmur of derision and surprise went up, and they stood eavesdropping at the door of the front office as he explained his predicament to "de boss."

His part, it appears, had been to carry in a tray with cigars and matches in an Oriental scene, and after handing these to the leading man, impersonating a Turk, to throw himself upon knees and hands, and in this crouching position act as a sort of human table for the tray, which the Turk placed upon his back. All had gone well at rehearsal, and the Shrimp dwelt lovingly, albeit in fantastic terms, on the costume of red and black which he had worn. On the opening night, however, a disturbing element had occurred which had not been provided for at rehearsal. A shout of laughter had greeted his entrance and subsequent antics, and had so angered him that he had signified his intention to quit immediately he got off the stage. The curious part was that he had not been in the least disconcerted by the flood of amusement that swept the house. He had not forgotten his "business," but had calmly, placidly, gone on with his part to the end. But indignation had gathered to a head within him.

All this he told them in words badly garbled and distorted almost beyond recognition, winding up with:

"I don't hafterstand thet—I tol' de man'ger. I kin be a biznis man, I sez. So I come back to youse."

With that he resumed the industrious blinking of his eyes and twirling of his cap.

One day he did not appear at the office, and the chief clerk went himself "to look him up."

He found the Shrimp's home—the home that had so greatly excited their curiosity—to consist of two bare rooms—bare floor, bare walls, and bare table. In the one room, which served as a kitchen, stood the bed of the invalid sister, a girl of nineteen, with a face so fine and beautiful that the chief clerk felt a sudden tightening of the throat muscles. The nightgown and coverlid were both snowy white, and he noticed a magazine lying on her bed in which she had been reading. Every once in a while she coughed, the dry, hard, brittle cough which, to the practised ear, proclaims as plainly as words, "I am consumption, and I show no mercy."

From the adjoining room proceeded a deep, guttural snore.

"Me farder," explained the Shrimp. "He's drunk. Gits drunk every two weeks—every pay-day. Thet's why I hadter stayhome." And with a quick thrust of the thumb in the direction of his sister, he explained that the mother dared not leave her alone when the "farder" was "sleepin' off his drunk."

Yet the common words, the hideous grotesqueness of the brutish creature's being so close by to one whom Death had already sanctified, could not veil a sort of spiritual exaltation which exuded from the Shrimp. He no longer seemed a street gamin with noclean hands and pontoon boots to the chief clerk, who marvelled as he discerned lines in the little face which had always seemed so contemptible, and meanings in those lines which transfigured him. Truly, the Shrimp was an ever new revelation.

Soon after this they heard from the Shrimp that his father had been sent to the Island for ninety days—"for gettin' interow and injur'nercop." He expressed no sorrow at this—rather a vague satisfaction that his fabulous father was out of the way so his sister could consummate her dying decently.

It was plain to see, however, that something weighed upon him, and presently he made his confession. Pay-day—his father's—having come, and the fortnightly drunk being in its inception in the usual saloon, the Shrimp had craftily, in an offhand manner, as he gave them to understand, apprised thereof a man who had an old score against his father. There had been a little unwillingness to precipitate a rousing row—for the score was a very old one—but a dollar, handed by the Shrimp to the instrument he had selected, was eloquent of results. There had been a glorious row—a regular free fight—the police had come in and locked the Shrimp's father up for the night. As he was an old offender, the sentence had been ninety full days. Thus, ingenuously, treacherously to the parent, loyally to the sister, had the Shrimp rid himself of his father. "It wouldderbeen so horrid," he said, sniffing, and twirling his cap indefatigably, "for her terdie wit' him drunk, perhaps, in de next room."

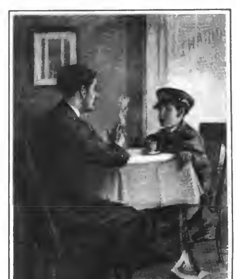
On the Saturday that followed, as they were closing up, the Shrimp announced, briefly: "I've gotter quit here. On account of me inw'lid sister. We need all de money we kin git for her, an' I kin make more money on de outside." But no persuasion, no coaxing, could prevail upon him to enlarge on the enigmatical phrase, "on de outside." Looking at them with frightened hare's eyes, he mumbled, "Some day I'm coming back, and den I'll be erbiznis man fergood." In his flurry he telescoped his words even more ruthlessly than usual. They could extract nothing further from him, and finally, to escape their good-natured queries, he bolted from the office without as much as wishing them good-by. From the hall as vantage-ground, his raucous voice carried back the words to them, "Some day I'm coming back."

Some time afterward the chief clerk stumbled across the Shrimp unexpectedly. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and Sixth Avenue in the stretch between Fourteenth and Eighteenth streets was crowded with shoppers. A congestion of human beings, concentrating about one corner, carried the chief clerk along like a bit of flotsam in a strong eddy, to his great disgust. But the disgust changed to interest and the interest to intense excitement when he saw that the attraction in the nucleus of the mob was the Shrimp.

He was dressed and accoutred in every particular like a policeman—cap, buttons, gloves, belt, mace, and all—and in his raucous voice he was squeaking, "Samples, free samples of de noo toot'-powder." On his back was printed the one word "Dentona," and when he turned, the chief clerk saw that it adorned his breast likewise. Women and children, men and boys, were huddled about him, anxious to see him rather than to obtain a free sample. From time to time they seemingly closed over him, but from the shifting, wobbling human mass came that hoarse call unremittingly, "Samples, free samples."

"Funny, ain't he?" said one little girl. An enormous Jewess, with a high bosom and high pompadour and high voice, called to a friend some six feet away, who had not succeeded in wedging her way through the mob, "He's as ugly as sin." A big, burly Irishman growled out, "That young un has got a regular Sing Sing squint," and all the while the Shrimp, ignoring these thrusts and insults and taunts, labored industriously, handing sample upon sample to whoever would take them, blinking madly, and squeaking out the same words again and again.

The samples came to an end after a while, and the crowd about him thinned out. Some little boys, sediments of the receding mob, remained behind and howled and yelled at the Shrimp, who, shrinking from them, turned in another direction. But the boys swung about with him, and sang out ribald insults, inviting him at the same time "ter cluh us." Again the Shrimp turned to escape his tormentors, but his persecutors turned with him again, and some of them began pelting him with stones and mud.



Quarter of an hour later, in a restaurant, over a cup of hot coffee, the Shrimp told his tale

The chief clerk, disentangling himself from the outskirts of the departing mob, made for the boys, and they, seeing him, scented danger and took to their heels.

Quarter of an hour later, in a restaurant, over a cup of hot coffee, the chief clerk was saying reproachfully, "But, Shrimp, this is much worse than the other."

"Yessir," said the Shrimp. He sat silent for a minute, and the chief clerk, looking upon the thin and wasted little face, hammered into spiritual beauty by suffering, marvelled.

Then the Shrimp told his tale. The "inw'lid" sister had died, died decently and quietly—the Shrimp laid stress upon that—because his father was still away. But there had been no money in the house to bury her, and they, the Shrimp's mother and himself, had an insuperable objection to seeing the girl buried in Potter's Field, "where dey put de poor people," as the Shrimp said, detachedly, looking as if he felt very rich. "So I stuck it out. An' now she's dead, I ain't goin' back any more. She had ever't'ing she wanted afore she died," he said, with evident pride; "I was makin' fifteen per." He regarded the chief clerk dubiously for a moment, then lowering his voice to a confidential but raucous whisper, he added, "She had sharlodrusse and oranges every day."

After that he lapsed into silence, regarding the cup before him with intent, unseeing eyes. He was miles and miles away, the intangible, untraversable, numberless miles that interpose between the quick and the dead. Suddenly he raised his head, and the light that shone from his eyes made beautiful indeed the weary, haggard little face, despite their automatical blinking. It was evident that he was bracing himself to a gigantic confidence.

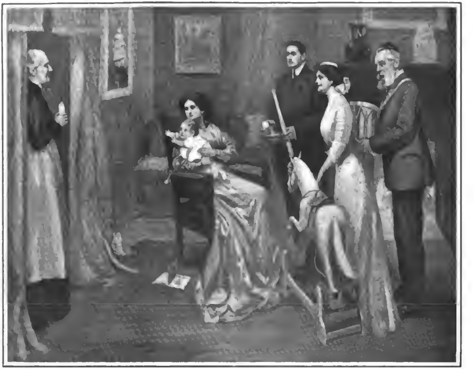
"There was one t'ing she wanted more'n anyt'ing else," he finally nerved himself to say. He eyed the chief clerk closely, having some vague suspicion that his confidence might not be appreciated. Reassured, he continued, "It was a diamond ring." He stopped for the fraction of a second, and then broke into that puling, tripping rapidity of speech which had seemed so amazing, so startling, when they first knew him:

"I got her a diamond ring, and we buried it with her."

Something wrenched inside the chief clerk's head, in the region of the eyes or throat, or both. He wanted to laugh, and he couldn't. He wanted to cry and he couldn't. He was ashamed of both desires. Squalor and fineness, poverty and nobility, grotesqueness and spiritual exaltation, all jumbled together so foolishly, so incongruously in the poor little Shrimp, who, blinking incessantly, a little paler, a little thinner, a little more worn than of old, sat opposite to him.

Presently the squalor and the wretchedness seemed to vanish, and exaltation only shone from the Shrimp's eyes. He was speaking again.

"I hated thet—bein' dressed up, bein' laffed at all day long, makin' a monkey outern myself, but I'll tellyer wot—I would hev goneon doin'it forevernever, if I coulda kept sis. But it wasn't no use. She's gone. Dere's nuttin' left for me ter do. So I'm comin' back to youse once more, for terbe a biznes man again."



THE GREAT-GRANDCHILD

MAXIMS FOR THE MILLION

If the sure thing were always a certainty the chances in the game of life would be more favorable to the consumer.

It is a poor paradox that won't work both ways.

It is just as well not to hit a man when he is down, because it is quite possible that he is in a position to trip you up.

Some men who have married a thing of beauty have not found that she is invariably a joy forever.

The trouble with the milk of human kindness is that in a selfish world it too often comes condensed.

It is next to impossible to convince a woman, whose husband snores while he sleeps, that it is difficult for a man to do two things at once.

The optimist is the man who is utterly unable to see the hole even when he is in it up to his ears.

Gossip wouldn't be so bad if it went in one ear and out at the other instead of out of our mouths.

It is all right to play a rubber at bridge, but it is bad form to rubber at your neighbor's hand.

A man may have the key to a situation, and yet be unable to find the key hole.

Money talks, but, unlike some men, it can hardly be said ever to grow exactly what you might call garrulous.

Some politicians seem to think that a candidate can run better for office if his legs are pulled regularly every day.

ODDS AND ENDS

Devoid of interest as politics must ever be to those of us who dwell in the higher realms of the spirit, we observe as an interesting contribution to the evidence in favor of a law of compensation that, while Maine has gone Democratic, the Republicans seem beyond all question to have carried Portugal.

We are very sorry, Samantha, that we cannot assist you. It would have been doubtless a rare privilege to help you out of your trouble by accepting your poem, so that you could pay the bill, but your lines,

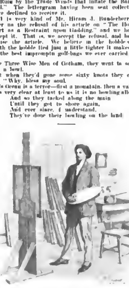
I'm in a dreadful quand'ry,
For the Chink has held my laundry
Till I pay,

tragic as they are, are yet so faulty in the matter of rhyme that they must go back to you. Nobody shall ever rhyme "quandary" with "laundry" in these columns without first having placed the editor under the influence of ether.

The philosopher has sent us a lettergram to say that "Many a Domestic Ship is blown on the Reefs of Ruin by the Trade Winds that initiate the Bargain Sail." The lettergram having been sent collect, we have declined to receive it.

It is very kind of Mr. Hiram J. Bunderberry to offer us the refusal of his article on "The Hobble Skirt as a Restraint upon Gadding," and we hereby accept it. That is, we accept the refusal, and hereby refuse the article. We believe in the hobble skirt. With the hobble tied just a little tighter it makes one of the best impromptu golf-bags we ever carried.

The Three Wise Men of Gotham, they went to sea in a bowl.
But when they'd gone some sixty knots they cried, "Why, bless my soul,
This Ocean is a terror—first a mountain, then a valley!
'Tis very clear at least to us it is no bowling alley."
And so they tacked along the main
Until they got to shore again,
And ever since, I understand,
They've done their bowling on the land.



Said the Artist, "Though profits may soar
For each turkey and duck in the store,
I've so much canvas back
From the National Ac—
I can still keep the wolf from the door."
W. B. Gilbert.

Bildad, whose letter has an air of not unconscious smartness about it, writes to ask "If there were any birds in last year's nests, what kind of birds would they be?" We must frankly confess our ignorance upon the subject, but we feel tolerably certain that if Bildad will look carefully around his own last year's aviary he will find that they are a species of eagle-eyed vulture, with fierce looking unpaid bills reaching out to tear his financial heart to pieces.

The modern dreamer should not forget, while building his castles in the air, to provide himself with a first-class aeroplane wherewith to get to them. It will not add materially to the expense of the establishment.

It may have been merely a typographical error, but when the compositor, in setting up his daily meed of type, put the announcement of the marriage of Lord Hareacres to Miss Daisy Reddyman under the head of Patrimonial Alliances instead of Matrimonial, it savored to us of very intelligent stupidity. A man who could be such an ass as that all the time ought to be in great demand.

BEFORE AND AFTER: A PATENT ADJUSTABLE JOKE

ON THEIR HONEYMOON

He: You must never, never think of going to the Adirondacks in the hunting season, sweetheart.

She: And why not, belovedest?

He: Because, my own, you'd be taken for a dear anywhere.

OFF THEIR HONEYMOON

She: You must never, never think of going to the Adirondacks in the hunting season, Peter.

He: And why not?

She: Because, Peter, you'd be taken for a bear anywhere.

NO WONDER

"What's the matter with you this morning?" said the quince to the pear. "You look pretty seedy."

"I haven't been able to sleep for two nights," said the pear. "I heard Mrs. Binks say she was going to put me up into preserves next Saturday. Wouldn't that jar you?"

HIS OPINION

"Do you believe there really is any such thing as platonic affection, Henpeck?" queried Dobson.

"Well," said Henpeck, scratching his head reflectively, "I believe that after five or six strenuous years of married life one can acquire it."

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE BOOK

A BOSTON newspaper recently contained an article dealing with the subways and other transportation facilities of Greater Boston, which it entitled Tying Boston Together. It was a matter of painful surprise to us to learn that Boston needed to be tied together. We had supposed that there was one city at least that was irrevocably stuck on itself.

One thing is very certain in this world of crass uncertainties, oh, Hibbad! and that is that the young man who tries to keep step with a girl in a hobble skirt will never get anywhere. Wherefore, Verb Sap, which is a phrase used by the ancient sages when they wished to admonish one of the ancient young not to be a sap-head.

O wad some power the giftie'd show us
To get the wad and ithers owe us!

The great trouble with the matrimonial sea is that there are no training-ships in commission on its broad waters upon which a would-be sailor can ascertain whether or not he is going to be seasick.

It is all well enough in politics for a party to choose a candidate who will sweep everything before him, but we should none the less not lose sight of the fact that there are some sweepers even now in use that throw most of their dust in the public eye.

A philosophical sporting gentleman of our acquaintance rises to remark that, if there were as much kicking of the ball itself in football as there is over the rules and the referee's decisions thereunder, it would be a vastly better game to watch on a windy day with the thermometer doing a grovelling stunt that shows how low down a mere mechanical contrivance can get when it tries.

One of our Western poets is getting weepy because as he puts it, the roses they have gone. We are glad to inform the gentleman that he is mistaken. No, the roses are not gone. In their glory they remain. True, old winter's frost is on, and there's ice upon the pane. But the roses still are there—pink and yellow and cerise; beautiful beyond compare, at about two plunks apiece.

A Boston journal informs us that "bare shoulders have long been fashionable in Paris, and in fact Zola once wrote a book on them." The latter statement seems hardly credible. Zola did a great many sensational things in his day, but the idea of using a lady's shoulders as either a writing-desk or a memorandum-pad for his impressions is almost too Parisian to be accepted as possible.

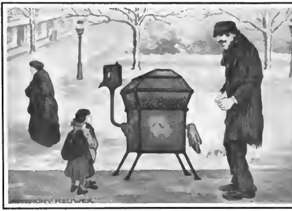
There are many paradoxes in life, but one of the most extraordinary that we know is that singular fact that what's one man's grandmother is another man's mother-in-law!

We can scarcely credit the statement in one of our daily papers that a Connecticut man has invented an automatic poker-playing machine, and yet we are told in all seriousness that this has happened. We presume that, like all other machines, it will be improved upon from time to time until finally it will take over all the labor attendant upon the game, including that of consuming high-balls while it plays, and at the conclusion of the evening's diversion that of zigzagging homeward singing gleeful melodies.

A Republican of our acquaintance up in Portland, who has just recovered from the effects of the late election, writes to inform us that it's a long Maine that knows no turning. This is at least an indication that the recent reverses have not materially affected the philosophical spirit of those who dwell in the Pine-tree State.

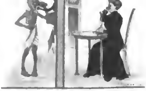
Those who were loudest in their criticism of Noah for his foolishness in the construction of the Ark were compelled to take water in the end.

A man who had an opportunity to watch one only living ex-President in action a few weeks ago observes that the New Nationalism is picturesque, anyhow, whatever may be said of its expediency.



BEASTS OF THE STREET
THE ROAST-PEANUT MULE

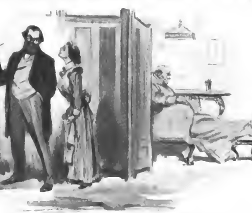
Trouble is only comparatively troublesome, after all. No man ever lived who, after admiring a soft and pinky cheek, fair as a poet's dream, objected very much to finding himself up against it.



MRS. BOSTON: OH, HELLO, PROFESSOR! WE WANT YOU TO COME RIGHT OVER TO DINNER.
PROFESSOR: BUT, MY DEAR MADAM, I AM NOT DRESSED.
MRS. BOSTON: NEVER MIND; COME JUST AS YOU ARE. IT'S TO BE VERY INFORMAL.

It is said on what appears to be good authority that there are no swear words in Esperanto. If this be true, the chances are that it will never supersede English on the golf-links.

An amateur entomologist says that the sting in the husking bee is never discovered until some homely old coquette from whom the whole world turns and runs comes by some mischance into possession of the red ear.



DOCTOR: SO YOU GOT HIM TO TAKE HIS MEDICINE. HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?"
NURSE: OH! I JUST ADDED A SPRIG OF MINT AND PUT A COUPLE OF STRAWS IN IT.

LUCRETIA BORGIA

"I THINK," said Lucretia Borgia, calmly, as she administered a dose of Jamaica ginger to her suffering spouse—"I think I shall devote the most of my time this summer to writing my memoirs."

"Good!" groaned the sufferer between spasms. "I was afraid, my dear, that you were contemplating the preparation of a cook-book."

WHERE HE MADE IT

"HELLO, BINKS!" said Wobbles. "I hear you've been in the chicken business."

"Yep," said Binks.

"Made anything out of it?" asked Wobbles.

"Yep," said Binks. "Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars in the chicken business!" demanded Wobbles.

"Nope. Out of it," said Binks.

ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS

IT was Field-day at the college,
And the maidens gathered there
Gave up every thought of knowledge
For athletic prizes rare.
On the campus congregated,
In great contests now they vied,
While their parents, all elated,
Sat and watched them, full of pride.

There was Daisy Maude Matilda—
What a champion was she!
Such her prowess was it filled her
Friends and followers with glee.
There was never one to beat her—
So the record people said—
Nothing neater, nothing sweeter,
As she "tossed" her pretty head.

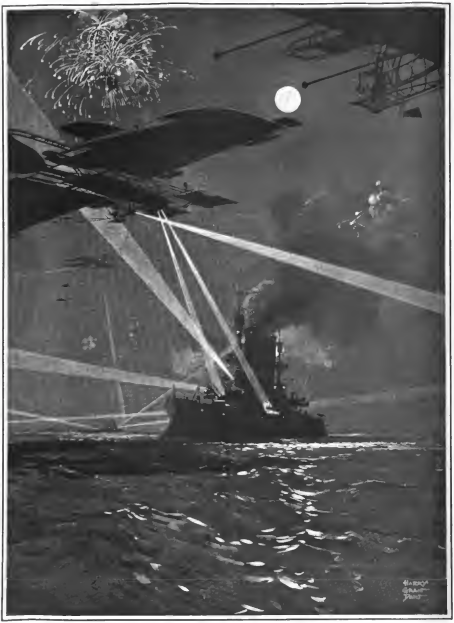
There was Angeline Amanda—
I have never seen her like,
Nothing swifter, nothing grander,
On the Universal Pike.
Her event was just a wonder
As she seized on Eddie Brown
And with neither flaw nor blunder
"Threw" the poor old fellow down.

There was airy, fairy Mary,
She who won the next event.
She was most extraordinary
As unto her task she bent.
I have read the records latest,
Quite the latest I could get,
But she "cast" her eyes the straightest
And the farthest ever yet.

Next came gentle little Sarah,
With her beauty pale and pure;
Ne'er was athlete shyer, fairer,
Ne'er was athlete so demure.
But her victory was thumping—
Yes, it quite bedazzled me—
When it came around to "jumping"
At an opportunity.

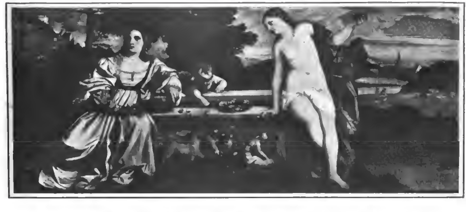
And the last was lovely Janet—
How she set us all awhirl!
There was never on this planet
Quite so wonderful a girl.
I can hardly sit and pen it
For the ecstasy and thrill
O'er her splendid prowess when it
Came to "running" up a bill!

A. SUFFERN MANN.


HARRY GRANT DART

THE VAMPIRES

DRAWN BY HARRY GRANT DART



Sacred and Profane Love

By Eunice and Francis Grosvenor

"Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies:
Column, tower, and dome, and spire
Shine like obelisks of fire."
—SHELLEY.

THE Piazza was bright with flaunting pennants and gayly colored banners. All Venice seemed afloat on the Grand Canal. Barges and gondolas, gorgeously covered with silken trappings, glided on toward the Doge's Palace for the great festa. The light laughter of great ladies, the soft music, the glittering sunlight, were at variance with the contemplative mood of young Titian, who was making his way in a shabby public gondola to the home of the master, Palma Vecchio.

"Has the ardor of thy passion sent thee abroad thus early?" called Aretino, on his way to join the gay throng. His handsome face was lit by a malicious smile, as he tossed off a wanton jest at the expense of Violante, the fairest of the three beautiful daughters of Master Palma.

The long-drawn cry of the *gondoliere*, as they turned a sharp corner and drifted apart, drowned the young artist's angry protest. His gondola glided through a narrow passageway, and soon came to a stop before an imposing house with elaborately frescoed façade. Titian sprang up the steps, was welcomed by an old servant, and at last was ushered into the room where the daughters of Master Palma were wont to spend their mornings. The eldest, Katarina, was playing on a lute; Eleanora bent busily over the frame of her embroidery; Violante alone was without occupation, and sat apart near an open window, the sunlight playing upon her hair. Her self-possession and studied pose in no way betrayed her peevish fretfulness in having no part to play in the gorgeous pageantry without. Master Palma was ever chary of displaying his daughters' charms, and, in truth, their life was one of seclusion. Titian, with barely a word of salutation, found himself at Violante's side. His heart was beating violently. To be near her completely robbed him of his usual composure. For a moment he was scarce able to find words in which to make the request uppermost in his mind. The hot admiration of the young painter had long been recognized by the beautiful Violante. Although her father's faith in the brilliant future of this his favorite disciple had in no sense made an impression on her scornful nature, it was her whim to-day to let her sisters have proof of his abject slavery.

"How is it that you are at leisure to visit us thus early?" she asked, with a sidelong glance, the beautiful lashes drooped, partially veiling her luminous eyes. "Are the frescoes on the Palazzo Morosini no longer your one thought? What interest could have drawn you away from so absorbing a task?" Her laugh was almost insolent, so sure was she of her power. It fell unheeded.

"Lady," his words came stammeringly, "the frescoes are quite completed. I came to urge the fulfilment of your father's promise. Have you forgotten that he has commanded me to paint your portrait?" He was resolute in spite of his embarrassment.

"Will you paint me in all the splendor of a court beauty? You will not dim my eyes, take the lustre from my hair, the color from my cheek, as Carpaccio did when he transformed the lovely Seraphina into the hideous figure one sees in his picture of two Venetian Dames? Santissima Vergine, but they are ugly!"

"I will paint you as you are." His eyes drank in every detail of her loveliness. Even her insatiable vanity was momentarily appeased by his look of admiration.

Until this time Eleanora and Katarina had carefully refrained from interrupting the conversation, for the dominant personality of their more brilliant sister, as a rule, quite overshadowed them. Their feminine curiosity, however, now burst the bonds of self-effacement and restraint.

"Will you paint her here?" broke in Eleanora. "She must wear the gold-embroidered robe that our father brought her, when he last came from Milano."

Katarina, on the other hand, fancied that a blue Genoese brocade was by far the more becoming of the two.

The entrance of the master put an end to the girls' voluble discussion. No, she must not be painted here. It was his will, he declared, that she should go next morning to the *bottega* in the Vico Antonelli to sit to the young artist. Violante dared not remonstrate, but her acquiescence was ungracious enough.

"*Basta, basta*, at ten o'clock I shall come," was her petulant interruption. "I do this, understand, to please my father," she added, haughtily dismissing him.

On re-entering his studio, young Titian impatiently brushed aside his boy servant, Pietro, who was busily employed in cleaning the neglected brushes.

"But, Master," exclaimed the boy, "there is a woman who has long waited to see you—and truly she is as beautiful as a goddess," he added, naïvely. "Eccola," he indicated, pointing to a figure seated on a low bench, partially hidden by a screen.

"I am Cecilia, the widow of Antonio Vareli. He was of your native village, Pieve di Cadore," said the woman as she rose and came toward him. "I hear on all sides that you, Maestro, are seeking models for your frescoes. Can I not serve you? My little one and I are so hungry!"

Her black garments were old and worn, and but scantily draped the magnificent outlines of an opulent form. The innocence of her child-like gaze surprised him, the Junoesque quality of her beauty filled him with delight. The fine poise of her head, her rich coloring, her natural grace and freedom of movement, were rare indeed. At any other moment the pathos of her appeal would have touched Titian; but, elated as he was at having won his mistress's consent to sit to him, and with every thought concentrated upon the projected portrait, it failed to evoke his pity. He firmly but not unkindly waved her aside, unheeding her presence, and moved about the room, intent upon his preparations for the morrow; and Pietro motioned to Cecilia to go away. He knew by experience that when his master was in this mood he could not endure interruptions.

The susceptible artist had unconsciously registered a vivid impression of the woman's unworldly beauty. Pietro's words came back to him. What a goddess the creature would make! Why had he sent her away? As he worked about the *bottega*, carefully selecting and stretching his canvas, mechanically placing in order palette and brushes, his imagination kindled, divining the wondrous beauty of her form. The thought flashed upon him that he had never pictured Violante in other than the radiant, flowing apparel in which she was always so carefully gowned. Though poorly clad, the woman Cecilia could furnish inspiration for a hundred pictures, but the quality of Violante's personality was too worldly an essence to suggest any such idea. He must paint her decoratively. She should be seated beside a fountain in regal attire. Seeking to conjure up some mythological tale that might further the play of his fancy, he seized a pencil and began to block in her figure in bold strokes. Here and there were touches to indicate that he intended to introduce a landscape background after the manner of Giorgione, a painter whom he held in profound esteem. Unintentionally he had left a space on the other side of the fountain. Should he introduce his own form as that of a pleading lover? He dismissed the idea as distasteful, yet he knew that the composition would be unbalanced were he to omit placing a second figure in the foreground. His eyes darkened, and were as suddenly lit up. A new idea took possession of him. In stretching out his hand for a crayon he touched the silver point with which he was wont to make devotional sketches of our Blessed Lady. The contact struck him as suggestive. He caught it up. Intuitively he felt that it might well be the medium for the portrayal of a form both pure and noble. With unerring precision and reverential mood, he drew a figure in the nude, filling the space on the right side of the fountain. Content at last, he looked triumphantly at the cartoon, then broke away suddenly to summon Pietro.

"*Corri, vola, trotta!*" he cried. "Seek the woman Cecilia high and low. If you return without her I will beat you soundly." The boy, alarmed by his master's unaccustomed violence, fled from him.

A sudden illuminative thought impelled Titian to turn again to the rough draft. This strong contrast in the women must be forcefully brought out. As he looked at his mere sketch of Violante, a knowledge of her vanity, egotism, and heartless absorption in worldly luxury was painfully borne in upon him for the first time. Love, or what had seemed to him such, gave place to scorn, and it was with relief that he turned to the contrasted figure typifying divine womanliness and self-abnegation.

For the next few weeks Titian painted feverishly, and, when not actually at work, he was absorbed in doubts as to the value of the composition of his picture. It had almost become an obsession with him.

The fair Violante had come, accompanied by servants bearing rich attires and a casket of jewels. She was deeply chagrined when the artist would not permit her to display her splendid chaplet of pearls, but his adroit assurance that her beauty needed no such adornment did much toward reconciling her to his view, and a compromise was effected when he promised to place the casket near her on the edge of the fountain.

Pietro, after a frantic search for Cecilia, had found her with the little son and had brought the two at once to his master.

As the work progressed Violante questioned Titian more and more jealously about the covered portion of the canvas. He had told her that it had been found necessary to introduce a subordinate figure in order to accentuate the allegorical significance of the picture, but the mystery of the veiled corner puzzled and irritated her. The enigmatic smile and evasive answer which were the sole responses to her question did not smooth matters, and it was only after an angry altercation that the master was finally led to induce her to believe that he intended introducing a cavalier paying his court, an idea that won her acceptance as most natural. She could ill brook the cool, critical gaze of the young painter, and, although her vanity would not admit the fact, she realized that his was the absorption of the artist, not that of the lover. As his passion waned, her fancy for him increased, and it angered her to feel that in the hours spent in the *bottega* she was little more than the model, while he was at his ease, the complete master of the situation, no longer an object of her caprice.

The hours of each morning had been devoted to the painting of Violante, while from early afternoon till sunset Titian had labored to portray Cecilia. The devotional feeling grew upon him as he worked, and he himself scarce understood it. The woman seemed to epitomize all that was sacred. A certain exaltation in her mood while posing would have forced reverence from Aretino himself.

She was a simple soul, this Cecilia, with but little to say, and that little couched in the phraseology of the peasant. Titian often talked with her, and each time was newly impressed with the freshness of her views and the strength of her maternity. The little son, Cola, came with her, for, she explained, it was not safe to leave him alone. He was a good bambo, and prattled as he crept about the floor. One day the master paused in his work to catch up the child.

"Would he not make a charming amorino, Cecilia?" he asked.

With a murmured "*Ecco*," she leaned her body and extended her arms toward the child with a gesture so tender in its implied caress that he called to her to keep the pose, put down the boy hastily, and set to work with hot impatience to efface what had been done and reproduce this wonderful, unconscious attitude. If only this could be put on canvas, he thought, it would go down to posterity an immortal.

Cecilia was like a child in her admiration for the figure of the lovely Violante. She was glad that the master had decided to paint her little Cola near the signora, and she looked on as the work progressed with light-hearted gayety.

Her innocence, her freshness, struck Titian at every turn. They seemed to belong to a freer, purer air than that of Venice. A breath as it were from his Tyrolean home was wafted in upon him. In his fancy he was again among the scenes of his childhood, and so came to reproduce them in the landscapes of the picture. His eyes had so often fallen upon these very scenes when a boy at Cadore, looking out of his window in the ruddy glow of the sunset.

The picture was finished. All the morning Pietro had bustled about the *bottega*, placing flowers in the vases, and hiding all the paraphernalia necessary to an atelier. Unobserving, the master sat wrapt in contemplation. In his heart he knew this to be his supreme work.

Voices were heard on the stairway. Violante entered with her father, and with them were Giorgione and Aretino. They came in chatting irrelevantly. Titian drew himself up to his full height. Something in his manner of greeting silenced them. Aretino was the first to advance toward the canvas, which was still on the easel, but now placed well back in the long, narrow room. Stopping to gain the effect from a distance, the young poet burst forth in ejaculations.

"*Corpo di Bacco*, what a divinity! So it is in this goodly company that thou hast passed thy days of late, *amico mio?* No wonder thou hast been in hiding! The *Venere* who enthralls us all in the meshes of desire, why does she plead? Ah, thou hadst in mind the story of Medea and Jason. I even know that the lover lingers without, while the goddess urges her to yield to his passion. 'Tis a masterpiece!'"

Giorgione had stood apart. His eyes were filled with tears. Affectionately he put his arm around the shoulders of his young friend, and, turning toward Palma, said, expansively:

"Verily, this boy was a painter from his mother's womb." Pointing to each figure, he continued speaking rapidly. "Here we have sacred and profane love. Thy nude is the fitting symbol of sacred love, her purity ascending in incense; she pleads to rouse the better nature, the feminine grace of self-sacrifice in her so beautiful companion, dead to all save worldly pleasures. And with what skill thou hast depicted them! That lady's pleasure in the very brocade that she wears is felt in the caress of her touch."

Palma had listened to these outpourings in silence. Violante was mortified at their utter disregard of her identity with the picture. The others now seemed to realize their neglect and sought to propitiate her with flattery. Palma's commendation of the work was somewhat conventional, tempered by reluctance to yield the palm to one who, young as he was, bid fair to far outrun him in the race for fame.

The three visitors, in close conversation, moved toward the door. Violante stood still. Her attitude was almost that of a suppliant. Was the love that Titian had once felt for her now quite dead? There was finality in his entire absorption in the picture. How she hated it, and the other being that had forced her aside!

Her father's voice calling her name came faintly from below. She turned bitterly away, and withdrew reluctantly.

Pietro's head was thrust well out of the window as he watched the departure of the gondola that had brought hither this goodly company. Putting his head in, and finding his master still unaware of what was going on about him, he observed, with a touch of mischief:

"*Per Carita!* see the change in the fair lady. She looks as crestfallen as a peacock of a wet day."

Reasoning with a Bronco

By O. T. Jackman

IN the open cattle country, where the wire fence is yet unknown, the methods of the horse and cattle raising business have changed little, if at all.

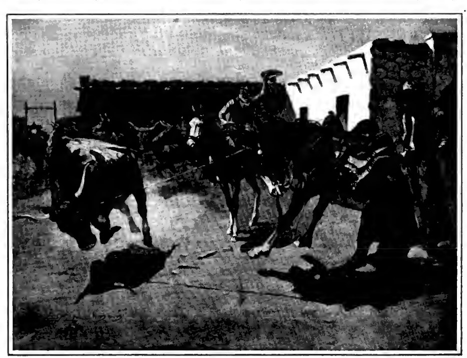
While cattle are the main source of revenue, the horse is the most important factor engaged in its accumulation. A man may have a good knowledge of horseflesh, yet may be useless on a ranch if he has not knowledge of the cattle-pony, or "cow-horse." This knowledge can be gained only by well-earned experience, as these horses are tricky and perfectly able to take care of themselves on all occasions.

A roping pony is usually a large boned, well-put up horse, and by the time he has qualified he knows a thing or two not learned in a warm stable or fenced pasture.

In parts of the West the rope is still extensively used, in the open as well as for corral purposes, and every horse has proper regard for the rope. Some horses become crazy as soon as the rider begins swinging a lariat. Others will stop dead still if a rope is simply thrown across their necks. Others will dodge a rope or crowd against the corral so that the loop will tangle upon the rails or miss altogether. A bunch of saddle-horses can be corralled by four men holding their ropes on three sides of a square, the horses being afraid of running against the manila. A rope is the source of many sad experiences to the cow-horse. Of course the spur and quirt are used, but on the average ranch a horse, especially a roping pony, is humanely treated.

A not uncommon punishment administered by a seasoned cow-hand is both humane and effective. A roping pony may become nervous or excited upon encountering a steer or bull which is to be roped. Whipping or spurring would only add to the confusion and perhaps spoil a good pony, so the rider will rope the intended victim, throw a couple of half-hitches around the saddle-horn, and jump off his mount, leaving the pony to his own devices for holding the steer.

When the "critter" roped is of good weight and agility the contest is one worth seeing. Seldom will the pony get worse than a fall, and nine times out of ten it will cure him of bad habits when being used for roping.



To cure a roping-pony of "nervousness" the rider, having roped the steer, hitches the rope to the saddle-horn, and dismounts, leaving the pony to his own devices

A Warrior on Jade

A STATUE representing a dancing Maori, posed on the largest boulder of jade in the world, will be a feature of a forthcoming New Zealand exhibit in the Museum of Natural History, New York. The giant base of jade on which the Maori stands weighs seven thousand pounds. It comes from New Zealand, is worth about five thousand dollars, and was purchased and presented to the museum by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The statue was executed by Mr. Sigurd Neandross and was cast entire from a living Maori, the model being sprayed with paraffin, and plaster applied afterward to strengthen it. This is less painful than the old plaster process, and the entire head and body can be taken at one cast. The coloring was done from life, and the tattooing on the face and hips was copied from a series of tattooed heads forming a part of the New Zealand exhibit.

While performing a dance the Maori man must follow the traditional code handed down from his fighting ancestors, which demands a constant thrusting out of the tongue accompanied by the greatest possible distortion of features. The further the tongue is protruded, the more terrible and dangerous is the man supposed to be to all foes. The Maori is pictured beating time to the dance by striking the palm of the hand against the thigh and brandishing aloft the favorite war weapon, the mere. These highly prized weapons, from thirteen to fifteen inches long, were made of jade, and the finishing and grinding required infinite time, labor, and skill, for jade is one of the hardest minerals in the world. Frequently a weapon would not be finished during the life of the owner, but would be left for some one of his family to complete.

The new statue of a dancing Maori, to be placed in the Museum of Natural History, New York

A Tragedy in the Animal World

A NATURALIST, in observing that little is known by the average man of the tragedies that are constantly occurring in wild life, went so far as to say that no wild animal dies a "natural" death. Now and then an instance comes to light, such as the following, which shows how the life of a wild creature is suddenly snuffed out. The man that witnessed the incident was in a canoe watching a kingfisher that had alighted on the dead branch of a tree on the edge of a pond.

All at once the bird rose, dropped straight down into the water, and disappeared beneath the surface. It reappeared almost immediately with a fish in its long, spear-like bill; but had scarcely regained the surface when it disappeared again with a suddenness that led the watcher to think that something had seized it from below. As it did not come up again, the curious observer after a time rowed over to the spot where it had gone down in order to ascertain the reason for the bird's mysterious disappearance.

A dead pickerel was floating on the surface near the shore. It was doubtless the one the kingfisher had caught. Soon afterward an odd-looking object was seen floating near by. It proved to be a big pickerel and the kingfisher, both dead.

One of the bird's legs was between the pickerel's jaws, the long teeth of which went through the flesh. The kingfisher's spear-like bill ran clear through the pickerel's body, from side to side, a few inches below.

The pickerel had seized the kingfisher by the leg as the bird was rising from the water with the smaller fish, and had pulled it back into the water, expecting to dine on the kingfisher. The bird had turned in self-defence and driven its sharp beak through the pickerel, inflicting a mortal wound. The pickerel, with bulldog tenacity, had kept its hold on the bird's leg, and the two had died together.

The Making of the Umbrella

IN most umbrella factories the task of turning out ribs and stems is left to other factories making a speciality of those parts. These are sent to the manufacturer, and the man whose work it is to assemble the parts inserts a bit of wire into the small holes at the end of the ribs, draws them together about the main rod, and adjusts the ferrule.

In cutting the cloth or silk, seventy-five thicknesses, or thereabouts, are arranged upon a table, at which skilled operators work. In one department there are girls who operate hemming machines. A thousand yards of hemmed goods is but a day's work for one of these girls. The machines doing this job attain a speed of some three thousand revolutions a minute. After the hemming has been done, the cloth or silk is cut into triangular pieces with a knife, as before, but with a pattern laid upon the cloth. The next operation is the sewing of the triangular pieces together by machinery.

The covers and frames are now ready to be brought together. In all, there are twenty-one places where the cover is to be attached to the frame. The handle is next glued on, and the umbrella is ready for pressing and inspection.

By far the greater number of umbrellas to-day are equipped with wooden handles. A large variety of materials may, however, be used. Gold and silver quite naturally enter into the construction of the more expensive grades of umbrellas.

A wooden handle may be quite expensive, though, by reason of the wood used.

Tick, Tock, Twelve O'Clock

UNCLE SAM incurs considerable expense to return an official reply to the question, "What is the correct time?" To ascertain the instant when it is noon on the seventy-fifth meridian and to send that information broadcast is a costly task. The true time is daily calculated by the officials at Washington and transmitted by electricity to every important city and town.

About five minutes before the Washington noon the telegraph companies cut off all their regular business, except on lines where they have more than one wire. They then connect all important points, from which there may be numberless ramifications, with an electric wire going into the great clock in the observatory at the national capital, so that all over the country its tickings may be heard. For the ten seconds just before twelve o'clock there is silence which is broken by the "noon beat." Regular business is then resumed.

In some cities the wires connect with a time ball that drops with the noon beat. The time ball in Washington, placed on a pole over the State, War, and Navy Building, is three feet in diameter and can be seen from all parts of the city. In the big building itself there are a number of clocks that are each day automatically corrected. An electrical device "sets" them, placing hour, minute and second hands exactly vertical at the instant the ball drops.

Although Washington is on the seventy-seventh meridian, the noon hour is for convenience computed for the seventy fifth, the time standard for the eastern part of the United States. In the central belt, which is governed by the ninetieth meridian, the signal from Washington means eleven o'clock, in the Rocky Mountain belt it is ten o'clock, and on the Pacific coast it is nine.

Silenium

SILENIUM was discovered in 1817, by Berzelius, in the residue of a sulphuric compound. For a long time it was used only in laboratory experiments. Graham Bell utilized its electric conductivity, when he constructed the photophone, and he made it useful again in transmitting sound by light radiations. From the year silenium was discovered, savants studied it and everything relating to it. During the last five years the remarkable results obtained by Professor Klein, of the University of Munich, have proved that silenium can be used as a combustible instead of coal; that it has power to increase the intensity of sound; that it notably facilitates the manufacture of glass; that it is one of the best reactive agents of nitric acid; and that it is may assist in the solution of many of the problems of color photography. It is probable that silenium will be used extensively in therapeutics, and that it will perform remarkable and varied work in industry as well as in chemical research.

Silenium is found almost everywhere. It abounds in "sorgite," a lead product of Argentina; it exists (in composition) in copper, cobalt, bismuth, mercury, and South-American thallium. In the volcanoes of the islands of Lipari it is found in a pure condition.

The Useful Sunflower

THE most remarkable use to which the sunflower has been put is in the construction of battle-ships. The stalk of the plant is very pithy, and even when compressed into blocks this pith is capable of absorbing a tremendous quantity of water. These blocks, in which the pith retains some of its flexibility, have been employed with much success in the solution of the vexed problem of the lining of a battle-ship's sides. They are placed between two walls of steel, and the substance is so resilient that it completely closes up the hole made by a projectile, keeping out the water for a long time.

Another little-known use of the sunflower is in the manufacture of cigars. There is not a part of the plant that is without commercial value. The seed, which is raised by hundreds of millions of pounds every year in Russia, makes a palatable edible oil, with a residue of seed cake for cattle; or it may be fed in the kernel to poultry. The blossoms furnish honey first and then an excellent yellow dye. As for the stalks, the Chinese are clever enough to get a sort of silky fibre from them, and they are also good for fuel and for the production of potash. In New England it is believed that the sunflower "keeps away malaria"; it is also believed that the blossoms follow the sun in its daily course, but that is not true.

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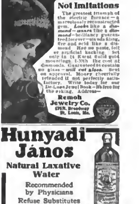

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POINTS OF PROGRESS IN 1910

By Franklin Escher

THERE is but little resemblance between the 1910 of last year's forecasts and the 1910 which is just drawing to its close. The one was to be a period of progress and prosperity, of the reaching of new levels and the scaling of new heights. The other has been a time of gradual awakening to facts none too pleasant. The whole year has been a slow realization of the fact that we have been trying to build a tremendous edifice on an insecure foundation—that we managed to get a good part of it up and that it has been a mercy that we have been able to get it down again, stone by stone, instead of having the whole ill-planned thing come crashing down about our ears.

It is never easy at the year's beginning to tell what the year will bring forth, but it would be necessary to go far back to find a time when the forecasters achieved so remarkable a degree of error as at the beginning of 1910. Almost uniform were the predictions that out of "so sound a position" as then prevailed there could come nothing but progress and plenty. But hardly had the "annual reviews and forecasts" been relegated to the basket before there began those twinges which afterward developed into so full-fledged a case of financial indigestion. Not many weeks old was the year when it began to be apparent that a myopic view had been taken of the situation, and before mid-year a good many people had found out to their sorrow that excelsior can't be converted into hay by merely looking at it through green glasses.

Nineteen hundred and ten, from a business standpoint, was a year of disappointment, a period of promise unfulfilled, of hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. And yet 1910, anomalous as the statement may seem, was a year of steady progress. Not, it is true, from the falsely calculated level at which for a while it was thought the year had begun, but from the actual state of things then prevailing. Not, perhaps, in security prices or the volume of business done, but in the underlying conditions which, in the long run, count.

Five long steps in the right direction were taken in 1910. In the first place the country was brought to a realization, just in time, that it was riding hard for exactly such another fall as it had three years ago. In the next place, as a result of retrenchment, decline in commodity prices, and the check put on speculation in land and securities, the country has again begun to accumulate a respectable supply of capital. Thirdly, large progress has been made toward cleaning up the get-rich-quick industry and plugging up the leak caused thereby. Fourth, the foreign markets have been opened up to American securities as never before. Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, there has developed an unmistakable reaction tendency from the overdone popular attitude toward the corporations, and a fuller realization of the closeness with which the real interests of the corporations and the people are bound up.

That the first of these steps has been made not only in the minds of those who wanted to see it made, but actually, is proved both by the infinitely more conservative way in which business is being done as against a year ago, and by the way in which the country has settled down to increase its exports of manufactures and cut down on its imports of luxuries. Toward the close of the year there has been a good deal of talk about our chastened spirit and the curb which has finally been put on extravagance. In the cautious way in which business is being done and the manner in which the foreign trade situation is being swung around, we have the concrete evidence.

Business is at present being done on an entirely different basis from a year ago. Then all was optimism and exuberance and determination to expand capacity to the greatest possible extent in order to take care of the flood of business that was so confidently believed to be just ahead. Now, all is care and conservatism and openly expressed disposition to go slowly and cut the coat according to the cloth. Similarly with our trade with the outside world. A year ago imports were the thing—everybody had (or thought they had) lots of money to buy luxuries and considered themselves in a fair way to have more. Now, imports of luxuries are rapidly falling off, while, on the other hand, exports of manufactured goods are being increased by leaps and bounds. A year ago many manufacturers didn't care whether there was a foreign market for their product or not. They care now, and are just as anxious about working up an export market as they were indifferent about it a year ago. In the long run it will do them and their business and the country an immense amount of good. Sweet are the uses of adversity.

The second step was a logical consequence of the first. Retrenchment in business resulted in a damper being put upon the riotous speculation which was threatening such trouble; and, as a consequence of that, again, commodity prices have fallen so that we are in a fair way to get an appreciable reduction in the cost of living. By this combination of circumstances, a strong accumulative movement of capital was started.

What this means to the country is appreciated by those who realize the momentum and scope of the great speculative movements in securities and land which were under way when the year began. Enthusiasm over the business outlook, it will be recollected, had communicated itself to the security markets, while all over the western part of the country there was being developed a land boom greater than anything seen since the eighties. With the country's capital supply no greater than it was, these speculative movements, tipping over from 1909, must inevitably have resulted in the most serious sort of a disturbance.

The way in which this situation was handled and the overheated speculative machinery gradually slowed down, is one of the brightest spots in 1910's financial history. On other occasions, as on this, it has been found necessary and possible to check a speculative movement in securities, but never before had the banks been called upon to handle such a situation as was presented by the land speculation at the beginning of the summer. It was a state of things, it must be borne in mind, which was confined to no one locality or section, but which was sweeping the country from end to end. When it is considered that by the united action of the banks in the central reserve cities an influence was extended to the smaller banks all over the country, causing them to draw in on the purse-strings and refuse to lend more money for speculation in land, it will be apparent how important a result was accomplished. When, back in the spring of the year, strong banking interests decided that the speculation in land must be checked and began to work toward that end, a long step was taken on the road to progress.

A third long step was taken when Postmaster-General Hitchcock announced his intention of putting an end to the use of the mails for fraudulent purposes, and started his crusade against the get-rich-quick concerns. Here was an influence the existence of which every one was aware of, but the harmfulness and extent of which were appreciated by few. People in a general way realized that the operation of these concerns all over the country wasn't doing the country any good, but not until Mr. Hitchcock came out with the figures was it generally appreciated how great a stream of capital was being diverted from legitimate investment channels or to what an extent the standing of securities of established worth was being hurt. Even now, on account of the scant publicity afforded the government's determined effort to eradicate the evil, it is doubtful if there is anything like full appreciation of the great work which is going on now and which Mr. Hitchcock declares will continue to go on until it is finished.

Development of the market for American securities abroad was a fourth important point of progress in 1910. Begun early in the year as a result of the determination on the part of the St. Paul and other important railroads to raise capital abroad if they couldn't raise it in this country, this movement continued throughout the year.

Of recent years there has come to be a very good market abroad for many classes of American securities, but never before, in one year, has there been anything like the progress made in 1910, in the direction of popularizing American investments in Europe. Early in the year, it will be recollected, several important railroad men spent considerable time abroad, with the result that during the spring months between 125 and 150 millions of American bonds were placed on the other side. When, at the summer's beginning, the controversy between the railroads and the government reached the acute stage marked by the Wickersham injunction proceedings, there developed a disposition on the part of the foreign bankers to stop buying American bonds for the time being, but later the buying movement, though on a more moderate scale, was resumed. An accurate record, could such a thing be had, would show an imposing total of American bonds placed abroad during 1910.

Of far greater importance to the country than the mere bringing in of so much new capital, is the opening up of the foreign markets which has been taking place. All along it has been realized that there is a huge sum of foreign investment capital available for investment in American enterprise, but only recently have the right sort of means been taken to interest the small foreign investor. Nineteen hundred and ten saw the completion of pioneer work which will without doubt lead to better appreciation abroad of the investment value of our securities, and a freer movement of foreign capital into American enterprise. In some quarters this is considered one of the most important influences bearing on the business outlook for the new year.

Solid as is the progress made along the various lines mentioned, however, it is a question whether the most important consideration of all is not the unmistakable change, developed during the year's closing months, in the popular attitude toward the railroads and other big corporations. From the overdone trust-baiting movement and indiscriminate attacks on organized business there was bound to be a reaction. Judging from the result of the recent election and other almost equally evident signs, that reaction has now come.

At the end of nineteen-ten there is a far better appreciation than at its beginning, on the part of people at large, of the reasonableness of large combinations of capital and the necessity for their existence. Far less general is the disposition to vilify and attack the corporations merely because they represent large aggregations of capital. Far more general is appreciation of the fact that the railroads and big industrial companies as they are constituted to-day are a perfectly natural development of our business system, and that with the best interests of these companies the interests of the country at large are indissolubly bound up. Only too desperately practical, for instance, has been the demonstration of how the attack on the railroads has reacted upon the business of the whole country.

With the spread of a more moderate spirit and a more general understanding of things as they are instead of as demagogues say they are, the whole vexed question of the relationship between the corporations and the country ought to become easier of solution. The degree to which developments in 1910 tended toward that result can be counted an important milestone on the path of progress.

Discussion of the year's business outlook is so very generally punctuated with references to the importance of the coming decision on freight rates, and so evident has it become that until the decision is given a great deal of business is going to be held up, that it is sincerely to be hoped that the verdict will not be held back one day longer than is necessary.

In Wall Street there seems to prevail a feeling that at least a substantial part of the rate increases asked for are to be allowed. The railroads, it is considered, have made out a strong case, but to grant the full amount of the freight-rate advances would only be to stir up popular clamor. In the financial district, therefore, it is felt that the problem will be solved by compromise—that the justice of the railroads' claims will be recognized, but that the shippers' side of the case will be favored to the extent of making the rate increases less than the railroads had asked for.

Such a compromise may be the best way out, but, after all, it can only be called a pity that in all these months so little progress has been made toward getting at what is so much needed—a reasonable *basis* for fixing freight rates.

Last July, when drafts on London were obtainable in the New York market at $4.85½ per pound sterling, about ten million dollars' worth of bar gold was purchased in London by American bankers and brought over here. Just recently the rate of exchange on London fell as low as $4.84⅝ per pound sterling. It looked for a time as though we should be able to get some more of London's gold, but not a dollar's worth of the precious metal came in.

The difference lies in the fact that last July we needed all the gold we could get to bolster up bank reserves, while now we don't. That was the beginning of crop-moving, and it looked as though the banks were going to have no easy time supplying the cash. Crop-moving is over now, and the cash has been supplied. Ahead of us we have a time when money is usually in large supply and when rates are low.

Under the circumstances there has been little incentive on the part of our bankers to draw gold from abroad.

According to the leading compilation, January disbursements for interest and dividends will amount to $228,000,000 as against $201,000,000 last year.

In view of the new bonds issued each year it is natural that interest payments should increase, but this year's gain in disbursements of nearly thirteen per cent. is entirely out of the ordinary. What the new year may bring forth it is not easy to tell, but certainly in the year just passed the corporations as a whole must have done pretty well.

Reports privately gathered from a large number of savings-banks in New York do not seem to indicate that the tendency on the part of the banks to pay a lower rate of interest has had much of an effect on deposits. The man who wants to save money by putting it into a savings-bank, it is pointed out, will do so whether the rate paid him is four per cent or three-and-a-half per cent., or even less. The interest paid is an incidental consideration. What the average savings-bank depositor wants is an absolutely safe place in which to put his money.

Savings-bank statements showing that this is the case and that deposits have been fully maintained, have encouraged the bond houses to make extraordinary efforts to interest the savings-banks in the bond-market. During the greater part of the year, purchases of bonds from this source have amounted to practically nothing. What a strong stimulating influence it would be if the savings-banks could be induced to come in and take off the market some of the issues which have long been looking for a purchaser, the bond houses well know.

For a buying movement of this sort in the near future the chances are very good. For nearly a year, now, the savings-banks have been practically out of the bond-market; and while, to a certain extent, real-estate mortgages have supplied their needs, sooner or later they are bound to come back into the market for corporation bonds. In the mean time, moreover, some of the best issues suitable for savings-bank investment have got down to a very attractive basis. That fact, more than anything else, is expected to start the ball rolling.

Predicting the market effect of an election is a hazardous business. Early in November Wall Street was sure that a Democratic victory would bring a big rise in prices. Instead there took place a sharp decline. Almost equally positive was the London Stock Exchange, a month or so ago, that the expected Liberal victory, with a virtually unchanged Parliamentary majority, would result in a big break. There was a moderate decline after the Manchester polling, it is true, but the loss was practically all cancelled by the subsequent recovery.

English School Customs

SOME of the old customs retained in English schools seem very curious to the American student. Their excuse for being lies in the past, and, robbed of all meaning, they play a senseless part in the drama of school life to-day.

Within the last forty or fifty years many of these practices have been abolished in the conviction that, however valuable historical tradition may be, much of it is useless lumber, hindering progress. Such a law, for example, as for many years was nominally in force at Eton, was, on the face of it, ridiculous.

The river at Eton was regarded as being "in bounds"—that is, the students could go there at any time without permission. But the road which led to the river was out of bounds. River sports held a large and encouraged place in school life, and yet to get to this permissible spot Etonians must go on forbidden ground.

This rule could not, of course, be actually enforced. When a master met a boy on his way to the river the master looked the other way, and the boy ran into a shop.

A small Etonian got into trouble one day by demanding a fulfilment of the letter of one of the old customs. According to a statute of Henry VI., on one day of the year every colleger was entitled to receive threepence or half a sheep, three pennies being the value of half a sheep at the time the law was passed. On the appointed day the bursar would appear in the hall and give each boy his threepence.

One day, not so very many years ago a small and impudent pupil demanded the half sheep instead of the money. The bursar flew into a terrible rage, reported the matter, and succeeded in obtaining for the boy a sound flogging.

The youngster, however, received a compensation for his smarts. The day after his corporal punishment he met his tutor, who happened to be a sympathetic man with a keen sense of humor.

"My lad," he said, "I hear you are a great criminal. You have asked for half a sheep and got a flogging. Come to breakfast with me on Sunday. What would you like to eat?"

"If you please, sir," stammered the delighted boy, "goose." And he had goose.

A year or two ago there was recorded a victory in the great English school of Westminster. The hero of the day was not a winner at football or cricket, nor had he written a prize essay. He had done what is rarer in British school annals—caught and kept the great pancake which is tossed on Shrove Tuesday.

As, at the end of an allotted time, the cake remained practically whole, in spite of all the desperate efforts made to rend it from its lucky possessor, the victor received the prize of a sovereign.

The whole school and the masters had gathered in the schoolroom. The doors were thrown open and a procession entered, headed by the verger of the chapel bearing his silver mace, and followed by the college cook wearing a correct white costume, flat white cap, apron and all. In his hand he carried a frying-pan containing a large pancake. In accordance with the time-honored custom, this cake was of peculiar formation, one half an inch thick, and kneaded with plenty of horsehair to give it consistency.

The cook took his stand a few paces below the great iron bar that divides the school in halves, all the scholars crowding the spot where the cake seemed likely to fall. At a signal, the cook measured the distance with his eye, and with a swing of his arm sent the pancake flying over the bar. If he had missed his shot he would have been "booked"—that is, books would have been thrown at him.

As the pancake fell, the whole school rushed to snatch it. For some minutes nothing was seen but a whirling mass of struggling lads. In general, little or nothing of the pancake remains. On this particular occasion, however, a heavy, strong lot of boys had planned to get the pancake. They had secured good places, and were to form a ring as soon as the cake fell, and, arm in arm, protect it while one of their number crept under and secured it. The plan was excellent, but, like many human plans, it failed.

The pancake fell in an unexpected place, near a small boy named Wells. He was a very delicate lad, and had no idea of struggling in the crowd. As the cake fell the circle of boys formed, according to agreement, and closed in upon it. Somebody gave Wells a push, and the little fellow fell forward into the middle of the ring, actually on top of the pancake.

Wells grasped the opportunity, and, as he lay on the floor, unbuttoned his waistcoat, slipped the cake in, buttoned himself up again, and wriggled out. The cake had disappeared, no one knew where.

After school Wells held his tongue and slipped away with the pancake. When he returned he was the proud possessor of a sovereign, with which he and his chums had a good time.

Stories of the Bank of England

THERE is much that is romantic in the history of the Bank of England. Had it not been for a clever director the bank would have probably suffered a fatal reverse about a century ago. A panic occurred among the bank-note holders, and spread to an alarming extent almost before the bank people became aware of what was going on. One morning, just after the opening of the bank, an angry and excited crowd thronged the street demanding cash for their notes. There was, it is said, actually double the money in notes in the hands of that mob than there was gold in the coffers of the institution, a circumstance that, naturally enough, presented a predicament of a bad sort. Gold must be got for every claimant, and that would take time. The directors sent employees with notes into the crowd, whose claims were met first, each being paid in sixpences and shillings. Many men walked away with sacks of shillings over their backs, satisfied; and the time gained by this method of payment saved the bank, every claim being paid.

It is said that but one person has ever succeeded in breaking into the bank. One day, rather more than thirty years ago, the directors received an anonymous letter stating that the writer thereof would meet any person the bank might designate in the bullion-rooms at midnight, upon condition, however, that the individual so designated be not armed. At first, of course, it was thought this unique suggestion was a hoax. But, as a precaution, officers searched the bullion-vaults thoroughly to satisfy themselves that nothing had changed that would enable any man to enter those rooms. They waited throughout the night, but beyond hearing a peculiar scraping sound that they attributed to rats, nothing of a suspicious nature was heard or seen.

A week later, however, the directors were staggered at receiving a box in which lay several securities from the bank vaults. There was also a note stating that if the directors would send a man to the vaults at midnight the writer would meet him there, after having broken in from the outside.

So a number of bank employees went down into the vaults at the appointed hour and waited. Finally the scraping noise was again heard, and a light appeared at one end of the vaults. The light, however, vanished on their approach. Then a man's voice, issuing, as it seemed, from the ground right under their feet, commanded them to put out their lanterns, and the speaker would reveal himself. The lanterns were extinguished, and a man carrying a dark-lantern came on the scene. He explained that he was a sewer-cleaner, and that he had discovered a disused drain that ran directly into the bank vaults. He had stolen nothing, so the bank gave him a reward which, it is said, ran into the thousands.

When one enters the Bank of England, no matter by what door, four pairs of eyes watch him, though he is unaware of the fact. Situated close to the doors are recesses in which are secreted four guardians of the institution. One cannot see them, but they can watch one closely with the aid of reflecting mirrors, affording a view of both one's entrance and one's exit, as well as of every movement made from the time of entrance to the time of departure.

Ice Tombs that Open

THE body of a guide, perfectly preserved, has been yielded up by one of the Swiss glaciers after a period of twenty-two years. In 1888 the guide fell into a crevasse. His body was lately recovered, its appearance unchanged by its long imprisonment in the ice.

There have been other cases of the bringing back of a long-lost body held for years in the close embrace of the ice. One of the first instances on record relates to the Hamel accident, which occurred in 1820. Several guides were swept down by an avalanche and hurled into a crevasse. Hamel prophesied the glacier would yield them up in the course of one thousand years, but Forbes believed that the end of the glacier would be reached by the bodies in forty years. This statement was considered bold, but its accuracy was borne out by the event. In forty years the flow of ice brought the bodies to light.

In 1866 Henry Arkwright was lost in a glacier. In just thirty-one years his brother received a telegram from the Mayor of Chamouni stating that the body had been found. Every article of clothing was intact. His name and regiment could be read clearly on his handkerchief, and his gold pencil-case opened and shut as easily as when he had last used it, three decades before.

The Humbler Offering

From their expectant belts afar
  The Eastern Wise Men—were they
    Kings?
  Came with their precious offerings,
Led to the Infant by a star.

Nothing of gold, nor incense sweet,
  They brought, who watched their flocks
    night-long:
  But led by singing, came with song,
And doubted not their gift was meet.

And I who have but little gold,
  Nor incense of rare wit, can send
  For Christmas greeting to thee, Friend,
Only a song, like shepherds old.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

A "Weekly" printed some criticisms of the claims made for our foods. It evidently did not fancy our reply printed in various newspapers, and brought suit for libel. At the trial some interesting facts came out.

Some of the chemical and medical experts differed widely.

The following facts, however, were quite clearly established.

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid, and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash), 2.91 per cent of the total, 5.33 of all Mineral Salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaunis, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined" and Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus (which join and make Phosphate of Potash) is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits, and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain fag, because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

In the trial a sneer was uttered because Mr. Post announced that he had made years of research in this country and some clinics of Europe, regarding the effect of the mind on digestion of food.

But we must be patient with those who sneer at facts they know nothing about.

Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, etc., etc., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Ptyalin, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

This trial has demonstrated:

That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

NEW YORK CITY CAR ADVERTISING COMPANY

Building Confidence

The advertisers in the Surface Cars of New York City are doing far more than selling their goods through that advertising. Any form of ordinary publicity can accomplish that, to a certain degree.

They are building up steadily and surely a structure of public confidence in themselves and their goods which is to be the permanent foundation of their future success.

Selling merchandise plus the molding of the most powerful asset in business—Public Confidence—that's the secret of the success of Surface Car Advertising in New York City.

We have the exclusive control and sale of all advertising space in the

New York City Surface Cars
And 5th Avenue Auto Busses

Study the Cards—We Have a Standard

Ask for rates and information.

New York City Car
Advertising Company
225 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

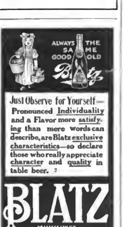
GALA WEEK FOR NEW MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS

Splendid List of Light Popular Music Can Now Be Heard Here.

The up-to-the-minute numbers from the new operettas and musical comedies recently produced in America have just been transplanted to this city. The new Victor records for December include a most attractive list of production numbers, given by the best singers and players, and every one can now enjoy the "hits" of the big musical successes.

Three Christmas numbers are to be found in the list of Red Seal Records. Evan Williams sings them, and he has perhaps no equal as an interpreter of the tenor music of the *Messiah*, and is at his best in these two lovely airs, *Every Valley Shall Be Exalted* and *Comfort Ye My People*, as well as in a famous Christmas song, *The Star of Bethlehem.* Maud Powell plays superbly a violin number of rare beauty, *Der Zephir*, by Hubay, a noted Hungarian composer. A famous Kipling ballad, *Rolling Down to Rio*, brilliantly sung by Herbert Witherspoon, who gives the number just the touch of humor it requires, and this artist also gives a most impressive rendering of a *Stabat Mater*. Johanna Gadski sings two Mozart numbers, and her superb renditions make it fully apparent that she has the qualifications to properly interpret the music of this master, and Marcel Journet sings Leporello's famous *Catalogue Song* from *Don Giovanni* with all the old humor, gaiety, irony, and sentiment which it requires.

There is real enjoyment in hearing such music, and the infinite variety is amazing. You who haven't heard the Victor lately can't realize what good music and fun you are missing. But you don't need to miss it. Any Victor dealer will be glad to entertain you with this music without any obligation on your part. a*



ALWAYS THE SAME GOOD OLD
Blatz

Just Observe for Yourself—
Pronounced Individuality and a Flavor more satisfying than mere words can describe, are Blatz exclusive characteristics—so declare those who really appreciate character and quality in table beer. 3

BLATZ
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THE FINEST
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VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE
ASK FOR IT AT THE CLUB, CAFE OR BUFFET
INSIST ON "BLATZ"
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

The Ghost Ship of Cape Horn

The "phantom ship" seen in the vicinity of Cape Horn is, as has been proved by the investigation of various hydrographic bureaus, nothing more nor less than a rock which under certain atmospheric conditions bears a deceptive resemblance to a ship.

Very often vessels coming from Europe to the west by way of Cape Horn have been startled to see what appeared to be a derelict with the water washing over her deck. If the sailors were of an imaginative turn they would invest the unknown ship with ghostly qualities and call her the "Flying Dutchman," or sometimes the "ghost ship" of Le Maire, from the strait of that name, where she was usually seen.

One of the stories which have been longest remembered is that of the ill fated *Crown of Italy*, which sighted the supposed derelict and subsequently went ashore. The *Crown of Italy* was standing close to the jagged black rocks at the entrance to the Strait of Le Maire when she sighted what seemed to be a water-logged bark drifting on the rocks of the strait. Many other ships rounding the Horn have seen a similar apparition and the various hydrographic offices of the world have received many reports to that effect.

About four years ago the Norwegian bark *Seran* came into Seattle with the tale of a phantom ship that almost exactly corresponded to that given by the *Crown of Italy*. The second officer of the Norwegian vessel declared that he had seen a derelict with sails set and decks awash drifting in through the strait. It was this report that led our government officials to make public the declaration that the phantom ship was nothing but a combination of rocks and shadows.

The numerous reports of derelicts or ghost ships always appearing in the same place led even the Argentine government to look into the matter. A tender was sent out from the near-by lighthouse with the object of making an investigation, and it was found that the apparition was due to a strange freak of nature. Among the black jagged rocks that lined both sides of the Strait of Le Maire there was one in particular which, under certain atmospheric conditions, bore a deceptive likeness to a ship. The formation of the rocks and the shadows they cast combined to produce the effect of a bark running under short sail.

The passage through the Strait of Le Maire is not often made. Steamers shorten the route by going through the Strait of Magellan, while sailing-vessels usually prefer to be entirely on the safe side by going still farther south and rounding the Horn itself. Only under the most favorable conditions of weather do they slip through the Strait of Le Maire on the outward trip, going toward the southwest, but never when bound for the north. For this reason many old sailors have never met the "ghost ship" or the rock ship.

Those who have seen it give a minute description of the rock and testify to its striking resemblance to a ship. It seems to be standing head on, pointing to the north and low in the water. The sails are shortened as they would be in what sailors call half a gale. The whole formation is very dark, as if the hull were painted black and the sails weather-beaten. It has three masts and is higher on the fore than on the main. Upon coming on the side of the vessel the illusion vanishes and the whole thing resolves itself into a conglomeration of black rocks. The perpetual fog of those regions helps, of course, to befuddle the vision.

The rock looking like a ship is by no means a rare natural formation. Almost every sailor has seen one in some part of the world. In the Clipperton Islands there is a great white rock looking like a three-masted schooner, leaning on the wind with her royals set and the sun shining on her white sails. About six or seven miles west of Honolulu there is a rock known as French Frigate Rock, because once upon a time a French frigate went ashore on it. The cliffs looked so much like a ship that the frigate was deceived and thought she was meeting another vessel. St. Paul Island in the middle of the Atlantic is said to look very much like a ship when approached from a certain direction, but it is a place that mariners prefer to give a wide berth.

A QUINTETTE OF ICE-BABIES

FIVE LITTLE MUSK-OXEN IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK. THEY WERE RECENTLY PRESENTED BY PAUL RAINEY, WHO BROUGHT THEM FROM ELLESMERE LAND AND ARE THE ONLY HERD NOW LIVING IN CAPTIVITY

"The Peking Gazette"

The *Tching-Pao*, of Peking, sometimes called the Peking *Gazette*, is undoubtedly the oldest newspaper in the world. The literal translation of the title of this journal is "the news of the capital."

The claim is made that this newspaper was founded seven hundred and forty years before the Christian era; but there is no evidence to support such a claim, nor, indeed, to show that it was published any earlier than our own Middle Ages; but it is reasonable to suppose that it has had a continuous existence from a date considerably earlier than the European invention of printing.

It is held by scholars that the reading of this journal is a most instructive thing, inasmuch as it unfolds a veritable panorama not only of official life, but also of Chinese social life. The reader will find in it, together with other official documents, the date upon which the regent has decided to replace his summer hat with a winter hat. The reader will observe in one issue that six of the successful candidates for a doctor's degree are ninety years old, and ten of them more than eighty years old.

The *Tching-Pao* is made up of several departments, one of which, called the *Kung-men ch'ao*, or "copy of the palace gate," is very similar to the "court circular" published by English newspapers, and records the doings of the ruler and his court.

Another department, the *Shang-yu*, consists of imperial decrees, and still another, the *Tsou-pao*, is made up of memorials or official papers of the officers of the empire. Many of these are requests for orders or rulings, and are answered either in the decrees or in special memoranda printed immediately after the inquiry.

A curious feature of the official decrees, to those who have some knowledge of the Chinese language, is the attempt to transliterate or render phonetically, foreign words into Chinese. In one decree the "European" word *tia-ti-mu-tong* occurs several times. It is neither more nor less than the Latin word *ultimatum*, used in its diplomatic sense.

Another European word frequently used in another decree is *te-li-foung*, and this means the telephone.

Typographical mistakes are frequently found in the *Tching-Pao*. It is printed from movable types of wood, and the proof-readers are not the most accurate in the world.

Art and Lions

It is related that, at a dinner given by Landseer, the artist, the guests were startled by the entry of a butler who inquired, respectfully:

"Beg pardon, sir, but did you order a lion? There's one down-stairs that's just come, sir."

Investigation proved that there was, indeed, a lion down-stairs, but it was dead. The carcass had been sent from the Zoological Park as a complimentary offering to Sir Edwin.

Rosa Bonheur elected to maintain live lions for use as models. Rosa made friends with her felines, caressing and handling them with fearlessness. At one time she extended to her great pets the freedom of her house and garden at By, just as if they had been dogs. This privilege she was later obliged to curtail.

A friend of the great painter used to declare that it was distressing to the casual caller to arrive expectantly at the gates of the château, only to behold, as soon as the latch clicked, a big yellow lion rear itself upon the terrace, stretching in a sleepy and amiable yawn a pair of jaws that could easily bite off a man's head.

An alarmed visitor was once reassured by a facetious neighbor of Rosa's, who had observed the stranger hesitating on the safe side of the fence. "Monsieur need feel no alarm," the neighbor said. "It is only one of Mademoiselle Rosa's lions. Monsieur need only be careful not to step on its tail. The tip of the tail is black and one does not readily perceive it. It is a friendly animal, I assure Monsieur, though I do not know how it would behave if stepped on. One might do well to go on tiptoe."

On another occasion an admirer of the artist's work, a distinguished man not personally known to her, sent the following note to the château:

"I had, Mademoiselle," it read, "promised myself, in passing through By, the pleasure of seeing the lion of the place. I have seen the lion of the place, Mademoiselle, and I therefore offer upon paper the tribute of my profound regard to the lion of the place I no longer expect to see."

The Founder of the Red Cross

By F. Lauriston Bullard

Henri Dunant

FOUNDER OF THE RED CROSS

Following closely upon the death of Florence Nightingale, the Angel of the Crimea, came tidings of the death of Henri Dunant, the Good Samaritan of Solferino. Every one knew what the Englishwoman had done. Very few could in almost every nation of the single-handed efforts which procured for the human race the International Red Cross Society, the signing of "the first international treaty of mercy" in the history of the world. It was Dunant who made the ambulance a neutral piece of war apparatus and the nurse a non-combatant.

Dunant himself acknowledged his debt to Florence Nightingale. Through his years of early manhood he had dreamed of an international league to prevent misfortunes to human beings. Then came the Crimean War and "the Lady with the Lamp." "She made my life worth living," said Dunant. "As she had recall what Dunant had accomplished. He had been forgotten by the world. But his death reminded a little company saved thousands in her limited sphere, so I hoped to save hundreds of thousands and millions on a larger basis."

At the age of thirty-one Dunant was on the field of Solferino, perhaps the bloodiest battle of the century. He went as a spectator to see the horrors he desired to mitigate. He witnessed such scenes as war seldom discloses. Even his descriptions caused the readers of his book to thrill with horror in later years. Next day, with peasant women as volunteer assistants, he undertook the care of the wounded in churches and public buildings of Castiglione and other near-by villages.

When this Geneva physician published his book, *Un Souvenir de Solferino*, he made men see the grim awfulness of war. His was a series of pen drawings of the scenes which Verestchagin put upon canvas. It immediately commanded attention. Sovereigns and their subjects alike read it. Many translations were made. The writer interviewed kings and diplomats. His purpose was made easier by the tales of the battles and sieges of the Civil War which came across the ocean from the United States. And at last the Swiss Society of Public Utility called the Geneva Conference of 1863, and on August 23, 1864, the representatives of twelve nations signed the Geneva Convention. The Red Cross thus became the realization of Dunant's dream of an international league in behalf of the unfortunate.

For many years after this consummation Dunant lived in obscurity and much of the time in poverty. He had expended a large portion of his property in promoting his cause. An attack of paralysis incapacitated him for work, and he was obliged to accept the hospital service which is given to the poor. The first distribution of the Nobel prize money was made in 1901, and the peace prize was divided between Dunant and Frederick Passy. The 75,000 kronen came to Dunant as a great boon. Since receiving the award he had lived quietly at Heiden, a Swiss health resort.

At Heiden Dunant's death occurred on October 30, 1910. He was born in 1828, the son of French parents living in Geneva. It was in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 that the Red Cross flag was flown first upon a great scale. Among the volunteers who ministered upon the battlefields of France was Clara Barton. Thus the American Florence Nightingale came to understand the Red Cross, and through her the United States entered into treaty relations with the International Society. The three names—Florence Nightingale, Henri Dunant, and Clara Barton—belong together.

Thimbles

The thimble is a Dutch invention, and was first brought to England by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington in 1695.

Its name was derived from the words "thumb" and "bell." Originally it was called "thumbell" then "thumble," and finally "thimble." It is recorded that thimbles were first worn on the thumb; but we can scarcely conceive how they could be of much service so used.

Formerly thimbles were made of brass and iron only, but now they are shown in gold, silver, steel, horn, ivory, and even glass.

There is a thimble owned by the Queen of Siam that is shaped like a lotus bud, the royal flower. It is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds, and is held to be the most costly article of the kind in the world.

In Naples very pretty thimbles composed of lava from Mount Vesuvius are occasionally sold, but rather as curiosities than as articles of real utility, being, by reason of the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken.

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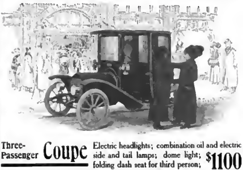

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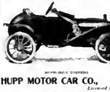

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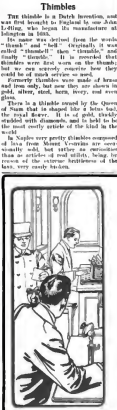

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THINKING IN DETOURS

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THOUGH every man dislikes thinking and feels wronged when compelled to do so, no one can say that we have not reduced it to the terms least inconvenient to our comfort. We think in detours, and the spaces leaped by our thoughts are of far more interest than the thoughts themselves. It is painfully absorbing to watch a woman talk for minutes, going always straight toward a black hole in the ice. She skims on, and there is apparently nothing to prevent her plunging into cold reality, but just as the ice begins to thin her theory rises in the air and carries her safely up and over, and while we gape open-mouthed she has made her jump with confounding agility, alighted, and is once more proceeding with spirit on her way. It is always ourselves whom we detour around, and the instinct which leads us to do it shows how uncommon is an honest confronting of our uttered opinions with the fount of our committed actions.

We say with a noble flash of the brow, and Spartan scorn of exceptional cases, that we believe absolutely in the right of each person to live his life according to the needs of his nature, and so detached are our spoken opinions from our habitual acts that we speak with fevered conviction, forever safe from seeing the hideous incongruity of such a speech in our mouths, we who for years have been trying to impress our ignorant will on our children, and frustrating their every effort to differ from us. When we arise, spectral figures of denunciation, in our own conversation we magnificently fail to see ourselves. Onlookers are appalled. It is like seeing a trick done which sets us gasping all the more for having penetrated the illusion of it. It is not possible that a man fresh from a bickering quarrel with his family can say with philosophical gentleness that petty quarrels to him are sickening, uncivilized, and that it is impossible to get angry without burning up something precious in a relationship that can never be rekindled. Surely he will stutter, his thoughts will come home to him as a striking example of the opposite faction, and, realizing that he has no right to such utterances, he will falter and stop. But there lies the marvel. He makes his detour, and by avoiding the honesty of straight thinking he is enabled to continue in his belief and the staunch support of it. For these are his veritable beliefs. It is a great solace to him that he has such enlightened thoughts, and sanctimoniously, smugly, he says in his heart, "I may not be much, but my opinions are irreproachable."

What is to be done with such people? Their slipperiness makes them impregnable. You say, "I think, above all, we must be honest with ourselves"; and they, vigorously, on their sincerest note, echo, "Ah, so do I, above all things!" Their blindness to the next step, the question of whether they truly are honest with themselves, paralyzes you, and, fascinated by their powers of evasion, you permit yourself to be led docilely around the stumbling-block of their hypocrisy and on to those broad spaces of generality where we all show off so well.

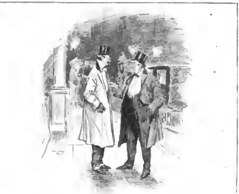
Why, if they really believe the opposite and act on it daily with a set determination which proves their belief in it, do they prefer for public expression opinions so foreign to them? If they would admit that they did or thought any of the things common to them, we would respect them for continuity of thought if for nothing else. They would not then be the uneasy figures they now are. There is a something suggestive of necromancy in their never failing to note and agree with an enlightened idea, in spite of their firm adherence to darkened, dangerous acts. How do they know it renders their position invulnerable? How is it that they are so sure to a nicety where to clip their thoughts and where again to take them up so that absolute immunity from electric shock is secured for them?

It renders one dizzy to hear the words: "I think we do ourselves an irreparable injury when we take criticism badly. We shut ourselves off from all honest helpful relationships." They get as near themselves as that; they dare such imminent risk of an encounter; then what in the name of all that is incomprehensible in human nature saves them from going that next step which they never do go, that of admitting to themselves that they resent and never forgive a direct criticism?

The situation would be so simple—though there is something unnatural in even supposing a simple situation—if they were deep-dyed villainous souls who consciously did benighted things and to cover up their tracks, which real villains always know require covering, assumed the recognized virtues. But they are not dreadful people at all. They are all the dear people we know; they are, in fact, you who are reading these words and I who am writing them. We believe, above everything, in our own sincerity, and as long as we continue our system of leaping over certain lengths of our logic we will feel justified in claiming ideas as ours in which we have not a whit of honest share.

And it is not the homely, long emphasized virtues that we ape. That is the baffling part of it. By some curious chance we catch at the ones we are incapable of understanding. We inevitably aspire to the new, freshly evolved ones, those that require radical changes to live up to, the expression of which denotes a big departure and implies a completely new creed conceived in pain and doubt, and brought to fruition at the cost of something else.

There is sure to be at this point some kindly person thinking in warm loyalty to all good people: "But are we not to have our ideals and be permitted to express them, merely because our acts do not always succeed in exactly imitating them?" Oh, that reprehensible kindly person! I doubt if there is anything in the world so stultifying as such kindness. Ideas are things we have secured for ourselves with difficulty and results. They are what we are constantly trying to act on. Ideals are the things we hope to live by in some future state of development when we have proven ourselves worthy of such an existence by carrying out our present ideas. If an idea is legitimately ours it is so integral a part of us that we express it perpetually, involuntarily. When we protest against the evidences of our ideas in others, and deny them by our every act, then we have no possible excuse for making a verbal claim on them, and the only reason that we can do it with the undisturbed calm which is ours, is because never from the beginning have we been frank in our relation to ourselves.



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How the Spiders Spin

THE silk thread is formed only on its exit from the insect's body. As soon as the paste reaches the air it dries and becomes solid, and the spider expels it through two or three pairs of spinnerets that are situated at the lower part of the abdomen. The extremity of the spinnerets contains numerous small apertures, and to each of these corresponds a very small open tube.

It is through these tubes that the pasty matter makes its exit. These various jets, still soft, unite and form but a single filament—the spider's thread. This thread is therefore made up of a large number of threads. The slenderness of the latter may be judged when it is considered that the compound thread itself is the emblem of tenuity.

The rôle of the spider is not limited to the production of the raw material; like a skilful spinner, it finishes and polishes the crude thread, and then directs the filament thus prepared, in order to form the net or web. It draws everything from its own resources; it is both a spinning and a weaving machine, and it carries with it the raw material, the mechanism, and the machinist.

The extremities of the spider's feet are true combs, some having fine and close teeth, and others strong and distant ones. It is interesting to watch the insect at work, turning aside the thread with one leg or guiding it through its teeth.

The spinnerets are not all grouped in the same way. Some are arranged in bundles and others in clusters. It is quite natural to conclude from this that the thread has not the same qualities in these various cases, and that its diameter, tenacity, elasticity, and flexibility must vary with its form, according as it is more or less twisted.

How Colored Fires Are Made

FOR the production of red, green, yellow, and blue fires, one-fifth part of the composition is shellac. As this is a constant quantity, it is apparent that the shellac has nothing to do with determining the color. It holds the other elements in desired form, and regulates the rate of combustion.

Another fifth part of these several compounds is the chlorate of potassium. This is used for the detonating effect. Of itself, it would give a white light and would burn with intense energy. It imparts a "go" to the rocket.

The remaining three-fifths are what give color to the flame. For producing red fire, nitrate of strontium is used; for green, nitrate of barium; for yellow, nitrate of sodium; and for blue, ammonia sulphate of copper.

Violet and purple flames are composite. To produce the violet, lime and copper and sulphur are burned together. For purple, strontium and calomel are burned with just a little copper.

TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN

By

BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT WOULD be hard to find in any language better specimens of pure narrative, better examples of the power of telling a story and of calling up action so that the reader cannot help but see it, than Mark Twain's account of the Shepherdson-Grangerford feud, and his description of the shooting of Boggs by Sherburn and of the foiled attempt to lynch Sherburn afterward.

These scenes, fine as they are, vivid, powerful, and most artistic in their restraint, can be matched in the two other books. In "Tom Sawyer" they can be paralleled by the chapter in which the boy and the girl are lost in the cave, and Tom, seeing a gleam of light in the distance, discovers that it is a candle carried by the Indian Joe, the one enemy he has in the world. In "Pudd'nhead Wilson" the great passages of "Huckleberry Finn" are rivaled by that most pathetic account of the weak son willing to sell his own mother as a slave "down the river." I have no hesitation in expressing here my own conviction that the man who has given us four scenes like these is to be compared with the masters of literature.

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